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THE METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

"Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria."
TWELFTH NIGHT.

SIR CHARLES, thrice dear to that party whom Newcastle, Kenyon, and Londonderry delight to honour, is at once furious and frolicsome, a player of tragedy and comedy in one breath, duly tinctured with those narrow-minded prejudices, opinions, and pernicious principles of government, which constitute, as it were, the very cognizance and livery of his faded party,—he is, too, its most conspicuous and renowned champion. Whenever the lunatics of the world (considering the interests of the sacred tribe to render requisite the measure) shall resolve to stock a tyrant "setting up in business," they may constitute a not uncongenial addition to his household in the worthy knight. But the ruler upon his principles who governs men that "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain," who should choose to treat himself with such an agent to act upon them, would soon hear the roar of revolt from end to end of his dominions. What sorrow would a prince prepare for himself, who yielded himself up to the councils of a temper so insane, and ventured to rate his own security by a proud defiance of the public voice! It was when the doctrine of prerogative, which Sir Charles maintains to the letter, was at its height, that the unhappy Charles I. stepped from his palace to the scaffold. They were such councils that encouraged Louis XVI. in his vacillation and insincerity, which no subsequent concessions were found sufficient to cancel, for which no degree of abasement before the vilest and lowest of his subjects was sufficient to purchase his security; and he fell the victim to errors not his own. Happily for this party, it is powerless and insignificant; to which state its members will owe it that they have not, in the present crisis, been overwhelmed by their indiscretion. The Ultra-Tories do not compose a moiety of the opposition to his Majesty's Ministers—what were they on the division upon the Catholic Question?

We have sometimes heard it proposed as an apology for the intemperate opposition exhibited by Sir Charles to Reform, that while the borough-dealers,—namely, those persons who condescend to teach the subtle mystery according to which a man may at once do his duty to his country, and accommodate them with the power of sacrificing to their own, the interest of that same country,—are prompted by the baser concern for the loss of their usurped property, Sir Charles can, at least, only be actuated by the less unworthy motive of preserving a vitiated usage. This extenuation do we utterly reject. Does not the enforcing of a wrong, although involving no retention or acquisition of property, bring as much gratification very frequently, as the enforcing of avarice on an unjust claim, which does involve them? The mischief is, at least, as great in the one case as the other,—the motive not less selfish or inexcusable. When King John

proposed to inspire the Jew of Bristol with the desired degree of munificence, by abating somewhat from the number of his teeth, was his cruelty more atrocious than if practised in sport, or for the gratification of a gratuitous love of misery, it would have been, or than the cruelties of Nero and Domitian, of which such only was the motive? We would venture to say, that the Duke of Newcastle, or Lord Lonsdale, opposing the cession of a right, the enforcing of which involves a privation of property, admitted indeed to be usurped, are not so culpable as others not similarly affected.

That faculty of Sir Charles, through the liberal exercise of which he has recently engaged the public attention, is his eloquence. Of this quality of the redoubtable knight, the distinctive characteristics are prolixity and pedantry. To his prolixity, three causes jointly contribute—impertinency, tautology, and a use, the most luxuriant, of synonymes. He who is influenced by the taste defined in these terms, and, at the same time, is master of the impudence necessary to the effective exercise of it, can hardly fail to be at least as prolix as his auditors can well desire. We will explain how prolixity of speech may be of eminent service. Before we had been duly schooled in the business of life, and, having corrected our more romantic opinions, learned the value of everything to be more or less, as it happens to be more or less conducive to thrift, however ungenerous, the mention of the names of Demosthenes and Cicero had the effect of provoking in our mind, so often as we heard of them, the idea of that last limit of excellence, beyond which it was denied, in future, eloquence should ever advance. While labouring under this infirmity in taste, we are sure we should not have been found attending to the confident vulgarity of Hunt, or the solemn inanity of Sadler, were they seasoned with a thousand "hear-hims," without strong impatience. We were in the habit of justifying our admiration of those masters, not so much by reference to that less worthy element of their orations which we have—the matter or composition of them merely, as to that equally worthy which we have not—the delivery. What man, after Chatham or Mirabeau, would not such speeches expose in the delivery? There is one mode of eloquence, however, beyond those masters of oratory, although found not among the least useful in despatching the business of life, and accordingly, in modern times, not unfrequently recurred to; we mean that of speaking "against time." The omission too of Quinctilian to treat of this figure, and indoctrinate us in the rules to which the use and application of it ought to be subject, we must ever regard as a serious omission. "Our hero" (to use the dainty appellation of the novel-writers) is, however, not to be confounded with these ancient orators.

Upon this important mode of speech he appears to have bestowed, not merely a due and becoming share of culture, but even to have chosen it as that in which he delights to luxuriate. Genius has, by Dr. Johnson, been pronounced to be, great natural abilities determined to some congenial pursuit. We do not entirely approve this definition of genius; but since this is not the proper place to propose an objection to it, we will suppose it not to be incorrect. To insure the efficient exercise of the art of eloquence in the consumption of time, the faculties requisite are, as we have already hinted, skill in impertinency and tautology, and the absence of that certain sensibility which Xenophon unwisely judged to constitute the capital grace of the youthful Cyrus. Sir Charles thus endowed, we cannot in justice refuse him the praise of genius. A certain professor, not of oratory, called himself *"le dieu de la danse!"* If this spirit be not a little immodest, Sir Charles is entitled to exclaim, "I am the god of speaking against time!" His exercise of this art to impede the progress of reform, must have been, we think, sufficient to satisfy its enemies; for it was much more than sufficient to satisfy its friends. The redoubtable Doctor, whose authority has been already cited, has proposed that it is

only the work, the accumulation of years, which can procure for its author the prize of immortality. The reader would never guess that this solemn reflection was prompted by Swift's "Directions for Servants."

If there be truth in the following story, Sir Charles's skill in this art is not the effect of original effort, but the creation of long repeated practice. When our knight first took his seat at the Bar of the court of Chancery, he found, for his competitors, men rich in professional intelligence it is true, but unpretending and unambitious—Stanley, Steele, Cox, Cooke, Pemberton, &c. In the midst of these, Sir Charles's stouter loquacity, free command of synonymes and sonorous enunciation, by which he has ever been distinguished, became by some mistaken for eloquence, or at least useful advocacy; and, accordingly, among the solicitors (and they were not a few) who happened to be infected with this taste he became popular.

That the proceedings of election-committees are, in no trifling degree, influenced by party-spirit, and that in the contests which are settled by the means of their heteroclitic justice as much is to be accomplished by a certain stoutness and overbearing carriage in that which is wrong, as by purity of ratiocination in that which is right, it would be affectation to deny. To the conductors of these proceedings, Sir Charles was qualified to be a valuable ally; and, as might have been expected, his services were frequently engaged. In the course of one of these contests in which he was concerned, a defect of evidence on his side became manifest, and, worse than that, the witness capable of supplying it was at a distance. Sir Charles inquired of his troubled client what time would be necessary to procure his attendance, and was hopelessly answered—"Not less than three days." It was not necessary that the witness should be produced until the rest of the case on Sir Charles's side was closed, which catastrophe Sir Charles chivalrously proposed to avert, and provide the committee with employment, until the arrival of the witness, by the expedient of making a speech. Accordingly, while a messenger started off in a chaise and four on the one hand, Sir Charles started off on the other in a speech against time. The messenger exhibited so much dispatch, that on the third day the witness arrived at Old Palace Yard, and was produced in the committee-room, where our hero was found, not only exempt from fatigue, but even exhibiting the most rampant freshness —loudly vociferating, swinging his arms in humble imitation of the sails of a windmill, buffeting, and belabouring the table before him and every thing animate or inanimate within his reach, and employing all his other usual methods of correcting the sluggishness of justice. He was apparently capable of speaking against time until a witness could be fetched from New South Wales. Sir Charles's client approached him with a look of gratitude, and announced to him in a whisper the success of his services, and hinted to him how happy he must be to be released from the further prosecution of his longilocutory toils. Sir Charles, instead of being pleased with the considerateness of the man, seemed only indignant at the doubt of the extent of his talent which the intimation implied, and resolutely persisted in speaking his predestined time out. It has been pertinently remarked, that he who engages in a contest with time is under the disadvantage of having an adversary exempt from casualty: but when Time sees Sir Charles preparing to overlay him with a speech, let him provide againt the rust of leisure, and oil and lay by his scythe.

We have remarked that one of the means through which Sir Charles is enabled to effect his excellent prolixity, is his luxuriant use of synonymes;—we will illustrate our meaning by an example.

We will suppose Sir Charles engaged to express the sense of this passage, occurring in the Life of Savage—"It is generally reported that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess." The learned knight

would acquit himself, in the Wetherellese style, in some such strain as this:—"It is generally, and not uncommonly I believe I may say, reported, rumoured, and related, that this project, scheme, or design, was, for some time, successful, fortunate, and auspicious; and that Savage, I beg pardon, Mr. Savage, was employed and occupied at the awl, the bodkin, the borer, the punch, the perforator, the subulary instrument, longer than he was willing to confess, admit, or acknowledge." Now let the reader imagine all this to be spoken slowly by a semi-quixotic-looking gentleman, with his hands in the custody of the pockets of his unmentionables, or one of them, peradventure, in a situation yet more centrical, and the speaker to be oscillatory, sometimes backwards and forwards, and sometimes from side to side, and he will have acquired a tolerably due idea of one humour of eloquence of the learned representative of the municipal dignity of Boroughbridge. It is not easy to speculate at all satisfactorily as to what may be the principle of this practice, but it suggests itself to us that, as it is the method of prudent grooms, to prevent their horses from contracting swelled legs by standing long together in their stalls, to take them forth successively to exercise, so Sir Charles, erecting himself into a sort of master of the horse of the "winged words," and apprehensive that they may contract swelled legs, or some consimilar ailment, if suffered to stand without exercise in the columns of the dictionary, deems it his duty to conduct them forth whenever an opportunity presents itself. Whatever be the meaning of this practice, "our hero" never seems so thoroughly happy as when riding at the head of a long string of synonymes. We have likewise never been able to understand by what rule it is that he submits to be governed in bringing his harangues to a conclusion. Some men are content to conclude when they have said once what they have to say; but this, it is plain, is not the rule of Sir Charles. Some men cease from fatigue, and others from confusion or embarrassment, before they have reached that term; but this has never been a reason with Sir Charles, for we never saw him embarrassed, even in circumstances under which, in other men, embarrassment would have seemed a grace. As to fatigue—we have seen him, after having a thousand times repeated the same thing, leave off as fresh as when he began. We have often, when he has put a period to his effusions, wondered why he, who has not seen reason to stop before, has stopped when he has.

It is the humour of some to suppose Sir Charles to be a superior scholar; we own, at the same time, that we never knew this honour to have been attributed to him by any one possessing pretensions to much scholarship of his own. We happen too to entertain a creed, relative to the efficacy of study, in common with the late Dr. Priestly, and in common, we suppose, with all those who have ever made the experiment recommended by him, which makes against this claim. Whenever any one complained of his imperfect knowledge of a subject with which he desired to acquire a full acquaintance, Priestly's advice was—"Then write a book about it." We have had reason to subscribe to the soundness of this advice, and to be satisfied that there exists no mode of study so efficacious as that which the due composition of a book on the given subject, and for the press too, prescribes; we know of no other course capable of inducing an inquiry at once so copious and so exact. We are able to understand what is meant by the predication of superior scholarship of Bentley, Porson, Parr, &c. by their works, but we have not yet seen Sir Charles's; and, until we shall have done so, we must beg leave to reserve our judgment concerning his extraordinary scholarship. The only evidence to which we have been admitted has been that depraved luxuriancy of Anglo-Latin gibberish, which is invariably seen dancing among the other extravagancies with which the knight's harangues abound; but this is hardly proof of genuine scholar-

ship;—it does but provoke in us a certain feeling towards it similar to such as we suppose moved the captain, described by Swift in his ballad on "Hamilton's Bawn," to exclaim—

> Your Novids, and Blutraks, and Omurs, and stuff,
> By G——, I don't value them this pinch of snuff.

Great scholars have afforded so many instances of their, if not conscious defiance, at least negligent observance of the admitted rules and customs of society, that a certain waywardness, or unfashionableness of manner, is supposed to constitute one of their characteristics. However we may be inclined to doubt it in solid learning, we are not only willing to admit, but even to assent fully to, Sir Charles being a scholar in manners, a great scholar too, and one of the first of great scholars. We will not here discriminate between that real courtesy and good breeding, by the breach of which the feelings of a reasonable man may be offended, and the observance of those petty, unmeaning forms of society, in the invention of which the idlers, who are admitted to legislate for fashion, are daily exercising their fertile phantasies. We have been at different times amused with the relation of too many instances, in which that deference due to those present has been by the learned knight signally overlooked. We recollect to have once ourselves been in a situation to observe a notable example of his independence and refined scholarship as to manners, which, however, we shall not report.

When the wealthy Crœsus, we are told, inquired of Solon, whether he were not to be esteemed happy, the answer which he received from the sage was to this effect—Your question cannot be answered before your death. This answer always appeared to us to bear the air of that most ludicrous category of conceits, the Hibernicism; and, literally understood, it undoubtedly does so. How it should be impracticable to predicate present happiness of a man because he might at some time thereafter, before his death, be seen in a different condition, we could not divine; but if (as it seems to us to be due to this celebrated master of ethics that it should be) this answer were designed to emphatically describe and admonish the royal interrogator of the absolute instability of human fortune, then is it not unworthy of the respondent's venerable name; and had it been granted to him to know the subject of this article, he would have found another instance, added to the thousand recorded, of the truth of this apophthegm. We have heard that Sir Charles, now so bravely incurious in the niceties of dress, was once, not only the reverse, but particularly dainty in his attire. If at that season his nether garment tightly braced up, and the rest of his habiliments correspondently disposed, he had presented himself to Solon with this question, "Am I not a smart fellow?" how well would the philosopher have been justified by the interrogator's senile vagaries in demurring to the inquiry.

Sir Charles happened, once in his life, to encounter mob popularity, a visitation which, to one of his ultra-prerogative temperament, must have been no doubt sufficiently distressing. It was through his own fault; for, if to have contributed to the signal defeat of a criminal prosecution for an offence contrived for its own sinister purposes, and to have baffled and exposed its hypocritical designs, were a valuable service, then did Sir Charles deserve the pain of his popularity. He did his duty well, and completely overwhelmed this shift of the ministry. The ministry was composed of the apathetic official hacks, dull as their desks, whom Mr. Percival had left behind him,—of the true old Tory "life and fortune" breed, familiarly versed in the arts by which public attention is to be diverted from the vices of government, and silence imposed upon complaint.

The traitors had a gun, a dozen balls in an old stocking, two ounces

of powder, compelled " by reason of the premises " to retain their black inglorious state, and a red handkerchief adjusted to " flout the pale blue sky " from the proud altitude of a walking-stick ; and the finding (supposing them not to have been put there by the finder himself *secundum artem*, of which there is little doubt,) of these stores and ensigns at the tail of a waggon, from which had been haranguing their mirth-loving countrymen the Catilines of Clerkenwell—a forlorn radical apothecary, a ruined half-bred gentleman-gambler, an idle cobbler distinguished for cherishing at the same time a love of carousing and a club-foot, and a pale consumptive artisan—was not evidence so cogent and emphatic of the deep danger of the state, as to justify, before a reasonable people, the spectacle of a public prosecution upon a charge of " compassing the death of our Sovereign Lord the King," and " conspiring to levy war against our said Sovereign Lord the King." But then every thing, say the schools, is received according to the recipient ; and taking into account the country's easy susceptibility of similar delusions, the insolent partisanship of the judge, the ordinary compliance of juries, and subserviency of counsel, the confidence, however erroneous, of the ministry and crown-lawyers was thoroughly justified. Their discomfiture was attributable solely to the intractable spirit, united to a certain disconcerting originality in manner, of our knight.

We had nearly forgotten to mention how a malignant attempt was made to injure the fair fame of the gun, and its humble military friends, the stocking, &c. by imputing to them a connexion with a certain proclamation, represented to have been found at the lodgings of one of the orators of the waggon, but prudently enough not until the orator, by being locked up in prison, was disabled from preventing the measure, without which there can be no finding ; whereby 22,000,000 of persons were invited to accept offices in the capacities, respectively, of High Admiral, Commander-in-chief, &c. the authorship of which it was proposed to assign to the orators, but which they, knowing themselves to be without the least title to claim it, were too modest to permit.

We shall always say, that no man has, in our time, appeared so fit as Sir Charles to mar a low " police trick," as the French would say, of this sort. To have treated it with any degree of ceremony, or observed, in dealing with it, any self-restriction, would have been to confer upon it plausibility and character ; but Sir Charles resisted it in his lounging, unceremonious, round, unsparing manner, and succeeded in getting it mobbed out of court. Instead of treating the trial as that of the prisoners, he made it, in effect, that of the ministers and crown-lawyers, and boldly exposed the real object of their proceedings. When Sir Charles was exercising in this way every form of reproach, he was repeatedly interrupted by the Judge (Lord Ellenborough), but was utterly unmanageable by any known method of restraint. Whenever Lord Ellenborough requested him (enforcing it with his cavalier carriage and his Cumberland croak) to understand that the question to be determined by the jury was, whether the prisoners at the bar were guilty of the crimes described in the indictment or not, Sir Charles never, as others would have done, suffered himself to be allured into a debate with his Lordship on the question of his right to proceed in the course proposed, but begged his Lordship's pardon, was sorry, &c., and then spliced his broken thread of insult and invective against the ministers. His cross-examination of the ministerial tool, Castles, was precisely such as it ought to have been, addressed to a man holding a high place in infamy,—peremptory, unreserved, and searching. We can at this time, in fancy, see this pink of miscreants at the moment when, having been during his examination in chief treated with all the studied deference and courtesy due to a man the first in honour and eminence,—when Sir'd and Mister Castles'd to nauseousness by the crown lawyers, his timidity had become wrought

into confidence, his confidence into pertness, and his pertness raised considerably above "temperate heat," he was left to be cooled down by the cross-examination of Sir Charles. He had not been long under this discipline before his self-conceit fell to zero. Sir Charles "questioned him on the story of his life," and "his story being done" the Attorney-General looked as though "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful, he wished he had not heard it." The industry of the friends of the prisoners had provided a copious account of the past life of this specimen of the breed of wretches, without whom Lord Liverpool declared his government could not stand; and from their information he was enabled to stretch him at large on the rack of his recollections.

We must do Sir Charles the justice to admit, that, in one respect at least, his resistance to the just claims of his fellow-countrymen on the question of Reform has not been so severe as that of some others, and for this his moderation he has entitled himself to their milder censure. Some have by their zeal been prompted to sacrifice on the "conservative" altar large sums of "good and lawful" money; some, as we have been told, to the extent of 20,000*l.* and 10,000*l.*, and engaged themselves to sacrifice yet more: but Sir Charles's antipathy has not been of this malignant character,—he has been content to stand at a pious distance, gaze on the goodly pile, and listen to the chinking victims. A lavish contributor of subsidiary speeches he has been, but has tastefully foreborne to profane the cause with more vulgar largesses. *Gratius est fictis adscribere verbis quam largire manu:* it is, at any time, more pleasant to "tip blarney" than one's cash—seems to have been the delicate sentiment by which he has been judiciously actuated.

Sir Charles is, in person, neither bulky nor meagre, and rather tall; his age about sixty. His mien and aspect are those of a student, and, we confess it, we think that any one choosing to suppose them to be those of a gentleman commits no serious sin against taste. Sir Charles has the reputation, and we think it hardly possible to be erroneous, of being master of a handsome fortune; neither do we deem him undeserving the reputation of a well-informed lawyer. His highest praise is, that no temptation has been sufficient to render even doubtful his independence and integrity, no station ever exhibited him insolent or affected.

THE LAST OF THE NUMBERED.

A PASSAGE IN THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

DAUGHTER of Athens! in my boyhood day
Thy whisper hath been with me faintly sweet,
Cheering me onwards on my careless way;
Thy hand hath led me through the festive street,
Scattering flowers before my dancing feet:
And I have stood beside the cittern-dance,
The music through the wreathed roses streaming,
Mid faces gazing upward in a trance
Of radiant memories, like Venus gleaming
Through the dim mists of sleep upon the lover's dreaming!

Muse of all nations! to have seen thee stand,
Creature of light and music, in thy fane,
With the proud thousands of thy poet land
Hanging about thee like an angel-chain,—
O! how the heart doth leap up at the strain!

The dark light purpling o'er each bended face
Of minstrel, warrior, painter, sculptor, blent—
Nought but the sighing of the bosom's grace
Through the deep sanctuary twilight sent;
Chieftain and priest alone in worship—prayer their element!

Lyre of Colonos![1] is thy music shaking
The laurell'd tresses of the Grecian girl,
When the dove among the myrtles waking,
Its odour-breathing pinions doth unfurl,
The blue light trembling on it like a pearl!
Is the soft heaving of thy dreamy rest
Fanning the leaf that hides the flower-bird's sleeping,
While the fair moonlight curtaineth its nest,
And the sweet voices come of maidens keeping
Their holyday among the vines, before the morning's reaping?

My song is of a day—Thy sunny cheek,
Daughter of Greece! was wet with many tears,
Thy children gathering round thee pale and weak,
And they who wander'd by the lamp of years;
The mother's face was darken'd by her fears,
And like a weeper's low-breathed melody,
Their wailing came up to thine ear, and thou,
Drawing the veil upon thy gentle glee,
Didst take the festal garland from thy brow,
Bowing thy head upon thy breast—as thou dost now!

It was a summer-day; the birds were leaping
Along the darkling pathways of the vine;
Balmily the silver winds were creeping;
The galley shone upon the waves divine,
And ever as it pass'd a holy shrine,
Or hamlet green, or dryad-haunted spot,
They threw out flowers upon the paving foam;
They look'd unto the land, but there was not
The echo of a footstep on their home,
The wings of Solitude were cov'ring it like a dome!

But hark! a funeral cry! a band was walking
With cypress crowns along the grass-grown street,
And, like the wind-brought sounds of far-off talking,
Was heard the solemn falling of their feet;
The wild flowers on the bier were smelling sweet.
They met no one except an aged man,
Whose cheek was dried up like the potter's clay,
Leading a child whose face was deeply wan;
He saw the dark pall shining in the day,
And turn'd his head aside, and walk'd another way.

The mourners rested; they put down the bier
Beside the dwelling of an antique rill;—
Its path was flower-hid, but you well might hear
The quiet singing of its waters still,
Like one who thinketh not of good or ill.

---

[1] Sophocles.

They stood around the corpse; but there was one
In kingly loneliness, who linger'd by,—
His mantle to his face, as if the sun
Were on it scorchingly; his half-closed eye
Seem'd gazing through all time on Immortality!

He came nigh to the corpse, and gently drew
The perfumed garment from the young man's eyes;
His brow of beauty took a darker hue,
When his ear caught the mourners' troubled sighs;
His lifted arm did seem to say—"Arise!"
He took the wreath—the garland of the land—
Close to the head with lingering feet he stepped,—
Why doth he press his forehead with his hand,
Bending down on the face of him who slept?
The wreath hath fallen from his hand—the Olympian[1] wept!

Pericles and Paralus![2] O, what a throng
Of hallow'd symphonies that bright name bringeth,
And faces gleaming with the dew of song,
While Memory from her dream of music springeth,
And by her lyre sitting softly singeth!
The carnival of Joy! the feet of Glory
Throwing their shadow upon bower and glen,
And Sculpture kneeling in some temple hoary,
And Painting speaking poetry to men;
The rapt soul gazing from its shrine with an immortal ken!

The mourning had gone by—but on a stone
In the still night the orphan child was weeping,
Looking up sadly, with a stifled moan,
Upon the hurrying passer-by, and keeping
With weary hand its swollen eyes from sleeping.
It was a time of singing, but the cry
Of joy from many a house went forth no more,—
No face look'd out upon the purple sky,
No feet were heard upon the mouldering floor:
The servant slept, and moved not, beside the grassy door!

There is a hush of voices by the gate
That leadeth to a marble palace fair,
And listening crowds in silence round it wait,
And some are kneeling on the sunny stair:
One girl hath bound the cypress in her hair,
She hath gone forth among them, and the place
Doth echo now with many a hasty tread;
There is a quivering paleness on each face,
And each is bowing down his weary head,—
Father and mother in their tears, as if their only one were dead.

The palace-hall is silent, save a sound
Of gleamy music wandering sweet and dim,
Like a night air that through an old lute wound,
Waking among the moss its ancient hymn,
While the eve-light doth glimmer round its rim.

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[1] The appellation bestowed on Pericles by the Athenians.
[2] His youngest son Paralus, who died of the pestilence, was his favourite.

It was a lay of sorrow, and it came
From one—the song of Greece—the soul's adored—
O! how the thoughts do linger round that name,
With memories of lute and painting stored,
The spirit's queen—Aspasia, singing to her Lord!

The voice was shrouded of her lyre, and she
Had turn'd her sad face from the sick man's eyes;
Her jewell'd arm about his neck, but he
Was garlanding his heart with spring-time dyes,
The greenness of his boyhood memories.
His life was falling from him, like a fold
Of a rich garment; yet his wandering hand
Seem'd seeking for the wild wood-flowers of old—
The rose-twined tresses on his brow were fann'd
With song-like winds from the Spirit's radiant land!

It was a glorious place,—the trembling
Of spicy branches in the summer breeze,
The silver voices of sweet birds resembling
The sounds of gladness on the Grecian seas,
When the bark winds its way in harmonies.
The walls were beaming with proud thoughts, the flush
Of sunset making them more richly fair,
And statues breathing forth a dreamy hush,
Like twilight floating on an angel's hair;
And one—the loveliest—a boy—the Olympian's eye was there!

It was the last watch of the night, the room
Was startled by a soft and lingering tread;
Muffling the pale light of the lamp to gloom,
She kneeleth breathlessly beside the bed,
With one arm pillowing his feeble head:
Veiling the flame behind her hand, she leaneth
Over his breast, and breatheth on his brow,
Baptized in poetry; her sorrow gleaneth
No thought of comfort from her early vow,
The visions of her childhood days by tears are hidden now!

The lamp is burning thickly, and the gleam
Around the flowers and statuary doth fall,
Like Grief upon the young heart's bridal dream;
There is a quivering of the limbs—a call
Of one whom Death is stifling with the pall!
Again, and yet again!—her ear is bent
In agony unto his lips,—of yore
The muse-taught mind's enchanted instrument.
She feels no breathing on her—it is o'er!
Last of the Number'd!—thou art of living men no more! [1]

R. A. W.

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[1] The plague did not attack Pericles with its usual violence and rapidity, but in the form of a lingering distemper.

A CAPTIVITY AMONG THE ROCKITES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MUNSTER.[1]

BY AN OFFICER.

We resumed our march with altered cheer,—silent, sad, and rather hungry. But "sorrow is no remedy for mishap," as I heard one fellow say to his neighbour; and the motley crowd had not proceeded far ere they chatted and jostled themselves into merriment again, urging each other to push on for their supper, and driving the said supper before them in a variety of shapes; meal, hams, bacon, butter, on horseback,—and mountain mutton on its own wild legs. The dogs were useless now. They followed the rude hearse like mutes. They had seen their old master bleeding and breathless, and no threats or chastisement could rouse them to action, or induce them to assist the new shepherd. When beaten off, they would crouch and howl plaintively; and the moment they were permitted, would follow as before. Their spirits seemed quite broken.

My two body-guards still kept close to me. My right-hand man had the shepherd's churn-dash tied to his fork, and thrown musket-like on his shoulder, while he carried the salt-box tucked under the opposite arm. The carbineer bore Biddy's spinning-wheel, and I was entrusted with the conveyance of the old-fashioned table made out of black bog oak, and unnecessarily heavy. I carried it on my head, (having made a sort of pillion for it by stuffing gloves and handkerchief into my travelling cap,) and held fast by the legs cross-cornerwise.

'Twas not the first time I had been on a forced night-march dinnerless and supperless, with more than one dead man in my neighbourhood, so these things did not affect me much; but I could not help thinking what a laughing-stock Major Mac G—— would be to the —— regiment, if it were to see him doing suttler's-scullion duty! How the thirty lazy Hindoo rascals that I left behind, doing one man's business for somebody else, would open their white eyes and tawny mouths, could they behold my diminished head hidden beneath the family shambles of a cracked shepherd, and my feet alternately slipping and sinking in my boggy path under the tiresome joggle of this uncouth heir-loom! But my natural elasticity of spirit soon got the better of this feeling of false shame; and, at last, as I stood still after a stumble that tried all the muscles in my back and loins, I laid down my load, and laughed heartily.

My two companions were delighted to find that I had some fun in me—guessed that I was an Irishman, I "laughed with such an honest brogue," and were "happy to find the mountains agreed so well wid me."

I made the best of my sorry plight, returned their compliments in their own style, and declared that "though I had heard much of the hard-drinking hospitality of the mountaineers, I never expected to find myself sent staggering under their table before we had time to say grace."

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[1] Continued from Vol. II. page 298.

Ireland is the only part of the world that I have ever seen, where a joke or a pun, be it ever so bad, is felt at once by everybody. It is a signal of mental freemasonry that assures the listeners you have nothing worse in your composition, and is sufficient to thaw the sociability of a native on the bleakest bog in the frostiest night you can meet him. A few jokes transformed my guards into comrades. They showed me how to choose the firm spots in the bogs; to avoid the well-heads, so deceitfully green in their beautiful hair-grass; to steady myself on the tummocks by a long step and a short one, sailor-wise; to distinguish the firm *keebe* sod by the radiating position of its rush grass, all the stems growing flat to the bog, as if to form a safe stepping spot for the human foot; and to discriminate between the colours of ice that rested on stone, on moss, on hard peat, and on deep water. Finding that I still floundered on, my friend with the spinning-wheel offered to exchange burdens, which I gratefully acceded to. My convictions were every moment increasing that this stout young fellow (who stepped so steadily, and swung the table over his head as unconcernedly as if it were an umbrella) was my foster-brother and favourite companion in all my boyish sports and rambles. I was bursting with impatience to inquire after my family and friends, as well as to secure his good offices towards my release; but as yet I dare not confide in him, and still less in his companion, who, for what I knew, might be co-heir with Paddy Skibbereen just behind us. Further, I knew nothing of the Fraughan Rock; another family of O'Learys might dwell there, and then there are such strange resemblances! To cut short my suspense, I resolved to hazard an essay in the black art, confiding in my countryman's national taste for the supernatural; so addressing the carbineer—

"Your's is a fortunate shadow in the moonlight," said I.

"Indeed! Do you read fortunes abroad by shadows?"

"Yes; the Brahmins taught me on the banks of the Ganges. I can plainly see that your's is not a drowning shadow."

"Aye! Murtagh's the divil at divin' entirely," said his companion; "may-be the shadow 'oud look more nat'ral hangin' up to dry!"

It was the first time that I heard the expected name. I now went on with more confidence.

"You have escaped drowning twice. Stay still a while till the horses come up, and let me stand in your shadow. Now let us both look at the moon, and I'll describe the pictures I behold passing over its bright face.—Two boys shooting sea-birds in the middle of a little bay. They sit in a frail unsteady boat that dances on the waves as light as a cork, devoid of keel or rudder, and seemingly a long shallow open-work basket covered outside with skins?"

"Aye! A *nievogue*. True enough, Sir."

"Whist, Murtagh! Don't be letting out the sacret. Let's hear what he can make out by himself. I've purty sharp sight, an' can only see the ould woman that stole her naabour's gooseberry-bush just as usual. May-be she stole a *nievogue* or a *corracle* too!"

"There—the gun is fired by the elder boy—it kicks—he falls back—his elbow makes a hole in the skin—the water rushes in—he

thrusts his handkerchief and heel into the hole — he bales out the water with his hat — the other paddles to shore with fearful haste — the water gains on them — 'tis filling the boat, and it sinks as they throw themselves on shore!"

"'Tis a true picture! I'll nivir forget it! Well, Sir, the other escape, if you plaase?"

"Look up again. 'Tis a mountain glen, through which the dark red water slowly creeps for a space, expanding into a pool ere it finds an outlet—the bottom is black with weeds consolidating into bog — a rock rises beetling over the lazy pool — two hawks are wheeling and darting through the glen, while two boys are endeavouring to climb the rock and rob their nest—one stands on the branch of an old holly-tree that grows out of the rock just over the water's edge, the other mounts on his shoulders — the enraged hawks buffet him with their wings — he heeds them not — he draws out the nest and nestlings. Ha! 'tis a mountain gust. Fern, furze, heath, grass, reeds, and leaves, are dancing aloft in the whirlwind that sweeps the glen—the water is caught up — a fairy circle rushes over the face of the pool — the very hawks are spun around in the unseen eddy. The nest and young ones are carried off in the blast—the young robber is shaken from the rock and falls headlong into the black gulf beneath him — the waters close over him — they are broken again on the surface — they are heaving with life, but the struggle is at the bottom amidst mud and tangling weeds—their victim rises not! His comrade jumps down after him — he clings to the holly by one hand, and with the other drags up — Murtagh!"

"Aye! God bless him! A minit longer and I'd lie there for ever. Well! the Brahmins are a wonderful far-sighted people! An' to think of paintin' Tralee Bay and the Hawk's Glen of *Owenbeg* on the moon! 'Tis like foretellin' the 'clipses, or seein' the stone that fell from the sky in Tipperary eleven years ago—too much to believe if one could help it."

"Nothin' is impossible to God, Murtagh," said his comrade; "an' it's a sin to disbelieve one's own eyes an' ears. Budt you nivir tould me of your 'scape in the Black Pool — Why? and who pult you out?"

"Who budt Masther Richard himself (God preserve him, alive or dead!)—dead most likely, as there's no tidin's of him at all at all! As kind and dacent a young gintleman as ever wint to be shot at by the Frinch, or to die of a liver complaint under the broilin' sun. Bud I nivir like to spake of that struggle with the weeds, where my head was stuck in the mud. Ooh! it makes my flesh creep. Don't mintion it, Tom."

As we continued our route, I was doubly anxious to speak unobserved to Murtagh; and, in pursuance of my plan, asked Tom O'Sullivan if he had any curiosity to learn his fortune.

"Yes *avick*. I'd be plaased to larn what death I'll die, an' whether I'm to have a dacent funeral, an' who I'll be married to, an' whether I'll have luck in a wife?"

"Well, keep still again for a minute, 'til I stand on your shadow and call up the death-scene.—I see a troop of horses heavily laden,

of armed men, and a prey of cattle, slowly passing across a mountain moor in the frosty moonlight—an old man's stiff'ning body is borne on his own door by four of the party—"

"I see so much myseff, *avick*, widthout looking at the moon!"

"Hush! or you'll spoil the picture—The party arrive at their resting place—the body is laid out to be waked—a young girl sits at its head—a man who carries a pitchfork and churn-dash tied together, and a box under his arm, sits at its feet to watch it—"

"That's myself and Biddy, poor crathur!"

"The man takes a handful of something white from the box, and lays it on a plate on the breast of the corpse—"

"'Tis salt, man!—I have it here."

"The keg is broached—the man drinks—all but the girl drink."

"Very nathral. How could I watch widthout a dhrop?"

"Hush!—There's a fight amongst the men—the keg is staved in the midst of them—the watcher starts from his seat and flourishes his pitchfork — he strikes amongst the crowd — the leader interposes to disarm him, and is stabbed by the pitchfork—he draws a pistol and shoots the rioter, who falls dead on the corpse he had been watching. The body, warm and bleeding, is flung into a bog-hole, and covered in without a sign of prayer or a stone to mark it."

"By Gor, that's a cruel ugly picthur entirely," said Tom, as we resumed our march, "an' its too thrue! I niver could bear the whiskey! An' so I'm a dead man afore the watchin' is over and the wake begun! It's a mighty hard fate this of mine,—bad luck to the whiskey, and the captain that's so ready at his trigger! We must all die: budt to be thrown half-alive into a bog-hole widthout wake or mass!—by the powers, I won't stand it, an' so you may tell the moon and the saints above!"

"Were you at your duty[1] lately, Tom?"

"Not since last Easter, Murtagh, at the station at Farnaford. Where's the use of goin' whin Father Bryan tould me that I must forgive ivery one, good an' bad? An' tho' I promised to forgive an' forget every mother's son, except that bloody ould Palatine Philip Burgess, that took a shot at me unknownst, with his long Queen Ann, an' swore agin me after for running away—yet he wouldn't absolve me. An' tho' I made oath on the holy Evangelists to bear no ill will to the foreign thief after I'd taken one shot at him—only one, hit or miss—yet Father Bryan wouldn't forgive me, or let God forgive me; so its no use goin."

"Try him agin, Tom, dear; who knows what you may be able to do wid the fear of the bog-hole before your eyes, and the fear of God in your heart beside. An' sure there's Father Maurice that will be at Abbyfeale this blessed night, that I'd rather confess to than to Dr. Troy himself. An' while your goin' there you'll be out o' the way of mischief; and whin you get there, you can fill the 'bacca-box again. There's the path to the left, down-hill all the way, by the banks of the Feale."

"By the pow'rs, that's thrue!" cried Tom, slapping his thigh. "I'll leave this dash an' salt-box at the first cabin 'til I return to yees

[1] The sacrament of Auricular Confession in the Roman Catholic Church.

at the Fraughan Rock.—Say, I ran after a stray sheep." And away he went with the speed of one, and was soon out of sight.

"Murtagh O'Leary!" I exclaimed; "do you forget your foster-brother Richard?"

The poor fellow threw off his table, threw himself on my neck, pressed me and the spinning-wheel to his heart, and finally upset us both in his ecstacy.

"Oh! Masther Richard!" cried he, picking me up; "is this yourseff come back to uz at last? It's myseff that longed to see you, an' it's the mother of uz, that 'll be proud and happy. (Sure I'll carry the wheel myseff.) Budt, whisht!—Don't let on for your life who you are; and don't know me or the mother at all at all. You 're safe while you 're not suspected."

"You fear my fellow-prisoner, Skibbereen?"

"Aye! budt he's no more a prisoner than myseff."

"Nor the Scotchman?"

"Hush! He's no more a Scotchman than you are. You'll see an' hear enough soon—budt don't speak to him. Have neither hand, act, or part, in his sayings or doings; or we may niver bring you down alive from the moors to the gay ould father an' mother at Castle-Diarmid."

We now found ourselves on the brink of a steep declivity, from which we could survey a moorland valley of the wildest character. We were journeying northward, and while the opposing mountain masses basked in unbroken moonlight that revealed every undulation of their surface, our descending path lay through comparative darkness. The new view which opened on us was so truly picturesque that I laid down my spinning-wheel to admire it, and forgot for a while, in the beauties, the dangers of the scene. Both sides of the valley were covered with heath, excepting where torrents had torn away the moory soil in perpendicular furrows,—leaving exposed seams of rugged rocks, more bare and isolated towards the depths of the glen, where all the ravines united to form a scene well suited to impress the mind with images, alternately "terrible as the waves and sterile as the desert." On the opposite range the heathy surface that lay unscathed between the torrent tracks had received a various colouring from the frost that heightened the interest of the scene. Near the sheltered bottom, the brown tints of autumnal decay still contrasted strikingly with the bleached river-rocks which lay beneath;—but higher on the side, the icy influence of the region became more apparent,—the sombre heathy hues brightened up with snowy smiles,—higher still the moonshine sparkled back to us with irridescent gleams, and highest of all the light was reflected from a crown of unsullied snow.

Whilst gazing on the noble expanse, Murtagh impatiently exclaimed, "Masther Richard! for the love of the Vargin, don't stop gazin' this-a-way! Did you never hear of the faries of Mullogharierk, an' how they entrance people to stay admirin' fallin' stars an' rainbows that they freeze to the hill side, till they steal away the sowl and the sinses thro' the eyes, an' leave the corpses of unfortunates cold and stiff;—to be brought home in the mornin' on a door, like poor Luke Lenahan (God be marciful to him!); an'

'tis little use getting masses said for a sowl in fairy land. (Lord save uz! this is Friday night!) Sure I met my own second cousin Tim Bantry, the herd, out one night that he had been hunting for sheep all over Mullagharierk;—he'd just sat down for a while on the snow to rest himself an' admire the face of a rock that shone with ice, as he thought, on the opposite hill,—but 'twas a looking-glass that the good people had set up to blind his eyes; (Masther Richard dear! I wouldn't spake of this on such a night, if I didn't care more for you nor myself;) — an' there I found him so spell-bound that I couldn't rouse him;—an' when I took him on my back an' brought him home, and brought him to with snuff an' pottheen an' warm blankets,—we found that the good people had taken the life out of his ten toes! I suppose if I hadn't carried him off then, he'd have lost every thing one after another. Plase follow me, Sir, before the cattle come to trample the frost into puddle."

The party had hitherto crossed the mountain in separate paths, every one choosing the best he could find for himself or his horse; now the steep and broken descent obliged all, except the incorrigible sheep and their whipper-in, to wind their toilsome way in single file down the bed of one of the torrent paths. The water was reduced to a thread at present, tho' a broad gravelly space, thro' which it trickled, bore testimony to the magnitude of its flood at other seasons. By stepping over the little stream at every two or three perches,—sometimes walking in it between narrow rocks,—and occasionally ascending the banks to avoid accompanying the water in its miniature rapids and cascades, we all contrived to convey our loads and bodies unbroken to the bottom. We then crossed the main stream,—the cattle, thro' a shallow pool that fell over the edge of its lower boundary into the ugliest looking chasm that ever moonshine failed to illuminate,—the men over gigantic stepping stones that stood in row, like ill-assorted human double-grinders with gaps between. Turning up the stream for a little way, we found ourselves on the first road that in any respect deserved the name. It ran along the tops of those naked crags which I had descried from the heights, imprisoning the diminutive river within their huge blockade,—an infant playing in a giant's grasp.

"Aye, Sir!" said Murtagh, to whom I pointed out the apparent disproportion; "'tis so just now,—but wait till the thaw an' the spring rains come! not a stone in the Feale's broad bed will be left uncovered! 'Twill be one tangled skein of dark red water an' dancin' foam as white as snow, as far as you can see above and below. When a thunder shower falls in June, the stream swells in five minutes to such a height that those caught in the rain at either side must stay in it, or venture a leap across one of the three rapids where the waters run at a hell of a rate, an' whirl along loose stones like so many corks;—an' each pass is worst of the three for somethin' or other. The edges of the rock at the 'Divil's hop' (that looks for all the world like a bridge wantin' a few kay-stones) are as slippy as glass in the rain:—then 'the sheep-trap' slopes down at both sides to the chink in the middle, so that, tho' its an easy leap, one must run with full force down the face of one rock to be carried up at the opposite side, or back he sliddhers like pottheen down a

tundish:—budt "the gap in the knife" is worst of all: the rock stan's across the channel like a great slate cracked in the middle, with the edge up. In leapin', you have to run on the top of a narrow leanin' wall (as it might be)—bounce across a gateway an' land on the sharp copin' stone agen at the other side — takin' care that you dont slip asunder and be cut in two as you come down!—Now praise be to Heaven, we're just at the Fraughan Rock!"

"What brought you to this part of the mountains?"

"I'll tell you some other time, Masther Richard. 'Tis a long story,—an' the less we convarse together just now the better for both, may-be! If you could only grow blind, deaf, and dumb, while in Captain Rock's houlf, 'twould be the best luck that could happen you. If he takes a suspicion to you as a spy or a busybody, no ransom will save you! He an' the boys talk Irish on all matters of business when strangers are within hearin', an' if you show signs of bein' up to the discoorse at all at all, you're a lost man! Leave every thing to me an' the mother. My brother Barney is from home just now, and Ellen can't possibly remimber you, bein' only nine years old when you left uz. Keep yourseff to yourseff, an' all will be safe enough."

The road at this spot descended again into the stony valley of the river, and led us for a space amongst immense disjointed blocks, that seemed torn from some distant height, and hurled down on each other in every wild variety of group. Ha! what have we here? A light gleaming thro' that rude portal of rock-work overhung with shrubs!

"Whoo! hoo! oo!" shouted Murtagh, exultingly, (who still kept a-head of the party,) and as echo prolonged the wild cry, two women issued from the cavern. "*Cead Mille failteagh!*"[1] exclaimed a voice, which I recognised at once as that of my stout old nurse Alley O'Leary, while the younger ran to relieve her brother of his load, and wish him joy on his safe return from the descent on the lowlands.

"O! Murtagh, jewel!" said the lively girl; "I saw yees first on the edge of Knocdour, against the clear blue sky an hour ago; and the potatoes are done, an' the griddle's on one fire an' the pot's on another for any thing yees have brought us to bake or to boil. An' are yees all safe?"

"All but ould Luke Lenahan, that met widt an accident an' is coming here to be waked, *alauna!* Go an' comfort Biddens the lonely creathur, and bid the captain welcome. They're both together, bringin' up the rear an' drivin' lashin's of beef, mutton, buther, salt, meal, bacon an' whiskey before 'em.—Mother dear! a word widt you, afore they come up?"

(*To be continued.*)

[1] A hundred thousand welcomes!

MR. CANNING AND THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

In the Foreign Quarterly Review for October last, there is an article so little in unison with the generally fair and enlightened spirit of that valuable work, that curiosity has been awakened as to the authorship, and also as to the circumstances under which it contrived to make its way, with so sinister an aspect, into good society. It professes to exhibit a sketch of the foreign policy of England, in connexion with an estimate of the merits of Mr. Canning; and the duplicate title is found accordingly at the head of about forty very dull pages. While an outward show is preserved, not merely of candour, but of vague eulogy, towards the departed statesman, its real purpose, easily detected, is to deny his merit as to those points on which his fame has been heretofore supposed to rest with the greatest security. An effort is made throughout to exalt the late Marquis of Londonderry, and to represent Mr. Canning as without the slightest claim to originality of views or energy of purpose, but merely as following with servility in the footsteps of the man of congresses—a sort of executor of his political last will and testament! Thus (p. 412) "The acknowledgment of the South American States, supposing it to have been brought about by Mr. Canning sooner than it would have been effected by Lord Castlereagh—and this can only be a supposition—cannot possibly establish a fundamental difference of policy between these two statesmen." In the winding up, (p. 431.) "If we appear to detract from his comparative merit, it is not by depreciating him, but by giving a just value to the other object of comparison." The eagerness of the partisan breaks out in such sentences as the following: (p. 407.) "It is said that he wished to avoid having a British minister at Verona. If this be true, it is satisfactory to find him averring that there was nothing in the general conduct of Great Britain there, which lowered, as has been asserted, the character of England." What fair and unprejudiced person would ever dream of giving the subject this narrow turn?—The question is a large and statesman-like one as to the propriety of placing England in associations unnecessary to the attainment of any objects of her own, and which may be perverted to unworthy and odious purposes. How can it belong properly to such a discussion to catch at the fact, that Mr. Canning on one occasion denied that England had disgraced herself at a particular meeting? As well might a keen Tory, on hearing the assertion that Mr. Fox denounced the Pitt war as wanton and unjust, declare that the Whig orator had yet been heard to speak favourably more than once of the good conduct of our troops in action.

To go over the whole of these forty pages, and point out the weakness of argument, and the want of accurate knowledge by which they are characterized, would be a task in which it is feared few readers could be tempted to follow. Nor is it necessary; for any person of ordinary intelligence and information can readily detect for himself its sophistry, and set it right as to facts. The first impression on reading it is, to attribute it to some young man whose fate it has been to listen long and attentively to the talk of a certain set of people, and who pleased himself with thinking of the gratification they would

derive from its unexpected echo—of the eager welcome on the first meeting after the appearance of the masterly and unanswerable article, and of the character generously circulated, in return, of a youth who had exhibited such "first-rate talents." Yet, perhaps, there may be suspected a deeper and more mischievous design. As, for example, in the passage (p. 402.) beginning, "Mr. Canning had been all his life the distinguished opponent of the Whigs, and more especially of Parliamentary Reform. There was nothing for which he was more distinguished than his contemptuous rejection of all suggestions for ascribing to the British Constitution a basis in the abstract principle of representation." Then, again, the wholly superfluous allusion (p. 403. note,) to the "severe attack" of Earl Grey on Mr. Canning, and to the fact that "neither Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, nor Lord John Russell, took office in Mr. Canning's government, or expressed themselves satisfied with its formation." Here is exhibited a knowledge of matters seemingly deposited only with the intimates of Lord Castlereagh. Thus it is stated (p. 399.), with a "We know," that a certain complimentary letter of Lord C.'s to Mr. Canning "was tardy, and did not arrive till an observation to that effect from Mr. Canning had reached Lord Castlereagh through a common friend." If there be coupled with this such suggestions as those (p. 395) about "the supersession of a commander of the forces in Portugal," we might be led to suspect that a noble military pseudo-historian and anti-reformer had sought here not only to indulge his natural partialities, but to gratify at the same time other less excusable feelings, in an attempt to revive old grudges, and to excite heart-burning amongst those who have rallied round the Reform question with a generous oblivion of the past.

But however idle it may be to expect attention here to an elaborate review of all the errors of this article, there is one part of the subject which may be discussed within a reasonable compass, and which bears perhaps more directly than any other on the popular reputation of Mr. Canning. Every one has heard of his memorable boast about having called a *New World* into existence to redress the balance of the *Old*. By many this is regarded as an idle gasconade, for which there is no colour of truth, and of which therefore the country itself ought to be heartily ashamed. It is precisely on this point, which required such discreet management and such a careful examination of facts, that the fame of Mr. Canning has been most unjustly dealt with.

The exposition which is contemplated may, perhaps, best commence with the following passage of the Foreign Quarterly Review, (p. 413.) relative to an overture by Mr. Canning to the Ambassador of the United States, on the subject of the South American Republics:—

"Mr. Stapleton gives us, for the first time, a communication from Mr. Canning, in August 1823, to the American minister Mr. Rush, proposing concerted measures for the eventual recognition. This overture fell to the ground for want of powers in the American."

Here is not only gross ignorance of facts, but a perversion of the very page which the critic is supposed to have before his eye. That Mr. Canning proposed to the United States to join in an "even-

tual" recognition is impossible, because that Republic had long before, in the most open and solemn manner, recognised the independence of South America. This will be seen on referring to the Messages of the President to Congress, which are found regularly transferred to the Annual Register. In the year 1822, Mr. Monroe says, (see Annual Register for that year, p. 597.) "A strong hope was entertained that peace would, ere this, have been concluded between Spain and the independent governments south of the United States in this hemisphere. Long experience having evinced the competency of those governments to maintain the independence which they had declared, it was presumed that the considerations which induced their recognition by the United States would have had equal weight with other powers," &c. Nay, so early as the year 1819 there is found in the message of the same President, (Annual Register for 1820, part II. p. 676.) the following expressions: "Buenos Ayres still maintains unshaken the independence which it declared in 1816, and has enjoyed since 1810; like success has also lately attended Chili, and the provinces north of the La Plata bordering on it, and likewise Venezuela;" and again "the steadiness, consistency, and success, with which they have pursued their object, as evinced more particularly by the undisturbed sovereignty which Buenos Ayres has so long enjoyed, evidently give them a strong claim to the favourable consideration of nations. These sentiments on the part of the United States have not been withheld from other powers, with whom it is desirable to act in concert." To suppose therefore that Mr. Canning in 1823 suggested to the United States an "eventual recognition," implies a total ignorance of the history of the South American Republics.

What, then, did he propose? This brings us at once, and directly, to the true point of Mr. Canning's merit, which, with a singular fatality, has been overlooked alike by his friends and his enemies.

The proposition was one to which a character of the utmost boldness cannot be denied. It went to no less than the union of England and America to resist, in certain contingencies, the Holy Alliance by arms. The invasion of Spain by France, to put down the Constitution, caused Mr. Canning to take this stand. He saw that the next step would probably be to bring to bear the consolidated power of despotism, to restore to Spain her transatlantic possessions by annihilating the obnoxious Republics. His immediate apprehension seems to have been of the overshadowing influence of France. He suspected that the colonies would be transferred to her as the price of her intervention, and it filled him with alarm that "Spain with the Indies" should become, in fact, the mere adjunct of the restless and ambitious rival of England. His uneasiness was not lessened by reflecting on the cordial understanding between France and the continental powers, who had little sympathy with the institutions or people of England, and who had more than once united in resisting the doctrines which she enforced on the ocean. Mr. Canning had a bitter memory on this last point; and in his justification of the Copenhagen affair, it may be remembered to what an ungenerous extent he pushed an argument derived from the alleged bias of Denmark to heterodox doctrines on the subject of neutral rights. Uncompromising on all

points connected with England's maritime ascendancy, it is not improbable that one of his principal motives for disliking congresses was, the dread of protests and definitions on this subject. But to return to 1823:—We have it from his own lips that his great object was to render Spain a dowerless bride to France. "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies; I called the *New World* into existence to redress the balance of the *Old*." Let us turn now to the proposition to Mr. Rush:—it was (Stapleton, vol. II. p. 23.) that England and America should, openly and in concert, protest against any attempt of Spain to make a transfer of her South American possessions, and against any effort of a third party to aid her in the recovery of those possessions: "a proceeding of such a nature," said Mr. Canning to Mr. Rush, "would be at once the most effectual and the least offensive mode of intimating the joint disapprobation of Great Britain and the United States of any projects which might be cherished, by any European power, of a forcible enterprise for deducing the colonies to subjugation on the behalf, or in the name of, Spain,—on the acquisition of any part of them to itself by cession or by conquest." "This," says Mr. Stapleton, "was the substance of the confidential communication made by Mr. Canning to Mr. Rush. As that gentleman's answer is written in the same spirit of confidence, it will not be right to state," &c. The phraseology of Mr. Canning in one part may be noted on account of its subsequent adoption by the President of the United States. It was proposed to say in the name of the two powers, with a happy and diplomatic evasion of harsh language, that they could not "see with indifference (Stapleton, vol. II. p. 24.) certain doings." We shall presently encounter these terms again.

The answer of Mr. Rush was doubtless such as might have been anticipated, and such indeed as an English ambassador must have given under similar circumstances. The nature of his functions gave him no pretence of authority, in the absence of instructions, to enter into so momentous a compact. But so far was the negotiation from having "fallen to the ground," (as the Foreign Quarterly asserts in unceremoniously dismissing the subject,) we have the best possible evidence of the important results; and it is indeed only by following this clue that we can attain any thing like a satisfactory view of a very curious and interesting portion of English history.

When the proposition of Mr. Canning reached the United States with the explanatory letters, it engaged the immediate and deepest attention of the American Cabinet. Some idea of the interest excited may be drawn from the fact, that Mr. Monroe the President, not content with taking counsel of his official advisers, caused the whole to be submitted to Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and late President, then living quite apart from politics, but who was deemed the Nestor of the Republic. It is to this circumstance we are indebted for testimony so clear and decisive as to leave nothing further to be desired.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Jefferson, published in 1829, contain the long and interesting reply which he addressed to the President, and the sentiments of which passed into the act of

the Government, and were subsequently followed up by sending a representation to the Congress of American Republics at Panama. The Letter will be found in the 4th vol. p. 390., and bears date 24th October, 1823. He says:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass, and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is labouring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke, which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars. But the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system, of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our own principle, and not to depart from it: and if to facilitate this we can effect a division in the body of the European powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion, that it will prevent instead of provoking war." (This shows how anxiously and minutely he had gone into the subject, and in what various lights he had presented it.) "With Great Britain withdrawn from their scale, and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined would not undertake such a war. For how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleets? Nor is the occasion to be slighted, which this proposition offers, of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations by the interference of any one in the internal affairs of another, so flagitiously begun by Bonaparte and now continued by the equally lawless Alliance, calling itself Holy." In the same Letter he adds:

"I could honestly, therefore, join in the declaration proposed, that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those possessions, that

we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the mother country; but that we will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext; and most especially, their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way. I should think it therefore advisable, that the executive should encourage the British Government to a continuance in the dispositions expressed in these letters, by an assurance of his concurrence with them as far as his authority goes; and that as it may lead to war, the declaration of which requires an act of Congress, the case shall be laid before them for consideration at their first meeting, and under the reasonable aspect in which it is seen by himself."

It now remains to connect with this the passage in the Message of the President to Congress, dated 2nd December, 1823, (see Annual Register for that year, p. 193*,) in which he echoes the very sentiments into which Mr. Jefferson had been warmed by the Letters of Canning:

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact, no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interpositions may be carried on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers, whose governments differ from theirs, are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early age of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same; which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto*, as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power—submitting to injuries from none. But, in regard to those continents, circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent, without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."

This declaration made its eager way to Europe, and attracted universal attention. We find Mr. Brougham, in a Letter to Dr. Parr, dated 30th December, 1823, (Parr's Works, by Johnson, vol. VII. p. 229.) thus speaking of it:—"Among other subjects of congratulation, let me mention the admirable Speech of the American President as the very first. It is a death-blow to despotism in the New World, and a good shake to it in the Old." And again, a few weeks afterwards, (*ib.*) "I heartily congratulate you on the admirable conduct of the American Government. This is a real cordial to the spirits of all friends of liberty, and a wormwood dose to its enemies. Whether the Holy Allies will be mad enough to persist, in spite of

it, remains to be seen. I believe, however, they are in a dilemma; for should they remain passive spectators of the complete establishment of democracy all over the New World, the despotic thrones of the Old will be held by a somewhat frail tenure."

Mr. Stapleton, (vol. II. p. 38.) speaking of Canning's cotemporaneous exertions on his side of the Atlantic, tells us, "Fortunately, just at the moment when these discussions were being carried on, the Message of the President of the United States to their Congress arrived in Europe, in which document it was stated," &c. The effect, according to him, was decisive. "When coupled with the refusal of Great Britain to take part in a Congress, it effectually put an end to the project of assembling one similar to those which had met at Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, and Verona."

It is impossible, without wilfully closing the eyes, not to see that from the mind of George Canning proceeded directly the great impulse that set the machinery in motion. The very phraseology of the President at the critical point of the Message is, as has been remarked, taken from Mr. Canning's communication to the American Ambassador.

That the danger against which Mr. Canning sought to provide was imminent, we may well believe; for no good reason can be assigned why the agency of France, as the guardian of Spain, should have stopped where it did. We can, of course, have no overt act to adduce, and the decisive language of England prevented even a full disclosure of the wishes of the Holy Alliance. Yet the expressions of Polignac, as found in a memorandum of Mr. Canning, (Stapleton, vol. II. p. 32.) may serve to show how artfully he sought to win over the concurrence, or neutrality at least, of England.

"That in the interest of humanity, and especially in that of the Spanish colonies, it would be worthy of the European governments to concert together the means of calming, in those distant and scarcely civilized regions, passions blinded by party spirit; and to endeavour to bring back to a principle of union in government, whether monarchical or aristocratical, people among whom absurd and dangerous theories were now keeping up agitation and disunion."

The critic, in the Foreign Quarterly, says, (p. 417.) "All that we deny is, that this recognition of South America, or any of its consequences, placed England in any different position, in respect of the rest of Europe, from that in which she stood while the Holy Alliance was recent and in full force." Here is only, once more, the strange misconception as to the real crisis of Mr. Canning's agency in this matter. The "recognition," as it is called, did not take place until 1825, after the Holy Alliance had fallen to pieces. There was nothing offensive in that act, nor was any principle of policy involved in it. The rule is familiar and well settled, that the government *de facto*, when firmly established, is the only one which foreign nations can know. England carried on an extensive commerce in these regions; and it was not to be endured that the responsible civil authorities should have to be sought on a different side of the Atlantic, where was kept up the pageant of a claim utterly powerless to vindicate itself, much less to compel atonement to others for outrages on the theatre of its pretended sovereignty. England merely acted on the

fact which the United States had assumed so long before; and this must have been equally the case under the administration of Lord Castlereagh. No; it was to the principles acted on in 1823 that Mr. Canning himself went back, and to which his friends must look in seeking to justify his lofty pretensions. "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies; I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." And does the critic of the Foreign Quarterly mean to deny that his conduct on that occasion "placed England in any different position in respect of the rest of Europe" from that which she occupied when enacting a busy part at congresses?—What! no difference when she travels across the Atlantic to rear up a counter-alliance against those very powers by whose side she recently sat! It were idle to combat a proposition so ridiculous.

But the most vexatious part of the whole matter remains to be stated. The recent work of Mr. Stapleton, who is understood to have been the confidential secretary of Mr. Canning, is put forth with the most imposing claims to attention; "to the representative," he says, "of this lamented statesman, the author is indebted for the means which have enabled him to compile the following pages. Without the freest reference to Mr. Canning's papers—a reference which his representative alone had power to accord,—the task which the author has now performed, he never could have undertaken." Yet this gentleman is found (vol. II. p. 39.) thus speaking of the passage in the President's Message:

"Although this language was not the consequence of any understanding with, or of any suggestion of, this country, it is impossible not to believe," &c.

It is obvious that this is not only untrue, but surrenders at once Mr. Canning's celebrated vaunt to unmitigated ridicule. The United States had long before, as has been stated, recognised the independence of all the South American Republics, and to her present inter-position Mr. Stapleton attributes a decisive effect at this momentous crisis. Supposing then the latter to have been a spontaneous act uninfluenced by England, how shameless a braggart must Mr. Canning appear! What renders yet more inexcusable an ignorance of the conclusive testimony as to his pervading influence, is the fact that Mr. Huskisson, in the debate of the 20th of May, 1830, invited attention to this very letter of Mr. Jefferson, and read an extract from it to the House of Commons. (Barrow's Mirror of Parliament, p. 1839.)

This is not the place for a full and satisfactory consideration of the merits of Mr. Canning's political career, or even of the views which the future historian may take of his conduct on this particular occasion. It is sufficient for the present to have exhibited, in their proper juxta-position, facts which have long been the sport of misconception, and the theme of endless, because confused, controversy.

B.

A TALE.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KUZZILBASH."

THE interest which Palovska had already taken in his *protegé* suffered no diminution from hearing his narrative. He assured the young Circassian, that so far from interfering with his freedom or his views, it would have been his wish to promote them; but that the nature of the service on which he was employed prevented his engaging in any other undertaking, while it obliged him to avail himself of any assistance he might be able to procure in a country so intricate, and to which the party he commanded were perfect strangers. He then communicated to the young man the nature of his errand, and inquired whether the rumour of any such event as the surprise of the Russian party had come to his ears. As these questions were interpreted to the Circassian, a sudden change took place upon his countenance—his eyes sparkled, with a keen intelligence.—"On my head be it!" exclaimed he at length, slightly touching his forehead; "I have found it—we are both hurt by the same arrow! The father of the evil to both is the same—Ismael Iantemir, the same who escaped you at the ford of the Oortasou. I know," continued Hussein, "I know that there are Russian prisoners in the hands of Ismael Iantemir, for with these ears have I heard of their capture, and listened to their doom—they were taken by surprise when Ismael was returning from his last journey to Anapa,—and if he lives, before a month can pass, they will be slaves at Trabloos." "Holy Virgin! they live then!" exclaimed Palovska; "and know you the place where they are confined?" "I know it too well," replied Hussein, "for it is the same where I was myself confined—where, blessed Prophet! my Fathmeh assuredly now pines; and where my days may too probably end—for there will I seek her, and there, if I fail, shall I die." "And what is this place then?" demanded Palovska impatiently; "only tell me where it is, and we shall see whether my brave cossacks cannot tear their comrades even from the den of such a wolf." The Circassian shook his head—"Tzingoorchi, the fastness of Ismael Iantemir, lies far among the deepest defiles of that range of mountains yonder, and is still almost two days' journey hence; but all attempts to approach, armed as you are, in open day and by open force, were useless—not all the Russians on the Kubau could reach the village of Tzingoorchi, nor carry it if approached." "I would that they were here to try," replied Palovska, with a haughty smile, which betrayed his contempt of the Circassian's doubts;—"in the mean time what course wouldst thou recommend to be pursued with the means we possess?"

The young man here paused, and bent his face upon the ground for a considerable space of time, before he returned any reply to this question; during which the cossack Dobracheff considered his person and demeanour with a keen regard, and even Palovska surveyed him with an anxious scrutinizing look. "I know but one way to act," said Hussein at length, raising his eyes, and fixing them with a firm and earnest expression upon the countenance of the young Pole;—"it is full of hazard, but there is no other; and, such as it is, I am ready to partake its dangers and to assist thee in accomplishing thy wishes and my own, for our objects are the same. Be pleased then to attend—The troops must be left at a place which I shall indicate; and thou and I, with any other brave man whom thou mayst select, must enter this dangerous country alone: I am a perfect guide through the whole of it; nor will friends be wanting to whom, provided I go alone, or slenderly attended, I may apply for hospitality and succour. The chief, Arselan Beg, to whom I would have fled with Fathmeh, will receive us; by measures of prudence and adroitness we may contrive to hear of

[1] Concluded from Vol. II. p. 423.

these captives—perhaps come to terms with the robber who has got them in his power—we may ransom, or find other means of delivering, them from their bondage: the case is a desperate one, and desperate means must be resorted to. But promise to me faithfully that you will assist me, if required, in my objects, and you will find me on my part bold and trustworthy in your service." At this point the cossack officer could no longer restrain his impatience—he took Palovska aside, "Why, Sir, should you listen to such ravings? you cannot suffer yourself to be deceived by this false Circassian—who can say whether he be one bit better than the guide we lost? who can satisfy us that he is not like the other—a spy of some villanous Abbassian? Never think of separating from your brave cossacks; and as for attacking the place, in that the fellow says truly—I know something of these fastnesses: it would baffle a whole army of cossacks, aye, or a regiment of the line, to take a man from them; and who can tell if those we seek are there—or, may not this tale be all a feint to secure our assistance in the recovery of that girl he speaks of?—If they are there, be assured that the only means of rescuing them is by negotiating for their ransom through the customary channel."

Palovska was of a different opinion. The ardour of youth and the caution of age are apt to regard the same objects in very different lights. The candid earnestness of the young Circassian, and his ready unembarrassed replies to any question, were to Palovska convincing proofs of his sincerity. The circumstances under which he had fallen into their hands afforded some confirmation of the story he had given. The more he reflected, the more did he become convinced that the proposal of the young man, though adventurous, and almost desperate, was calculated to afford the only chance of compassing their end, and that the arguments he had used to support it were honest and sound,—or, what amounted to the same thing, the more did his enthusiastic imagination suggest the hope—the probability of success.

It is unnecessary to detail the lengthened discussion which ensued, or to follow the process of reasoning and remonstrance, which terminated in Palovska's adoption of the bold suggestion of Hussein Khammourza, and the unwilling acquiescence of Dobracheff in the part assigned to him. The particulars of the arrangements concluded upon were as follows: The troop of cossacks were to be left in a sequestered spot, which lay near the principal road leading to the banks of the Kubau river, while the young Pole, accompanied by his servant Georgeen, and their Circassian guide, were to repair to the dwelling of Arselan Beg. From thence information regarding the proceedings of Ismael Iantemir might readily be obtained; and the chieftain himself, who was no friend to that ferocious robber, might possibly, they conceived, be induced by some means or other to assist in their future attempts. Disguise was important to their safety as well as to their success; and as the resources of the party were inadequate to effect this purpose, it was proposed that they should stop for the night at a village known to Hussein Khammourza, and there complete this precautionary part of their equipment.

Early on the following morning, by the light of a waning moon, the whole party broke up their bivouack and resumed their way. Before half the day had gone by, the cossacks took possession of their intended station—a strong position, covered on the one hand by a precipitous bank, on the other by a rocky ravine; where they had instructions to wait a certain time for directions as to their future movements; in failure of receiving which, they were to proceed cautiously homewards, and their officer would report to head-quarters the loss of the second Palovska. Divesting themselves of their uniforms, retaining only their arms, and mounting their horses, these three adventurers then took leave of their comrades and pursued their way. The sun was low, as emerging from the devious

and difficult bye-paths, by which they proceeded in order to escape observation, they descried the smoke of a village arising from a thicket of fruit-trees and fine walnuts. "Behold our resting-place for the night!" said Hussein, pointing it out; "be pleased to halt for a while under these bushes, while I go forward to give notice of your arrival, and prevent alarm." The precaution appeared reasonable; the guide left his companions to their own cogitations, and soon disappeared among the trees.

His absence did not continue long—he came forward, bringing along with him an old man, whom he presented to Palovska as the elder of the village Ghireikee, and who welcomed him with considerable courtesy. The horses were duly provided for, and their riders led into a comfortable apartment, seated on felt carpets, and presented with pipes in due form. After a while an ample and refreshing meal was served up to the party, which was increased by the company of one or two of the villagers: some brandy was afterwards handed round, and it was plain every exertion was made to welcome their guests in the best manner they could. Palovska was informed by Hussein that suitable dresses of the country costume should be ready for them by morning, so as to enable them to pursue their way to Bissingoula with comfort and security; and, after a while, their host with the rest of his company withdrew, leaving Palovska and his servant alone with their guide Hussein.

The operations of the morrow were still the theme of their discourse, which was protracted till a late hour, when their attention was arrested by a distant murmur. It ceased after a moment, and they resumed their conversation; but scarce had a sentence been uttered, when a loud but distant shout made every one start to his feet. Hussein ran to the entrance, and, laying his head to the ground, listened with intense eagerness—A bustle was soon heard approaching, when springing up, with the agility of a mountain goat, the young Circassian made one bound to the left, and was out of sight in a moment. "Oh, false traitor!" exclaimed Palovska, feeling for his arms, and springing up to follow him. When he reached the door, there was no one to be seen, and he stood for a moment perplexed and uncertain which way to turn; but his doubts were speedily terminated, for, in less than a second, more than twenty armed natives bursting from all quarters galloped towards the house with loud shouts. Accosting the two strangers in fierce accents, and with very significant gestures, they summoned them to submit;—resistance would have been folly—even slavery is less hopeless than death: with a deep imprecation upon his treacherous guide, and an emotion of bitter regret at the recollection of his own weak credulity, Palovska threw down the sword he had just drawn; a few of the assailants dismounted, stripped off the upper garments of himself and his servant, carefully relieved his person of every valuable in money or ornaments—searched narrowly for arms, then with no gentle action binding his arms behind him: both master and man were hoisted, each behind a stout horseman, and away they went in spite of darkness and rough ground, dashing through the thick foliage and over rocky heights, more like the beasts of the forest than like men of human form and faculties. Who or how many their companions might be, they could not even guess: the horses, sure-footed and sagacious as they were, stumbled and sometimes fell, between darkness and uncertain footing; and Palovska received more than one severe bruise, and was frequently in danger of his life from the boughs of the trees and the sudden jerks, from which, in consequence of his hampered limbs, he had no power to save himself.

All night—a terrible and painful night—was Palovska and his servant hurried thus along. At dawn of day they were still among lofty forest-covered mountains with high green or rocky crests, on which might here and there be seen a patch of snow. In a small natural meadow of the greenest and sweetest verdure, not more than eight of the intruders of

the preceding night were gathered together, with himself, his servant, and another captive in company. After a rest of three hours and some very slight refreshment, the whole party mounted once more; but the prisoners were now forced to walk along-side of their mounted keepers; and they had a full taste of the brutal treatment bestowed by these people upon their unfortunate captives. Hampered as they were by their bonds, they were forced to keep pace with the horsemen over ground of the most difficult description, nor did their misery suffer any abatement until late in the day; when, after descending from the higher crests of the mountains into a deep rocky chasm, in which ran a roaring torrent, they toiled up a corresponding steep ascent, and stood upon a height which commanded a view over the whole valley. From this point Palovska could discern, still rising far above them, the towers and roofs of buildings mingled with crags of a singularly wild appearance. Towards this point they were obviously tending; and it was not without a chill of horror that, in the few words which dropped from their guards, the young Pole believed he could distinguish the ominous name of Tzingoorchi, the strong-hold, as he well remembered, of the Abbassian chief Ismael Iantemir.

Cheerless as were Palovska's reflections before, the gloom of his mind grew tenfold darker, and his self-reproach more keen, on this discovery. "Deceitful, double-faced traitor!" groaned he internally—"to think that I should have been made thy sport—that I should have been found the fool to trust thee! and yet, how open—how honest—how grateful he seemed!—Oh, if ever——but it is past—all is over now!" And when exhausted and outbreathed, the perspiration pouring down his jaded limbs, he reached the top of the steep path, and saw before him the fatal spot, a thrill of utter dismay shot through his very heart. "My brother!—poor Dimitrius!—perhaps, if yet he lives, he may be there—but I shall never see him—he will not even know that I am near, unless indeed when we may be driven together to be sold as slaves—as sheep are to the butcher!" Yet even slavery assumed a brighter aspect, in contrast with imprisonment for life in so remote, so savage a region.

A hoarse note from a horn was now blown by one of the party, and the reply, like an echo, soon rung from the walls above them, at that time hidden by a sharp turn in the rock. In another moment the whole place was displayed to their view, and a disheartening prospect it afforded to the unfortunate captives. In a deep recess of the mountains, hollowed out by the action of two considerable streams, and the waters of several smaller dells, which met nearly at one point, there rose, projecting from the central ridge, a tall bluff promontory, being in height with the parent mountain, and connected with it by a rocky neck. The summit of this elevated spot was comparatively level, except in one quarter, where a group of bare and serrated granite peaks started abruptly from the soil, inaccessible, as it might seem, to any thing unpossessed of wings. The village, or rather fortress, of Tzingoorchi occupied the space immediately below these rocks: a wall of stone, which inclosed a number of the ordinary houses and huts of the country with one or two lofty towers, was all that could be seen from without. The granite spires, of which we have spoken, were partially inclosed by this wall, but in some places they formed a part of it, towering high above the houses, and securing them from all possible assaults; a few patches of cultivation in terraces, together with some fruit-trees, occupied the remainder, wherever it was susceptible of such improvement; but except upon the rocks and steep declivities which descended far away into the valley below, there was but little wood upon this height. The deficiency was amply compensated by the aspect of the surrounding mountains; and where the united waters of the hollow rushed through a narrow rocky cleft, dense forests might be observed

covering hill and valley, until they skirted the shores of the Euxine, which, blue, hazy, and far-distant, glimmered through the intervals of the mountain tops.

Small note of this magnificent landscape was taken by the young Pole, as he approached his future prison; he only saw the dark grey walls which were to shut him out from friends and country—from all the world, until slavery should come to his release. A well-guarded gateway admitted the party; around which, men, women, and children, in uncouth garbs, clustered, with a thousand cries, clapping their hands and grinning at the strangers. But they did not continue long subjected to this unpleasant scrutiny, for the guards, dismounting from their weary horses, hurried their prisoners, all tattered and torn as they were, with bleeding feet, and bruised and torn bodies, and arms swelled and mangled by their ligatures, directly into the presence of a person whom they conjectured to be the chief himself, or one of his family. This person, a strong, dark-browed man, whose soiled dress denoted that he also had not long returned from a journey, (for his outer garments had just been thrown aside, and his pistols and sword and coat of mail still remained in the hands of his attendants,) received the prisoners with indifference, and, after slightly surveying them, had already made a sign to the guards to remove them from his presence, when Palovska made an attempt to be heard. With the same cold air the chief cast his eyes over his person, and repeated his signal of removal—an appeal in the native language from Georgeen, accompanied by a significant glance towards his fettered arms, elicited from the great man some words addressed to the guard; and the prisoners were hurried from his presence as rapidly and unceremoniously as they had entered it.

Their prison was a square building of stone, built close under one of the craggy spires of rock which rose within the place. A narrow door-way, strongly closed by a wooden door, gave entrance to an apartment of considerable dimensions, lighted by one high small aperture, which also admitted air; a rent in a corner of the roof performed that office still more effectually. A platform of stone and lime had been raised on one side, to serve the purpose of a dormitory; and that it had very recently been used in this way by some favoured prisoner, was testified by the presence of some fresh but broken straw.

On thrusting their prisoners into this place of confinement, which scarcely bore the character of a dungeon, the men took occasion to relax the bonds which gave them so much pain, and to fasten them in another fashion, with equal attention to security, but with more to comfort. Nor were they otherwise treated with any positive harshness: it seemed as if, confident in the security of the place itself, they were content to let their captives enjoy the miserable privilege of unmolested bondage. A single sentinel was placed without the door, and they were left to their own meditations.

These, it may be imagined, afforded Palovska little comfort; but the first subject upon which the mind of a captive generally employs itself, being to calculate the possibility of escape, the young man soon arose to examine his prison, in which he was assisted by his servant, as far as the still hampered condition of their limbs would permit. The survey yielded small satisfaction. "It is all over with us, Georgeen, I fear," said he in a gloomy under voice, as he viewed the rugged strength of the walls and the narrow window, and felt how impossible the smallest exertion was while their arms remained thus confined. "Can we not contrive any method of ridding each other of these cursed cords?" said he; but the intricacy of the ligatures, the tightness of the knots, and the impossibility of directing their efforts to any purpose without the aid of their eyes, baffled every attempt. They groaned in the bitter assurance of their own impotence; and after a vain discussion upon the probabilities of their

future fate, weariness and exhaustion prevailed over anxiety, and they fell asleep upon their miserable pallet.

The night passed quietly away, and the subsequent day produced no change in their condition. Food of moderate quality, and not deficient in quantity, was given to them, and the whole character of the treatment they experienced proved that no wanton severity was intended towards them. But when they remonstrated with those who entered their prison upon the inconvenience of their bonds, and intimated a wish to be released from them, no attention whatever was paid to their appeal. "Aye, your Excellency," said Georgeen, with a mournful shake of the head, as his master was congratulating himself on these favourable symptoms, "it is a clear case—we are for Trabloos. If we were in bad condition, it would spoil our sale: we may accompany your Excellency's brother yet to Trabloos."

On that day the sound of distant horns, repeated from the village, announced, as the prisoners supposed, more than one arrival, while the triumphant shouts of the inhabitants sufficiently denoted the character of those who came. As evening approached the bustle increased, but the sounds which reached the ears of the captives betokened only joy and satisfaction. Some feast or rejoicing was plainly in progress; and the shouts of the soldiers, and their boisterous mirth, as they relieved the sentinels at the prison-door, confirmed this belief: it brought no joy to the weary captives, who, as the light of the setting sun vanished from their narrow window, threw themselves with sinking spirits on their straw, to forget, if they could, their misery in sleep.

It was midnight before quiet was restored to the village, but at length the roar of revelry ceased; the only sounds which obtruded themselves upon the stillness were the distant growl of a dog, or the lowing of the cattle which were pent within the walls. Even the step of the sentinel had ceased to be heard, and perfect repose prevailed throughout the village. The sleep of the captives was less tranquil: Palovska's mind was filled with scenes of tumult and confusion,—Circassians and cossacks were mingled together in wild and grotesque conflicts—his brother Dimitrius would appear at the top of a rock, or on the edge of a precipice, over which savage figures were threatening to thrust him, while with fettered arms and feet he toiled in vain to approach and save him;—or they were carried together as slaves in company, but could not meet;—or he saw him at a banquet with his brother officers: but every effort on his part to join the phantom, to congratulate him on his supposed escape, was baffled by some unseen force. He thought that he himself was charging a party of Circassians at the head of his company, when his brother was seen among the foremost of the enemy stretching out his arms in an attitude of supplication. He threw himself across the line to stop the progress of his men, when just at that moment he felt himself struck by a shot in the foot, and awoke. So much of his dream was partly true, for his foot had in reality received a blow; it was a stone which might have fallen from the roof above him, and he cast his eyes upwards to see whence it came. He started, as on looking at the fracture in the corner of the roof, he saw that the obscure light which it gave was partially darkened, and something like the proportions of a human arm was protruded through it.

Palovska rubbed his eyes: he looked again, and saw the same arm waved with a movement that seemed to imply caution. It was withdrawn, and the young Pole thought he could discern a head, belonging no doubt to the same body; in another moment something was thrown from the chasm and fell near his feet, and the head was also withdrawn. The faint gleam of the falling substance was like the gleam of steel. Palovska, feeling with his foot, soon detected a knife which had in this manner been conveyed within his reach. "Holy St. Nicholas! these must be friends

near us!" exclaimed the youth mentally, and his heart bounded violently as he roused his servant to acquaint him with this singular occurrence. Georgeen, though less sanguine, was no less puzzled than his master. "It certainly does not look like an enemy's act," said he; "but how can any friend be near us here?—let us wait in silence." In a few minutes more, another fragment of stone fell near them. It appeared intended only to attract their notice to the cleft from whence it came, for immediately a whisper was heard issuing from that quarter. Palovska understood it not, but Georgeen started to his feet. "Friends indeed, it would seem," said he; "we are desired to cut the thongs which bind us; and, behold, we are furnished with the means."

With no small difficulty, and at the expense of some considerable scarifications, the young Pole now made shift to divide one ply of the cords which bound the arms of his servant. They were soon entirely liberated, and he performed the same good office with more ease to his master; but their joints, numbed and stiffened with long constraint, almost refused to perform their offices, as, with panting hearts, they sought to chafe and stretch their arms into vigour for the crisis which seemed to be approaching. Another cautious whisper now stole through the prison, but just at that moment the sentinel without was heard to challenge; in one second more a deep groan was heard, followed by a heavy fall, and all was still again. The anxiety of the prisoners was intense; they wished to make known their readiness to assist their friends, for such they must doubtless be, but they dreaded raising an alarm by the slightest word. The whisper repeated from above confirmed their hopes. "Be ready, and be firm!" it said; "wait till the door is opened;" and in another moment the door was turning on its hinges with the slowness of extreme caution.

"Praise to the Virgin and St. Nicholas, they are here!" exclaimed a rough but subdued voice, and Palovska immediately recognised the accents of Dobracheff the cossack officer, who took his hand and kissed it; the other was seized by a person who threw himself at the young man's feet. The star-light falling on his up-turned countenance illuminated the features of the Circassian, Hussein Khammourza, who uttered a few rapid words, which required no interpreter to tell were those of thankfulness and joy. "All is well, Sir," said Dobracheff; "this is an honest fellow, and I am a suspicious old fool: but we have hard work, and little time, before us. Your brother, Dimitrius—here are arms, there will be use for them; there is no way out of this hole now we are in it but by fighting."

"Holy Virgin! my brother then is truly here!" exclaimed Palovska; "then without him I cannot leave the place." "I trust you will not need to do so, Sir," replied Dobracheff; "we are prepared for a struggle, and our enemies are off their guard." "And here is our guide," said Georgeen, interpreting the words of the young Circassian; "while Hussein goes to look after his mistress, this man will lead us to seek for his Excellency's brother." "Away then—let us not loose a moment!" and with these words Palovska followed the native guide, while Hussein and his party diverged to the right.

Palovska now found himself at the head of fifteen or twenty well-armed men, among whom he recognised many of his own cossacks; the rest were natives of the country. "You may depend upon them," said Dobracheff, "they are all true men—will do their work well;—no sparing here, Sir,—remember where we are. St. Nicholas grant that they prove not too many for us after all! Kill every one you meet—your brother's life may depend on it."

Palovska did remember that he was in the heart of an enemy's place, and that a brother's life was at stake; and he nerved himself for a severe and obstinate conflict: but he could not repress a shudder, as rushing

down a short lane, where some alarm had already been taken, three unarmed men and a woman met them hurrying onwards with a bewildered air;—down they went, almost before they could shriek, and the party passed over their bodies. Many more of both sexes fell before they reached the house of the chief, where the resistance was expected to be severe. The guards were just shutting the gate—but down went the guards, and in burst the gate, before a bolt could be shot.

Pistol-shots now rang fast, and, as the fray thickened, loud shrieks of women mingled with the curses and the shouts of men. The household of the chief, awaking confusedly from the heavy sleep of debauchery, reached the scene only to meet the swords of their assailants, and soon sunk upon a bloodier couch. Some, however, made a better stand, and heavy blows were exchanged for a while; but the advantage was entirely with the attacking party, and one after another all were hewn down. Yet the time that was occupied in getting rid of these desultory foes enabled a few of the best men of the place to rally round their chief, who, roused like the rest from a drunken sleep, had seized his arms and taken post in the court before the principal apartment of his house. A resolute stand and a bloody conflict took place in this spot; a volley of arrow-shot and matchlock-balls was answered by the pistols and carabines of the attacking party, and some fell on either side. But neither the circumstances nor the purposes of the Russians would brook the delay of a protracted fight, and Palovska closed with the Abbassians, who, scantily armed, and still amazed with sleep, fell fast under the spears or the pistols of the cossacks, and the swords of their native allies. Still, however, every place was filled as fast as emptied by those whom the loud sound of the gathering horns summoned to the aid of their chief; and the assailants, wearied with work, might have at length despaired of success, when the air was suddenly filled with shrieks, and a crowd of women and children rushed into the court, pursued by a strong party of cossacks and natives, with Hussein Khammourza, bloody and furious, at their head. "Kill them!—cut them down!—let none escape!" was thundered out by Dobracheff, and re-echoed by Hussein, who, with all his energy, pressed on to attack the chief. Ismael Iantemir on his side, taken though he was at disadvantage, did the duty of a brave man: the cossack spears sought in vain to penetrate the knot of kinsmen and dependants which had formed around his person; more than one of those who had been rash enough to approach within the sweep of his sword had felt its edge, and lay trampled under the feet of the survivors; and Hussein, though he fought with furious determination, was unable to reach the point at which he aimed. At this critical moment a bright column of flame shot upwards from the buildings in rear of the court, and cast a glare like that of day over the whole scene. Every eye was turned in a moment upon the spot from whence it issued; but the screams of women sufficiently declared the truth. "The harem!—the harem!" exclaimed many voices;—"the women and the captives are gone!" Not the destroying element itself was more rapid than the action of Hussein Khammourza at this moment of terror, scattering or beating down the few who still opposed him: with one bound he reached the chief, whose eye, turned upon his blazing harem, served scarcely to inform him of his enemy's movement—"Ruffian! my father's son gives thee this," exclaimed Hussein in a voice of thunder, and, as he spoke, the sword descending on his neck cut sheer into the very heart. Without a word—without a groan, he tumbled on the pavement; but Hussein, scarcely casting a look upon his victim, bounded over the body, and, followed only by a few of his party, disappeared in the interior of the building.

By this time all who had resisted were cut down or had fled, and Palovska threw a rapid glance around to discover what might yet remain to be done of the business of the night; but as he turned to question his

native guide, their progress was arrested by the appearance of a party who were seen rushing towards them from the flaming building. "Down with them!" exclaimed the hoarse voice of Dobracheff,—"down with every man of them!" and the sword of Palovska was raised to greet the foremost with a blow, when its blade was rapidly thrown upwards, and a voice beside him exclaimed, "Friends!—hold your hands—friends!"—"O God! Theodore!" uttered the purposed victim of the young Pole,—the sword fell from his hand. "Holy Virgin!—Dimitrius!"—in a moment the brothers were in each other's arms.

Forgetful for the time of all that was passing around him, Palovska was gazing on the pale face and faded form of his brother, when a figure all in flames burst from the interior of the burning building, bearing in his arms a female, whose clothes had likewise suffered from the fire. It was Hussein, who, staggering forward, fell at the feet of the brothers with his almost lifeless burthen. Palovska was recalled to himself by the sight, and, seizing the female in his arms, ran with her to a cistern of water in the centre of the court, where the flames were soon extinguished. A little of the same discipline restored to recollection her lover, who gazed wildly around, and uttered the name of "Fathmeh!"—"She is safe—she is here," said the young Pole; and the urgencies of time and situation might again have been lost sight of in the flow of feeling and gratified affection, had not the stern voice of the cossack officer summoned them to action. "In the name of St. Nicholas, what time have we for these follies?—Away, Sir!—let us begone. We have got all we want—the game is in our own hands, and we have paid well for our advantage: do not let us throw it away like children or fools—let us burst the gates and regain our horses, for we shall need them yet;—these cursed horns are not braying on every hill-top for nothing."

The advice was seasonable, and was readily followed. All who survived of the attacking party, for not a few had perished in the skirmish, mustered together; and, guided by one of the natives, reached the village gate, which, deserted by its guards, offered no obstacle to their exit. Their horses were stationed among the bushes which clothed a part of the neck of this peninsular rock; but even before they gained the place where they stood, they encountered more than one small party of the natives on their way to the village of Tsingoorchi, at the sound of the horn of their chief. Of these some shared the fate of their countrymen of the village, but others escaped in the darkness of the hour. "The clouds are gathering already," said Dobracheff; "if we make not the better speed, we may have a storm yet before we reach the Kuban." And so indeed it proved; for, before the day had fairly dawned, the clatter of horses' hoofs in their rear announced that their retreat was not unattended.

Of this, as the light increased, they received still more unpleasant proofs; for an arrow would whistle past, or a bullet sing through the air from the thickets which bordered the road, and a man or a horse start or bound aside as he received it in his body. Before the hour of noon they had lost two men, and three times that number of the party were wounded. "This becomes serious," said Palovska to Hussein Khammourza, who, with his mistress behind him, rode near the person of the young Pole; "are we to let these hornets sting us all to death in this way, without an effort to crush them? We must charge, and drive them away."—"Of what avail," replied Hussein, "would your charge be on such ground as this? We may check them, if you please, when they press us too closely—but let us wait till we reach the ford of that stream in the valley yonder—we may there give them a lesson which will teach them respect."

The young Circassian was right—he knew the ground, and his know-

ledge gave the Russian officers the advantage they sought. When they had crossed the ford, a portion of the force was left in ambuscade on the river's banks, while the rest continued their line of march.

The Abbassians came wildly on; but as they crossed the stream, in all the disorder of haste, they received a murderous fire from the ambushed cossacks. The charge and hurrah, with which this was followed up, succeeded in discomfitting their pursuers; who, believing themselves attacked at disadvantage by the whole party, fled in disorder; nor did they from that time forth offer any further molestation to the retreat of the Russians.

Weary and jaded, Palovska and his party at length reached the Kubau, and rejoined his regiment. The cossacks whom he had carried into the Circassian country were reduced nearly to one-half; but Major D—— considered the loss as trifling compared with the safety of Dimitrius Palovska.

"And how," will some pertinacious inquirer demand, "how did Hussein Khammourza and the sagacious cossack Dobracheff contrive to find themselves so opportunely in the village with the hard name—that impregnable fortress of the formidable Abbassian chief?" We dislike explanations generally, they seldom satisfy; but to such unreasonable querists we reply, that Hussein, when aware of the cause of the tumult at the village of Ghireikee, with a presence of mind, which we think did him infinite credit, reflected that by preserving his liberty he might possibly be able to assist or save his friends; whereas by permitting himself to be taken along with them, he could only suffer in their company; therefore did he make that sudden retreat, which very naturally excited the indignation of Palovska; but, feeling himself pledged to risk even his life for their deliverance, he repaired immediately to the dwelling of Arselan Beg, to whom he communicated every circumstance that had occurred. The hatred of that chief for the imperious Ismael Iantemir might scarcely have induced him to lend an ear to the proposals of the young Circassian for the deliverance of his friends; but the hope of a liberal reward, and the favour of the Russian authorities, was not without its effects; and when Dobracheff, who was readily brought up to assist in the liberation of Palovska, joined in the pledge of these valuable considerations as a reward for effectual aid, there was no longer any difficulty in procuring a sufficient force to attempt the enterprise. Guides who knew the place were not wanting; and one of them, aware of certain dilapidations in the boasted fortifications of Tzingoorchi, conducted the party by a path which enabled them to enter it without creating the least alarm. The triumphant celebration of their chief's success, and the consequent intoxication of the inhabitants of the village, rendered the projected enterprise less desperate than it would otherwise have been; but the guardians of that remote stronghold felt too confident in its strength and security to deem a strict watch necessary; so that a well-laid scheme of surprise had many chances of success, although the impediments, both natural and artificial, might have baffled the efforts of any regular expedition in an open attack. "It was a tough job enough, your Excellency," said Dobracheff to the major, when he made his report, and tossed off a glass of brandy, handed to him by his commander, "and, though the sword of old Dobracheff, and the spears of his cossacks, are always ready at the call of duty and of your Excellency—I would rather charge ten thousand of these scoundrels in the open field with my single pulk, than take another trip to Tzingoorchi."

OBSERVATIONS ON COMMERCE, AND ON SOME OF THE CAUSES OF ITS PRESENT LANGUISHING STATE.

It is remarkable, and appears to a foreigner peculiarly striking, that while the press of this country investigates and elucidates almost every branch of scientific or mechanical pursuit, and endeavours to instruct the community in the most comprehensive manner, by means of publications the most easy to obtain and to understand, commercial pursuits alone should be neglected.

The pursuit of the merchant—the vital resource of every nation, forms but seldom the topic of our literary discussions. If any thing relating to it appears in the public prints, it generally consists of disjointed and unconnected parts—a letter or a paragraph in one paper, an answer to it probably in another, a rejoinder in a third; so that although a weighty matter may be the subject under discussion, yet the reader in general has the opportunity only of reading one part of it. The observations contained in such letters or paragraphs are very often composed either under a contracted view of the subject in question, or not unfrequently from interested motives. The nature of these publications not admitting that free and unbiassed discussion which would lead to fixed and unerring principles, the public, for whose advantage they are professedly intended, can on that account derive but little benefit from them. The bias of the reader also in favour of one or the other journal frequently leads him to form an unjust opinion of the matter, either taking it for incontrovertible reasoning, or rejecting all consideration of it, according to his partiality for one or the other of the publications. There are no doubt now and then very clever and ably written articles containing information on commercial affairs, derived from much practical knowledge; but they are, as observed before, disjointed. In most cases only one side of the question is stated; and very often, from the partiality above alluded to, as well as from other accidental causes, they are not generally read.

In short, there is (if one dare to use the assertion) a great want of commercial information among those classes of Englishmen who are more or less connected with the commerce of the country. It is only attributable to want of information and of sound commercial reasoning, that schemes groundless in their origin, and ruinous in their consequences, have found so many partakers, while propositions at once useful and practical were rejected, because none of the daily papers, with such men the sources of information, and their sole oracles, either decried or were totally silent about them.

At present, the only test of successful commercial operations is the greatest glitter of gold. It is assumed, that he who could in a short space of time amass immense wealth must be the most skilful and the most correct in his enterprises; therefore, to do as he has done is the right way to become as rich as he is. But for want of sound commercial knowledge and reasoning, people would have known that immense wealth cannot be obtained in a short time; that extensive general knowledge, vigilant attention to his pursuits, that prudence, indefatigable industry, and strict frugality, may lead

the merchant or manufacturer, after a successful career of thirty or forty years, to a handsome independency. Immense wealth obtained in a short space of time can have been derived only from inheritance, from a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, that can only attach themselves to the career of an individual or two perhaps in a century, or by means that are allowed to pass without being criticized, only from the success with which they were crowned. It never occurred to such persons that their own inexperience may have lent a helping hand to the others' success.

The present very low state of commerce, and more particularly that of the metropolis, is the effect of many imprudent and anti-commercial measures, pursued partly by individuals, and partly by a former government ignorant of, or, if not ignorant, obstinately resisting, all that practical knowledge could suggest. For instance, we had before and during the war the carrying trade of German linens. The advantages to be derived from that branch of commerce are so evident, that it would be insulting the understanding of the reader to recapitulate them here, and yet the government that directed, immediately after the war, the energies of this country deprived it of this advantage, and exposed it to consequences detrimental to its commercial prosperity, notwithstanding the many representations made against the step.

German linens had been allowed to be imported for re-exportation free of duty. The Spaniard, the American, the East and West Indian, brought their productions to this country, and took in return, along with our native productions, these linens—an article to which they had been from time immemorial accustomed. The British manufacturer of linens, who had not arrived at such a degree of perfection as the German, had the opportunity afforded him of bringing his productions to the same market; and as this opportunity was afforded him, he had also the advantage of it. But the government, wishing to force the British into foreign markets, laid a prohibitory duty on foreign linen imported for re-exportation, forgetting that no Act of Parliament can compel a foreign nation to buy British linens, that the seas are open to the enterprises of the Germans as well as of the English, and that if we did not choose to supply the transatlantic nations with what they wanted, they can supply themselves direct from whence they please.

The continental manufacturers were accustomed to send their productions to this country; they were satisfied with the moderate profits which this, to them very convenient, mode of doing business yielded, and they had no wish to deprive the merchants of this country of the advantages that accrued to them. But when, after repeated remonstrances, our government still persisted in the scheme of excluding them from our markets, then did they take the foreign business into their own hands, and, by establishing agencies in all parts of the world, secured to themselves all the advantages which a direct communication with those parts provided for them, and which they had hitherto been willing to share with the British merchant.

The British manufacturer certainly got rid of a competitor in his own market, but he has at the same time lost his customer.

The restoration of free importations, under a wiser government, came too late; and if the former commercial relations between this country and the continent should ever be restored, it will be a long time before such an event can again happen, and then probably on less advantageous terms than before.

Our present commercial dealings are altogether in such a state of irregularity, I might almost say of confusion, that it is impossible to extract and establish out of the chaos any other principle, on which it can be said that commerce is carried on, than that of "capital operating against industry, instead of acting in support of it." The very existence of a state of things, that admits of no other deduction from a principle, is a proof of the general want of just commercial knowledge, as it shows great ignorance in persons who possess superfluous capital, how to employ it in a manner most advantageous to themselves and others. At present, the capitalist is only seeking his own advantage, regardless what misery or destruction he heaps upon his neighbour; and by thus acting selfishly, he actually anticipates the very means from which to uphold the profits of his capital, which he otherwise would have found in these very neighbours, whom his idle habits, contracted by possessing more than sufficient wealth, now seek to destroy. To illustrate what the effects of such proceedings are, one need only observe what takes place, by a different process, in the agricultural part of the community, where a land-owner evidently without agricultural knowledge, but exceedingly desirous of being largely supplied with money, through his steward endeavours to raise his rents to the highest pitch, and where the cunning steward takes care to grant only very short leases, in order to have fresh parchments to fill up. The farmer compelled (in order to have his wonted employment, the only one he knows,) to comply with the landlord's demand, although exorbitantly high, cannot afford to keep the land in an improved state by an additional expenditure, on account of the high rent and shortness of the lease; he, therefore, is under the necessity, for his own preservation's sake, of draining the land of its strength, so that, by the time he relinquishes the possession of it, its value has probably diminished so much as not to yield at the next letting more than two-thirds of the rent he had paid. As the perhaps only fancied necessities of the owner require fresh supplies, the land is let out again in the same manner, to undergo the same exhausting operation, so that in the end it will not let for any thing. There is land now in Essex that formerly let for three guineas per acre, which the present owner would willingly let for five years, rent free, for a tenant to improve, but he can find no one to take it. What the land is to the agriculturist, such is the ingenious but moneyless mechanic to the capitalist:—but the latter will not see it.

When profits are so reduced as they now are, merely from employing too much capital in one concern, it is impossible for industry, or activity, or ingenuity, to expect any remuneration from their exer-

tions. The equilibrium which regulates prices, as regards supply and demand, once surpassed, there is, if not a total impossibility, at least the greatest improbability of reinstating it. Inasmuch as too great a supply lowers the prices, so do low prices tend to increase supply, when brought forward solely for remuneration for capital employed. If the amount which a given quantity of produce realizes is not sufficient to cover the unavoidable expenses, more must be produced and brought to market, to meet the pressing calls upon the funds of the producer. The consequences are, a total destruction of less wealthy master-manufacturers, the lowering of the wages to the working mechanic, and, lastly, when this cannot be carried to any further extent, the ultimate destruction of the capital itself, or, at least, of a great part of it. What becomes of the value of his machinery if it cannot be worked; and it must come to that, when the capitalist at last finds that the more he produces the less will he be remunerated. Would it not have been wiser to lend his money out in small sums to industry, ingenuity, and integrity? He would have received the full value of his capital (5 per cent.) without running much risk; for, among so many, it is not likely he would lose all he lends, and what he might lose would not be equal to the annual loss in the value of his machinery.

The expenditure of the capitalist manufacturer in his domestic arrangements as well as in his business being unavoidably greater,[1] he requires, besides the interest for his capital, an additional profit to defray them. The less wealthy manufacturer has this advantage over the other, that performing personally some of the operative functions to which he has always been accustomed, and by which he saves the expense for labour, he can on that account alone be satisfied with smaller gains; besides, his habits of living and those of his family are less expensive. Again, as his capital is small, he can with greater facility make it turn more frequently round (a technical phrase for return of capital) like the smaller wheels of a carriage, that revolve several times more in the same space of time than the large ones: and should he be unable to gain sufficient for his expenditure, he will find less difficulty in lowering it to the level of his gains. It is therefore clear that large capitals in one concern, and where a quick return is required, cannot be so productive as smaller ones; and that it is much wiser in a capitalist to support many smaller concerns by loans than to embark his whole in one. However, it is not intended to declaim altogether against employing large capitals in one undertaking. It is only defensible when it would require a long time before it can return, and where the preparatory expenditure unavoidably requires a large outlay.

Whenever great activity is perceivable in the mercantile or manufacturing community, many persons are led to suppose that as

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[1] This might be objected to by the observation, that it is not of necessity that the capitalist manufacturer's domestic expenses should be large; but individual exceptions cannot remove a ground for argument. A rich man in general expends more, and rightly so, than one possessed of less wealth.

there is abundance of employment, there must consequently be abundance of profits, but that supposition is not always correct. A conclusion of that sort was some years ago come to by an efficient minister of the Crown, who, as he is a nobleman of no ordinary abilities, was probably misled by the appearance of prosperity, arising from great activity which then existed, and from immense shipments which at that time had taken place, but in which the eye of the sagacious and experienced merchant saw nothing but ruin; for he well knew that all those shipments were nothing but adventures, made without any previous knowledge of the markets the goods were destined for. The manufacturer, contrary to the functions assigned to him by mercantile usage, assumed those of the merchant, and became a speculator or shipper of goods on his own account, relying merely on the enticing statements made by keen and cunning agents. The offer of an advance of half the amount of the value of goods shipped was a tempting bait, and the goods were shipped, but seldom, if at any time, did the infatuated manufacturer receive more for his shipment than that advance. Had there not existed want of information, such ruinous speculations would never have been made.

It is really astonishing to see such infatuation. Resolved upon consigning his goods, because want of sufficient capital makes it inconvenient for him to remain long without pecuniary assistance, this manufacturer passes by the home market, London, for instance, where he would find plenty of money to be advanced him, and where he retains a constant control over his property, and goes to a market thousands of miles away, completely deprived of all control over it, overstocking that market probably with unsuitable articles, and consequently losing in most cases enormously. His infatuation, and perhaps a secret pride in being accounted an exporter, prevents him from seeing the propriety and the advantage of allowing customers to come to him to buy when and what they want, instead of overloading them with such things as they do not want.

It will probably be said, "If we had not done so, we should have been anticipated by other nations, and we should not have been able to be before them in foreign markets." Such an assertion shows, to say the least of it, an unnecessary anxiety, occasioned by want of better information, and consequently of sound reasoning. For, had it been well considered, it would have been found that, at the period when such anxiety and fear first prevailed, the British cotton-manufactures were in such a state of superiority over the continental ones, as to leave them far, very far behind; that it would have taken a very considerable time before the latter could have reached that degree of perfection which the British had arrived at; that these, by continually progressing in improvement, would have preserved their acknowledged superiority; further, that a good article will always command a sale, even when markets are dull and an inferior one cannot be got rid of; and that in endeavouring to anticipate foreign markets, so as to prevent foreign manufactures from being poured into them, they must lose, by the method with which it was

attempted to be done, the advantages which their superiority has hitherto afforded them. They were obliged to make sacrifices in the prices, and, in order to meet the continued falling of the markets, a falling of their own creation, they were under the necessity not only of reducing the prices of labour, but also the quality of the article itself; and by thus going back instead of going forward in improvement, and meeting the foreign manufacturer in his progress, they facilitated his endeavours to come up to themselves. They preferred sacrificing their acquired reputation rather than allow a neighbour to find a market for his productions; thus injuring themselves for the purpose of injuring others. Some of our more considerate manufacturers, who saw and felt this, chose rather to give up manufacturing altogether, than adopt the alternative of producing an inferior article. These are facts.

Another evil, that arose from this inconsiderate anxiety, was to deprive the merchant of his salutary function—the carrying on of a beneficial commerce, as the mediatory link between the producer and consumer. The operations of the merchant, carried on with caution and guided by knowledge and experience, were too slow for his impatience to see the foreigner driven from the different markets; and thus excited, and eager to have also the paltry commission that accrued to the merchant, the manufacturer thought to have an additional reason for becoming the exporter of his own productions. He forgot, that by the interference of the merchant he had the advantage of being assisted by his capital, the advantage of having a certain sale for his goods, and that while the merchant was allowed to pursue his own prudent and cautious way, he secured to himself a repetition of orders if once satisfactorily executed. But it will be asked, granted that prices by such operations became lower, and that they yielded less profits, would the increased consumption which low prices might create not be an equivalent to the loss of larger profits? The answer is, "No!" Manufactures are not like necessaries of life, which the moment they are consumed have ceased to exist, and must be supplied afresh; nor are the former in the same situation with the latter as regards higher or lower prices. Any impediment in the supply of necessaries raises their price, and the consumer must abide by it; but can the consumer of articles not necessaries of life be compelled to pay a higher price, in case of any impediment in the supply, unless he absolutely wants the article? Where is then the policy, nay, the advantage, of lowering the prices of commodities for the purpose of forcing an increased consumption, when it is impossible to retain that consumption when its prices necessarily rise? "To live and let live" ought to be the constant rule; the excitement, — to surpass in improvement and not by sacrifices to prevent others from doing well, — to allow each functionary in the mercantile machinery to do the work assigned to him, so as, by combining the productions of each, like the system pursued in manufacturing, to produce a harmonizing whole. Division of labour is strictly applicable to mercantile pursuits; each will be perfect in his own calling, and by assisting each other produce

prosperity and happiness, unity and good-will. A manufacturer ought to be a manufacturer only, and not a merchant too.

Can there be a greater proof of a general want of information than the credulity, or, to speak in plainer terms, the gullibility, by which people are seduced to listen to stories emanating from that excrescence of the mercantile body—the Stock Exchange; alluding to what are technically called speculators, not the jobbers or dealers in stocks, who are fair and honourable men? The persons composing that body, differing as they do from all the rest of mankind in their perceptive powers, also differ in regard to their business in their notions of what is honourable. Their business is illegal, and any man acts, according to their creed, honourably who pays their illegal demands; no matter if he is enabled to do so only by forging, robbing his friends, or by plundering those whose property and future prosperity in life are entrusted to his protection and care. It is really remarkable that, in no other relation between debtor and creditor should there ever be a crime of that nature exhibited, at least it is never the immediate result of it; but that in cases where the law actually protects the defaulter, he should be anxious to avoid being one, and, where the law can interfere, submit patiently to his fate. The perceptive powers of the persons composing the Stock Exchange, as above described, are so singularly distinguished, that they can ascertain in the twinkling of an eye the stability or non-stability of a powerful state; nay, so sharp-sighted are they, that they can tell even to one-eighth per cent. to what degree the affairs of a nation are grown worse or improved. People would not now exist without looking to the half-hourly exhibition of the Stocks' list, to ascertain if there is a change in the nation's affairs, in the same manner as they look at a thermometer to find out the changes of heat or cold. Is this to be endured? Are people's eyes not to be opened? Is not the folly they exhibit to be pointed out to them, with the frauds they are exposed to? What! is the stability of this great and powerful country to be valued by the fractional part of a pound sterling? Is its strength of so fragile a nature as to be shaken, like the Cross of St. Paul's, by every breath of wind, or, to speak less metaphorically, by every report which one or the other schemer may choose to propagate? Yet so it is; whatever may be the report, authentic or false, probable or improbable, the great oracle—the Stocks, is immediately referred to.

Thus are people misled, and all from want of that proper information, which would teach those who are naturally of a thinking habit to distinguish between what is, and what is not, true and reasonable.

J. F.

THE VIOLIN.—No. II.[1]

CORELLI formed a school which produced a number of distinguished composers for the violin, and performers on that instrument, during the first half of the last century. Among these, Geminiani requires the first notice, as being the most eminent of Corelli's immediate disciples.

Francesco Geminiani was born at Lucca; according to Burney, in 1666, but, according to Hawkins, in 1680. The latter date seems the more probable; particularly as, if Burney's were correct, Geminiani would have attained the age of ninety-six. He received his first instructions on the violin from Carlo Ambrosio Lunati, a celebrated performer; and afterwards studied composition under Scarlatti, and received instructions from Corelli, at Rome. He came to England in 1714, and soon acquired great celebrity. In 1716 he published twelve solos for the violin,—a work which had very great success. Some years afterwards he converted Corelli's first six solos into concertos, which were so favourably received as to induce him to treat the remaining six solos in the same manner. But these, not being written in the same full and elaborate manner as the first six, did not bear to be expanded into compositions for an orchestra, and accordingly were coldly received. He also arranged as concertos six of Corelli's trios. It was not till the year 1732 that he published his second original work, consisting of six concertos; and this was soon followed by another set of the same number. He afterwards published another set of twelve solos; and, lastly, a set of six concertos. These are all his original works, for the instrument of which he was so great a master.

The remainder of his publications consisted of his former works thrown into new forms, such as conversions of his solos into trios or concertos; of some elementary works on composition, and on the violin; and a piece of dramatic instrumental music, which he called "The Enchanted Forest." All his works were published in England; where, indeed, he himself resided for the greatest part of his life.

Geminiani seldom performed in public during his residence in England. His income was derived from the profits of his publications, his scholars, and the presents which he received from the great and wealthy, when they could persuade him to play at their houses! Though his habits were not vicious or dissipated, yet he was imprudent and expensive; and, consequently, often involved in distress. He was passionately fond of painting—a propensity which has often been remarked in musicians. For the sake of its gratification, he was apt to neglect his musical studies and pursuits, and to involve himself in expenses which his means could not bear. Burney insinuates that his love of picture-dealing arose from sordid motives instead of a love for the art,—a charge which seems too lightly made. He says, that it is to be feared that a propensity towards chicane and cunning determined Geminiani to try his hand at buying cheap and selling dear, and playing off the other tricks of a picture-dealer. The truth rather seems to be, that he became a buyer and seller of pictures in the same way as many other *dilettanti* who have not fortune enough to afford so expensive a pleasure; bought expensive pictures because he took a fancy to them, and sold them at great loss when necessity compelled him to part with them. In the distress which he thus brought upon himself, he was obliged, for the security of his person, to avail himself of the protection from arrest which the English nobility, at that time, had the privilege of extending to their servants. For this purpose, the Earl of Essex was prevailed on to enroll his name in the list of his domestics.

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[1] Continued from Vol. II. p. 363.

One circumstance, which occurred while his distress was urgent, shows that he was very far from having a sordid mind. The place of Master of the State Music in Ireland having become vacant, the Earl of Essex obtained a promise of it from Sir R. Walpole, and then told Geminiani that his troubles were at an end, as he was now sure of a comfortable provision for life. This was joyful news for poor Geminiani; but, when he found that the office was not tenable by a Roman Catholic, he at once declined it; saying, that however humble his pretensions might be to a religious character, yet he never would renounce the communion in which he had been baptized and brought up for any considerations of worldly advantage.

Geminiani appears during his whole life to have struggled with pecuniary difficulties. In his latter days he raised a considerable sum by an expedient then new in England; that of giving a Concerto Spirituale, or Oratorio, in the Lent season of 1748. In 1761 he went to Ireland to visit his scholar Dubourg, who had obtained the situation which his religious principles had made him decline. He had spent many years in preparing a great work on Music, which he intended to publish; but soon after his arrival in Dublin, the manuscript was stolen from his chamber by the treachery of a female servant, (who, it is said, was employed to do so,) and could never be recovered. This heavy and irreparable loss so deeply affected his mind, that it hastened his death, which happened in 1762, in his eighty-third year.

Considering Geminiani's great talents as a composer, it is surprising that he should have produced so little; and, still more so, that he should have employed himself so much in such mechanical labour, as that of dressing up the compositions of Corelli, and former works of his own, in new shapes. From this it may be inferred, notwithstanding the excellence of his music, that his invention was not fertile, and that he felt the production of original ideas to be painful and laborious. His music, however, was original, and full of new and bold modulations and combinations of harmony; while his melodies are not only very elegant, but often extremely pathetic. The beautiful song in "Love in a Village," which is a minuet in one of his concertos, is well known. His performance appears, from every account of it, to have been remarkable for its delicacy, grace, and expression.

One of the greatest names in musical history is that of Giuseppe Tartini. He was born at Pirano, a town in the province of Istria, in 1692. He was intended for the law; but was diverted from the studies necessary for that profession by his propensity to music. In 1710 he was sent to the University of Padua, to pursue his studies in jurisprudence; but having become acquainted with a young lady, the niece of the Bishop of Padua, he undertook to give her some musical instructions; and this fascinating intercourse produced such an attachment between the youthful master and scholar, that a marriage was the consequence before the lover was twenty. For this act of imprudence he was discarded by his parents, forced to leave his wife, and to wander over the country in search of an asylum, while she remained at Padua. The lady's uncle was so incensed, that Tartini was obliged to make his escape in the disguise of a pilgrim. After many hardships, he at length found refuge in a convent at Assisi, the prior of which was his relation. Here he remained for nearly two years, and diverted his melancholy by practising on the violin; while, at the same time, he received instructions from the organist of the monastery, who was an able musician. In the mean time the Bishop of Padua, unable to bear the sight of his niece pining away in hopeless sorrow, at last relented, and promised to forgive her husband if he could be found. Of this happy change Tartini knew nothing; but happening one day, on the occasion of a grand festival, to play on the violin in the choir of the church, a sudden gust of wind blew aside the

curtain of the orchestra, and discovered him among the musicians. He was recognised by one of the inhabitants of Padua, and had the happiness to learn that the bishop, whom he believed to be still his inveterate enemy, had been subdued by the tears and anguish of his young bride, and had long been seeking him, that he might restore him to her arms.

Tartini returned to Padua; and, soon afterwards, an academy of music being founded at Venice, he was chosen a member of it, and went thither with his wife. But happening to hear the celebrated Veracini, who was then at Venice, he was so astonished and disheartened by his own inferiority, that he would not venture on a competition with him. He therefore gave up his appointment, and retired to Ancona, where he devoted himself so ardently to his studies, that he soon became the greatest master of the age.

While residing at Ancona he discovered the remarkable acoustical phenomenon of the third sound. If two sounds consisting of any of the consonant intervals are produced with extreme accuracy upon two musical instruments, the performers standing at some distance from each other,—a person stationed between them (if he has a very acute and delicate ear) will hear a third sound, which is generated in the air, and forms a bass to the other two. From this beautiful phenomenon Tartini formed a theory or system of harmony; which, for a long time, divided the attention of the musical world with the celebrated system of Rameau. The respective merits of these systems were keenly discussed by the musical literati of the time, particularly in France; and Rousseau, in his "Dictionnaire de Musique," (Article *Système*,) gave a long explanation of that of Tartini, which only showed the confusion of his own ideas on the subject. Tartini's system never got into such general vogue as that of Rameau; but they stand now on a footing of entire equality—the musical world being convinced that both one and the other are utterly fallacious.

In 1721 Tartini was appointed conductor of the orchestra of the church of San Antonio in Padua, then one of the greatest musical establishments of this sort in Italy. By this time his reputation was so great, that he received repeated invitations to visit Paris and London. These he declined; but, in 1723, he was induced to attend the coronation of the Emperor Charles VI. at Prague, and was so much gratified by his reception, that he resided there for three years. He then returned to Padua; and, after that period, no offers of foreign engagements, however advantageous, could tempt him to leave his tranquil and happy home. Burney, whose account of Tartini in his Italian Tour contains some considerable inaccuracies, ascribes his refusal of all engagements to his devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, his patron saint, to whose service he had dedicated himself and his violin so early as 1722. But this silly story is disproved by Tartini's having afterwards spent three years in Germany.

Tartini died in 1770, at Padua, where he had resided for fifty years, beloved and esteemed by his fellow-citizens. He was gentle and benevolent, distinguished for piety and unaffected humility, and possessed of considerable scientific attainments. His compositions are very numerous, consisting of above an hundred sonatas, and as many concertos. Among them is the famous "Sonata del Diavolo," of the origin of which Tartini himself gave the following account to the celebrated astronomer Lalande:—

"One night, in the year 1713, I dreamed that I had made a compact with his Satanic Majesty, by which he was received into my service. Every thing succeeded to the utmost of my desires, and my every wish was anticipated by my new domestic. I thought that, on taking up my violin to practise, I jocosely asked him if he could play on this instrument? He answered, that he believed he was able to pick out a tune; when, to my astonishment, he began a sonata, so strange, and yet so

beautiful, and executed in so masterly a manner, that in the whole course of my life I had never heard any thing so exquisite. So great was my amazement that I could scarcely breathe. Awakened by the violence of my feelings, I instantly seized my violin, in the hope of being able to catch some part of the ravishing melody which I had just heard; but all in vain. The piece which I composed according to my scattered recollections is, it is true, the best I ever produced. I have entitled it 'Sonata del Diavolo;' but it is so far inferior to that which had made so forcible an impression on me, that I should have dashed my violin into a thousand pieces, and given up music for ever in despair, had it been possible to deprive myself of the enjoyments which I receive from it."

Time, and the still more surprising flights of more modern performers, have deprived this famous sonata of any thing diabolical which it may once have appeared to possess: but it has great fire and originality, and contains difficulties of no trifling magnitude, even at the present day. That process of mind, by which we sometimes hear in sleep a beautiful piece of music, an eloquent discourse, or a fine poem, seems one of those mysterious things which show how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. It would appear, that there are times when the soul, in that partial disunion between it and the body which takes place during sleep, and when it sees, hears, and acts, without the intervention of the bodily organs, exerts powers of which at other times its material trammels render it incapable. What powers may it not exert when the disunion shall be total!

Tartini's compositions, with all the correctness and polish of Corelli's, are bolder and more impassioned. His slow movements, in particular, are remarkably vocal and expressive; and his music shows a knowledge of the violin, both in regard to the bow and the finger-board, which Corelli had not been able to attain. His works therefore, though no longer heard in public, are still prized by the best musicians; a proof of which is, that some of them have been recently reprinted for the use of the *conservatoire* of Paris. He has frequently injured their effect to modern ears by the introduction of trills and other ornaments, which (like the flounces and furbelows of the female dress of his day) have become old-fashioned; but at the same time they are full of beauties, which, belonging to the musical language of nature and feeling, are independent of the influence of time.

Veracini, whose superior powers drove Tartini, in his youth, from Venice, continued to be his rival both in regard to performance and composition. As a performer he had much fire and boldness, great power in the management of the bow, and a remarkably clear and full tone. His solos are still well known to musicians, and possess much merit; but they are less esteemed than those of Tartini. Veracini was in England about the middle of the last century; when he was not only a greatly admired performer, but the author of several successful operas. Of his life little more is known than a few anecdotes indicative of the arrogance and vanity of his disposition.

Giardini was born at Turin in 1716. He received instructions on the violin from Lorenzo Somis, a distinguished scholar of Corelli. At the age of seventeen he obtained a situation in the opera band of Naples, and was soon stationed next the first violin. In this situation he was fond of displaying his execution, and used to flourish and use too many freedoms with the music before him. One evening, however, during the performance of an opera of Jomelli's, that celebrated composer himself came into the orchestra, and seated himself by Giardini; who, being determined to give the great *maestro* a touch of his quality, proceeded, in the symphony of a song, to indulge his fingers and fancy at such a rate, that he was rewarded by Jomelli, for the brilliancy of his execution, with a hearty slap on the face. "The best lesson," said Giardini, who himself

used to tell the story, "that I ever received in my life." He submitted to the correction, however, with so good a grace, that he gained the good opinion of Jomelli, who afterwards rendered him many important services.

After gaining a splendid reputation on the continent, Giardini came to England in 1750. His performances were heard with astonishment and delight; and after having been employed at all the concerts in the metropolis, he was placed at the head of the Opera orchestra. This led to his taking a share in the management of that enormous and, too often, ruinous establishment,[1] along with the celebrated female singer Mingotti; and the consequence was, that they were both very speedily brought to the verge of ruin; and were glad, at the end of the first season, to get rid of the concern as they best could. Notwithstanding this lesson, they were foolish enough to embark again in the Opera management a few years afterwards; and again, after one calamitous season, were obliged to give it up. His female associate, who by this time had declined in public favour, left England; and he, after seeing all his property swallowed up in the Opera House, except the privilege of an annual benefit, was under the necessity of returning to his proper employment of composition, leading and performing at concerts, and teaching singing in families of rank.

The account given by Dr. Burney of the musical feuds in which Mingotti and Giardini were engaged with rival performers, and the interest taken in them by the fashionable world, presents a curious feature in the manners of high life in those days. When Giardini arrived in London, he gained many friends among the nobility and gentry; among the warmest of whom was Mrs. Fox Lane, afterwards Lady Bingley, a supreme leader of the *ton* at that period. When Mingotti afterwards arrived, and joined with Giardini in the management of the Opera, Mrs. Fox Lane espoused her cause with great zeal, and entered into her quarrels with all the vehemence of a partisan. It is told of this lady, that, having desired the Hon. General Crewe to give her his decided opinion as to the merits of a dispute between Mingotti and another syren, whose rivalry then shook the fashionable world, the General, after listening with much gravity to a long list of grievances of which her favourite complained, said, "And pray, Madam, who is Signora Mingotti?"—"Get out of my house!" exclaimed the lady in a rage; "you shall never hear her sing another note at my concerts as long as you live!" Mrs. Fox Lane, with two such performers as Mingotti and Giardini, used to give concerts to her choice friends, which were subjects of envy and obloquy to all who were unable to obtain admission to them. At these concerts, besides these two professors, several of the most distinguished fashionables used to perform: "and the difficulty," says Burney, "or rather the impossibility of hearing these professors and illustrious *dilettanti* any where else, stimulated curiosity so much, that there was no sacrifice or mortification to which fashionable people would not submit, in order to obtain admission. And *la padrona della casa* lost few opportunities of letting them know the value she set on her invitations, by using them like dogs when they were there. Whenever a benefit was in contemplation for one of her *protégés*, taking

[1] There is surely, however, no necessary connexion between the Opera House and ruin. It has been almost always ruinous, because it has, for the last hundred years, been managed by parties whose very description implies mismanagement—by associations of nobility and people of *ton*—by speculators ignorant of music and every thing belonging to it,—or by foreign singers, actors, or adventurers. This, with hardly an exception, has been its history. The management of Mr. Ayrton, an accomplished musician and a man of business, was a brief period of splendid success. A new management is about to commence under the happiest auspices. Mr. Monk Mason, and his *aide-de-camp* Mr. Wade, are men from whose knowledge, activity, and liberality, every thing may be expected. Report speaks highly of their preliminary exertions.

care of the honour of her guests, she obliged them to behave with due gratitude and munificence on the occasion. 'Come,' would she often say to her friends, 'give me five guineas!' a demand as implicitly obeyed as if made on the road. Nor had any one, who ever wished to be admitted into such good company again, the courage to ask the occasion of the demand; but patiently waited the lady's pleasure to them whether they should be honoured with a ticket for Giardini's or Mingotti's benefit."

Giardini continued to enjoy the favour of the English public till 1784, when he went to Italy. When he returned to London, after an absence of five years, he was no longer received as formerly. His health was impaired, and his powers diminished; and the public attention was now occupied with newer favourites. After an unsuccessful attempt to carry on a burletta, or comic opera, in the Haymarket Theatre, he carried his company of performers to Russia in 1793. But he was as unsuccessful there as in England; and, after struggling for some years with his difficulties, he died at Petersburg in 1796, at the age of eighty, in great poverty. The advantages which he gained by his talents, he lost, during his whole life, by his disposition. By his extravagance he squandered the large sums he received, and alienated his best friends by his capricious and splenetic temper.

As a composer, Giardini had small pretensions to learning. When somebody told Dr. Boyce that he professed to teach composition in twenty lessons, the Doctor sarcastically remarked—"All that *he* knows of composition he might teach in *ten*." His compositions, however, were pleasing and effective, and long very popular. He did not confine himself to instrumental composition, but wrote two or three operas which had considerable success, and a number of songs, some of which were in request in private musical parties within our recollection.

BLONDEL DE NESLE.[1]

THE Danube's wide-flowing waters lave
The captive's dungeon cell,
And the voice of its hoarse and sullen wave
Breaks forth in a louder swell,
And the night-breeze sighs in a deeper gust,
For the flower of chivalry droops in dust!

A yoke is hung over the victor's neck,
And fetters enthral the strong,
And manhood's pride, like a fearful wreck,
Lies the breakers of care among;

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[1] "Blondel de Nesle, the favourite minstrel of Richard Cœur de Lion, and an attendant upon his person, devoted himself to discover the place of his confinement during the crusade against Saladin, emperor of the Saracens. He wandered in vain from castle to palace, till he learned that a strong and almost inaccessible fortress upon the Danube was watched with peculiar strictness, as containing some state-prisoner of distinction. The minstrel took his harp, and approaching as near the castle as he durst, came so nigh the walls as to hear the melancholy captive soothing his imprisonment with music. Blondel touched his harp; the prisoner heard and was silent: upon this the minstrel played the first part of a tune, or lay, known to the captive; who instantly played the second part; and thus, the faithful servant obtained the certainty that the inmate of the castle was no other than his royal master."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, p. 69.

And the gleams of hope, overshadow'd, seem
The phantoms of some distemper'd dream.

But the heart—the heart is unconquer'd still—
A host in its solitude!
Quenchless the spirit, though fetter'd the will,
Of that warrior unsubdued;
His soul, like an arrow from rocky ground,
Shall fiercely and proudly in air rebound.

But the hour of darkness girds him now
With a pall of deepest night,
Anguish sits throned on his moody brow,
And the curse of thy withering blight,
Despair, thou dreariest deathliest foe!
His senses hath steep'd in a torpid woe.

From the dazzling splendour of glories past
The warrior sickening turns,
To list to the sound of the wailing blast,
As the wan lamp dimly burns;
For the daring might of the lion-hearted
With Freedom's soul-thrilling notes hath parted!

O'er his harp-string droops his palsied hand,
And the fitful strain alone
Murmurs the notes of his native land—
Does echo repeat that moan
From the dungeon wall so grim and so drear?—
No!—an answering minstrel lingers near!

Up starts the listening king—a flash
Of memory's gifted lore
Bursts on his soul—a deed so rash,
What captive would e'er deplore?
Since bonds no longer unnerve the free,
And valour hath won fidelity!

Dark child of sorrow, sweet comfort take,
In thy lone heart's widowhood,
Some charmed measure may yet awake
Arresting affliction's flood,
And thy prison'd soul unfetter'd be
By the answering spirit of sympathy!

M. A. C.

SCIENTIFIC LETTERS TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER III.

In following up the scale of degradation, we find that the organ of voice ceases after the class of reptiles. Fishes hear and smell acutely, but they have no distinct vocal organs.

After the mammalia, animals, such as birds, &c. deposit eggs, and hatch them if they are fruitful, and do not suckle their young; and this with birds is the commencement of a new mode of generation. Beyond the vertebrated department we cannot trace any distinct system of vessels for absorption, such as is seen among the vertebralia.

When we arrive at the class called *molluscæ*, such as snails and such soft fleshy animals as have no internal skeleton, the organization has become very much deteriorated. There are no distinct compartments for the brain and spinal chord and bowels, all of which occupy the common cavity of the body. The nervous system consists of a mere knotted chord; there is no heart, and the organs of sense become obliterated by degrees, and there is no organ for the function of respiration. In the last department the organs of circulation disappear altogether, and the whole nutritive apparatus consists exclusively of a mere bag with a single aperture, such as in the fluke or the hydatid. We now gradually arrive at the little infusory beings seen through a microscope in drops of water; and here, with few exceptions, all special organs disappear entirely.

In this manner the scale of organization becomes gradually simplified and degraded throughout the four departments to which all the different classes are severally referable; namely, the *vertebralia*, the *molluscæ*, the *articulatæ*, and the *radiatæ*. In the first department we pass from man to the eel and snake, forming the extremes of this department. In the second we commence with the cuttle-fish, and finish with the oyster. In the third, we have a series from the crab and the lobster to the leech and earthworm. And the fourth department extends from the medusa or starfish to the infusory animalcules.

At what period of the history of our earth this varied and extensive system of organization commenced, we have no natural evidence to show; but the lights of geology inform us that the globe we inhabit was not always susceptible of life. The primitive rocks bear no signs of organic bodies, and the first indications of organization are limited to coarse and simple plants, such as ferns and fungi, and common shells. Many ages appear to have elapsed before the production of the higher animals; and man must have been much more recent still, for his is the only species that has never been discovered in a fossil state; neither is any example of him or of his works found among the deep and solid crystallizations of the earth.

This short and imperfect sketch is sufficient probably to afford an idea of the intense interest attached to the pursuit of zoology combined with anatomy and physiology. The history of living beings is illustrated by the two last sciences; and the resemblance between

man and animals naturally induces a feeling in favour of their possessing, in common, certain physical and moral attributes, which ought to attach us to the brute creation with some degree of fellow-feeling. Moreover, the various and extensive uses which man makes of animals to administer to his necessities, luxuries, and gratifications, renders zoology, if not the most interesting study we can pursue, a study which is in every point of view calculated to improve the human mind, to elevate its notions of the Deity, and to exalt the dignity of man's nature, exclusively of all fortuitous and meretricious acquirements.

In order to profit by these pursuits it is evidently necessary to be fortified in some measure by a knowledge of the physical sciences: pure organization, although it becomes associated with life, is not entirely removed from the influence of physical laws.

Organization, in its living state, has hitherto been the object of our contemplation, and now something may be said respecting the phenomena of decomposition, which occur when organized structures cease to perform their vital functions. In the first place, spontaneous decomposition is either retarded or accelerated by various causes, which influence the changes occurring when life is extinct. These are not only curious in a philosophical point of view, but very useful in their application to domestic economy, when we consider the multitude of vegetable and animal substances which minister to our sensual appetites and are necessary to our nourishment, since we cannot, like the fabled chameleon, live upon air, without adding to our solids and fluids from the sources of organization around us.

The most general change in organized matter, which tends to retard decomposition, is that produced by fermentation. Thus the spirituous, vinous, and acetous fermentations, such as afford alcohol, wine, and vinegar, resist putrefaction the longest of any substances: so that provisions steeped in these are not easily influenced by warmth, moisture, and atmospheric air—the three great promoters of putrefaction. The mere exclusion of either of these causes alone prevents for a long time that spontaneous change which characterizes putrefaction or decomposition. The predominance of nitrogen marks the putrefactive change, which is thus first indicated by a sensible fetor and the extrication of ammoniacal gas. By surrounding animal substances with a temperature below freezing point, this phenomenon is prevented: accordingly, provisions encased in ice are remarkably long preserved from putrefaction. In the northernmost wilds of Siberia, among perpetual frozen masses of snow, a mammoth was discovered, an animal unknown as existing since the flood: a great quantity of flesh, and skin covered with hair, remained upon its bones, and in such preservation that dogs could feed upon it.

Meat suspended in a dry current of air may be preserved some time, though less long than in ice. At first the meat becomes firm, and then it is covered with a brown crust, and goes through no further change for some time. The practice of hermetically sealing potted meat, previously a little boiled, preserves it from the influence of the air still longer; but its flavour is more injured than either when preserved by ice or in a dry current of air. Nevertheless, meat so prepared affords better nourishment than highly dried provisions sub-

jected to salting, and when fresh animal food cannot be procured is more wholesome.

Salt, vinegar, &c. are termed *antiseptics*, because they possess a chemical power of resisting those changes which constitute putrefaction. Camphor, resins, volatile oils, and bituminous or pitchy substances are all antiseptic; and as they possess an aromatic odour peculiar to each, and with which they do not easily part, they are especially fitted for embalming, and were accordingly so employed by the ancient Egyptians. Another species of embalming is devoted to the affairs of the kitchen, by the use of antiseptics of another kind, which are preferred from being agreeable to the palate. These substances are vinegars of different kinds,—wines, spirits, nitre, sugar, and salt; and animal and vegetable matters steeped in or rubbed with them are said to be pickled or preserved. The great advantage of all these is that they add a pleasant flavour without injuring the original. Common spirits of wine are principally used for preserving specimens for museums, as they are colourless, and do not alter the appearance of the things which are immersed in them. All substances subjected to any of the above applications resist the influence of atmospheric air, warmth, and moisture; and therefore do not pass through those changes which constitute putrefaction—changes dependent upon their decomposition and chemical affinities.

Whilst, on the one hand, we find life capable of resisting the influence of such agencies as after death effect decomposition, the vital power is not sufficiently strong to resist all chemical affinity with unorganized matter. Thus, whether it be applied to the living or dead flesh, fire or caustic will equally destroy its texture; but the powers of life are shown in the facility with which the destroyed parts are cast off from the living by a process entirely vital.

In all the phenomena of life we are forcibly struck with the wide difference between them and those of the mineral world. The former possess rather the character of an intelligent agent ruling their changes, whilst the latter appear more in the light of fixed and inevitable and undeviating laws. The objects of vital action, independently of volition, are to secure the nutrition of the body, for its growth, maturity, and degeneration. Accordingly, by vital influence, foreign matter is imbibed by vegetable bodies through the exposed terminations of very minute vessels. In animals, similar nutriment is imbibed by a single bag, to which, in all but the lowest animals, are attached wide tubes for the passage of the food and its proper digestion. This digestive apparatus is an addition to the circulating and absorbing vessels and pores of plants, and is peculiarly adapted to beings that roam, and seek their food like animals. Animals, nevertheless, are furnished with absorbing and circulating vessels and pores, by which the assimilated nutriment is conveyed from the intestines into a large vein, where it becomes blood, and subsequently circulates through the whole body in its sanguineous form. Thus, the sap of vegetable and the blood of animal bodies are both regulated by vital and physical laws alike, the former modifying the latter, and the same object being in view. Then, if we pursue the nutritious mass as it circulates in the arteries over the body, we still trace the modifying principle of vital action in the assimilation of the nu-

tritive matter to the different textures of the whole fabric, whence arise bone, flesh, sinew, skin, membrane, and several fluids—productions which, although they are unquestionably aided by chemical action, cannot be effected by any human invention or chemical experiments. Is it not a wonderful subject for contemplation, that by an unseen power, beyond our sphere of reason, each texture and fluid of the body is supplied by one general stream—each organ separately eliminating that substance from the blood which it is the peculiar office of such organ to appropriate to itself? And, while this addition is constantly going on in our system, another vital action, not less remarkable, counteracts the accumulation by the removal of molecules from every part of the body; part of which are restored to the circulating blood, and part removed from the body as useless. Among these changes also, which so peculiarly mark the vital influence is the extrication, during the passage of the blood through the lungs and its transmission by the arteries from the heart, of carbonaceous matter, and the evolution of caloric, or the matter of heat: from this process the blood is maintained at ninety-eight degrees and upwards of Fahrenheit's thermometer in the human being and the higher animals.

By this law, animals are enabled to maintain a temperature considerably above that of the media around them, and thus to repel that equalizing principle of nature in the physical world, which causes all lifeless bodies to approximate to an uniformity of temperature.

I have described organized textures to be specially characterized by a fibrous structure, the fibres being endowed during life with a spontaneous and inherent property of contraction. This is the grand vital property which distinguishes living from dead matter, and is equally possessed by the vegetable and animal creation. In plants the wood appears to be the structure through which the contractile influence is transmitted; in animals it seems to be chiefly conveyed through the muscle or flesh, which is distributed very universally throughout the body: it is found in the vessels, the cavities, the tubes, and the whole external surface of the body, for the purposes of motion. In plants, which have no nervous system for the reception and transmission of impressions,—light, heat, cold, electricity, magnetism, and mechanical irritation are all influential agents in exciting or subduing contractility. The phenomena of this vital property are so curiously exhibited in some plants, that they have obtained the appellation of sensitive; a term exclusively applicable to animals. It is this property which induces the unconscious sunflower to turn its disk to the sun during the diurnal revolution of the earth's axis, and to close its petals at nightfall. The exciting agents are physical, and perhaps chemical affinity is concerned in the phenomenon; but the property itself is merely vital, and belongs only to living structures. By this property the roots and tendrils of plants are spread out in different directions in search of nourishment; and the motions of these organs cannot be explained by physical causes, such as gravity, &c.: they constitute what are called the instincts of plants, but which are vital laws designed by Nature to modify those of physical bodies, and regulate the functions of vegetation. One of

the sensitive plants, the mimosa pudica, affords a beautiful illustration of the contractile property. At night this plant has its leaves coiled up, shrinking from the effect of cold; but when the morning brings with it the reviving influence of the sun's rays, the leaves expand again. The fly-catcher exhibits the wariness of a beast of prey, from the delicate irritability it possesses. Expanding its petals to receive the solar influence, it awaits the approach of some unsuspicious insect, that probably seeks to imbibe its honey-dew, and lights upon its blossom. The instant that it does so, the petals close upon it, and it becomes immured within its treacherous grasp.

The irritable texture of plants approximates in analogy the vegetable to the animal creation; it is the inherent spontaneous cause of all their phenomena of growth and nutrition. In the absence of sensibility and consciousness, Nature has provided that the existence of plants shall be ministered to by the operation of physical causes united with a simple property of life. Thus plants creep along walls and hedgerows, turn over a wall, and spread their tendrils in search of warmth. They send their roots out, avoiding rocks, and such obstacles as afford no nourishment, among profitable soils, evading the one and pursuing the other by an impulse which life alone can impart. A similar influence is exerted upon the seed cast into the earth; for whether it be turned one way or another matters not, still the germen always rises, and the radicle descends. This is a fixed law of nature which no physical phenomena are sufficient to produce. Were plants entirely actuated by physical laws, they would be obedient to the law of gravity; whereas their actions show that they are not. In the discrimination which they evince, physical agency can have no share. Mr. Andrew Knight reported the following experiment to the Royal Society. Some garden-beans having been soaked in water were attached to two revolving wheels, one vertical and the other horizontal. In a few days the wheels were stopped, and the beans examined, when they were found to have shot forth their germens and radicles, the one upwards and the other downwards, as usual, without regard to the impulses given them from the wheels.

According to the observations of some botanical physiologists, the motions of a sensitive plant are limited to the joints, and are only demonstrable when the plant is in health. When sickly the leaves are permanently expanded, and no irritation influences them. In the mimosa pudica during day-time the leaf-stalk is raised up, the leaflets diverge, and the sub-leaflets expand. When perfectly in health, if any person approaches this plant, some of the leaves drop off, and, by shaking it, all the leaves droop at the joints of the stalks, and the sub-leaflets close up in pairs.

In all these phenomena there is a near resemblance to the contractility of animals, for when part of a plant is irritated, other parts act in concert. Thus if an insect rushes into one of our eyes, the pupil contracts and the eyelids close also. In plants this property is attributable to the transmission of physical impressions, commenced by the original stimulus, through different parts of the vegetable substance, the force of which induces the plant to assume

a carved form. And thus we have presented to our contemplation a beautiful instance of the analogies in which Nature delights, when we compare the phenomena of vegetable with those of animal life.

In consequence of this property being equally common to vegetable and animal life, we must seek for some other leading vital property whereby we can distinguish one from the other. This distinction is found in the vital property of sensibility, which exclusively belongs to animals, and is inherent in the nervous texture, and becomes recognised only in the brain—the seat of consciousness and the centre of sensible impressions.

It is this property, and the nervous structures added to animal life, that place vegetation at such a striking distance from the animal creation, notwithstanding the close analogies observable; so that no doubt can be entertained of the absolute distinction between the two kingdoms, and that the one is not connected with the other, as some have thought, by united links, as in a chain of similar parts. In the great scheme of life the commencement of animal organization is not a step from the perfection of the vegetable creation. It is a new and distinct world altogether, and an improvement in principle, but not a simple graduated addition or improvement of similar structures. Who can suppose, for example, that the monas, a simple globular animated speck of a drop of water, invisible to the unassisted eye, comes next in the scale of organization to the finest plant, the lofty and aged oak of the forest, or the wide-spreading beech? Animals do not begin where vegetable bodies cease; and it is evident that in the early stages of organization the two kingdoms of nature existed together long before the more complicated structures of each were in existence.

When we examine the lower animals, we discover, as in the starfish, &c. the embryo of that system, which increases gradually till we arrive at a perfect brain and complicated tissue of nerves, in which system evidently resides the sentient principle, a texture nowhere discoverable in plants. The grand principle of distinction therefore between animal and vegetable life is, that in the former we find a texture and structures not seen in any plant, and that a property exists, which does not appear in vegetation, by which animals hold intercourse with the external world, enjoy volition and reason, as in man, and the higher attributes of the human mind. The finest and most highly organized plant exhibits no sentient structure or property; yet the polype, or animal jelly, as it is often called, seen on our shores, though so simple in organization that each divided part of its body lives as an entire polype, has its nervous system and its sentient structure, possesses the power of locomotion, and enjoys animal instincts in common with the whole race of animals up to man.

This sensibility denotes animal life; and since contractility without consciousness pervades vegetable forms, and belongs also to those of animals universally, the functions of animals have been divided into vegetative or organic, and animal or sensitive, both being combined in animal life. The vegetative functions are carried on inde-

pendently of the will, and unconsciously to the mind. They tend to the nourishment of the body, by separating nutritious matter from the food, which is conveyed from the intestines by absorbing vessels into the veins, is converted into blood, and circulates all over the body, which is enabled to grow and support its existence accordingly.

The sentient functions do not minister directly to the support of the system; but by enabling animals to receive and propagate to the sensorium the impressions made by external objects, they subserve all the purposes of life which the independence of a locomotive being renders necessary to its existence. By means of the sentient properties, animals are led to instinctive desires of gratifying appetites, and to the enjoyments of social intercourse; or, as is the case with our own species, reason governs the actions, so that by voluntary efforts we attain to higher purposes of life than are within the grasp of the brutes of the field.

In a future portion of these letters the immediate application of the contractile and sensible properties which distinguish animals will be particularly illustrated in describing the animal functions. At present there needs merely to be pointed out the general principles of life, without which their manifestations in the animal economy would not be clearly understood.

THE SIMPKIN PAPERS.—No. II.

No. VIII.

Dear Simpkin, Wexford, September, 1831.

I am again in a scrape with my newspaper—another libel is charged upon me. How the devil is a man to get at the truth in this country? I am more cautious than my fellows; I am older than most of them, and I have at least learned something from experience. I once believed every thing; perhaps I should do so still, if judges had not lectured me, and juries mulcted me, for my credulity. I have had five actions for libel brought against me, and I have three times occupied the attention of the Court of King's Bench. As the conductor of an Orange journal, I have paid 50*l.* to a young gentleman, for one of my correspondents calling him "a Popish renegade." I paid 100*l.* to another, because "a Friend" designated him "a snivelling, sneaking, scoundrelly incendiary:" and 150*l.* was paid to a third, because my "Algernon Sidney" said "he ought to be elevated to the gallows, for his base abandonment of the King and Constitution." As the manager of a Catholic newspaper, I have been obliged to give 500*l.* to an honest country gentleman, because "a Clerical Wellwisher" asserted he was an "Orange ruffian;" and 1500*l.* was bestowed upon a Cork counsellor, for my patriotic "Junius" declaring he was "a tyrannical, persecuting, bigoted landlord." Judge Jebb, when sentencing me, upon one occasion, to six months' imprisonment, told me that the libels which I had published were "untrue, unfounded, base, and malignant;" and upon a second time, ordering me twelve months' incarceration, he most gravely assured me, that I should be "ashamed to look society in the face, after giving vent to such a base and shocking disposition as I had been proved to possess." He consoled me too with the gratifying information that I was the "convicted slan-

derer of the amiable, the kind, and the good; and that my writings were disgraceful to me as a man, and discreditable to me as a Christian." In all these cases, I fully agreed with the opinions of the judge and decisions of the jury—the libels were all false and unfounded, but not one of them was written by myself. I put confidence in their writers, and was not convinced, but by a trial by jury, of my errors. The "Popish renegade" had always been a Protestant! the "snivelling incendiary" had never mixed in politics! the gentleman libelled by "Algernon Sidney" was an out-and-outer in his principles! "the Orange ruffian" was a Catholic! and to the "persecuting landlord" every tenant on his estate (including the patriotic "Junius") owed two or three gales of rent!!!

Such was my innocent career in private slanders, while my political libels were satisfactorily shown to be disgraceful to the parties of which I was at the time the organ. I say "at the time," for, though an Irishman, I am the most placid tempered man in the world, and, from the commencement of my labours as a journalist, never cared a straw for one party or the other; and have, in truth, with equal zeal and sincerity, defended the Orangemen in Derry and abused them in Tipperary. The consequence of my impartiality has been, that I have been twice fired at as an Orangeman in Armagh, and was once taken up in Cashel, as a Ribbonman, by a magistrate, who thought my censures upon the police exceeded the bounds of constitutional freedom. I have been hunted out of one county for my intolerant principles, and incarcerated in another for my revolutionary effusions. Both sides have by turns suspected, abused, vilified, persecuted, and prosecuted me; and my sufferings, I suppose, would still be continued, but that an accidental knowledge of the tendency to exaggeration in the Irish has completely and effectually cured me of the credulous and confiding disposition which nature unfortunately bestowed upon me.

In one of those party duels which are too frequent in Ireland, it happened that I was second to one of the principals, and had in that capacity to attend my friend to the field. I was desired by the gentleman, who for distinction-sake I shall call Mr. Harper, not to take him off his ground until his opponent, Mr. King, should make an apology. In obedience to such an injunction, I unflinchingly stood by my shivering friend for three shots; and, in the fourth, we had the satisfaction of shooting Mr. King in the arm, and—of receiving our adversary's bullet in our left leg. On my way home with Mr. Harper, in his carriage, we were both robbed. The gentleman who seconded Mr. King called upon me the next morning, to state that Mr. King himself had also been waylaid, beaten, and pillaged, on his return to Wexford. I was about preparing a statement of these facts, and had just composed what I considered would be a most attractive paragraph, headed "Curious Coincidence of Misfortunes," when the following letter was handed to me, as editor of the *Wexford Liberal:*

"Please your honor,

"I hope you'll be after excusing me for troubling you with this letter; but, your honor, we can't stand the Orangemen, if they're allowed to ride rough-shod over us—the villians of the world! Neither peace nor quietness will ever be seen in the country till they're banished or massacreed one way or another. Your honor will be thunderstruck to hear what I seen with my own two eyes yesterday. There was a little bit of a fight between Mr. Harper (long life to him, and his breed, seed, and generation!) and that young imp of the devil Mr. King (high hanging to him!); and Mr. Harper did as every honest Cath'lic will do that gets into a fair fight with an Orangeman—he knocked saucepans out of him, and shot his arm off. Mind, it was a fair duel; and, in the very first fire, King's arm

was flying up in the elements like a young snipe with a drop in it; and King (the cowardly blackguard!) went down on his two bended knees, and he begged God's pardon, and Mr. Harper's, and said he would never say another word against the Cath'lics as long as he had life in his ugly body. Mr. Harper then gave King a kick in the face, and, in the most gentlemanly manner, bid him go to blazes, for a vagabond Protestant as he was. With that, your honor, Mr. King sneaked off like a dog that lost his tail, and Mr. Harper went as proud as a peacock into his carriage, and told the parish priest, who was there, how the Cath'lics got the day over a dirty Orangeman. Well, your honor, isn't Mr. Harper the finest fellow ever you heard of? But what does your honor think of what happened next? Mr. Harper and the parish priest were driving home together, and were within a mile of his reverence's house, when what should I see but young King riding after them, on a grey horse, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in another, and twenty or thirty Orangemen at his tail; every one of them with a gun or bagnet, and they swearing they'd knock the souls out of the Papists and go knee-deep in Cath'lic blood—hell's fire to them, your honor! Mr. Harper, hearing the noise, put his head out of the carriage, and said, "You blackguards, what do you want?" and young King answered, "Your life, you vagabone, for shooting my arm off this morning in a duel!"—"Wasn't it a fair fight, you scut?" said Mr. Harper in a polite way to him; and with that, young King, taking a dirty advantage of him, fired at him, and shot the parish priest—in the crown of his reverence's hat: and with that his reverence put his head out of the window, and said in the most pious manner possible, "You'll go to hell for that, you Orange thief!"—"He will, to be sure," said Mr. Harper: "is it to purgatory you'd send the likes of him? but I'll have him with old Nick in half a shake." Mr. Harper then flew out of the carriage like a lion, with a gun in his hand, and he takes aim at King; and before your honor could take a pinch of snuff he knocked the nose off of King; and though the fellow always had one as big as Oliver Cromwell's, or King William's himself, I'll be bail it's little use now he'll have for a pocket-handkerchief, going to his grave. Well, your honor, when the Orangemen saw that King had no more nose on his face than my wife has to her tin-kettle, they began cursing and swearing and running about the road like wild cats; and while Harper was beating rings round him, and making them all fly like hares before him, one of them comes behind him with a drawn sword, and while the poor innocent young man was exclaiming—"To hell with all the Orangemen!" his poor head was knocked off, and you'd see it gaping, and rolling about on the road, for twenty minutes, as if it were looking out for its murderer.

"You see, your honor, I have a wife and ten children depending upon my daily labor, and when I seen the Orangemen so strong, I thought I might meet with something that I wouldn't like as well as a glass of whiskey from them, if I went to say a word to them. So I didn't pretend to know what was going on; but if the thing comes to a trial call on me, and, you know, when a man is called as a witness, he must swear—that's the law of the land any how. I hope your honor won't put my name to this in the paper, for the master is a Bible-man, and he'd never employ me if he knew I ever read any thing but the Testament he gave me, and which my eldest daughter Judy finds mighty convenient in the matter of curling her hair—much less would the master stop a gale of rent for me, if he knew I was joined with five others to get a read of the *Liberal*. Now, mind, your honor won't on my account spare the Orange murderers, and Mr. King especially, for his indecent conduct in killing Mr. Harper.

"I am your honor's humble servant,

"PATRICK DALY.

"P. S. I forgot to tell your honor that when the Orangemen murdered Mr. Harper for only fighting a duel with a Protestant, they fired a volley into the carriage at the parish priest; but it isn't one of them could have the power to ram a cartridge into a gun that would kill his reverence—his clothes are as full of holes as a sieve, but not a wound in the world on him—how could there? Isn't he a priest of the real old stick-in-the-mud religion, that was established in Ireland before Orangemen were heard of, and will flourish when they're all drowned in the Dead Sea?"[1]

I had scarcely concluded reading this marvellous version of a fact of which I myself was a witness, when my friend, the conductor of the *Wexford Loyalist*, handed me an equally extraordinary document—the following letter of a Wexford Orangeman, describing the same occurrence:

"Sir,

"I have in many of your lucubrations observed that you have laid down this incontrovertible position—that the Protestants had saved this country from absolute dominion, popery, and slavery; that they had shed their blood to secure to the people the blessings of freedom; and that, as they had made the greatest sacrifices to secure such advantages, they were the first entitled to a participation in the enjoyments, which they had laboured, and their ancestors died, to secure. Sir, I agree with you, this should be the case; but is it so? No, Sir; we find at the assizes Protestants in the dock, and Catholic barristers pleading against them: is this the freedom that we ought to enjoy? We find, Sir, Catholic magistrates committing Protestants to jail: is this the liberty we are entitled to possess? We see Catholic gentry having great wealth, and we also see Protestants very poor: is this the property we were to have by the glorious Revolution of 1688? No, Sir! The country is misgoverned, and you know it; but you are afraid to say so. I do not wonder at it: the Protestants of both countries, by their supineness in allowing the penal code to be abrogated—that best legacy of the wisdom of our ancestors to be in part violated—have let in popery upon us: the bulwarks of our Constitution have been prostrated; and the consequence is, that the arch-spirit of papal dominion is reigning triumphant in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Fellows who dare not look at us,—fellows who dare not price a gelding, when the penal laws were in operation, now not merely walk, but trample upon, and ride their hunters rough-shod over us. Sir, I won't stand this; but, above all things, I won't stand such a transaction as occurred in this county yesterday, and which affords you, Sir, a fine opportunity for overturning the Popish government of the Marquess Wellesley; by proving, that since he married Mrs. Patterson, an American Papist, there is no enduring the impudence of that faction in this country.

"Sir, you are aware that Mr. King is a loyal young gentleman, who lost his father at the battle of Ross, in this county, when his Majesty's troops were partially defeated by the rebels, and when the Protestant yeomen of this Protestant county ultimately preserved Ireland for their Protestant king, George the Third—God bless him! Well, Sir, as Mr. King was out shooting on Monday last, in the neighbourhood of Foulkes's mill and another place, Sir, in this county, where the Protestant yeomen defeated the Popish rebels, he chanced to meet Mr. Harper, (a Papist, Sir,) and said in a joking manner to him, that "the Catholics were all rebels, and that the priests had no more pretensions to chastity than ladies of easy virtue." For this good-humoured and gentlemanlike observation, or sarcasm, (but the real truth all the time, Sir,) Mr. Harper

[1] I should in justice to Mr. Daly state, that I have, in transcribing his letter, taken considerable liberties with his orthography.

struck Mr. King, and what you call an affair of honour was the consequence. Now mark, Sir, the impertinence of Harper—first to presume to strike a Protestant—next, to have the audacity to fight a duel with one—and lastly, to have the unparalleled presumption to shoot Mr. King in the pistol-arm—an audacious affront, which Mr. King very properly punished by knocking Harper's rebellious right leg from under him. Hence, Sir, is one of the consequences of the removal of the penal laws—a Papist presuming to carry fire-arms, and rich enough to meet a Protestant upon terms of equality, and then to use those privileges which the Protestants in their mercy conferred upon him, against the son of one of the most distinguished loyalists in Ireland! This, Sir, I assume, is a state of things which cannot continue, and which ought not to be endured.

"But mark the sequel of this sad affair, Sir. Mr. King always practises pistol-firing, by making a mark of a turkey's drumstick, which you know is the polite name in this county for the thigh-bone of that fowl; and he was therefore certain of hitting, as he did do, the nasty leg of the impertinent Papist and young rebel who presumed to fight with him. Harper should have calculated the inevitable consequence of a Roman having the audacity to fight an Orangeman—nothing less could happen, than that the Orangeman would be, as I trust he ever shall be, under our glorious Constitution in Church and State — victorious and successful. Well, Sir, mark, I say, the sad result of the equality which the Papists have obtained, and of Protestants condescending to shoot them in affairs of honour—Harper collected a crowd of cowardly, blood-thirsty, and rebellious assassins, headed them with the parish priest, in whom these beastly fools place such confidence, and incensed, Sir, by the defeat Harper had received, they proceeded to the parish church of Shilmalier—broke all the windows, tore down the pulpit, and set fire to the Bibles!—the unchristian wretches! only think, Sir, of their treating the word of Truth with such indignity!—and the parish priest too riding like Father Roche through the county! Well, Sir, not content with this, they waylaid the gallant young gentleman, Mr. King, whose body (I shudder, Sir, while I relate it) they transpierced with pikes, until, as my informant states to me, you could read the news through it as plain as through a ladder!!! Sir, you may depend upon this as a real fact, for a friend of mine, Captain Ogle of the True Blue, Taghmon, loyal, independent, fighting corps of Yeomanry, informed me that a letter was sent to him requesting him to attend the inquest. I shall, Sir, proceed immediately to it, and I write these particulars, in order that you may know the truth in time, and by your judicious observations upon such a horrible atrocity of the Popish rebels, rouse up a proper spirit of loyalty, vengeance, and constitutional feeling in the county, and which may deter the Papists from carrying into effect their diabolical plan of murdering us in our unsuspecting sleep.

"I am, Sir, a distressed and heart-broken loyalist, and a constant reader of your excellent journal,

"JOHN DALMIDGE,
"late Lieutenant Enniscorthy Yeomanry."

Such was a Roman Catholic's—such an Orangeman's version of the same fact, and both were equally destitute of truth! Now, tell me, is it wonderful I am in a fresh scrape?

I am, dear Simpkin, yours,
W. B.

TO HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BARHAM,

APPOINTED BY THE KING TO CONVEY SIR WALTER SCOTT TO NAPLES.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

Go forth, thou gallant Ship!—a King's command
Has honour'd thee, in peaceful prowess sent,
To bear along thy subject element
The Northern Minstrel from his mournful land.
Speed in proud safety, though tempestuous gales
Through sever'd continents around thee roar,—
Speed, where Health beckons to her syren shore,
And genial airs, that fan the orange vales,
Him, who unlocks the heart—the Passions' lord;
Powerful alike to lead mankind along
By linked sweetness of melodious song,
Or the free force of his unfetter'd word:
Him, who strikes truth from Fancy's fairy lyre:
The skilful Moralist, whose latent art
Charms while it chastens, and exalts the heart
By generous feelings and heroic fire.
A Stranger, from his far and frozen clime,
Goes forth to woo thy breath, Parthenope!
A Stranger, yet by fame long known to thee.
The world has rung of the Enchanter's rhyme;
Thy realm has rung of him. His wide renown
Gathers its glory as the years roll on.
Who has not heard of dauntless Marmion?
Of her whose charms illumed stern Scotia's crown?
Of the wild witch's dark sublimity?
Of one who swerved not from her hard career
To save a sister; and the burning tear
That gush'd through flame from Douglas' iron eye?
Who has not thrill'd o'er the unbroken flow
Of purest Poesy, that sweetly wound
The hunter's horn lone Katrine's lake around,
When through the Trossacks burst the antler'd brow?
Bright Sun of Italy! soft southern clime!
Ye gales that breathe of health, refresh his frame!
Not yet consummated his glorious aim;
Forms yet unseen,—the beauteous, the sublime,
From his creative spirit, life implore.
Then, gallant Ship! ere long, exultant bear
From Soft Parthenope's reviving air
The Bard to Caledonia's joyful shore.—
Not Britain thy return alone shall hail;
For thee the Nations wait, and watch afar thy sail.

Fair-Mead Lodge, Epping Forest. Nov. 18, 1831.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND, BY A FOREIGNER.

LETTER I.

Paris, December, 1831.

MR. EDITOR,—You do me too great an honour, and seem to entertain a higher opinion of my abilities than they are anywise entitled to, when you condescend to express a wish that I should supply you with information respecting the present state of parties in France; feeling, as I do feel, my own incompetency to do justice to such a subject: yet I must not shrink from the labour you are pleased to lay to my charge, in hopes that there may be found some compensation for my deficiencies in the spirit of frankness and impartiality, which, I hope and trust, will guide my pen. I am, moreover, persuaded that this same spirit may give some degree of merit to my observations, and perhaps render them acceptable in your own eyes and in those of your friends on your side of the water. The information which you generally receive from your own countrymen residing here is, I am sorry to say, seldom worth being relied upon. The old animosity between you and the French, which not long ago seemed to have subsided, and even given way to benevolent and friendly feelings, appears to me to show itself anew very distinctly, and to threaten the worst consequences. I well know that upon this subject your neighbours are more, far more to blame than your own nation; yet it cannot be denied that their insults and petulance have roused your pride, so that their injustice is richly repaid by your injustice; and the British public, with few exceptions, are any thing but friendly to the mass of the French people. Amongst these, the party whom we here call *les hommes du mouvement* are become the objects of your pointed disgust and abhorrence. Most of your countrymen on our side of the Channel are mainly instrumental in keeping alive—as indeed a great part of them have contributed to excite—these angry passions. To do something in order to set them at rest—nay, to try hard to turn them into kinder and more just and reasonable feelings, is, in my opinion, the duty of every man who feels vividly for the cause of civilization and peace and human happiness. I think much may and will be done in this way by honest men setting boldly to the task. However presumptuous it may appear, I will be one of them; and let me be called vain and foolish, still I shall go on, conscious of my own honesty of purpose, and sure that by means of it some good may be done, or some evil may be averted. You know, my dear Sir, that to the merit of candour I can boldly lay a claim; that in point of impartiality between France and England, if I am blassed—and indeed who is not?—it is certainly on your side. In my affections, England stands next to my own country. Many are the ties by which I am bound to you. Nor am I altogether free from certain capricious partialities, which a reasonable man will and should ever condemn, but cannot at all times subdue; and these make of me, as your neighbours would say, *un Anglomane*. I pride myself, and have felt delighted when I have been told that my pride is not totally groundless, upon understanding and partaking of all those feelings which form the character of your people—a character so little understood abroad, and even by the foreign inmates of your happy country. I value and feel, and daily miss the cheerfulness of an English fireside, which to foreign eyes presents no idea but that of dulness. You know me well enough to be persuaded that, whatever be my faults and weaknesses, flattery is not amongst their number; that when I thus speak of England, I say less than I feel; and this I hope will give me the right to speak out boldly, and tell you my mind when I think you are in the wrong. Should I occasionally become the apologist of the French, you will easily acquit me of looking upon them with an undue degree of favour. Many things they have which I admire, and yet altogether my feelings and theirs are not in unison: for all they have done, politically

speaking, I cannot be thankful; and you will see that I have no great reason to be satisfied with most of that which they wish or intend to do. Of hostility to them, I should hope, nevertheless, I am by no means guilty. Their late glorious revolution has entitled them to my esteem—to all my sympathies, however I may blame the turn which they are giving to that event, the results of which have been poor indeed, and do not agree with my own principles. These principles you are likewise acquainted with, and must do me the justice to confess that, though they are friendly to a popular form of government, they are not exclusively republican (indeed I view the existence of an hereditary chief magistrate of a state as possibly reconcileable to the existence of full and efficient securities for good government); that they are such as might be expected from a person by temper and habits averse to war, caring little or nothing about military glory—disliking exclusive patriotism; and liberal, not in that confined meaning of this word, which makes of it the appellation of a party, but in that large and comprehensive sense which has the greatest possible happiness in view. Such, I am sure, you think me, and such I wish to be considered by those who may feel inclined to read the following observations.

And now, to come to the point, I shall state what appears to me to be the opinion respecting France which prevails in England. Nay, I must go a little backwards, and notice the changes which have taken place in your feelings towards this country.

At the close of the general war, hostility to France and every thing French was the prevailing sentiment amongst you. I do not say that there were no exceptions; some there were, and bright ones too; but the great majority of your nation looked upon the French character as a combination of all that is odious in nature. Peace, that greatest of all blessings, produced, however, a great alteration in this particular—an alteration which was owing to two very different causes. Your aristocracy delighted in viewing the restoration of the Bourbons as their own work; and as in their eyes the sovereign and they themselves are the nation, they considered France under her old dynasty as a friendly power. Some things they certainly disliked in the French people, and to the liberals they were bitterly hostile; yet these, in their opinion, were an inconsiderable minority, if not in numbers, in efficiency and strength: and as it was the interest of aristocratical England to keep in power the ancient monarchs of France, and war between the two countries was likely to produce a contrary effect, they were for peace, and for cultivating those feelings which might render peace permanent. On the other hand, your liberals of every description saw in France a state of things in many points far superior to that in which you yourselves were: no ruling church; no aristocracy, with rotten boroughs; no poor laws; no absurdities in legislation; property tolerably equally divided; a chamber of deputies, the produce of a law bad indeed, yet pretty homogeneous, and therefore representing the people to a certain extent; an active and lively population, in general exempt from prejudices—as a consequence of their situation, independent; and given up to studies which had for their object the amelioration of their own social state in every branch. The bright parts of this picture were certainly not without their corresponding shades; but these passed withal, overlooked by people suffering much from, and therefore keenly alive to, the faulty part of their own institutions. Thus, upon the whole, France and French things were in favour with the English. A little before the Revolution of July of 1830 your *aristocrates* were displeased with the unruly insolence of this nation in wishing to make their King stick to his oath; and, with admirable logic, they taxed the French with being ungrateful for the benefits they had received from the Charter, forgetting that the intention of the King was to deprive them of those benefits, by doing away with the cause, or, at all events, to render the practical consequences of the Charter nugatory. Yet as, after all,

your sagacious politicians had no doubt but that the insolence of the French *democrates* would be put down, they thought little of it except as a source of annoyance rather than of immediate danger, so that their displeasure had no visible effect. On the other hand, the admirable conduct of the French during the elections of 1827 and 1830 endeared them to the bulk of your own people, who then gave their neighbours credit for a higher character than they are in truth and justice entitled to. The events of July took place: Charles X. was evidently in the wrong, and moreover failed: he was therefore generally blamed amongst you, by nearly all warmly and sincerely, by many of your high party because he had not succeeded, by others of the same class for vices of form in his conduct (though this is hardly intelligible), by most unprejudiced minds because his act had been criminal, and the resistance of the Parisians, just in its origin, spirited during the struggle, and romantically noble, no less than it was judicious and moderate, in the victory with which it was crowned. But the enthusiasm of the actors and of the beholders had its end. France, now freed from the Bourbons imposed upon her by foreign armies, assumed the government of herself: the various parties into which she is divided, hitherto combining in an apparent respect to the Charter and King, spoke out: their projects were unfolded, and the divisions amongst them found many an echo in your own opinions, no less at variance upon several of the points under discussion. Hence the change I perceive in your language respecting France—a change visible in most of your daily papers; not only in the *Times*, once the advocate of Polignac, and at present supporting at the same time, in a lump, the Reform Bill and the politics of the Holy Alliance; but even in the philosophical *Globe*, and that austere and impartial and not over-patriotic journal (I mean neither censure nor disrespect) the *Chronicle*. Hence your dislike of the republicans, by which term you designate men who could have had the republic and would not: hence your admiration of Perrier, whom you take for what he is not: hence your advocating for this country measures which, in your own, would be held in utter detestation. In your prejudices, truth and error are so artfully blended together, that the act of separating them is by no means an easy labour. I shall, however, try to do it, by taking a view of the present state of parties here, and their respective principles. And first of all, let us speak of the great mass of the French people. Some of you judge it too favourably; others too harshly. Now look at my own view of them.

Chateaubriand is a clever fellow. I do not think him very honest, nor very sound in his reasonings; but clever he is, and has improved amazingly in these latter times.[1] His definition or personification of France is beautiful; there is more in it than meets the eye: *La France est un soldat*. And so it is. A soldier, a thorough soldier, with the virtues and vices belonging to that character; brave, intelligent, generous; full of sympathies towards a brave enemy, still more to a brave friend; loving to see rewards given in proportion to deserts; caring little for the evils which war inflicts, and not much for subjects which are not connected with military glory; jealous of equality, and more so because it is mainly conducive to success in war; with little or no philanthropy; more attentive to political liberty or the distribution of power than to civil liberty or the effects of good government upon private happiness; exclusively and outrageously patriotic; a great boaster, though quite capable of acting up to the full extent of his boasting; and greatly addicted to fighting for the honour and profits that are derived from victory.

But is this character applicable to the whole of the French without exception? To the mass it certainly is. And is it applicable to the opposition, or *parti du mouvement*, in counterposition to the ministerialists?

[1] When this was written, the late pamphlet by Chateaubriand had not appeared. The allusions and quotation here refer to his pamphlet published in March or April last.

To some of them it is, but not to all. I will go further; I say that it is applicable to the ministerialists in nearly equal proportion that it is to their opponents.

Now the opposition here, as elsewhere, and more than any where else, because in France men are not well disciplined into parties, consists of elements very distinct, and differing widely in their tendencies.

Some wish for war, and some do not.

Some wish for war upon particular grounds, and some will have it upon totally different ones.

I will give no names, but shall allude to opinions well known, and clearly expressed.

Now, to begin with the latter :—

Some wish for war as a means of conquest, to indulge their own ambition, and perhaps other still worse passions, and the national ambition and vainglory. It is idle to deny it. These are the natural-boundaries men, those who would push France to the Rhine, and further if possible,—who would establish her influence, meaning thereby her domination and sway over other countries. Such men there are here, as during the war there were also amongst you, who wished that the sea and all its islands should become British.

There are others who wish for war upon totally different grounds. I do not think that the views of these are very unreasonable; at least they have not been proved such by the arguments brought forward against them.

The Holy Alliance, or league of despots, (they say) is still in existence. It stands upon principle—a principle upon record, and which has been more than once enforced by action. That principle is not a pedantic theory; it is (as indeed all true principles are; but this is another question) pregnant with practical consequences. Absolute power cannot stand while there is a popular power and a free press in France. Even in poor, distant Spain, such a state of things was not permitted to exist, because of its dangers. From Pilnitz down to Verona, sovereigns have agreed to put it down. It is not only the theoretical principle of the sovereignty of the people, but the existence of popular power, that is dangerous: the former is often a mere pretext, or else why should Don Miguel be a high favourite with the legitimacy men, such as your Lord Aberdeen? But in France the principle—the obnoxious ostensible principle, is recognised; while its practical consequences are in force to a great extent. Even under the legitimate Bourbons, the French election law of 1817 was deemed incompatible with peace and good order in the rest of Europe; and a liberal ministry, under Charles X., would have been pronounced an intolerable nuisance worth being abated, according to the illustration or argument of Burke in support of the right of interference. The French revolution will—must spread out: it has already; and though suppressed for the present, it will again appear to a certainty. It cannot, must not, will not, be left alone. Those who say this is a theory, (an odd argument, yet a common one,) and that the acknowledgment of Louis Philippe as king of the French by other powers proves it to be a false theory, forget that Louis XVI. was also acknowledged under the title of King of the French; and for all that, the preparations of the Allies to make him King of France and Navarre never ceased: that Ferdinand was acknowledged Constitutional King of Spain in 1820; and yet, for all that, the preparations of the Allies to make him anew the absolute King of Spain never ceased: that the preparations for war do not cease even now through the whole of continental Europe: that the present professions of the despotic powers, that they mean no harm to France, are the very same that were formerly made use of:[1] that all the great changes in Europe, either reli-

[1] When the constitutional cause was put down in Naples and Piedmont, the language made use of towards Spain was the very same now spoken to France,—

gious or political, involving consequences which render them applicable to other states, have been attended with war: that appearances must be deceitful, or the aspect of Europe is any thing but peaceable. Now, under such circumstances, if war should be made, why not make it while France has allies? Has she not for the present, according to the forcible expression of Mr. Canning, the "dogs of war in the leash?" And if she let go the pack, will she not find abundance of hounds any where else to join in their cry, and hunt down the game? The evils of war are great—immense; but so are those of a hollow and insecure peace: it entails expense; it deters from enterprise; it unsettles the minds of men; it nourishes and embitters dissension, which at the actual moment, when the war comes, is easily converted into treason. War at this moment would lead and subside into a lasting peace. The system of the Holy Alliance has been productive of some benefits amongst its many evils, because, from the fact of all the Powers agreeing in one principle, many wars were avoided, lest the principle itself should suffer. A Holy Alliance, upon different grounds, would be the parent of far superior advantages, inasmuch as it would have for its consequence the diminution of standing armies, and therefore of expense and taxation. Better to do the business all at once, and go to war this very day, than to wait through a long series of endurance and inconveniences till it is brought home to us with multiplied chances of success on the part of the aggressors.

Well, my dear Sir, of the Opposition men in France many there are who feel and think and speak precisely as I have stated just now. I cannot understand why it is that you dislike them;—when I say "you," mind I do not say the generality of your people. That the sworn enemies to all improvement, both at home and abroad—those English serviles, who would rejoice in seeing the whole of Europe under military and monarchical despotism, and their own country under aristocratical sway, should dislike these men, is a thing which I understand, and do not wonder at. It is natural for his Grace of Wellington to dislike those Frenchmen who wish for war at the present moment. It is natural for my Lord of Aberdeen—the bungling negotiator of 1813, the worthy admirer of the Portuguese Nero—to dislike those men who would put an end to that system to which he has been, though an awkward, yet a zealous co-operator, or to the reign of those tyrants who rule after his Lordship's own heart. But why should you, the enlightened, the liberal, the philanthropic, (and nowhere do men entitled to be so called abound as in your own glorious country,)—why should you, the friends to the great cause of the people, view such men with jealousy and dislike, and object to a war which would have the improvement of mankind for its end?—a war, than which none can be more just or necessary, since it is meant to prevent an atrocious, bloody, inevitable, future struggle, which may terminate in the triumph of the cause of bad government. I look upon you, and the French, and ourselves, and men of other countries, as labourers in the same field—copartners in the same concern. To be sure, had our great cause been more successful than it has as yet been abroad, your aristocracy would have been deterred from opposing reform (alas! I have received the painful news while writing these pages) with too fatal success. But I perceive I am carried away by my feelings further than I intended: still I cannot help thinking that I am hardly digressing from my purpose. I had it in view to give you full and correct information respecting the state of opinions in France; and when I came to develop those of the party with whom (why should I deny it?) I almost totally agree, it was natural that I should speak as I feel—that is to say, warmly and strongly.

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literally so. Now, *si la France est sage elle n'aura pas la guerre*:—then, *no sera la guerra con ustedes si tienen juicio.*

But amongst *les hommes du mouvement* there are some who do not wish for war: and even these blame the foreign politics of the present Government as leading to war, in as far as they give courage to the enemies of the state of things which prevails here since the last revolution.

I ... these classes of oppositionists you consider as being men of the same principles. Perhaps it is because they, with few exceptions, agree in their jealousy (and speaking of many of them, hatred should be the word) of England. Do I approve of this feeling? Certainly not. It is illiberal—it is unwise—it is under many respects unjust: but that it is totally groundless I cannot take upon myself to affirm. And now I beseech you to listen to me with a little patience.

I am one of the few foreigners who love England. We are few, depend upon it; there is no mincing the matter. I love you because I esteem you, and I esteem you because I think I know you. There are in you private and public virtues of the highest description. They are of course attended with faults. I am fully aware that the mass of the English nation mean well to their neighbours; but you are easily deluded, and have lent yourselves to much mischief, and are loth to acknowledge it. The evil done by your Government from 1792 down to 1829 exceeds belief. As it usually happens, that government has obtained credit for being much worse than it ever really was. No reasonable man doubts that the annalists of the Roman empire have been guilty of exaggeration in their accounts of the acts, even of the worst emperors; and there is equally found in foreign historians plenty of nonsense about the gold of Pitt and the Machiavelism of England. Yet, after making large deductions from the histories of Tacitus and Suetonius, we still hold Tiberius and Nero to have been abominable tyrants; and though I do not believe that Mr. Pitt kept in his pay all the French demagogues, and sent the emigrant officers of the French navy to Quiberon that he might get rid of them, and was in the habit of despatching bands of hired assassins from England over to France, and other absurdities of the same stamp, yet I am convinced that the Tory administration of Great Britain has been a curse to the human race. In the bill of indictment preferred against you, nearly every nation has its count: and the sum of good which you have prevented from taking place exceeds the sum of evil which you have either produced yourselves or been a party in producing. Your war with France has been a war waged against the cause of social amelioration, not only in France but in every country which in succession became the theatre of that extensive contest. If you were found occasionally on the right side, I should rather say, if you were forced into the right side because your enemy took the wrong one, it was your lot to couple some evil principle with the good cause you were supporting. When you were assisting nations to maintain or recover their independence, you took care at the same time to uphold despotism and misrule in their internal government. When you were found leagued with a country where popular institutions prevailed or were implanted, you took care to dissociate the principle upon which your alliance stood, from that upon which those good institutions rested. Portugal, and Sicily, and Spain, were saved from the domination of foreigners, to be placed under despotisms of the most corrupting and debasing description. Lombardy passed from the yoke of France into that of Austria, hateful to the natives in a tenfold proportion. Genoa was basely betrayed, and Norway starved into submission to hated neighbours, after being unceremoniously handed over to them by decisions in which the population had no share whatever. Saxony was all but partitioned, whilst mock independence was given to Poland as a sort of insulting compensation for her multiplied grievances. The Inquisition raised its head in Spain, and the Pope—a *protégé* of your anti-popery administration—tried to rekindle the torch of fanaticism through the whole of Catholic Europe. I will not speak of the wrongs of France: she was

your enemy, and had been guilty of nefarious ambition; but the punishment she underwent far exceeded her deserts; and in your conduct towards her in 1815, common justice and sound policy were equally set at defiance. The seizure of the Spanish frigates in 1804—the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, are acts which cannot be palliated. During the whole of that protracted warfare, there is hardly one bad and malignant passion—one evil-begetting principle, which England, as a power, was not found to excite and foster abroad. Though constantly hostile to the people, you often courted the mob; and Catholic[1] superstition and fanaticism hailed Protestant intolerance as its best ally. Many, in the mean time, were the projects for human improvement set on foot, which your hostility baffled and crushed. I know I am telling nothing new. I know that in bringing forward these odious topics, I am wounding your national feelings. I know you will plead not guilty to many of these charges. But, alas! they rest upon incontrovertible, glaring, damning evidence, known to all out of England, and the correctness of which is admitted by many in your country.

And is it possible, my dear Sir,—at all events, is it right, when you consider all those acts, that you should wonder at your being viewed under an unfavourable aspect, and judged of harshly and unjustly upon the Continent? I say harshly and unjustly, because it is truly so. People here, and not only here but any where else, with rare exceptions, look upon your nation as a bitter enemy to peace and happiness, and good government and its consequences all over the world. This is wrong—it is sheer nonsense, and yet it seems to be a logical deduction from the policy you have pursued while suffering from the consequences of it: foreign nations cannot be expected to look upon you with impartial eyes. They dislike you—they distrust you—they readily believe all that is said against you. To your good points, and these are many, they are blind; of the good parts of your conduct as a power, and you have them, they are insensible; to your apologists, and you have a few, they are deaf. Their enmity to you is carried to such lengths of absurdity, that your best acts are attributed to bad motives. The abolition of the Slave Trade, than which no act does you more honour as a nation, no act of any nation whatever can be quoted as more praiseworthy, the present efforts of part of your people for the total abolition of slavery have been, and still are, absurdly and infamously represented as the artifices of selfish policy: your novel regulations respecting foreign trade, more liberal than those of any other country whatever, are, ridiculously enough, suspected of being a trick to cheat foreign governments into commercial concessions fatal to the interests of the nations over whom they rule. You are supposed to hate the French with no small degree of bitterness, when, in fact, France has been for a long time rather a favourite with the majority of your people. In this and in other points no allowance is made for altered circumstances, no consideration is paid to the change of opinion upon many important subjects which have taken place amongst you in these latter times.

In speaking of English politics, foreigners generally labour under a double mistake; they think England is what she was said to be by hostile writers, justly though excessively exasperated—and they think England is at present, what she really was in 1793, or 1807, or 1815. Now, as I have said before, many accusations which are totally groundless or grossly exaggerated are brought forward against you, even in affairs relating to that which I call your worst period: and the

[1] In the life of Scipion Ricci, by De Potter, there is a curious account of an English diplomatist walking in company with a mob of devout Catholic banditti from Arezzo. A print of a Madonna was worn on the hats of all (the Protestant included); and to make the picture thoroughly Italian, the English gentleman had his acknowledged mistress by his side.

change which has taken place in your feeling has passed unnoticed, and can be but little understood abroad. Far—very far distant are the times when, under the influence of a crafty and corrupt aristocracy, your servile passions (pass me the word) were wrought up to a degree of frenzy against the French, because they emancipated themselves from the yoke of their priesthood and aristocracy, and a court the tool of both: far distant are those times when, under the delusions of miscalculating avarice, which led you to look on war as a means of prosperity, you hailed the rupture of the negotiations for peace with France as a fortunate event, and received the news of Lord Lauderdale's departure from Paris with loud huzzas and hats thrown in the air: distant are even those times when, intoxicated with the fumes of military glory, you looked upon the bloody fields of Spain and Belgium with pleasure and pride, forgetting that the laurels which there grew are plants that yield no fruit, and their leaves, though pleasant to the eye, are but bitter to the taste, whilst the modest and less alluring olive is a source of luxury and plenty. What a difference there is between England in 1815, and England in 1830! and yet this difference, as I have said, escapes the unpractised eyes of foreign observers. Such alterations as have taken place amongst you without a violent revolution are not intelligible to the people on the Continent, not even to the French; though these too are somewhat changed in consequence of nearly the same causes. But here, in France, under the charter of the old dynasty, though the people enjoyed a certain degree of liberty and power, and made a tolerably good use of it,—though several of the conductors of light, and, above all, the press, were nearly unimpeded,—though the social estate, owing to the fall of civil and religious aristocracy,—a better distribution of property and superior codes of laws, was in many respects superior to that of England, the government retained and tenaciously stuck to the monopoly of education, and the busy interference with local and private concerns, for which the cumbrous machinery of provincial administration has been constructed; things which it held with so firm a grasp, that not even the late revolution has been powerful enough to relax it. On the contrary, your own local liberties, and the habits of free discussion which they have given rise to, and still keep in existence; the absence of a monopoly of education on the part of your government, notwithstanding your established Church—the very vices of your political organization—the peculiarity of your being a people invested with large and important rights, and yet debarred from power, possessed of means to detect and batter down mischievous institutions, and yet living under them; all these circumstances, I say, were highly favourable to a revolution in your modes of thinking, and have been rightly improved. The eyes of the mass of your people have been lately opened to their own advantages and disadvantages. They have learned to make use of the former in order to get rid of the latter. Their own evils have proved their best teachers. The load of taxation they groan under has taught them what glory is, and what were the objects pursued during a war which procured them such plenty of that costly stuff. They have learned that between the cause of misrule abroad and misrule at home there is an intimate connexion; they see that their worst enemies are not to be found in foreign countries, but in their own corrupted institutions. They think so, and will not lend themselves again to be made the tools of the aristocracy, and thereby, at the expense of their own blood and treasures, forge chains for their neighbours that their own may be riveted. This is little known on the Continent. They hear of your Reform Bill, but are unacquainted with that reform which has already taken place—the reform in the people, which is now to be converted into a reform in the government. They look at you, and see that nothing is changed; that you have your three estates, and your free press, and your Habeas Corpus Act, and your county-meet-

ings, and your disorderly elections, and your juries, and your Church establishment, and your tithes, and your entails, and your substitutions, and your aristocracy, and your rotten boroughs—in short, every thing the same, both the bad and good, as in former and very ancient times. But they are to be told that, if your external frame is unchanged, the spirit which animates it is altered into a better sort. Every where abroad, ay, and in this enlightened country too, there prevail vague notions respecting that phantom called "liberty." Most people think it an end—with you, it is only thought a means; and this accounts for their ignorance of your situation. All those important rights you possessed were excellent instruments to work your own happiness; but they lay useless in your hands, or, if used, they were employed only to serve the bad interest of aristocratic leaders. At present you are acquainted with their power, and what is the work to be done with them: should the French know this, instead of railing and swearing at you, they would cheer and bid you go on in your glorious labour: should you be persuaded of their ignorance, instead of being provoked by their insults, you would try to undeceive them. As for the incorrigibles, you had better leave them alone, and their own countrymen would know them at last, and laugh at their folly and wickedness: and it is mainly important that you should know who are the incorrigible, and who are not, and adopt different conduct towards them, addressing the latter in a tone of calm and friendly remonstrance, and meeting the taunts of the former with dignified silence.

I have told you repeatedly that you are unpopular on the Continent—not much more here than elsewhere. You are unpopular in France with *les hommes du mouvement*—this you are aware of; but you are also unpopular with the ministerialists, and this you will hardly believe, because you think the former are all your enemies, and the latter, if not altogether your friends, at least comparatively so—and that the former belong all to the incorrigibles, whilst the latter are either less prejudiced or more open to conviction. This is wrong; the incorrigibles are to be found in both parties. I will say more; an incorrigible ministerialist is so, as a consequence of his opinions belonging to a school of politics which I shall call the eminently selfish.

Why, methinks you will ask, is there no selfishness amongst *les hommes du mouvement?*—amongst the warlike, the jacobinical, the imperialists, the natural-boundaries men, who, by your own admission, wish for a war to indulge their own bad propensities, and instil them into the mass of the French nation? And did you not say that this mass had been well defined by Chateaubriand, when he said "it was a soldier?"

Mind, my dear Sir, I never told you that in the party called *du mouvement* there were no individuals belonging to the incorrigibles; far from it. I am not disposed to attach blame to any particular person; but I must say, in general, that, judging from opinions expressed, I find amongst these men some who seem to me richly to deserve that all but flattering appellation. I will not deny that these excite the popular passions, and find more than one echo in the feelings of the multitude. They are not objects of my liking; for their ruling principle is selfishness, no less than it is of the ambitious and greedy *aristocrate*. But do you think that the way to put them down is by throwing the weight of your opinion into the scale of their no less selfish adversaries? and would it not be preferable to trace a broad line of distinction between them and others who act with them,—though these latter are the friends of their own country, of your country, and, in fact, of every country, because they are friends to the great general cause which has the universal increase of human happiness for its end—peace; or if, perhaps, war, such a war as would insure a more solid peace, for the means requisite to attain that most desirable of all objects?

Such men there are in the present French Opposition. In the ministerial party, as it now exists, I do not deny that there are men of the same stamp; yet I boldly maintain that the truly liberal part of the former are, in the main, more favourable to a lasting union with you. This seems a paradox; for undoubtedly their language is not friendly whenever they speak of England. But should your own tone become what it ought to be, I have no doubt that England—I mean liberal England—would find in them her best friends. That they should be so, is a consequence of their principles.

The language of those men is now hostile to you; so is that of the incorrigible part of the oppositionists—your worst enemies. But mark the difference; the former distrust you, the latter hate you. The former wish to have security from your future, the latter revenge for your past, hostility. The former are greedy of conquest, and see in you an obstacle to overcome; the latter are desirous of a more enlarged and better-secured system of free government, and fear you will oppose their obtaining it. By answering both in an angry tone, by seeming to hold them all in the same predicament, you actually cement their union upon the basis of their enmity to you. Do otherwise; let your reasonings convince the well-meaning—let your forbearance disarm the evil-minded. You now appear, in the eyes of them all, under a dubious guise; you seem still to be the allies of foreign despots, and the friends of those who mean to give the French as few securities for good governments as they possibly can withhold from them. Do you appear under a different aspect, and I am sure that those who still hate you for reasons too odious and shameful to be openly avowed, will find their former associates to fall away from them.

I will not conceal that the foreign policy of your present Administration is far from answering the hopes and expectations of the friends of good governments abroad; but still it is neither my only nor my principal object, at this moment, to speak of the acts of your Ministers. I speak of the tone of your press—of your liberal press, by which public opinion is influenced, and with which the acts of all governments, and more especially that of your own rulers under their present circumstances, must be in perfect agreement. I adjure you, for the good of all nations, for your own happiness, which is a part of the great sum of general happiness, to desist from showing that outrageous partiality with which you appear to look upon the principles and measures of the Perrier Administration.

You are not to think, I repeat, that in these French Ministers and their followers you have very steady friends. Their foreign policy you seem to approve of, because you think it is less ambitious than that which the Opposition would follow, if in power. But if you speak of the truly liberal part of the Opposition, you are under a sorry delusion. To a generous war upon enlarged principles,—principles which you, no less than your neighbours, are bound to support, because by them you would be equally benefited,—Perrier and his fellow-ministers certainly object. They would not assist Italy to obtain and assert her independence, because, though this would give an additional security to the *intérêts moraux* of the late revolution, it would not extend the territory of France, but rather would give her a happy and strong power for her neighbour, which might be a bar to her future ambitious projects. They would not like to see Spain under a good government, because, according to Sebastiani—intriguing Sebastiani, the writer of that famous dispatch which, in 1802, so excited your anger; the once-hated Sebastiani, now the object of your misguided partialities,—it is more for the interests of France that the Peninsulars should continue to be an ill-governed, and therefore a weak, nation. But, coming to the tender point—Belgium; you are sadly deceived if you think that the *juste-milieu* party feel less

anxious than their opponents to have it annexed to France. The indiscreet eloquence of a ministerial speaker, M. Thiers, has proclaimed aloud in the Chamber of Deputies that which is well known to every one in this country who has eyes to see and ears to hear; since, in no conversation upon politics, is the Belgic question mentioned without taking it for granted that those countries must, sooner or later, become part and parcel of the French empire. I remember I once heard more than one person belonging to the Perrier, or moderate, party, now in power, speak in terms of praise of the refusal of the Belgic crown by the King of the French, in behalf of his son the Duke de Nemours, because—I shall make use of the identical words of the French politicians—"Ce serait un embarras de plus d'avoir à détrôner le fils du Roi, quand le moment viendra où nous aurons la Belgique;" or, as it was by some more curiously phrased, "quand nous rentrerons dans nos biens qu'on nous a ravis en 1814." Mark, I repeat, that the persons who thus spoke belong to the ministerial, moderate, *juste-milieu*, or peace party. Read their journals, they will tell you the same thing. "Une guerre d'intérêt"—that is to say, a war to aggrandize France—they approve of. "Une guerre de propagande"—that is to say, a war from which France would derive no other advantages than those of securing her own institutions, and, by making them spread abroad, of preventing the war of *propagande* which threatens her, and at the same time doing good to her neighbours—such a war, I say, they condemn. It would be unselfish; this is their objection to it, because they pride themselves upon following "une politique égoute."

Now these abominable principles, though they may serve the purpose of some timid or false friends of the popular cause amongst you, who are afraid of a continental war, mean any thing but a friendly feeling to England, or indeed to any power. I have told you that Sebastiani's politics are of that school which teaches us to consider each neighbouring power as an enemy, and the happiness of other nations as incompatible with our own prosperity. His fellow-ministers are of the same opinion. This is the ruling axiom of their foreign policy. But such are not the principles of the English liberal politicians: I think, therefore, that you ought to be rather hostile than otherwise to the Perrier Ministry.

A FOREIGNER.

PROGRESS OF CHOLERA.

SINCE our last publication some circumstances have occurred in the history of cholera which are worthy of record. In the first place, the *diarrhœa* cases of Sunderland, so reported from sinister motives, have been pronounced by Dr. Barry, who was sent to see them by Government, to be precisely identical with those cases of which he and Dr. Russell saw so much in Russia. And with regard to their Asiatic origin or resemblance, Dr. Russell and other competent judges have declared the spasmodic cholera cases on the Continent in no material circumstance to differ from the Indian epidemic of the same name.

Since we last wrote upon this subject, from the best sources of information, the disease has crept on continuously towards the north, remains in Sunderland and adjacent villages, is established in Newcastle, and, in fact, occupies the banks of the Tyne to a considerable extent among the habitations of the working classes. Nevertheless, the ravages of this disease are far less than the fears of the public led them to anticipate.

The second important occurrence is the withdrawal of the salaries and dissolution of the old Board of Health, on which we sincerely congratulate the country. Their incompetency was universally acknowledged; and public indignation was much excited against a body of men who could draw largely for services limited to their sittings at the College in Pall Mall East, where they met together to inquire into the nature, prevention, and treatment of an epidemic which no one among them ever saw, or volunteered to examine personally. And yet, while this supine Board, sitting under a cloud of ignorance and error, were acting the part of the drones in the bee-hive, others of the medical profession were laudably coming forward to render gratuitous service in visiting those places where the cholera raged, and exposing themselves to the danger of infection for the public good.

A more absurd principle was never acted upon than that which dictated the formation of the former Board; namely, that all questions regarding the public health should be referred exclusively to the College of Physicians. The consequence of such a job as the appointment of the late Board was, that their edicts and recommendations excited ridicule and contempt, and were soon superseded by a sanitary code built upon facts and rational inductions from experience.[1]

The present Board consists of official and military men entirely, whose public situations render them useful and competent judges of the objects of their inquiry; and, consequently, good sense has marked all their proceedings hitherto. Excepting the President and Sir William Pym, the members of this Board receive something besides their pay. But we feel quite certain, that the most rigid economist in the House of Commons would not object to any proposition to reward the valuable services of Drs. Russell and Barry abroad. We hear, however, that the former, who has a son, and an estate to leave him, is to be created a baronet. The latter also is said to be likely to receive some pecuniary remuneration as a compensation for loss of private practice; and that since the late king of Portugal conferred upon him the order of knighthood of the Tower and Sword in the Peninsula, and the present Emperor of Russia conferred the knighthood and order of St. Anne, Dr. Barry is to be knighted. Promotion in army rank must, of course, duly take place; but as the difference of pay between his present rank and the next step gives, we understand, no more than sixpence per diem, his honours would be empty indeed without some more pecuniary advantage.[2]

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[1] In thus adopting the current feelings afloat, which have existed ever since the King's original proclamation respecting the cholera, we have no desire to hold up the College of Physicians, as a body, to the contempt of the world generally. While our opinions and feelings regarding the appointment of the late Board of Health are unchanged, we are willing to admit that, for respectability of professional character and personal accomplishment, the British College of Physicians stands unrivalled in the world. Moreover, although our limits will not allow us to analyze the Report of the Academy of Medicine at Paris on the subject of cholera, our readers have only to compare it with the Reports of our College of Physicians, to be convinced of the great superiority of the latter, when called upon to sift and examine conflicting evidence and opinions upon an alarming epidemic, of which the College had no experience among its own fellows.

[2] We well remember that Dr. Hume, who went in the suite of a special embassy to St. Petersburg, was very liberally rewarded, and a pension, we believe, conferred upon his daughter, for services of a less public and dangerous nature, on the

Among the visitors at Sunderland, attracted by scientific interest in this new disease, was M. Magendie, the celebrated physiologist, sent to this country in order to report to the Institute of France his observations on the nature of the epidemic. We saw M. Magendie in London, and he stated his astonishment at the disease, which he declared he never saw before his visit to Sunderland. He informed us that in the cases which he examined *post mortem*, no morbid appearances presented themselves, no structure was disorganized or inflamed; but the lungs were loaded with dark blood, the right side of the heart was distended with it, and the veins and sinuses of the brain also exhibited unequivocal signs of congestion. He examined the peculiar rice-water-looking evacuations mentioned by Drs. Russell and Barry, and found them uniformly *alkaline*. He corroborated the accounts which these gentlemen gave of the disease in their First Official Report, drawn up before they quitted Calais, and consequently uninfluenced by any of the conflicting opinions afloat in this country. To this Report we invite particular attention, and more especially to that recent and fuller Report from the Board of Health, dated December 13, 1831.

In the Report from Calais, most particular notice was made of a highly important point for the public attention, which regards the seclusion of the infected. All unnecessary communication is strongly interdicted, and the patients recommended on no account to be herded together more than can be avoided, nor mixed with other patients of different cases. The object of this is clearly to afford space and ventilation, and, thereby, a due supply of wholesome air, the consumption of which is likely to aggravate the infection in the ratio of the deterioration of the atmosphere around the sick bed.

The Report further recommends a point of great importance to the public health respecting fatal cases—that the corpses should be buried with all convenient dispatch. It is a singular fact, that with many, if not all, infectious diseases, the poison gains strength after death. A body that had signs of smallpox upon it was brought into a dissecting-room, and five pupils took the disease immediately. Little doubt can exist of the absolute contagious quality of the dead body in fatal cases of cholera, and therefore every precaution should be taken to avoid contact after death; and the body should be interred as soon as no doubt can exist of life being perfectly extinct. Equal caution should at the same time be taken not to bury persons before the heart has ceased to act, as in the asphyxy of this disease the possibility of premature inhumation is apparent.

According to these Reports, a serious and indispensable duty is incumbent upon the wealthy who reside among the poor; a duty which, even in these instances, (rarely occurring, we hope,) where the kindly sympathies of the rich for the poor are not felt, will generally be performed upon selfish principles, at least, if not practised from better motives.

There never was, perhaps, any period in which Christian charities were more imperatively demanded, when the approaching spring will probably nourish the seeds of a desolating epidemic, the infectious

ground of loss of private practice. We trust that the Whig is not less liberally disposed in such cases than the Tory administration.

qualities of which appear to be in the ratio of constitutional debility and bodily privation. The great promoters of many epidemics are known to be want of wholesome diet, warm clothing, cleanliness, and good air. Unless these are provided for the necessitous by those whose fortunes elevate them above such wants, the epidemic now ravaging the huts of the poor may be so promoted as to enter the palaces of the rich.

According to the best sources of information, it appears that the sentient and intelligent qualities are but little influenced by cholera, and in a secondary degree only, while the nutrient functions are directly involved, and in such a manner as admits of but a few hours' existence in fatal cases: this disease, unlike others in general of the same class, passing through two distinct stages in rapid succession, the second or stage of collapse occurring suddenly, and accompanied by a total loss of animal heat, and general suppression of secretion and muscular motion. An important difference between this disease and the ordinary summer and autumnal cholera, also, is the absence of any biliary matter in the evacuations, and the deep blueness which pervades the body in the second stage.

For this disease, we repeat our former notice, there is no specific remedy yet discovered; and that the nostrums vended and advertised for the purposes of prevention and relief, are worse than useless. The preventives are not to be found in the druggist's shop, but in our management of the air we breathe, our clothing, the sources of our diet, and the regularity of our lives. Abuse of any of these opens an inroad to the epidemic, and diminishes our powers of resisting its infection.

Among other absurdities, encouraged in many instances from sinister motives, a prejudice prevails in favour of smoking as an antidote to cholera. The fumes of tobacco are capable of knocking down the strongest man suddenly; and the plant itself stands among our most powerful narcotic poisons. The only advantage which can possibly be derived from tobacco-smoke must be limited to its action as a means of fumigating a sick chamber. But we have far better means in the use of nitre, or common salt with oil of vitriol; while free ventilation is better than all fumigations, of which it may be truly said that the harm they do to the constitution is not balanced by their good effects in correcting poisonous miasma. The habit of smoking, so far from its being a preventive of cholera, must have a tendency, more or less, to place the system in a situation to imbibe it, on account of the disturbance it creates in the function of digestion, its weakening the powers of the stomach, and creating expectoration and thirst.

The fear of cholera is one of the most important topics of the sanitory instructions. We could scarcely have believed the actual extent to which this fear has gone, in creating the most absurd conduct. Remedies, which the old Board were weak enough to recommend as preventives against cholera, and others which ignorance, quackery, and an eagerness to turn the *choleraphobia* into profit have produced, are frequently resorted to among the weak-minded, as the unenlightened and superstitious Indian cherishes a charm about his person. We know an instance of a lady having frightened herself

into a fit of illness, although she was at least two hundred and fifty miles from the seat of cholera, and nearly destroyed herself by the indiscriminate use of brandy to such an extent, as to induce such a degree of intoxication, that she did not know her ordinary medical attendant, and a fever was brought on, in consequence of her having read a whole file of newspapers in the absence of her husband, who had carefully concealed them from her under the evident excitement of her feelings on the subject of cholera. A gentleman also, in a fit of alarm from a not uncommon bowel-complaint, induced a fatal inflammation by the excessive use of the compound spirit of ammonia, sold in the cholera-boxes, in consequence of the recommendations of the old Board for all persons to be provided with a list of articles named.

We have heard also of persons abandoning home, and their public and private duties, which are now so specially incumbent upon them to perform, and to seek from feelings of selfishness that security to their persons in a foreign land, which they foolishly imagine to be endangered at home.

Whilst on the one hand we are no alarmists, on the other we wish not to lull the public mind into a dangerous security and contempt of impending evils, arising from the spread of cholera. Every effort should be made, publicly and privately, to arrest its progress; for while selfishness may engender a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction, in considering the disease as one exclusively belonging to the poor in constitution as well as estate, its neglect may encourage its propagation until it becomes equally the scourge of the wealthy as of the needy. We would hope, however, that no one possessed of the commonest feelings of humanity could coolly and unmoved look on, while the disease is spreading among the labouring classes, without some effort to alleviate their wants, and thus render them less liable to become infected.

It has been said that the instructions delivered by the Board of Health are calculated more for the rich than the poor, who have not the means of providing against the infection, according to the recommendations given. This however is not true. Some articles advised are always at hand every where, and those great adjuncts—air, cleanliness, and sobriety, the poor may procure as well as the rich. If there be a want of proper food and clothing, of more importance than medicine, it is the duty of the wealthy, as well as their interest, to bestow it, in the present emergency, and without delay. Nor can the local and parochial Boards insist too much on this absolute necessity, while cold, damp, and changeable weather is to be expected, and are such powerful sources of debility and disease among those who want the means of resisting them.

With regard to the progress of cholera, we can only surmise its future steps. From its present slow advance in towns and villages contiguous to each other, and its direction being northwards, we may suppose that the metropolis will not be visited by it for some months at least, unless the disease breaks out in places distant from each other. Its laws of propagation are at present not well understood; but—

Let us hope that it will be met, when it does come, with that de-

gree of courage, energy, charitable feelings, and science, which so particularly distinguish our most favoured country. From the medical profession much is to be expected, and we are confident that the expectations will be amply verified. But others must aid and assist in the great work of prevention; and we cannot too earnestly call upon all classes to unite in checking and controlling the ignorant and presumptuous efforts of unqualified pretenders, and audacious empiricks, who strive to enrich themselves at the expense of the weak and credulous; of which last there are far more among the higher classes than is creditable to this country, in which wealth, art, and science have combined to enlighten the nation in so unparalleled a degree.

The circumstances which have occurred since our last Number, in the history of cholera, have not tended to throw much, if any, light upon the question of contagion, although they have certainly tended to show that the disease is communicable in some way or other under certain modifications. In the French acceptation of the term it is evidently *infectious*, contagions and infections being with us used in a synonymous sense.

Of this, however, we feel perfectly assured, that the quarantine regulations are not likely to do any good, but may very possibly do harm in some instances. We believe it to be the opinion of Drs. Russell and Barry that the most perfect quarantine that can be supposed would keep cholera from spreading; but such a quarantine is impracticable. It has been suggested to the Government to encircle Sunderland by thirty thousand men; but, independently of the expense and inconvenience, a close cordon is considered as likely to aggravate what it is intended to annihilate.

A cordon not nearer than ten miles at any point to the infected town might be considered as capable of preventing the spread of the disease; but it is obvious that such an attempt would be of doubtful effect, and great certain inconvenience, if not absolutely impracticable.

Cordons and quarantine have failed elsewhere completely, and we have no faith in them. In improving the condition of the poor, we look to the rooting out and prevention of diseases of the epidemic kind. In many of our great towns, especially where there is much trade and manufactures, the close, confined, and dirty habitations packed together, must be fertile hot-beds of all fevers. It is worth any sacrifice to destroy these, and build more open and wholesome lodgings. M. Magendie informs us that Sunderland surprised him excessively, and that he did not conceive such a town existed in this country, where a population of fourteen thousand were closely packed in small ill-ventilated low cabins. Let Edinburgh also look to this, where along the Canongate there is a similarly disgraceful hot-bed of disease. Nothing but very strict public measures can avail with such districts, and to these must be added all that private charity and humanity can perform, if it be desired that the ravages of this new epidemic should be arrested, and prevented, if possible, from taking permanent root in this country.

DRAFT OF A BILL OF IMPEACHMENT AND FORFEITURE,

TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS AGAINST THE ROTTEN BOROUGHS.

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God to settle the kingdom of England under a government of laws cautiously and providently derived from experience of the great mischiefs and disturbances to which tyranny and injustice in every age and under all circumstances have led, and must ever continue to lead: And Whereas the wisdom of our ancestors, aided by the same Divine power, has not only recognised the right and liberty of the subjects of this realm to be present and participating, either in person or by proxy, or by representation, in all acts of law and judgment ruled for the general observance of the people and the magistracy: And Whereas it is clearly declared from the memorials of past times, and the most ancient legislative and judicial records, that such right to be enjoyed either personally or by representation of others duly chosen, to use their voices in Parliament, is inherent in and wholly inalienable from every freeborn subject of the Crown of England, and has never been lost or forfeited by the nation at large, nor otherwise divested from any person or number of persons, except upon reasons or pretences of public justice, executed in support or pretended support of the laws, liberties, customs, and usages allowed and in force for the common good: And Whereas for the more secure and perfect maintenance of the right aforesaid, the Kings of England did contrive certain regulations for collecting the wills and suffrages of all the freemen of England in an orderly and decorous manner, whereby the sense of the people was to be ascertained, and the law to derive its sanction from their unanimous assent and concurrence: And Whereas certain liberties were granted to some of the towns and cities, in furtherance and aid of the before-mentioned general right, by charters of incorporation, containing directions for the exercise of such right within their general limits: And Whereas it is expressed by the laws of William the Conqueror, among the conditions for the grant and allowance of such liberties to corporations, that they are intended for the preservation of the common law and rightful customs of the kingdom, and of the peace and dignity of the Crown, and for the increase of people, wealth, and industry, and for the defence of the kingdom from inward revolt and foreign violence: And Whereas the said conditions stand wholly unrepealed, and are of as high preeminence in the common law of the realm as they ever were, and as they always have been, and always must be, by the law of reason and the law of nature: And Whereas the aforesaid right admitted, modelled, established, and proclaimed, as aforesaid, by the traditions of history, acts of government and legislation, and the solemn voice of the law, has been found at all times most suitable for good government, by reason of the peaceful and powerful remedy it applies to the errors of passion and judgment, of cruelty, selfishness, and corruption, to which all human institutions are prone and inclined since the fall of man, and the consequent exposure of his race to the havoc of sin and death. Yet nevertheless, and notwithstanding

the favour of Divine Providence, the caution of our ancestors, the righteous intention of our laws, and the magnanimity of our kings, who have put by the sword and submitted to place their power under the dictation of those laws, several of the corporations instituted and appointed for the protection and countenance of our liberties and of the right aforesaid, in the manner and upon the conditions aforesaid, have fallen under the active and malign agencies and influences of the two monsters, the foes of our race, as aforesaid, and through their instigation have gradually become the plagues and pests of the commonweal, and have long ceased to be of any assistance in strengthening the kingdom or increasing its means or inhabitants, and, instead of upholding common right and the justice of the laws, have provoked the wrath of Heaven by selling their voices and obeying the dictation of those whose interest and purpose were the subversion of common right and the perversion of the laws, and have consented and become parties criminal in the poisoning of justice at its fountain, as the law declares him to be who sells his vote in the choice of those who are to make the laws, and have thereby given a warrant for general injustice and oppression, by force of which, though contrary to the law of God, the law of nature, and the law of the land, an insignificant number of persons, to wit, one hundred and fifty persons, or families, have been enabled, after drawing to themselves treasonably and surreptitiously the actual exercise and enjoyment of the power and resources of government, in grievous and hateful diminution of the authority of the King, and the dignity of the Crown, and in frequent mischief brought to the peace of the realm by the inflictions, taxes, extortions, and injuries wrought among his subjects, to enrich themselves out of the property of the Crown, and the industry of the people, and to reserve to themselves the appointments to all magistracies, posts of honour and distinction, and offices of profit and advantage, and to frame laws of a cruel and mercenary spirit, whereby the lives and liberties of the King's subjects have been in hourly jeopardy, their industry cramped, their profits and earnings dissipated, and their amusements prohibited under vile and degrading penalties ruled by the said laws, of which they, the one hundred and fifty persons or families aforesaid, be they more or less, were the makers; the judicial administration of which laws they have, against all custom, law, motives of conscience, reasons of state, justice, or policy, save and except such as may be found in their oral professions, and their lying and fraudulent preambles of these iniquitous statutes, reserved for their own persons and authority within the several districts in which they inhabit: And moreover, besides corrupting judgment and profaning and betraying the defences of liberty and common right, the said corporations, falsely, fraudulently, and treasonably professing to declare the united voice and will of the nation, have enabled the said purchasers and patrons of their suffrages to squander the blood and treasure of the empire in foreign wars, waged upon declarations of enmity, in which the nation had not, nor could have, any interest, and made only to rouse and keep up among the nations of Europe a spirit of murderous animosity, which led to the wasteful outpouring of the blood of many millions of men, until few

of the said nations could find sufficient levies to recruit their armies; and, moreover, the resources of the most laborious people in the world having sunk under the drain of wealth necessary for so vast a scheme of destruction, for which the circulating money of the whole earth would not have supplied the engines of corruption and mischiefs required by its rage and malice; the Government, under the instigation of the evil one, being warranted by the boroughs before mentioned in manner and form as aforesaid, madly pledged the labour and possessions of the generations now living and not then in being, and of all their descendants, to raise the requisite supplies, and did thereby plunge the nation into debts and expenses, which in twenty-five years did exceed by many millions the value duly taken and estimated, in perpetuity, of the soil of England, and all its capital, productions, or capabilities of production, houses, trees, fences, rivers, roads, streets, canals, bridges, chattels, arms, clothing, or other articles, upon or under the same, so that the sword of conquest, in no one of the military empires which have vexed the inhabitants of the earth in the greatest extent of power, and in its most remorseless execution, did ever reap such a tribute from its dominion, or inflict equal loss, misery, and confusion upon any people. And Whereas by the common law of this land all parties whatsoever, who are guilty of seducement of the King or kingdom, or the army of the kingdom, from the ways of peace and justice, and the course of the laws, to violence, oppression, and the subversion of the laws, are to be deemed and taken to be traitors guilty of high treason against the kingdom in like manner, as compassing the King's death, or making war upon or against his sacred person, is deemed high treason against the King, and are punishable by penalties and forfeitures of their estates and civil rights, and are to be denied the communion of the State, and the benefits of all or any of its institutions: the said boroughs by force of the privileges as hereinbefore recited, upon the conditions and uses, and for the public advantage to them granted as aforesaid, have fraudulently, wickedly, feloniously, and traitorously, conspired and agreed with and aided, comforted, and abetted, and strengthened the ministers of the Government for a great number of years, to wit, fifty years, to abuse and degrade the prerogative of the Crown, subvert the common law, and the lawful usages, customs, and liberties of the English, Scotch, and Irish people, and to bring upon the body of the empire the disgraces, oppressions, extortions, pollutions of justice, and perversions of right, hereinbefore recited, and more particularly to be pleaded before the Bar of this House; all such crimes and misdemeanours the Commons are now ready to prove; and that the said boroughs, by the practices aforesaid, have grievously offended against the peace of the realm, its crown and dignity, the rights and liberties of the subject, the laws and lawful customs and rights of the kingdom, and the prosperity and good government thereof, and have thereby grievously diminished the profits and advantages of industry in trade, agriculture, manufactures, and foreign commerce, throughout the nation, to the great impoverishment of the commonalty, the spread of disaffection and discontent among the labourers, the excitement of riots and tumults, the unsettling the respect of the people for the

laws and religion of the land, until the kingdom has become subject to hourly convulsion, and uproar, massacre, and bloodshed, in a time of profound peace with all the world, do ordinarily break forth within our borders; all which evils and distractions so fomented by the bad governments of past times through the willing aid, comfort, and assistance of the said boroughs so pretending to represent the voice of the nation in Parliament, the said boroughs were bound by the principles and privileges of their institution to have prevented and made wholly impossible to come to pass: therefore the Commons of England, by protestation saving to themselves all other rights, remedies, and liberties, either dictated or allowed of, in or by the constitution of England and the laws of the United Kingdoms, in recovery of the free, general, and equal right of every subject of the Crown to be represented in the Commons House of Parliament, and to have a voice in the choice of those who are therein to represent him, her, or them, pray judgment of the premises, and that the franchises of the said boroughs proved, or to be proved, if common fame and the evidences of history, and the condition of the empire and of the people thereof, have not yet sufficiently established them or any of them to have been so offending against the Crown and realm of England as aforesaid, be for ever forfeited, and seized into the King's hands.

The Bill being revised and settled, and the number of offending boroughs put into a list and handed in to the Court, the Commons are to show so many of the recitals as may be challenged by the boroughs to be not law, and must be prepared to prove the allegations if put in issue by the plea of Not Guilty. This will be done by showing the amount of the national debt, and the amount of taxes raised and spent, and the rate of impost per head at each quarter of a century since the accession of the House of Brunswick; together with the number of enactments made for the administration of the unpaid magistracy, their nature, and objects; the number of men slain in the first American and two last French wars; the proportion of wages calculated in loaves of wheaten bread paid to labourers in each of the same periods; the number of persons imprisoned for, and convicted of, crime for the same period; the number of times the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended, and the number of arbitrary commitments by the Home Office for the same period; the limitations put to the exercise of speaking, writing, and publishing, specifying the statutes and decisions of the Courts for the same period; and, finally, the present state of the country, specifying the number of burnings, shootings, massacres, and executions done by rioters on one hand, and officers of police and justice, and the military called in to their aid, on the other, which have taken place in the three kingdoms within the last three years; and how many special commissions have issued, and are now working, for the suppression of extraordinary riots in England and Ireland,—all which being shown, the Lords will decree the judgment as prayed.

Then the Lord Chancellor will call for a map of England, which is to be laid before him; and as the names of the infamous boroughs and their disfranchisement is pronounced, his Lordship is to declare each borough in succession to be under execrable forfeiture of its franchise;

whereupon one of the clerks is to draw his pen over the name in the map, and another is to throw salt upon the wet ink.

After the list is gone through, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of all England, is to offer up thanksgivings in the name of the King, the Parliament, and the People, for the goodness of Providence in encouraging their minds to purge the land from so foul and deadly an iniquity.

INFORMATION FOR MR. CROKER—REFORM.

AMONG the numerous absurdities and errors in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson, he presents himself as completely at fault with regard to the allusion in the following passage (anno 1776): "Of a nobleman raised at a very early period to high office, he said, 'His parts, sir, are pretty well for a lord, but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts.'" Mr. C.'s note is (vol. III. p. 399.): "Obvious as the allusion must have been at the time, neither the editor, nor any of the numerous persons who have favoured him with assistance and information, can satisfactorily designate the nobleman here meant."

No one acquainted with the history of that period can doubt, for a moment, that the allusion is to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. The conversation took place at a time when the Noble Lord was acting his memorable part in endeavouring to avert that American war which Johnson, by speech and writing, was helping to precipitate. The topic was the engrossing one of the day, and could not be even casually discussed without reference to the views and arguments of Lord S. The character of mediocrity is the same, substantially, which Dr. Johnson gives six years afterwards, when he makes an allusion, that even Mr. C. cannot misunderstand, to the Earl, as "a man of abilities and information. I don't say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation; though, perhaps, he may be as good as the next prime minister that comes." (Croker, vol. v. p. 54.) The fact of early advancement to political posts of importance, by which Boswell characterizes him, sufficiently distinguishes Lord S. from any other public man of that day. He was introduced to power when a mere youth, by Mr. Pitt; and, in all the angry political controversies, his juvenility is cast up to him. In one of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius (Woodfall's ed. vol. III. p. 173.), the youthful Secretary of State is thus twitted: "Before he was an ensign, he thought himself fit to be general, and to be a leading minister before he ever saw a public office. The life of this young man is a satire on mankind," &c. Five years before this, Mr. Erskine, writing to the British Minister at Berlin, (Ellis's Historical Letters, 2nd Series, vol. IV. p. 468.) says, "The convention between Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt was long carrying on with the utmost secrecy under the mediation of Lord Shelburne, a young nobleman, who is said to be possessed of great abilities," &c. In a sketch of the "Political Character of Lord Shelburne," in the London Magazine for 1776, it is said, "He is clear that the Parliament have no right to tax unrepresented America; that it is a principle in the Constitution that all its native subjects are entitled to equal privileges; the most important and leading of which is, the granting their own

money; and that the injustice of robbing the colonists of this sacred and invaluable franchise can only be equalled by the folly, madness, and inexpediency of the attempt." (p. 578.) It may be conceived how far such doctrines were palatable to the author of "Taxation no Tyranny." In the same sketch regret is expressed that he came into office "much too early. His youth and inexperience were not to be balanced by the mere raw efforts of a natural good understanding." (p. 578.)

Perhaps no part of Mr. Croker's work shows more clearly than this his unfitness for the task he has undertaken. A competent editor, instead of boring people at the Clubs to aid him with their conjectures, would have asked himself, 1. What was the great political topic of the day? and what nobleman had crossed most offensively the prejudices of Johnson on that topic? 2. To whom will most strikingly apply the description of Boswell, "A nobleman raised at a very early period to high office?" It is utterly impossible to follow either of these clues without reaching a conclusive result.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is much less familiarly known to the men of the present day than his great talents and the character of his political career would seem to merit. He was the early and strenuous champion of Reform in Parliament. Indeed, he viewed this as connected indissolubly with his opposition to the mad projects against America, as it was palpable that the corrupt majorities in the House of Commons enabled Ministers to carry on for seven years a ruinous war, in defiance of the known wishes of the great body of the people. Had the counsels of this enlightened statesman been followed, our once mighty empire in America would not now be recalled to us only through an overwhelming national debt. Had his plan of Reform been carried, we should not now be groaning under the weight of those additional *hundreds of millions* with which the same corrupt system, that led to and protracted the American war, has since continued to load the country.

In the Annual Register for 1782 (p. 307), we find the memorable Petition of the Freeholders of Yorkshire praying Reform:—"Your Petitioners, sensible of the original excellence of the constitution of this country, most ardently wish to have it maintained upon the genuine principles on which it was founded. Your Petitioners further show, that it is necessary to the welfare of the people that the Commons House of Parliament should have a common interest with the nation; and that, in the present state of the representation of the people in Parliament, the House of Commons do not sufficiently speak the voice of the people. Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray this Honourable House to take into their most serious consideration the present state of the representation of the people in Parliament, and to apply such remedy to this great and alarming evil as to this Honourable House may seem meet," &c.

In the same volume of the Annual Register (p. 283.) is a letter from the Rev. Mr. Wyvill, of York, conveying to his Lordship the Yorkshire Address to the Electors of Great Britain:—"It contains," he remarks, "their just acknowledgments of your Lordship's distinguished exertions in the general cause of Parliamentary Reformation, and expresses their grateful sense of your generous endeavours to accomplish a coalition on the principles adopted by this association,

and other respectable bodies in different parts of the kingdom." To his Lordship's exertions in this cause we, no doubt, owe the following invective of Johnson's (Croker's ed., vol. v. p. 54.): "Oh yes, sir, as factious a fellow as could be found—one who was for sinking us all into the mob." Such was the stupid slang by which a reforming Peer was answered half a century ago. The same, precisely, is the cry now with a faction composed of men who, had they then been on the stage, would have been the most hot and clamorous advocates of the system which lost America, disgraced our arms, and left behind a load of debt under which the country is at this moment pressed to the earth. Thank Heaven! bitter experience has taught us to listen to similar denunciations from our Eldons and Londonderrys with befitting disgust.

While Mr. Croker's volumes are before us, I am tempted to note what is perhaps the most characteristic blunder of the whole (and that's a bold word)—meaning one that exhibits in combination an intrusive, meddlesome air of superior acuteness, with an utter want of real discernment. It is at page 302 of the first volume, where the editor introduces into the text of Boswell long extracts from the Biographical Sketch by Tyers, and, amongst the rest, the following: "If the line by Pope on his father can be applied to Johnson, it is characteristic of him who never swore nor told a lie. If the first part is not confined to the oath of allegiance, it will be useful to insert it—

Nor dared an oath nor hazarded a lie."

Now, surely, it seems impossible to misunderstand this. Tyers suspects that there may be an allusion in the first words of the line to the well-known political and religious principles of Pope's father, and he therefore hesitates to apply to Johnson what may refer to something very different from profane swearing. Taking the words in the more obvious sense, he says they happily characterize Johnson's freedom from profaneness and falsehood. But mark how poor Mr. Croker is bothered: "Mr. Tyers seems to mean that the oath of allegiance is the only justifiable oath; and in allusion, perhaps, to Johnson's political principles, he insinuates that even that oath he would not have willingly taken!" Was there ever any thing so utterly preposterous? Tyers rather hesitates, as has been said, to apply the line to Johnson, because, if taken in the narrow sense, it imputes disaffection. Mr. Croker thinks the poor man is making a confession of faith as to some whimsical scruples of his own about oath-taking; and he follows this up by supposing that an "insinuation" is intended against Johnson, when, in truth, Tyers almost shrinks from employing language which, though on its face complimentary, may yet have been intended to bear this very deprecated construction! What renders the matter more exquisitely absurd is, that Mr. Croker himself, in another place, rebukes indignantly the coarse and unfeeling manner in which Johnson was accustomed, in conversation and in writing, to ridicule the most sincere and conscientious scruples about these very oaths. (vol. III. p. 197.) Tyers was well aware of Johnson's sentiments, and hence the caution he interposes whilst making use of the line.

H.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. VI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

HUCKABACK.[1]

I HAD proceeded several miles without encountering any body at that still hour of the night, occasionally alarmed at the barking of some snarling cur, as I passed through the small villages in my route,—when, worn out with fatigue and cold, I sat down under a hedge to screen myself from the cold "mistral" which blew. As the wind lulled, I heard sounds of voices in lamentation, which appeared to proceed from the road at a short distance. I rose, and continued my route, when I stumbled over the body of a man. I examined him by the faint light that was emitted from the stars. He was quite dead; and it immediately occurred to me that a robbery had been committed, and the lamentations which I had heard proceeded from those who had escaped with their lives. The cloak of the dead man was lying underneath him; it was a capote, such as are worn by officers. I unclasped it from his neck, round which it was fastened with two bear's-paws chased in silver, and, wrapping it round my benumbed limbs, proceeded further on to where I now occasionally heard voices much plainer than before. I again fell in with two more prostrate bodies, and, as the day had now begun to break, perceived that they were clothed like people of low condition. Passing my hand over their faces, I felt that they were quite dead and stiff. Afraid that if found close to the spot, and unable to give any account of myself, I should be accused of murder, I thought of immediate flight; but the plaintive voice of a woman met my ears, and it was an appeal that I could not resist. I proceeded a few yards further, and perceived a carriage, the horses of which lay dead in their traces, with the driver beside them. To the hind wheels were secured with ropes an elderly man and a young woman.

"God be praised, my dear father, help is at hand!" said the young woman, as I approached; and as I came close to them, she cried out, "Oh, I know him by his cloak; it's the gentleman who defended us so gallantly, and whom we supposed to have been killed. Are you much hurt, Sir?"

Aware that I had better be any body than myself, with my usual invention and presence of mind I replied, "Not much, Madam, thanks be to Heaven! I was stunned, and they left me for dead: I am happy that I am still alive, to be of service to you:" and I immediately proceeded to cast loose the ropes by which the father and daughter (as by their conversation they appeared to be) had been confined to the wheels. The robbers had stripped them both nearly to the skin, and they were so numbed with the cold that they could scarcely stand when they were unbound,—the poor girl especially, who shivered as if suffering under a tertian ague. I proposed that they should enter the carriage as the best shelter they could receive from the bitter keen wind which blew, and they agreed to the prudence of my suggestion.

"If I am not requesting too great a favour, Sir," said the old gentleman, "I wish you would lend my poor daughter that cloak, for she is perishing with the cold."

"I will with pleasure, Sir, as soon as you are both in the carriage," replied I; for I had made up my mind how to proceed. I assisted them in, and, shutting the door, slipped off the cloak and put it in at the window, saying, "Believe me, Madam, I should have offered it to you before, but the fact is, the rascals served me, as I lay stunned, in the

[1] Concluded from Vol. II. p. 324.

same manner as they have you, and I must now go in search of something to cover myself." I then went off at a quick pace, hearing the young woman exclaim, "Oh, my father, he has stripped himself to cover me!"

I immediately returned to the body of the gentleman whose cloak I had borrowed, and for whom I had no doubt that I had been mistaken. I stripped off all the clothes from his rigid limbs, and put them on: they fitted me exactly, and, what was more fortunate, were not stained with blood, as he had received his death-wound from a bullet in the brain. I then dragged the body to the other side of the hedge, where I threw it into a ditch, and covered it with long grass, that it might not be discovered. Daylight had made its appearance before I had completed my toilet; and when I came back to the carriage, the old gentleman was loud in his thanks. I told him that returning to strip one of the other bodies I had found my own clothes in a bundle, which the robbers had left in their haste to escape from pursuit.

The young lady said nothing, but sat shrouded up in the cloak, in one corner of the carriage. I now entered into conversation with the old gentleman, who explained to me how the attack began, before I had come to their assistance; and from the information I received from him, I was enabled to form a very good idea of the story that I was to tell. I found that I had been on horseback with my servant, when I rode to their assistance; that we had been both supposed to be killed, and that we were about five miles from any post town.

By this time it was broad daylight, and I made another discovery, which was, that I was wearing an officer's undress. Anxious to gratify my curiosity by a sight of the young lady, I turned to her, as she lay muffled up in the cloak, and expressed a hope that she did not feel cold. She put her head out, and answered in the negative with such a sweet smile, upon such a sweet face as I never had before witnessed. I looked at her, as if transfixed, and did not take my eyes off until she blushed, and again sunk back as before.

This brought me to my recollection: I offered to go for assistance, and my services were thankfully accepted. I passed by the men who had been killed, as I went on my mission: one was habited in a livery similar to the coachman who lay dead by his horses; the other was in that of a groom, and I took it for granted that he had been my servant. I searched in his pockets for information, and, collecting the contents, commenced reading them as I walked along.

By his memoranda I found out that I had come from Aix. By letters and papers in my own pockets I ascertained who I was, who my father was, to what regiment I belonged, that I was on leave of absence, and that I had a brother, whose affectionate letter I read carefully for further information. I had not time to count a considerable sum of money, which was in my purse, before I fell in with a countryman, who was leading his horses to the plough. Briefly narrating the circumstances, I offered him a handsome remuneration, if he would mount one of his horses and procure immediate assistance. Having seen him off in a hand-gallop, I returned to the carriage to try if it were possible to have one more view of that face which had so enchanted me. I stated the good fortune I had met with, and my hopes of a speedy deliverance from their trouble. I answered the old gentleman's inquiry of the name and condition of the person to whom he and his daughter had been so much indebted, talked of my father the Compte de Rouillé, of my regiment, and then requested a similar confidence.

He was le Marquis de Tonseca, and the young lady was his daughter; they were proceeding to their chateau about seven miles distant, where he hoped I would accompany them, and allow him an opportunity of showing his gratitude.

I hesitated, talked of engagements,—not that I intended to refuse the

invitation, but because the young lady had not joined in the request. My plan had the desired effect; again the lovely face appeared from under the cloak, and the sweetest voice in the world expressed a wish that I would not refuse her father's invitation. I blushed, and stammered consent. Pleased at her victory, she smiled, and again was folded up in the cloak, which I could have torn to pieces for its envious concealment.

Assistance had now arrived; a crowd of people, headed by an officer to take the *procès verbal*, and two pair of post-horses came up; the deposition of the Marquis and myself were briefly taken; his as to what he had seen, and mine "to the best of my knowledge and belief." The papers were signed, the dead bodies were carried off, the horses put to, and, at the request of the Marquis, I took my seat in the carriage between him and his daughter, and we proceeded to the chateau.

In two hours we arrived at a magnificent pile, which bespoke the wealth and ancestry of the owner, and I had the pleasure of carrying in my arms, up the long flight of steps by which we ascended to the entrance, the beautiful girl, muffled up as she was in the cloak. As soon as I had laid her down upon a sofa, I left her to the care of the females who were in attendance, and quitted the room. The Marquis had retired to his own apartment to supply the deficiencies in his attire, and for a short time I was left alone to my own reflections. What is to be the result of all this? thought I. Is there to be no end of my assumption of the clothes and titles of other people,—this continual transmigration before death? Yet how much more has it depended upon circumstances than upon myself!

After much reflection, I determined upon letting things take their own course, trusting to my own ready invention and good fortune for the issue. I felt it to be impossible to tear myself from the sweet girl, whose personal charms had already fascinated me, and I vowed that there was no risk, no danger, that I would not brave to obtain her love.

In an hour we met at the breakfast-table, and I was more than ever enchanted;—but I will not detain your Highness by dwelling too long upon the subject.

"No, don't, yaha bibi, my friend," said the Pacha, yawning; "your story gets very dry already. We'll suppose the cypress waist, the stag's eyes, and full moon of her face. We Mussulmen don't talk so much about women; but I suppose as you were a Frenchman, and very young then, you knew no better. Why, you talk of women as if they had souls!" The Renegade did not think it advisable to express his opinion, in contradiction to that of his Highness, and the assertions of the Prophet. "It cannot be said that I behaved to them as if they had," replied he; "and before I changed my religion, I was often smitten with remorse for my selfish and unfeeling conduct towards Marie; but all that is past, I am now a Turk;" and the renegade passed his hand over his brow; for some long-smothered feelings of virtue had been conjured up by remorse, as he was reminded of the career of guilt which he had run through, and which he had climaxed by the denial of his Redeemer. After a short pause he continued—

For a week I remained in the society of the Marquis and his daughter, daily ingratiating myself more and more with both. I had not declared my passion to his daughter, for there was something that irresistibly prevented me; yet I knew that I was not viewed with indifference. Our party was then increased by the appearance of the Bishop of Toulouse, the brother of the Marquis, who came to congratulate him and his niece upon their fortunate escape. I was presented as the gentleman who had so materially assisted. The Bishop stared at me with surprise.

"It is strange," observed he, "that a body has been found in a ditch, near to where the robbery occurred, and has been recognised to be that of the very young officer to whom you now introduce me. How can this be?"

The Marquis and his daughter appeared astonished at the intelligence (and in truth so was I); but it was only for a second. "How say you, Sir," exclaimed I. with trepidation, "a body recognised as the son of Compte Rouillé? My poor, poor brother! my dear Victor, have you then perished? what injustice have I done you!" Throwing myself on the fauteuil, I covered my face with my handkerchief, as if overpowered with grief; but, in reality, I was reflecting what I should say next.

"Your brother!" exclaimed the Marquis in surprise.

"Yes, Marquis," my brother. "I will now state the circumstances which induced me to conceal from you that he was in my company at the time of the attack. When I galloped to your assistance, I was followed by my brother, who was riding with me to Marseilles, and of whom you recollect I have spoken; but after the first discharge of fire-arms I found that he was not at my side, and I imagined that he had deserted me from fear. I could not bear that such a disgrace upon the family should be known, and I therefore made no mention of him when I came back. Little did I think, that while I was accusing him in my heart of cowardice, he was dead, and his heart's blood had been poured out in my defence. Victor, my dear Victor!" continued I, "how great has been my injustice, and what can repay me for your loss?" and I threw myself down on the sofa, as if frantic with grief.

"Huckaback," observed the Pacha, "it appears to me that in your younger days you were a great scoundrel."

"I acknowledge it," replied the Renegade; "but, in extenuation, your Highness must call to mind that at that time I was a Christian."

"By the beard of the Prophet, that is well said, and very true!" replied the Pacha.

The Marquis and his brother were shocked at having so unintentionally plunged me into affliction. They offered consolation, but, finding their endeavours fruitless, quitted the room, thinking it advisable to leave me to myself. Cerise, for that was the name of the daughter, remained, and after a short pause came to me, and in her silvery voice, as she laid her hand upon my shoulder, addressed me:

"Console yourself, my dear Felix;" but I made no answer. "How unhappy I am!" said she: "it was in my defence that he lost his life: it was to your courage that I am indebted for my preservation:—he is dead, and you are miserable. Can nothing repay you for the loss of your brother?—Nothing, Felix?"

I raised my head; her eyes were swimming with tears, and beaming with love. As I resumed my seat upon the sofa, I drew her gently towards me. She offered no resistance, and in a moment she had sunk down by my side, as my arms entwined her beauteous form.

"Yes," murmured I, "Cerise, I am repaid." Smiling through her blushes, she disengaged herself, and rose to depart. Returning once more at my request, I imprinted a kiss upon her brow: she waved her hand, and hastened out of the room.

"That was a very nice girl, by your description," interrupted the Pacha: "pray what might you pay for such a girl in your country?"

"She was beyond all price," replied the Renegade, with an absent air, as if communing with times past. "Love is not to be bought. The Moslem purchases the slave and blind submission to his will, but he makes not love."

"No, he buys it ready made," replied the Pacha; "and I must say I wish you had done the same; for, with all this love making, you get on but slowly with your story. Proceed."

I remained another week, when the Bishop, who had not yet taken his departure, one morning drove over to Marseilles, and returned to dinner. "I was sent for," observed he, as we sat down to table, "to consult as to the propriety of requesting from the Pope the canonization of the Sœur Eustasie, of whom you have heard so much, and whose disappearance has been attributed to miraculous agency: but during our consultation, a piece of information was sent in, which has very much changed the opinion of parties as to her reputed sanctity. It appears that near the spot where the vessel was wrecked they have discovered the body of a woman dressed in man's clothes; and it is now supposed that some miscreant has personified her at the Convent, and has subsequently escaped. The officers of justice are making the strictest search, and if the individual is found, he will be sent to Rome to be disposed of by the Inquisition."

As your Highness may imagine, this was not very agreeable news: I almost started from my chair when I heard it; but I had sufficient mastery over myself to conceal my feelings, although every morsel that I put into my mouth nearly choked me.

But before dinner was over the plot thickened; a letter was brought to the Marquis from my adopted father the Compte de Rouillé, stating that such contradictory reports had been received, that he could not ascertain the truth. From one he heard that his eldest son was alive, and at the chateau; from others that he had been murdered: others congratulated him in their letters upon the escape of one of his sons. He requested the Marquis to inform him of the real state of affairs, and to let him know by the bearer whether his eldest son was with him, or whether he had met with the unfortunate death that was reported; that as his youngest son was at home, and had been there for some months, he could not but imagine, as both of them were mentioned in the reports, that there might be some imposture in the business.

I perceived by the change of countenance in the Marquis that affairs were not going well, and was to a certain degree prepared, when he gravely handed the letter to the Bishop, who, having read it, passed it over to me, saying, with a stern look, "This concerns you, Sir." I read it with a composed countenance, and, returning it to the Marquis, I observed with a sigh, "There is no kindness in such deception, the blow will only fall heavier upon the old man when it does come. You are aware, Sir, I mentioned it to you (or rather, I believe, it was to Mademoiselle Cerise), that my father is blind, and has been so for the last two years. They have been afraid to tell him the truth, and have made him believe that Victor is there. You must know, Sir, that it was clandestinely that my dear brother quitted his father's house to accompany me. Unhappy hour when I yielded to his entreaties! But, Monsieur le Marquis, I perceive it is now imperative that I should go to my father; he will need the assurance of my existence to support him in his grief. I will therefore, with your permission, write a few lines by the bearer of this communication, and to-morrow morning at daylight must unwillingly tear myself away from your charming society."

The cool and confident air with which I answered removed suspicion; and having written a few lines to the Compte, and requested from the Marquis the loan of his seal, I applied the wax, and desired the servant to deliver it as an answer to the messenger, who I was not sorry to see galloping by the window. "Oh," cried I, "'tis Pierre: had I known that I should have asked him some questions."

This well-timed exclamation of mine, I perceived, did not fail to have its weight. We again sat down to table, and I was treated with more than usual kindness by the Marquis and his brother, as if in compensation for their having, for a moment, harboured a suspicion of my honesty. But I was ill at ease, and I felt that I never had acted with more prudence than in proposing my early departure.

In the evening I was alone with Cerise. Since the news of my brother's death, and the scene that followed, we had sworn unalterable love; and in that instance only was I sincere. I loved her to desperation, and I doat on her memory now, though years have rolled away, and she has long been mingled with the dead. "Yes, Cerise, if from the regions of bliss, where thy pure spirit dwells, thou canst look down upon a wretch so loaded with guilt as I am, oh, turn not away with horror, but view with pity one who loved as fondly as man could love, and hereafter will care little for all that Paradise can offer, if thy fair spirit must not bid him welcome."

"I wish, Huckaback," observed the Pacha, angrily, "that you would go on with your story: you are talking to a dead woman, instead of a live Pacha."

"I entreat your pardon," replied the Renegade; "but to amuse your Highness, I have entered into scenes which long have been dismissed from my memory; and the feelings attending them will rise up, and cannot well be checked. I will be more careful as I proceed."

Cerise was melancholy at the idea of my departure. I kissed the tears away, and the time flew rapidly. I persuaded her to allow me an interview after the family had retired, as I had much to say to her.

"Well, well, we 'll suppose all that," observed the Pacha, impatiently: "now go on; you remember you were to set off in the morning."

"Yes, your Highness," replied the Renegade, somewhat displeased—

and I did set off in the morning upon one of the Marquis's horses, and rode as hard as I could to Toulon. I determined again to try my fortune at sea, as I was afraid that I should be discovered if I remained on shore. I purchased a small venture with the money in my purse, and having made my agreement with the captain of a vessel bound to St. Domingo, exchanged my dress for a jacket and trousers, and was again at the mercy of the waves.

"Such, your Highness, is the history of my First Voyage, and the incidents which resulted from it."

"Well, said the Pacha, rising, "there was too much love and too little sea in it; but, I suppose, if you had left the first out it would not have been so long. Mustapha, give him five pieces of gold, and we will have his Second Voyage to-morrow."

As soon as the Pacha had retired, the Renegade growled out, "If I am to tell any more stories, I must not be checked and dictated to. I could have talked for an hour after I had met Cerise, if I had not been interrupted: as it was, I cut the matter short."

"But, Selim," replied Mustapha, "the Pacha is not fond of these sort of adventures; he likes something more marvellous. Could you not embellish a little?"

"How do you mean?"

"Holy Prophet! what do I mean!—Why, tell a few lies,—not adhere quite so much to matter of fact."

"Adhere to matter of fact, Vizier!—why, I have not stated a single fact yet!"

"What! is not all this true?"

"Not one word of it, as I hope to go to heaven!"

"Bismillah!—what, not about Marie and the Convent—and Cerise?"

"All lies from beginning to end."

"And were you never a barber?"

"Never in my life."

"Then why did you make such long apostrophes to the dead Cerise, when you observed that the Pacha was impatient?"

"Merely because I was at fault, Vizier, and wished to gain time, to consider what I should say next."

"Selim," replied Mustapha, "you have great talent; but mind that your next voyage is more wonderful; I presume it will make no difference to you."

"None whatever; but the Pacha is not a man of taste. Now give me my five pieces, and I'll be off: I'm choked with thirst, and shall not be comfortable till I have drank at least a gallon of wine."

"Holy Prophet! what a Turk!" exclaimed the Vizier, lifting up his hands. "Here is your money, Kafir;—don't forget to be here to-morrow."

"Never fear me, Vizier; your slave lives but to obey you, as we Turks say."

"We Turks!" muttered the Vizier, as he cast his eyes upon the retiring figure of the Renegade. "Well, of all the scoundrels—" "Well," muttered the Renegade, who was now out of hearing, "of all the scoundrels—" Who they were referring to in their separate soliloquies must be left to the reader's imagination, for caution prevented either of the parties from giving vent to the remainder of their thoughts.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

So all this gallant blood has gush'd in vain!
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
O, British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on this theme, now hush'd or meek!
O, heartless men of Europe—Goth and Gaul!
Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek;—
That saw the world's last land of heroes fall—
The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all!

But this is not the drama's closing act;
Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
Nations, mute accessories to the fact,
That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
The lengthening shadow of its head elate—
A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
To all that's hallow'd, righteous, pure, and great,
Wo! wo! when they are reach'd by Russia's withering hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored:
He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh; and, horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is pour'd,
Shall miss thee, Poland, as they bend the knee,
All—all in grief, but none in glory likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reel'd?
O fair occasion, gone for ever by!
To have lock'd his lances in their northern field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky!
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland; build thy bristling castles high;
Dig dungeons deep; for Poland's wrested brand
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command—

An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build
His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane:
The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be till'd
To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
Camp'd, sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic main:
Brute hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,
And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain:
So Russia's spirit, midst Sclavonic night,
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polish'd light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen say)
Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines?

But time will teach the Russ, ev'n conquering
Has handmaid arts: ay, ay, the Russ will woo
All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too;
But never holier Muses shall imbue
His breast, that 's made of nature's basest clay:
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics: far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but freedom's day.

Say, ev'n his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights,—will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosoms? no, he 'll bid them burn
A thousand years for naught but martial fame,
Like Romans: yet forgive me, Roman name!
Rome could impart what Russia never can;
Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.
Our strife is coming; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old! Mohammed's moon recoil'd
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunn'd the Russ, and foil'd
Earth's new oppressors, as it foil'd her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands, that we onthold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind,
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for humankind.

So hallowdly have ye fulfill'd your part,
My pride repudiates ev'n the sigh that blends
With Poland's name—name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends!
Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear descends;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and name,
For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemciewitz,[1] whose song of stirring power
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands;
Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banish'd bower,
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
May envy; proudly may Polonia's bands
Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
Saying—"Russia, from the metal of these brands
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn;
Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn."

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[1] This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, and president of the academy of Warsaw, is now in London: he is seventy-four years old; but his noble spirit is rather mellowed than decayed by age. He was the friend of Fox, Kosciusko, and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franklin, he has also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

DEBATES ON THE REFORM BILL.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL brought in the New Reform Bill on the 12th ult., and in a speech of considerable length explained the various alterations it had undergone, including the changes which had been made in it by Ministers. A desultory debate ensued, from which it was easy to see that the principal opponents of the former would again marshal themselves against the present Bill, as we believe they would against any measure of the kind, judging from the East Retford division. Mr. Croker, Sir R. Peel, and Sir Charles Wetherell, were the principal speakers on the Opposition side. The Bill was read a first time, and the 16th ult. named for the second reading; on which day it was fixed the discussion of its merits should take place. Lord Althorp moved the order of the day. The debate was opened by Lord Porchester, who made a speech, which we confess very much lowers him, on the score of talent, in our estimation. Many of his arguments were so superficial that the dullest comprehension must instantly detect their fallacies. His speech was intended to prove, at least the commencement of it, that the landed interest in this country would suffer by Reform, and that this interest only was to be considered of moment to the country. Nothing can be more erroneous than this doctrine. Every species of property, whether landed or not, has an equal right to be considered in the present question. Because in times when there was little or no property but land in England, the possessors of it, from their wealth and influence, naturally fell into the higher ranks; so now, that property of other kinds is in existence to an immense amount, it is to be accounted as nothing, but the landed aristocracy are to be lords of all! This has been always Tory doctrine: the qualification for Members of Parliament was by them fixed so that none but landholders should sit as representatives, and this too at no very distant period from our day. This was done to keep in their own hands as much as possible political power, so that no consideration of talent or political knowledge, no amount of property unless in acres, should interfere with their monopoly. The qualification which now exists was made by the Tories in Queen Anne's time, and now they will tell us that it is part of their interpretation of the Constitution—of the conservative part. It is singular enough, that the principle of "conservation," around which they assume to rally, is never urged when any measure trenching upon the rights of the people is proposed. We hear a vast deal about this conservation, when corruption in one of the legislative bodies is to be attacked, but never when an arbitrary and unconstitutional Act of Parliament sweeps away what it may of public liberty, or extinguishes an ancient popular right. Lord Porchester said that war was making against property all over Europe, or words to that effect;—nothing can be more absurd. This kind of reasoning is not patriotic; it is selfishness at bottom. It is not the benefit of the nation that prompts it, but fear in the individual. The next argument was an answer to a remark made somewhere, that the older nobility were in favour of Reform. Perhaps we do not understand the meaning of the term

Peerage. We mean by that term the members of the House of Lords, one of the three estates of the Government, that hold certain privileges conferred upon it for that purpose, and among these privileges titles. A few families among our nobility are old, but these titles go for little in the bulk; and when we hear Percy, Rutland, and Warwick mentioned, as Lord Porchester quoted their names, we know very well that the Smithsons and Grevilles are not Percys, Nevilles, or Beauchamps, however estimable may be the noblemen who hold their titles now. On either side the argument goes for nothing, even were the descent unbroken. After Lord Porchester, Sir Edward Sugden rose, and talked of the "conservative interests" losing a number of representatives. We could wish to have heard these interests defined—perhaps he intended to say "preservative interests," and meant salt-mines; or did he mean sugar-warehouses? Sir Edward's arguments went to show that the mercantile and manufacturing "interests" would have a pretty equal share in the representation with the agricultural; and why not, we ask? Are not the wealthy merchants and manufacturers of England as wise, as honourable, as patriotic as the possessors of estates? There is no doubt they are, and, as a whole, a great deal more liberal and enlightened: in the inferior classes, the husbandman is very far indeed behind the mechanic. Another amusing point in Sir Edward's speech was his affectation of pity for the poor, who are to lose their forty-shilling freeholds. We suspect few of the poor are so happy as to possess one; and when there is no more bribery, they will cease to be profitable. Lord Mahon's speech, the next on the Opposition list, was full of strange premises and extraordinary conclusions, with a turn up of the nose at the "shop-keeping aristocracy" in the true style of arrogance, which the Prince of Puckler-Muskan so well designates, in his travels amongst us, as not less ridiculous than foolish. Lord Mahon's oration was, in fact, a tissue of false reasoning, misquotation, misapplication, and imbecility, rarely witnessed in or out of the House of Commons. We suspect his Lordship had taken up two or three works of history and law, and, finding what he imagined to be applicable to the Reform Bill, strung the extracts together with due gravity, and little regard to suitableness, in order to produce effect. Bad as the speech was, it was cheered by his party for its profundity: they felt the magnitude of his Lordship's mite in their cause.

Mr. Croker came next into the arena, and made one of his best speeches, precisely in that character in which he most excels. The Honourable Gentleman replied to no argument of his opponents,—there he would have broken down; but he spoke in that caustic, teasing mode, which is so difficult to meet; and yet, strip the speech of this quality, in which Mr. Croker's skill eminently lies, and it was little in point of reason. There was great cleverness in it, and nothing could be better adapted to annoy. It was a sort of musquito-like speech, troublesome, but not formidable. Mr. Croker's attacks were made upon petty points, which were selected because they were better adapted to his style of warfare than others of greater consequence, which demanded the exercise of sound logic and straight-

forward argument. The impolicy of meddling with these he felt to its fullest extent. He talked of plunder and massacre as sequels to the Bill, of which he himself does not believe a word. He quoted Hume most mischievously, and with as little regard to dates, on which the quotation turned, as he showed in print in his Boswell. This is singular for one of Mr. Croker's acuteness. His comparison of 1644 and 1835 was utterly unwise. A schoolboy too would see that circumstances could never be the same—that the comparison could not be sustained. France was again dished up for an anti-reformist's vituperation. Then Ministers were attacked for the riot at Bristol, or for any thing that the speaker could lay hold of: no matter whether the charge were well or ill founded, if it could be converted into a means of offence. Even the Duke of Wellington's house, with its blocked-up windows, though it had been alluded to in the House last session, and was a stale allusion, furnished a subject of this sort. It is, we agree with Mr. Croker, a disgrace to see the house of this great man so defaced; it is not the fault of Ministers however, as Mr. Croker would insinuate, but of Sir Robert Peel, who, in amending the Bill for suing the Hundred, left in the opinion of lawyers (only we believe) a loop-hole for escape. It should have been made a penal offence. We should be glad to know, if the wilfully breaking a pane of glass worth a guinea is not worse than picking a pocket of the same sum; because it is an act of violence, and the lives of the inmates of houses so disgracefully attacked are put in imminent jeopardy: but we are digressing. There was not a thing connected ever so remotely, no matter how trivial in weight, that Mr. Croker did not fling against the Administration. In short, his speech carried conviction of the soundness of his cause to none, for it was not reasoning, but declamation; yet it was one of the most ingenious pieces of sophistical oratory which we remember to have seen, even from Mr. Croker, and was every way worthy of him. Lord Althorp truly observed in reply, "that it touched upon every subject but the one before the House:" and quoted Clarendon, to show still more forcibly the utter worthlessness of Mr. Croker's quotations, upon the authority of that High Tory historian.

Sir Robert Inglis then arose, and, in his capacity we suppose of Member for a University, and therefore better qualified than any other individual for the purpose, eulogized Mr. Croker's speech, particularly on the ground of the Honourable Gentleman's *historical* knowledge, which Mr. Stanley shortly after so admirably dissected, and scattered to the winds. Mr. Croker in his speech, among other things, told Ministers that in the mob supporting them now, they did not see their "butchers;" that

> Pleased to the last, they cropp'd their flowery food,
> And lick'd the hand just raised to shed their blood!

Sir Robert seemed to imagine that the sweet lambs were the boroughs about to be offered up—those sinks of corruption, and that Ministers were to be the butchers. Sir Robert told us too, what we never before knew, that the Tories were the great upholders of the revolution by which the liberties of this country were fixed in the time of William III. He seems to have read history to some purpose in-

deed, after this assertion! We thought Sir Robert was prepared to go as far as Ultraism would go, but we did not expect this perversion of historical fact, and we hope he will spend a few hours in their University Library when he next visits his constituents. Sir Robert desired that the owners of Gatton and Sarum may be compensated for the right of doing wrong, because their pockets will suffer if corruption and seat-selling are abolished. We knew a member of the Commons House, now no more, who paid a Peer a thousand per annum to sit in Parliament, and took no further trouble about the matter, never seeing his constituents. Sir Robert, if that individual were alive, might urge to the Ministers "My Lord So-and-so gets a thousand a year from Mr. ——; he will lose this if there be a reform in Parliament; I therefore move that twenty thousand pounds be paid the Noble Lord as a compensation, which, at five per cent., will prevent his Lordship's being out of pocket by the Bill." Let us suppose this moved by Sir Robert, and seconded by Sir Charles Wetherell: it would not be inconsistent with Sir Robert's argument: and if so, we ask the country openly what it thinks of a principle so monstrous—whether it would thus compound political felony. Until recently, it was held a grave offence for a Peer to intermeddle with the election of Members of Parliament at all, though furtively peers did so intermeddle; but now we have a demand for compensation to borough-selling peers and commoners in the lump. A Bill is introduced into Parliament to put it out of the power of either Peer or Commoner to sell the legislative functions of the State to any body that will buy them, and because of this Bill they must have compensation! Why have the Oxford doctors, so learned as they must be in all human learning, not instructed their representative better—not advised him to skip points that so obviously tend to weaken his cause? One of the best arguments ever used by any individual against himself, is that which Sir Robert uses about the middle of his speech. He tells us that seat-sellers are entitled to compensation; he subsequently says that, taking away the right of voters is robbing them of their property, as Chief Justice Holt said an action could lie for the denial of that right; "for," observed Sir Robert, "lawyers say, property is that, for the denial of which an action may be maintained." Suppose a seat-seller to bring an action against a Member for the price of a seat in the House of Commons, who had not come down with the money as previously agreed upon, and see how a Judge would treat the case. Sir Robert's principle of compensation to seat-sellers of course implies, that an action may be maintained for the loss of the value of a couple of seats, worth three or four thousand pounds each. If not, they cannot be property: and how can Sir Robert urge that an impoverished country is bound to give compensation to him who does what is unlawful. Sir Robert may bring in a bill to compensate smugglers for breaches of laws of less importance to Englishmen, upon the self-same principle! Here Sir Robert touched upon the motives of one class of opponents to the Bill, —namely, the loss of a property which bought for the owner either post, place, pension, or hard specie, and which thus was a source of profit and of influence that the owner could obtain no other way. Alas! how many have thus obtained them under the anti-reform sys-

lem; who have made the offices they held mere mockeries of what they should have been—mere receptacles of inefficient holders,—parts in which titled and untitled inanity have been suffered to play their fooleries, to the nation's disgust and at the nation's expense!

The next speaker was Sir Charles Wetherell, who indulged in a tirade against the press, and spoke against time, as is his custom. He was abundantly amusing, and as far-fetched in his similes as ever; but he advanced nothing new. Sir Robert Peel spoke last. The Honourable Baronet seemed to be touched in a sore place by Mr. Macaulay's allusion to his changes of opinion on the Catholic and some other questions, and answered them somewhat too earnestly. Sir Robert must feel that his conduct in those acts is not forgotten by the country, nor the service he thereby rendered it. No one believes for a moment that he was moved by any unworthy purpose in changing his views as he did. Every honest man must be aware that in taking a different side, he was actuated by a political necessity, to which his private judgment was sacrificed. Sir Robert must feel too, that his opposition to reform is not ranked with the bitter animosity of the Ultra Tories, or the covert motives of others of its opponents; and he must see a kindly spirit and courtesy directed towards him throughout the country, which many of those who vote on his side neither receive nor merit. His language was probably stronger than he is accustomed to use, from feeling the attack thus made upon him. He wound up all by saying he should oppose the Bill to the last, for it would lead to future concessions, and be fatal to the authority of the House of Lords. This last confession we did not expect. The illegal influence of the House of Lords over the Commons House of Parliament must be here designated; and if so, the sooner it is destroyed the better. If the House of Lords cannot be content with its own measure of power, but must usurp an authority the Constitution never permitted over the other branches, the sooner it is put back within its own limits the better. There is no species of government so mischievous, so fundamentally bad, as that of a nation ruled by a body of nobles; and though the English nobility, as a body, may be and are the most enlightened nobility in the world, yet they live in a country where other individual subjects of the Crown are equal to them in knowledge, in wealth, and in all that constitutes the nobility of nature, as distinguished from that of title, with which our Peers are invested for purposes of state by the Constitution. The people cannot, and ought not, to consent to place extra power in the hands of the nobles, at the expense of the Crown and Commons. Their high rank in the state, their property, and their titles, will always give them that legitimate influence, and impart to them that respect, which reasonable men can desire; more than this the people of England will not concede them, and Sir Robert does not tell us how the will of the people is to be stayed. The bayonet will not do now, as it would have done twenty years ago. Laws will not do it, for they cannot be passed with a House of Commons, which acts, as it now does, in unison with public opinion. If the abuses of our excellent institutions, the usurpations of powerful individuals, and the system of bribery and corruption are to be upheld for the advantage of a few of the

aristocracy, and the disadvantage of the rest of the empire, Sir Robert must find out the mode by which it is to be done. He must see that his course of repression will bring revolution much sooner than reasonable concession. He must know that if a stand be made, for what his party calls "conservation," it can only be successful so far as it relates to what is just, and not to corruption and abuses of all sorts; and that by removing these, all sober-judging persons, all the middle classes of society, will make common cause against what is irrational, and give the Government a moral energy which it did not before possess, as well as any physical force needful for the preservation of law and order. The misfortune is, that too many people of high rank imagine they engross all the wisdom and patriotism of the country, and are for ever talking of the blindness and ignorance of the people, and the like nonsense; while the people are really in advance of them. Misery in other countries has arisen from this same error. Time opens the eyes of the wise, but it deepens the blindness of the fool, so that he cannot believe in earthly vicissitude. The political world is changing, and in proportion to the resistance made to its changes will be the prolongation of anarchy and domestic agitation. In the course of the evening Mr. Praed made a speech, which turned out a complete failure.

On the ministerial side the whole strength of the argument appeared. On the abstract question of reform, nothing new could be said. Mr. Macauley, Lord Althorp, Sir H. Willoughby, Mr. Slaney, Lord John Russell, but, above all, Mr. Stanley, were the striking speakers. Mr. Stanley on this occasion put forth an energy we never before saw him exhibit. He was highly eloquent, and displayed powers of a very superior order. He began by handling Mr. Praed's unfortunate speech in a very happy manner: he then proceeded to Mr. Croker's, which Sir C. Wetherell, in his unlucky zeal, complimented for its accuracy!—the last of the virtues which we imagine its own father would ascribe to it. Brilliant it was; but with truth it had about as much to do, as Sir C. Wetherell has with brevity. Mr. Croker speaks for effect, and it is as puzzling a thing for a man to be conscientious about accuracy when that is his aim, as for an accurate scrupulous orator to speak for and be eminent at effect. Mr. Stanley showed up Mr. Croker's superficial knowledge of, or intentionally misused quotations from, history, in a way that must have made even Mr. Croker blush at his disingenuousness, if blushing be not worn out in the Honourable Gentleman. Mr. Stanley triumphantly answered declamation with fact—hinted to Mr. Croker that a "little learning was a dangerous thing," and, opposing to him sound sense and solid argument, consigned to its well-merited fate the cobweb assumptions of the Opposition champion. Never was defeat more complete; never was the giant of his faction more humbled in the House, in presence of his assembled adherents: not that Mr. Croker will feel it one jot; he will play the same game again and again. He possesses that enviable disposition according to some, that obtuseness of sensibility, and that desire to sting, which sinks in itself all regard to consequences. On the next debate of moment we shall see him, nothing daunted, play the same game over again; and

if there be not one sound argument in his speech, it will be brilliant in effect, teasing to his opponents, and as destitute of historical knowledge, and disingenuous in error, as ever.

The House divided, however, in such a way as to leave the Tories more in despair than before. The majority above the minority was equal to the latter in strength. There were for the second reading, 324; against it, 162.—Majority, 162! We must do the ministry justice in asserting that they have in no way deceived the people of England on this question, and that they thus far deserve that confidence which the country has placed in them.

MEMORIALS OF OUR COLLEGE.—NO. II.

THE LOST STUDENT.

In presenting my readers with the following history, I am willing to be considered only as the arranger of its painful and melancholy passages: with the merit or demerit resulting from the authorship I have no concern. The reader will presently coincide with me, I have no doubt, in the propriety of my observation. The individual to whom the narrative refers was distinguished at the University some years since by a peculiar richness and vigour of genius, united to a wild and singular eccentricity of manner, which rendered him an object of speculation to the idle men of our college.

My intimacy with him commenced under circumstances to which I do not consider myself authorized in alluding more distinctly: but during the last few months of his residence at Merton we associated frequently, and I have many pleasant remembrances connected with our evening conversations. We parted in the expectation of meeting again at the October commencement.

My friend, however, never returned to Oxford, and I remained for a long period in ignorance of his fate. I knew little of his friends or condition of life; for upon these subjects he had always appeared desirous of keeping silence. I had indeed heard him allude to his parents in terms of the most enthusiastic affection, but from a motive of delicacy I desisted from pressing my inquiries. I employed the period between the day of my leaving college and the beginning of the next term in wandering among the most beautiful and sequestered valleys of Switzerland.

The October commencement found me settled once more in my quiet rooms at Merton, and reading incessantly for a first class. But in the midst of my studies, arduous and unremitting as they were, my thoughts frequently reverted to my beloved friend; and often, when I closed my books at night, worn out by the elaborate Research of Meursius, or the still more (to me) fatiguing intricacies of logic, I sighed for his eloquent and life-inspiring conversation.

Time went, and I also left the University. I had been fortunate enough to obtain a high degree, and my friends had been equally successful in procuring me a curacy. The parish, with whose religious interests I was entrusted, possessed few external charms to recommend it; it was situated in one of those lonely and wretchedly populated villages, thinly scattered over that part of Suffolk, known

by the name of the Woodlands. I preferred it, however, on this account. My parishioners consisted of poor agricultural labourers and their families; and, like many zealous, but inexperienced ministers, I congratulated myself on the wide field which lay open for the exertion of my religious energies. I was delighted with the prospect of benefiting my fellow-creatures, and began already to enumerate in my mind the sinners I should reclaim; the wavering I should confirm; and the pious I should establish. Enthusiasm has bold and piercing eyes which can penetrate through the mists and clouds encompassing the object of her wishes, but they rarely take notice of the gulphs and impediments which render its attainment so difficult. I may be thought to wander from the history, but these prefatory remarks are necessary to explain the manner in which I became acquainted with the succeeding narrative.

One of the most beneficial and, I should imagine, delightful duties of a Christian minister consists in the visitation of the sick and desolate; and I reflect with some self-approval, pardonable I trust, upon the alacrity with which I attended to any summons of this description.

It was on a dark and melancholy evening in November that I was startled by the abrupt entrance of my housekeeper, who informed me that a person had just arrived from the little village of Worlingworth with a note which he objected to deliver into any hands but mine. I was engaged at the moment in the composition of my sermon for the following Sunday, and felt somewhat annoyed at the interruption; but I could not refuse to see a person whose errand seemed of so urgent a nature, and I desired him to be admitted. The man gave me a note, evidently written and folded by a tremulous hand. I broke the wafer eagerly, for an indistinct recollection of the writing passed over my mind; but I cannot describe my surprise and horror when I glanced over the contents. It was from my long-lost friend, who, by a strange accident, for which I was unable to account, had been living within three miles of my parish during several days. I questioned the man in vain; he either did not, or would not, know any thing. I learnt from the note that my friend was lying in a miserable state of debility and destitution at a cottage in the neighbouring village of Worlingworth. He had only heard in the morning of my proximity to him, and lost not a moment in sending to me.

The night, I have said, was dismal in the extreme; but not having a horse, or conveyance of any kind, for my salary was very small, I set out immediately on foot. Mournful were the thoughts which came continually 'trooping up' in that miserable walk. Every scene of my college-life arose to my eyes with vivid individuality; and intimately connected with each was the remembrance of the sick student. Six years had elapsed since I last felt the pressure of his hand in the gateway at Merton, and how fearful a change had that comparatively brief season brought over his fortunes!

The road lay through narrow muddy lanes leading across a flat and dreary country, interspersed occasionally with a few mud hovels, not more wretched than their half-starved occupants.

It was nine o'clock when I reached the place of my friend's so-

journ. By the dim light of the lantern, which my companion carried, I succeeded in picking my way along a winding grass-covered path, leading to one of the most desolate cottages I had ever seen. I could not resist the impulse I felt to stand still for a moment and look around me. The darkness of the night was increased by a damp fog, which rendered it impossible to distinguish any object out of the small circle of faint shadow cast by the lantern.

The cottage stood alone, and at a considerable distance from any other dwelling; and when unbroken by the occasional barking of a watch-dog in a neighbouring farm-yard, or the rattle of far-off wheels along the road, running to the market-town, the silence was awful. Sickened by the contemplation of the scene before me, I walked up to the door, and gently lifted the latch.

The spectacle which presented itself to my notice I can never forget. The sick man lay upon a bed in the further corner of the room with his face turned to the wall, and evidently suffering intensely (for he groaned deeply) either in mind or body. My entrance had not disturbed him, and I lingered at the door to survey the place. The room was ten or twelve feet square; and, from the green patches of damp along the walls and cieling, appeared to have been uninhabited, at least by a family, for some time. The furniture, if I may apply the term, consisted of an arm-chair with the seat broken through, and an old deal table, on which was placed a rushlight inserted in the neck of a wine-bottle. The only culinary utensils I observed were one cup and saucer and a rusty tin saucepan. The bedstead, which had been originally a press, had its front legs broken, and was supported by a row of bricks and other rubbish. On the hearth a few embers were sending up an occasional glimmer, which almost immediately sunk down again into darkness.

I shuddered as I gazed upon this picture of misery, and, approaching the bed, I stooped over, and in a low voice whispered—"Sydney!" My voice seemed to blend with his meditations, for he continued muttering to himself, while his finger wandered listlessly over the glimmering wall—"Yes; I murdered her! I did not shed her blood, but I murdered them both!" Although gathering his words imperfectly, I felt alarmed at their import; and, placing my hand softly upon his arm, which he had folded over his eyes, I exclaimed, in a louder and somewhat agitated voice—"Sydney! Sydney!"

He turned immediately, and, uttering a loud shriek, closed his eyes in a sort of insensibility. Alone, and far removed from any neighbours, (for even my companion had departed soon after my entrance) I was in doubt what course to pursue. I determined, however, not to leave my friend; and, sitting down upon the bed, I took his hand in mine, and waited for his revival with painful anxiety. As I looked upon his pale and emaciated features, I sought in vain for that beautiful expression of peace and piety which was wont to communicate such a charm to his countenance. His eyes were sunken, his cheeks furrowed and contracted, and his lips white and attenuated. I mused in uncertainty upon the causes of his calamity. In a few minutes he unclosed his eyes, and, looking up into my face, said, in almost inarticulate whispers, "Seymour!—what? Seymour!" The tone with which he pronounced these words, and the expression of

face which accompanied them, were so pathetic, that I could not restrain my feelings, and we wept together.

I was the first to recover my self-possession, and I attempted to administer consolation to him, but with little success. I proposed going to the village in order to procure some conveyance to carry him to my own residence, but he objected to my leaving his side for an instant, and I saw no alternative but sitting up with him all the night. With some difficulty I was able to make a better fire from a bundle of sticks heaped up in a corner of the apartment; and, after having reiterated my offers to procure him some food, which he obstinately refused, I sat down by the bed in silence. He told me that he had heard my name mentioned in the morning as the curate of A——, and proceeded to question me of my prospects. I was delighted at his sudden tranquillity, and endeavoured to lead him into some explanation of the extraordinary events which had led to his departure from the University, and, finally, to the deplorable condition in which I found him. But I soon wished that I had not alluded to the subject, for his agony of mind appeared instantly to return. He seemed to be shaken by the agency of some terrible passion—"Yes, you shall know all," he cried; "I had intended to have kept the secret until the hour of my death was certain, but you shall know all."

It was of no use that I protested my sorrow at having given him pain, and beseeched him not to unfold any passages of his life which might have been attended with misery. "Hear me, Seymour!" he replied, "but hear me to the end before you hate me!" I soon became intently interested in his relation, which, though broken into fragments by the rapidity of his utterance, and frequently interrupted by the sufferings of his body, came from his lips with a startling truth, which thrilled through my bosom. I shall give it exactly as it was delivered, premising that in every place I have scrupulously adopted the words of the narrator.

"I am only twenty-two years old," he commenced abruptly, "and am already worn out in mind and exhausted in body—a living corpse, with just vitality enough to feel my own loathsomeness. I am without hope in this world: may the tears of bitter and unceasing penitence purify my spirit for a future! If ever a creature laid waste a beautiful and prosperous life—if ever he cast the cup of blessing, administered by a merciful Providence, in madness from his lips—I am that man! I was not born to riches; my father was a clergyman, whose moral excellence amply compensated the want of any decided genius or elaborate erudition. My mother was distinguished by a bolder and more vigorous intellect than my father, who sought to amuse himself in the improvements of his parish and the conversation of his neighbours, rather than in the golden sophistries of Aristotle or the beautifully-compacted eloquence of Barrow. Oxford was not, what it is now, some thirty or forty years ago; the examinations were more facile, and the course of study less difficult and intricate. Whether or not the change may have been for the better, I leave to be determined by others.

"We resided in the parsonage, an old yet not uninteresting building of the 17th century; but to me its principal charm was derived from the extensive park and plantations of Lord ——, which com-

municated with our garden, and in which I had permission to walk. I had not then attained to that philosophy which teaches us that happiness is independent of time or place, of gorgeous dwellings or picturesque scenery, but is, in truth, generated in our own minds, and nurtured by our virtues, or blighted by our passions. I have since found that a community of hearts, united by a bond of mutual love and amity, will be happy, and even cheerful, in the poorest hovel, and under the pressure of the most afflicting deprivations. I can remember now, with a painful accuracy, the quiet serenity with which my mother and I partook of our scanty meal, in a dismal garret in one of the wretched streeets in the east of London, at times forgetful of the poverty around us, and the beggary and desolation before us. Alas! I am digressing. I delighted to wander among the solemn shadowing and majestic woods of our noble neighbour. Sometimes I took my rod with me, for I had liberty to fish in the ponds; but loving the amusement principally for its still, meditative character, I soon relinquished my occupation, and, lying down amid the green grass, surrendered up my heart to those dreams of loneliness which were my constant companions. To you, Seymour, this minute delineation of my boyish amusements may appear tedious and trifling; but feeling as I do that the child is the father of the man, in a more extended sense than the poet meant, I dwell upon every incident and sensation of those days with undying interest. To that love of solitude, strange as it may seem to you, I attribute the future misery of my life. My history will unfold this mystery.

"From my earliest infancy I was remarkable for my partiality to intellectual pursuits. The feelings of a child may be of little value in themselves, but they form an index to the precious pages of the book of life. I was never more happy than when sitting on my stool at my mother's feet, and listening with upturned eyes to some wonderful adventures or pathetic history. I used to rise at the turning over of every leaf, and count the number of pages remaining. My mother cherished these sentiments in me, and bore all my capricious irritability (for, even as a child, the dawnings of passions, afterwards so terrible in their effects, were visible) with a gentle tenderness that won my affection. It is one thing to view parents as parents only, and another to delight in them as friends and companions. I honoured my father, but I loved my mother!"

In uttering the last words, Sydney's voice had been gradually sinking lower and lower, until it subsided into a deep and passionate whisper. In a few minutes he resumed his narrative, speaking in a tone which had something scarcely human in its chilling serenity. "Yes, Seymour! I loved my mother! in all the temptations into which my passions led me, in all the dark and accursed labyrinths of vice and depravity in which they bewildered me, in the drunkenness which the Circe-wine of gratified lust poured over my inmost soul—yea, in all this I loved my mother! When I suffered her letters, glowing with the most exalted and disinterested tenderness, to remain unanswered, and lavished, in the delighting of my senses, the money which should have procured for her the common necessaries of life—even then, Seymour, I loved my mother! She was with me at all times, and beside me in all places. You will say that this was impossible; I tell you it is the fact."

He paused for an instant, but immediately continued, passing rapidly to his college-life. "You recollect, Seymour, that at Oxford, I was especially fond of the most abstract mysteries of metaphysics: while you sought to inhale the rich fragrance breathing ever fresh from the divine works of our older poets, I delighted to lose myself in the speculations of Hobbes, or to build up a theory of immortal excellence upon the everlasting pillars of Newton's philosophy. Even then I loved to lay bare the thousand delicate nerves of the human mind, and examine their workings and trace out their effects. I brought nature individualized before me in a single person; I so beheld him the eternal plaything of his own self-love, a reasoning and thinking animal, yet acting as if endowed with neither; always perfecting himself, yet never perfect; an automaton and a genius, a hero and a monster, the pride and ignominy of creation; I looked out upon men and upon their actions, and I scorned them; I looked into my own heart, and I hated them! I know not why I dwell on these things now, unless it be that I dread opening afresh those gashes in my memory which death alone can heal for ever! To me indeed, whose days are numbered, the pomp and magnificence of this world seem to pass along like a procession of shadows. The season is gone by when I dwelt in the Tabernacle which the spirit of beauty hath prepared for her devout worshippers. The victim of superstition digs a sepulchre for his body, and passes his life contemplating it; but I, by a kind of terrible moral Trappism, have dug a grave for my soul—for my understanding—for my intellects! I am like an orphan who has followed father and mother, and sister and brother, to the tomb, and stands alone! alone! in the midst of life. You remember that sublime Indian tradition, which tells of cities, with gates of agate and walls of carbuncle, being transmuted suddenly into mouldering and worthless clay. A change equally terrible has passed over me. All the golden cities of the spirit, those structures of beauty and glory, which my imagination—that magic architect—delighted to build up in the morning of her strength, are turned to dust, and are become altogether desolate. My memory is growing weaker every day. I rise up in the morning with a fainter impression of the events of the past night. Like the sufferer in the plague at Athens, whose terrible portrait by Thucydides made me tremble, I have awoke from the dreams of vice—that pestilence of the heart—with a numbness of feeling and an idiotcy of mind. The poor wretch, who had recovered from the sickness, wandered forth into the streets, and could not recognise the familiar faces of his father or mother:[1] I wake up in the morning, parched with fever and scarcely able to stand, through excessive debility, and I have forgot my own thoughts of the night preceding! Oh! my God! if, in my days of purity and innocence, when thy 'secret was upon my tabernacle' and thy sacred influence upon my lips, I ever offered up a holy prayer at thy shrine, or breathed a fervent gratitude for thy mercies vouchsafed unto me—look down upon me, O blessed Father, and take thine erring and wandering child to thy bosom, before I become altogether worn out and despised of men."

[1] My friend alluded to that powerful passage in the history of the Athenian plague, which describes the persons who recovered as afflicted with a perfect loss of memory. The child is said not to have recollected its own father.

I think I never beheld so affecting a spectacle as Sydney presented: he had thrown himself on his knees, his thin skeleton hands were rigidly clasped together in the attitude of supplication, and his eyes turned upwards with fearful fixedness. I had not had an opportunity before of noting the alterations which sorrow or disease had wrought in his once vigorous and manly frame. But now I saw it all, he was almost faded to a shadow. I gazed upon him, until every gleeful hour we had passed together, and all our sweet interchanges of affection, came back upon my heart; and I buried my face in my hands to conceal the tears that came thickly into my eyes. When I looked up, he still remained in the same posture; but I discovered with joy that the cup of agony was passing away from him, for a gentle and balmy expression, something like that of his early days, began to spread over his countenance, and he sank back on his pillow with a faint cry.

I wrapped the clothes around him, and, folding myself in my cloak, for the fire was quite out, and the night grew more chilly as it grew later, I prepared to pass the dreary hours until morning. Sydney slept sweetly; and if it had not been for an occasional start and heaviness of breathing, I might have imagined that his malady had departed. I tried to compose myself to slumber, but in vain; if I fell asleep for a moment, I was almost instantly aroused by the dreadful gulfs or precipices which a troubled fancy brought before me. At length I relinquished the attempt; and, drawing the rush-light nearer to me, I took from my pocket a copy of the Orestes of Euripides, to which I have always been very partial, and soon forgot my own sorrows in those of the Grecian Orphans. I was lingering over the touching picture of Electra sitting by her sick brother's bed —that most pathetic scene in the Grecian drama,—when I was suddenly startled by a shriek from Sydney. I turned round, but he seemed to be in a dream; in a moment he shrieked again, and sprang up in the bed with a convulsive energy. I threw my arms around his neck and endeavoured to restrain him, but it seemed only to add to his terror, for he exclaimed, with fearful vehemence, as he wrestled in my arms, "Away there! away! you are Satan, and you press upon me thus that you may crush down my soul to Tartarus!" I still strove to hold him, but he shook me from him as a giant would cast away a cedar-bough: I watched his actions with horror, not altogether unmingled with apprehensions for my own safety. As he sat upright in the bed, his long black hair scattered back from his wild and glaring eyes, and his lips covered with foam, I could not but compare him to Orestes tormented by the Furies, when the poet represents him dashing his fond and watching sister from his bed, and leaping out to rush upon the avenging spirits. Seeing the violence of the paroxysm gradually abating, I again approached the bed: Sydney stretched out his hand to me; it was damp and cold as death. "Come nearer to me, Seymour." I went close to the bed; and, laying his head upon my shoulder, he said, "I have had such a dream! Seymour, I have seen my mother, and she ——," but here his voice faltered; and while I supported his head on one arm, and smoothed his pillow with the other, he relapsed into a tranquil sleep, which lasted until the morning.

At the earliest dawn I hastened to the nearest farm-house, and

was successful in procuring a gig to convey my friend to my own dwelling. We set out about nine o'clock; but so lamentably great was his weakness, that we were obliged to halt frequently in order to recruit his strength. I was delighted when the spire of my own little church rose up over the well-known lime-trees; I sent a boy on to desire that my own chamber might be prepared for the reception of Sydney, and I felt as if a burden had been removed from me when I beheld him lying on my own bed, and saw the kind and active charity of my good housekeeper exerted in his behalf. Poor Mary Lawrence! thou art gone to thy last home, and the grass is flourishing upon thy grave in the burial-ground of A——; but a heart more open to melting charity, or more pure and lowly in its desires, never returned to the God who gave it! I feel pleasure in the reflection that I resided at A—— long enough to close thine eyes in their last sleep, and to erect a humble memorial of thy virtue.

For some days Sydney continued in a state of much suffering. I lost no time in sending to a physician who lived at the neighbouring town, and of whose talents and experience I had a high opinion. Sydney entertained an unconquerable aversion to the presence of a medical man, and it was without his knowledge that I applied to Dr. L——. He rode over the same evening, and after a few minutes' conversation I introduced him into the apartment of the sick patient. Sydney was reading the 'Holy Dying,' of Jeremy Taylor, a writer of whom he was enthusiastically fond, when we entered, and seemed alarmed at the sight of a stranger. But Dr. L—— had none of the austerity which commonly distinguishes his profession. He was not only a man of talent, but a Christian. He sat down by the bed-side; and, taking Sydney's hand in his, inquired with much feeling into the nature of his symptoms. I know nothing more distressing to the sufferer or his friends than an analytical history, if I may so speak, of every pain and sensation. I shall leave their description to the incidental allusions made to them by the mourner himself in the following pages. Sydney's complaint was evidently dorsal consumption in its most malignant and afflicting character. I watched the countenance of Dr. L—— with intent earnestness, as he listened in silence to Sydney's account of his feelings; and I had come to the conclusion long before I heard it from his own lips, that my friend's sojourn would not be long on this earth. "You may give him any thing he likes," said the doctor, in reply to a question respecting his diet; "the powers of medicine can effect nothing in his favour. I will, however, prescribe something which may serve to cheer his spirits a little; but the physician who can alone aid him in this hour of nature's sorrow," continued Dr. L——, deeply affected, "is our Saviour Jesus Christ." I bowed my head in submission to the will of heaven, and, having exacted a promise from Dr. L—— that he would visit my sick friend as often as his numerous avocations admitted, I bid him farewell, and returned to Sydney's chamber. "It was kind of you," he said, as I entered the room, "to procure a physician for me, but it is in vain to lull me with idle hopes of recovery, for I know too well by these tokens (placing his hands on each side of his head which throbbed with a burning pain) that I cannot live long: but before I die," he continued, speaking with perfect self-possession, I would explain to you one or two of the causes which have brought

me to my present condition. I have struggled with my pride, and I flatter myself I have obtained the mastery. When we are within a few hours journey of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, it behoves us to put off the purple garments and to unbind the garland from our head, like guests who have departed from a costly banquet, and are preparing to lie down and take their rest!

I was afraid of a recurrence of the melancholy scenes, which had stamped the night I passed in the cottage for ever in my memory, and I entreated him to defer his narrative until he had gained strength. He shook his head at my efforts of consolation. "No, Seymour, I feel my self equal to the task I have undertaken, and I look upon its fulfilment as a sacred duty. Listen to me with attention; and when you behold any young and enthusiastic person lingering for a moment beside the fragile partition which divides virtue from vice, warn him, as he would hope to escape the punishment which dieth not, and the fire which is never quenched, to flee from the place as from the sweeping wings of the blast of the desert. By hesitating only for an instant, I have become the murderer of myself and my mother!

"When I wished you farewell in the gateway at Merton, I little imagined that so many years would intervene between our separation and re-union. I had taken my place, by the Telegraph, the next morning, and reached London in time for the Norwich mail, which passed within six or seven miles of my father's house. I had written home announcing my departure from Oxford; and when the mail drove up to the solitary inn at Ingatstrie, I found an old servant waiting for me with the pony-chaise. The old familiar faces, however poor or humble, were in my eyes always interesting; and the miles glided rapidly away as I inquired of old John after the health of my father and mother, and the events which had composed our village history since my last visit.

"I have never known any pleasure without its shadow. In the present instance, my joy was considerably lessened by the information that my father's health had been for some time in a declining state. "His strength is going, Sir," said the old man, and he rubbed a tear from his cheek as he spoke.—"Master, you know, Sir, was always walking about in the fields, and breathing the blessed air; but now he does not go out for days together. At our last harvest-home, he left us before the second song was ended." My faithful companion would have continued his discourse much longer, but I urged the mare forward, and, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, I drove up the road to the parsonage. My father and mother had heard the sound of the wheels at the end of the lane, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were at the gate to meet me. You, my dear Seymour, are blessed with affectionate parents, and can readily enter into the feelings of my heart, as I felt myself alternately folded in their arms. My mother parted the hair on my forehead, and discovered a fresher colour in my cheek; and my father put his hand on my shoulder, and congratulated me on the increased width of my chest, and the greater dignity of my bearing. Several minutes elapsed before I noticed the change in my father's appearance: he was much thinner and feebler than when I saw him last, and I traced a melancholy in his manner, which even the pleasure he

derived from my visit failed to remove. He rapidly became worse, and in less than a week I was sitting by his bed, reading passages from the books, few but excellent, which formed the course of his study. I will not detain you with a series of bulletins. Suffice it to say, that my beloved parent was taken away, before his son, in whom he had treasured up all his hopes, could bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The flowers were blooming peacefully on his tomb, while my mother's heart was breaking through my cruelty and licentiousness.

"My father's death was characterised by no particular suffering; it resembled the placid slumber of a weary man, rather than the parting of an immortal soul. On the evening of his decease, I was in the room alone; my mother had lain down to take some rest, for she had not closed her eyes during four nights; so unremitting had been her watchfulness. I sat by the bed, leaning my head upon the pillow, and listening anxiously to my father's thick and interrupted breathing. I know not if he had been sleeping, for he lay with his face towards the opposite wall; suddenly he turned round, saying, in a faint voice, "Harry, I am dying!" I shook with agony.—"Oh, say not so, my father," I cried, "there is hope yet!" and, throwing my arms around his neck, I buried my face in his bosom. He placed his trembling hand upon my head, and I felt that he was shedding tears. I wished to call my mother, but he objected:—"Let her sleep!" For a few minutes he was silent, but I heard him muttering some prayer for the happiness of my mother and myself; at length he said, "Give me thy hand, my son." I gave it him, and, pressing it gently, he continued, in the words of Lady Russell, for whom he entertained a deep veneration,—"Live virtuously, my dear boy, and you cannot live too long, or die too soon!" These were the last words he spoke: I found the pressure of his hand growing fainter and fainter, but several minutes had elapsed before I discovered that his blessed spirit had returned to the bosom of his Creator.

"Oh Seymour! how a Christian dies! it seemed as if my father's tree of life had been softly shaken, and the dry and faded leaves fell from the branches almost inaudibly!"

Sydney had hitherto proceeded in his narration in a clear though slightly tremulous tone, but now his voice faltered; I also suffered acutely, for there was a simplicity and earnest reality in his manner that went directly to the heart. I know not if the reader, who is perhaps accustomed to the exaggerated and melodramatic pictures of modern fiction, may feel a like interest; at any rate I will not seek to add any thing by ornaments of my own.

Sydney soon recovered himself. "Ten days after this melancholy event I followed my father's body to the grave. The church was not distant more than a hundred yards from the parsonage. Most of the churches in Suffolk, as you are aware, are remarkable for their solemn beauty; our church was more particularly distinguished by the exquisite scenery by which it is surrounded. You must have frequently felt that wonderful sensation communicated to the mind, by the pleasant aspect and gleeful sounds of a summer evening, when contrasted with the mournful solitude of a funeral procession. The clock was striking six as we entered the burial-ground. I had declined the offers of the neighbouring gentry to attend the funeral, for

I detest the fashion which would *bow* a man into his sepulchre; and my mother was confined to her bed. I followed the coffin, therefore, alone, and as I felt my feet sink into the rich turf, full of flowers, and beheld the shadow cast by the pall upon the grass, and heard the bees humming their warm and sleepy music, amid the wild flowers upon the tombs, my heart sunk down within me! The sound of the little gate of the church-yard, closing behind me as I passed through, sent a coldness over my breast. It would not close behind *him* any more! By the time we reached the church all the inhabitants of our village were collected round the porch, and the greater number entered the church with us.

When we came out and gathered in a circle about the grave, I believe there was not a dry eye present. Two orphan children, brother and sister, for whom my father had provided, crept up noiselessly to my side, and stood, hand in hand, silently gazing, while they threw down the sweet field-flowers which they had heaped into their frocks. You will wonder at my minute relation of these things, but they lead me back to that terrible period of my life, when I became at the same instant a sacrilegist and a matricide; the scoffer of God, and the murderer of my mother! Now, mark me, Seymour! my hour was come! Amid the group of villagers, either led by affection or curiosity to witness the mournful spectacle, my eye inadvertently fell upon a young and lovely girl, who, with a most tender and beautiful patience, supported upon her arm an aged and infirm woman, who appeared particularly desirous to take one farewell glance at the coffin, before it should be lowered into the earth. I remembered the countenance of the old woman, although I was ignorant of her name, and I suffered her to approach the grave. The girl touched me accidentally as she leaned over to look into the tomb. Seymour, Seymour! that moment the hand of guilt passed over my soul! The clergyman was in the act of pronouncing those awful words—Ashes to ashes; dust to dust;—I held the lump of clay in my hand—and I turned aside to look at the girl! A horrible and fiend-like feeling had taken possession of my mind! I shuddered with terror; I could have flung myself into the open grave before me, and have perished with my father; but the gigantic arms of an unearthly passion seemed to close around me; and my religion—my virtue—even my intellect, bent beneath them, like a palm-tree before the hurricane of the desert.

"You shrink from the recital! But hear me out! We used to amuse ourselves at Oxford with comparing the various systems of philosophy; the lucid purity and religious morality of Socrates; the perplexing and scientific sophistry of Aristotle; the sweet and beautiful mysticism of Plato; out upon them all! They define virtue unto us until we are acquainted with every lineament, and are conversant with every feature. 'Virtue,' says Aristotle, 'is a natural impulse towards good actions, transformed by prudence into a habit.' 'Virtue,' affirms Plato, 'proceeds entirely from God.' 'I will prove reason to be virtue,' swears Diogenes. They all give us a theory; but where is the practice? They weave a veil of golden tissue before our eyes, but the first breath of passion shakes it to the winds of heaven.——"

Sydney paused for an instant, and continued, in a voice of peculiar solemnity,—"Seymour! if the poison of the hydra had been infused into my veins, the infection of all the healthy energies of the mind could not have been more rapid. I resembled the prince in Arabian fable—half marble and half man. Even the power of volition was paralyzed; I did not yield without an effort; I struggled as one who fighteth for more than life: but I grew weaker and weaker every moment, while the demon of lust towered higher and higher, until I felt its mighty shadow enfolding me on every side. If I were to print these passages in my life, many persons would object to my style as over-wrought. Alas! how can one who carelessly turns over the leaves of a history in the solitude of a warm and luxurious library, with his thoughts undisturbed, and his evil appetites unawakened; how can such a person, I say, appreciate the feelings of a man shaken in the hurricane of a terrible passion, and beholding with affrighted eye every bulwark, with which he had surrounded the virtuous principles of his mind, beaten down beneath the rush of newborn hopes and desires, which pour in upon him like a torrent? Therefore, it is, that the cry is raised against one man for portraying the heart too darkly, and against another for describing its impulses too violently. If the innermost wishes of our bosom could all be disclosed, even among the reputed good, what words could we find to express their wickedness, and what colours to body out their deformity?

"Seymour! our passions are like gladiators; two cannot exist together: with me the love of my father had been a passion, but it sunk before the fury of one more powerful,—and I walked out from the burial-ground of A—— an altered man. All the lineaments of the spiritual man were blasted, as by the withering and poisonous influences of a destroying plague. I have read of children who could not recognize the faces of their own parents an hour after death, so fearfully had the pestilence worked in their features; but I called to mind the thoughts of my own heart, not an hour ago, and they were strangers to me. But the closing scene of my misery and crime was to come: I had only entered the threshold of the demon's temple; I was to become an ardent worshipper at the shrine.

"Oh! my friend, how differently the golden balmy light of the summer eve and the soft and blessed breathing of nature felt unto me! I looked on the green leaves, and the hedge-flowers, and the scenes around me, with eyes hot—not with tears! I seemed to stand in a lazar-house. The bird sang in the twilight of its grassy nest; yesterday I should have stopped and listened to it, or watched the sun-gleam tipping with light the modest daisy hanging over it. Now I hated it altogether. You are pure, Seymour, you are innocent; guard against the first temptation which may solicit you. When an evil thought has once entered into the sanctuary of the soul, the fire upon the altar will soon be extinguished, for the vestals of the spirit will depart and return no more! As I entered the garden of our parsonage, and beheld the windows closed, my heart went back to the funeral of my father—but the woman stood by my side!

(To be continued.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A TALE OF AN OLD HIGHLANDER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN I was a shepherd at Willenslee, there came to that place in the summer of 1789 a little old Highlander, whose name was Alexander Stewart, but who had all his life been distinguished by the name of Boig, from his father's farm. He remained with us all summer and harvest, and I think I never was so sorry at parting with a neighbour servant of the same sex before. He was what the rest of the servants called "a shrewd sensible body;" indeed far—far above the people of that rank in Scotland. He had served both in America and at Gibraltar, and told me wonderful stories of both. The rest of the servants accounted all these stories lies; but not so with me; I swallowed them all as genuine truth; and if they were not so, they certainly told very like truth.

"How did you come to lose all your fore-teeth, Boig?" said I to him one day, as we were reaping together. He instantly laid his sickle on his shoulder, put a hand to each side, felt his mouth with his fore-finger, and said, "Why, boy, I lost them at Gibraltar by a very singular accident. You see, I was stationed at a cannon on the countermure, and by there comes a Spanish twenty-six pounder, with such a d— whizz, that the very wind of it threw me twenty yards to the left-about away from the battlement, where, falling on the pavement, I knocked out the whole of my teeth as you see."

"How did you come to know the weight of the ball so exactly, Boig?"

"Why, because I weighed it."

"Weighed it! How did you catch it going at such a rate?"

"O! bless your soul, boy, it struck the rock right behind my station, and killed two men in rebounding, and so, he having proved such an extraordinary fellow, we weighed him. We gathered up their balls as thick as peas and groats, and returned them again with interest."

But the story which I set out with a design of telling was one which I made him tell several times over, and which he did with no variation that I could mark. He was witness to all the transactions himself, as far as a livery-servant could be witness to them, and these often know more of the secrets and concerns of a family, than their most intimate acquaintances do. I cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, having no authority for it but Boig's words; it is therefore with diffidence that I mention the names and titles of the actors;

but without doing so I cannot tell the story at all, which I shall give in very nearly his own words. I cannot conceive who Lady Livingston was; the rest of the names will answer for themselves if such men really were—for I do not know.

"I was chief servant with old Lady Livingston in Edinburgh for many years, and was frequently trusted by gentlemen with messages and letters to her neice Barbara Stewart, by far the greatest beauty of her day. She was held up beside as a great fortune; but as to that I can say nothing. She was heiress to her aunt, that is certain,—and I believe to some trifling estates about Perthshire. However, she had plenty of suitors, for I believe there was not a young nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom who ever saw her face, that did not fall in love with her. It seemed to be the fashion of the day to be in love with Barbara; and to be seen with her in public was sufficient to introduce a young man into genteel society. Those were grand days for me, for I took bribes from everybody and served nobody. Lady Livingston was strict and severe on the beauty, consequently there were private appointments to make, and billet-doux without end to deliver, by which I was the only profiter beside my young mistress, to whom presents poured in of the richest value.

"As far as I could judge of Miss Stewart, she was exceedingly volatile and gallantish. She loved to dash about with handsome young gentlemen, and with noblemen in particular; and whether or not she meant to give them all encouragement I cannot tell, but it was manifest that the greater part of them thought they were encouraged, and persevered in their attentions.

"But of all the suitors, Captain James Drummond, son to the Earl of Melford, was the favourite with Lady Livingston. Her high notions of noble descent, ancient and dignified lineage, with prospects of future greatness, secured her interest in his favour; and she ceased not teasing her niece early and late about the Captain's high qualities. Barbara had nothing to say against them. She seemed quite indifferent, and liked him just as well as any other, answering her aunt with some general remark, as, 'Indeed! is he so very accomplished?—Well, I declare I should hardly have discovered it, if you had not told me. Thank you, my dear aunt;' or, 'Well, I believe it. How can I do otherwise, when my dear aunt tells me so? The young soldier is good enough, without doubt, to those who love him; and too good for those who love him and cannot get him! Heigh-ho!'

"'Well, Baby, my dear, I have no wish to force your inclinations; but I have more nieces than you, that is some comfort, you know; and if you are determined to live and die an old maid—'

"'O! shocking!' screamed Barbara, 'I live and die an old maid? I declare I shall faint!—O! Dear aunt, what thought of me brought such a horrid expression into your mouth? He—he—he! Live and die—an old maid! O! (*a shriek.*) Boig, I beseech you, go with my compliments to Captain Drummond, and desire him to come here on the instant.—What do you laugh at, you impertinent dog?'

"'I beg your pardon, Miss Barbara,' said I, 'I have been guilty of a great breach of good manners, but on my soul I could not help

it. Your terrible hurry in sending for Captain Drummond—are you quite serious?'

"'Yes, perfectly serious. Tell him that I have something very serious to say to him, and my aunt has something very particular to say to him.'

"'But are you quite sure, madam, that I shall get into the castle at this late hour? or, that if I were to get in, that it is probable he will get out?'

"'He can come over the wall, you know. You can let him down by a rope. Be sure to take a good long strong rope with you: for he must come, that's flat. My aunt has given me such a fright, that I shall not get out of it again till I am married. Go instantly, for I wish to see the Captain first, who is so agreeable to my aunt; for the first man that pops the question to me now, I'll chap him—that I will.'

"'Was there ever such a madcap?' exclaimed Lady Livingston, holding up her hands. 'Take away these things, Boig, and go to your bed. Does the buoyant jilt suppose that she is to make fools of herself and me? I'll teach her otherwise! Whatever is done under my roof shall be done decently and in order. What! send for a young officer express after supper?—The girl 's distracted!—moon-struck!'

"Barbara was evidently enjoying her freak and her aunt's loss of temper; for, as I was retiring, she cast to me a look so languishing, and at the same time so sly, that I was speeding out at the door for fear of again bursting forth in laughter. But she called me back, and, continuing the same expression of countenance, said, 'Boig,—I say, Boig.—Hem! Pray have *you* ever thought of marrying?'

"This was said in a manner conveying the insinuation that in her forlorn circumstances she would willingly marry me that very night. The old lady sprang to her feet in a great rage, or rather consternation, thinking her darling niece seized by a fit of lunacy. I clashed the door close behind me, and fled, actually perspiring with suppressed laughter. It is nothing to tell the story, but had you seen it acted, as I did, it was exquisite.

"The next day Captain Drummond came; whether sent for or not, I cannot tell. I suspect that he was, for one of the girls brought in a caddie after breakfast. He remained with the ladies all the forenoon, and they were denied to every one else. I was only once in with a chicken and some wine, and shall never forget the scene. There was my lady sitting with all the importance of a great diplomatist, turning her benevolent looks on the 'honourable Captain,' as she always styled him. There was Barbara, with looks as demure as a devotee's, and as innocent as a lamb; but well could I see the lurking mischief in them, and that she was playing the devil with Captain Drummond's heart, misleading him in the most serious concern of life, and actually doing all that she could to make a fool of him, while at the same time he was gazing on her with a fondness which I never saw equalled.

"I don't know what passed that day: I would have given any thing in life to have heard, but could not. I rather suppose that the minx was carrying on the same lesson as the evening before, and was all complaisance and condescension. Certain it is, the match was

concluded that day, for so it afterwards appeared; at least that Captain Drummond supposed the match concluded: that there was another supposed no such thing I was quite convinced. I knew her well! A finer form or lovelier, sure I never beheld; but there was a piquancy and sly restless mischievousness in her disposition quite peculiar. She flaunted and dashed on as usual without the least difference, and with much less restraint from her old aunt, who was pleased with her darling's complaisance. And, moreover, the division of the 42nd regiment then in the Castle was ordered into Sussex to join the rest of the regiment, so that Captain Drummond was separated from his adored Miss Stewart for an indefinite space of time. It made no difference with Barbara. On she went receiving new lovers almost every day, and treating them even more kindly than before.

"The principal lover now was Mr. John Lion, likewise a sprig of nobility; a great puppy, very handsome, proud, and overbearing, and rather kept other lovers aloof by his boldness and importance than tried to make an impression on the lady's heart by kindness and condescension. Whether she really ever cherished a thought of marrying this young man or not, it is impossible to say, for no living man could calculate on her motives from her actions. Perhaps she did; for the greatest coquette keeps an eye forward to marriage as the *ne plus ultra* of gallantry. She gave him at this time decidedly the preference to all others, of which he made a very haughty use, pushing himself between her and other gallants without ceremony, saying only saying, "Begging your pardon, Sir," or something to the same purpose.

"Matters were in this state, when there arrived from London an Honourable Mr. John Drummond, who brought several letters of introduction from noble jacobite families there, and, among others, one to Lady Livingston, stating that he was only son to the late Edward Drummond, Duke of Perth, and the lineal heir of the great Perth estates, on the removal of the forfeitures, which was then under consideration. The young man was in consequence of this greatly caressed, and by none more than by Lady Livingston, who all but worshipped him. He had been born and bred in France, and was a thorough Frenchman — all flattery, wit, and good-humour, and the very man for Barbara Stewart."

Here my description falls far short of the original story-seller, for he had all the Frenchman's motions, his bows, his capers, and his wit, which was ten times more diverting in his broken English and French mixed. I used to laugh immoderately at Boig's exhibition of the Duke of Perth; his good-humour with the young lady, and his flattery of the old one. It must have been exquisite!

"Well, truth to say, he was at once the adopted sweetheart; for to see Barbara Stewart was to be in love with her; and this great heir to the Perth estate being taken captive at once, plied his flattery, his bows, and his fantastic motions, with so good an effect, that Barbara Stewart actually was won, to the great delight of Lady Livingston, who thought no more of Captain Drummond, Highland cousin to the new wooer; but acquiesced most liberally in his proposals.

'But then Mr. Lion had gained a real or supposed footing, and his

pride and contumacy were not likely to be easily overborne. Of this Mr. Drummond knew nothing, but gallanted his beloved openly, to the great despite of many a love-lorn youth. They visited together many of the old jacobite families; and at Lord Rollo's fell in with Lion, who evidently laid himself out to insult the new favourite, and even condescended to the meanness of addressing him by the title of the Duck de Pert. Drummond, however, put off every thing with some reply that set the whole party in a roar of laughter: he held up his hands, straddled with his knees, turned up the whites of his eyes, 'Ha! Duc de Pert! Very happee!—Excesse propre!—Tank you, Monsieur Lyong! Much obliger!—Great obligationg.'

"The next day being fine, Mr. Drummond and Barbara went out to take a private walk, and at the south point of a place called Burnsfield Links Mr. Lion came up with them. He called at Lady Livingston's house in the Horse-wynd. I answered the door, and told him which way the lovers had gone. He followed, apparently in a bad humour; and overtaking them at the place mentioned, he as usual pushed himself rudely in between them with a 'Begging your pardon, Sir, but if you please.'

"'Wat! I plaise? Noo; I plaise no such ting. And I vill see you to damnation before I sonnettre to any soosh traitement. So stand you aside like a gentilhomme.'

"At the same time, Barbara drew her arrested arm from Lion, and said, 'Pray, what is the meaning of this, Mr. Lion? Who gave you a right to take such freedoms with me?'

"'Who gave me a right, madam!' exclaimed he, fiercely.

"'Ay, who give you de right, Sir?' asked the Frenchman. 'Vas it de ladee? Or vas it I? Because vidout de one or de oder, or bot, you cannot be here.' And with that he again took Miss Barbara Stewart's willing arm. Lion was galled beyond what his proud and insolent nature could endure; and cursing Drummond for an impostor, he struck him a violent blow, bidding him make the best of that he could.

"'Sir, I will not fight like a begaar; but if you be a gentilhomme, vich I now see you are not, please to draw out your rapiere, and I will trust you trou and trou de bodee. O! you have no weapons! Noo, you come out like blackmoor-guard, to beat gentilhomme dat have weapons, tinking you safe. But do you take dat and dat;' and with that, Drummond gave him two hearty kicks, presenting at the same time his sharp rapier in such a manner, that it was impossible for his antagonist to return them.

"There was now no alternative. A challenge from Lion was the consequence. The Master of Rollo and Dr. Graham were the seconds. The rivals met that evening on the spot where they had quarrelled; and Drummond, having the choice of weapons, chose the rapier—'By de cause dat he had noo oder along vit him, and it vold do,' he said.

"Lion acquiesced without hesitation, and soon proved that he was no novice in the art. They fought with great coolness and caution, and with as much ease as if they had been playing with foils. Lion drew the first blood, wounding Mr. Drummond rather slightly below the right arm and across the shoulder. The Master of Rollo then interfered, protesting against further violence; and, strange to say, the

wounded acquiesced! but the other refused, saying it was a mere scratch; he would have the insulting dog's heart's blood. 'Vat! doo you say soo?' cried Drummond; 'den for de dernier resorte.'

"They then fought very hard and close for the space of a minute and a half, when Drummond run him through the body; and the young man was carried home a corpse. Drummond retired to a nominal concealment for a while, but on trial was fairly exculpated. Shortly after that, Miss Barbara Stewart and he were married.

"In the interim, word had reached Captain Drummond at head-quarters, how matters were likely to end with his betrothed and his cousin. He therefore got leave of absence for a while, and posted to Edinburgh; but ere he arrived the marriage was consummated. He had loved with all the warmth of his noble nature, and was so much affected by Barbara's deceit and ingratitude that he fell sick, and scarcely spoke or saw the light for nearly a month. But perhaps, during a part of this time, he had been studying the most ample revenge, which he soon found the means of putting in practice. He conceived himself to have been exceedingly ill used; and without seeing either Barbara or the fortunate lover, he again posted to the regiment, and from thence to London.

"Hitherto no one had doubted that Mr. John Drummond, husband to Barbara Stewart, was the true and lineal heir to the great Perth estate. I cannot be sure that I recollect exactly the relationship, although often minutely described to me by Boig; but I think his father was uncle to James the first duke of Perth; and on the decease of the latter at St. Germains, this John's father, the Lord Edward Drummond, assumed the title. He spent all his life in the interior of France in religious seclusion, and this John was the only surviving child of him and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Middleton, both of whom were dead, so that there could be no doubt as to his right of succession.

"Captain Drummond, however, saw matters in a different light. Although three or four degrees farther removed, he perceived how difficult it would be for his rival to adduce sufficient evidence of his legitimacy from the interior of France, considering the secluded life of his father, and the then state of that kingdom. The Captain, seizing the opportunity, went boldly forward, and accused his rival as an impostor, and claimed the property for himself. He having the best advocates of the kingdom, the Lords admitted the plea, and ordered the former claimant to produce the proofs of his propinquity.

"Mr. Drummond was astonished at the news. He hasted to London, taking his wife with him, and from thence to Douay in Flanders, where he was born; from thence to Lyons, in pursuit of proper witnesses; which journey took him the greater part of a year. In the mean time Captain Drummond had instituted a keen inquiry at home, and had even brought forward those who deposed that Lady Edward Drummond never had a child; and there certainly were some letters produced, which, if genuine, went far to prove the truth of the statement. The consequence was, that before John Drummond's return to England the minds of the Lords were made up regarding the right of possession; and although they waited his arrival, it was more for form's sake than a persuasion of the validity of his claims. He came to London at length, and produced a re-

gister of his birth from the Catholic College of Douay; but the other party prevailed in procuring its rejection, owing to its non-correspondence with other dates. He brought also plenty of witnesses, who proved his having been brought up and educated as the son of Lord Edward Drummond and of his wife Lady Elizabeth Middleton; but they proved of no avail regarding his birth by that lady, there having been counter-evidence produced which, in the eye of the law, was more decisive. The consequence, in short, was, that after a tedious litigation, it was at last finally decided in the Court of Session at Edinburgh in favour of Captain James Drummond, of the Melford family, who became thereby possessed of the Perth property."

Never was a retaliation over a successful rival in love more complete than this was, as it left John Drummond and his wife totally ruined in their circumstances and deprived of their hopes. Boig went abroad with them when they went in search of evidence; and on reaching Calais on their way home, Lady Perth, as she had been styled ever since her marriage, was left behind, being unable from the state she was in to proceed further, and Boig remained with her. She was there delivered of a son; but was so meanly lodged, and left so poor, that she was obliged to borrow from Boig till he had not a sixpence left. In this wretched state was the once celebrated beauty lying, when her husband, after long absence, returned to France with the news that they were utterly ruined. But this was not the worst; her husband had published an article in some London journal, I think a magazine, wherein he accused Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, of the most grievous mal-practices against him,—of suborning false witnesses, and keeping back others; and altogether with charges so villanous, that they could not be overlooked. It would have been better had they been so, as uttered by an irritated, disappointed man; but the high spirit of Lord Perth would not submit to it. He followed his relation to Calais, accompanied by Major M'Glashan of the 21st, and, after vainly endeavouring to draw from Mr. Drummond a counter-statement, challenged him.

But the circumstance that rendered this tale so interesting to me at first, and impressed all the circumstances so strongly on my remembrance, is yet to narrate; for without something a little tinged with the supernatural, a tale has few charms for me.

Well, it so happened that, one fine pleasant day, as Mr. John Drummond was walking by himself on Burnsfield Links at Edinburgh, near by the scene of the fatal rencounter with John Lion, that gentleman came up to him alive and well, and asked him how he liked to be married. The other, struck with astonishment, made no answer, but stood and gazed at the querist; who, again accosting him, said, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, but I shall be even with you to-day; and the next time I meet with you I'll shoot you through here"—touching his head with the point of his fore-finger close above the right ear.

The vision, of course, proved a dream; for instead of being walking on Burnsfield Links, he was lying in his own chamber in the Horse-wynd, with his lovely Barbara in his arms; but the moment that the apparition touched him with its finger, he sprung from his

bed, and exclaimed that he was shot through the head. His lady started up in amazement, crying out, "How? Where? By whom?"

"By that scoundrel, Lion!" said he.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; the sun was shining into the room; and when Barbara received this answer she grew pale as death, thinking her husband was deranged.

"It is true!" exclaimed he wildly; "I am—I am shot through the head, and my brains are blown out. Look, and satisfy yourself, at the hole the bullet has made. Merciful Heaven! was I out on the Links naked?"

"You are raving, Drummond!" cried she, weeping, and throwing her arms about him; "seized by some mortal frenzy, I fear. Compose yourself, and lie down; for you were out nowhere, but lying sound asleep with me."

He got his head bound up, and lay down, trying to compose himself; but his ideal wound was so painful, that he continued in an agony until a letter was brought up stairs to him. It was that which stated to him the new claims of his rival on the Perth estate, and the strong doubts entertained of his own propinquity.

This was a most galling business, and the anxiety of mind that it threw him into completely eradicated the vision and the wound from his head; nor did he ever think of them more until the same vision was repeated to him at Calais. He dreamed that he was walking on Burnsfield Links, and that Mr. Lion came up to him and asked him how he liked to be married. The dreamer still had no power to reply, while the other continued, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, and sent me all unprepared to my account. But I am even with you now, and am come to fulfil my promise. Be expeditious, and I will wait here till I take you with me."

Drummond started up in a cold perspiration, with terror and astonishment; and, just as he was saying to his wife that he was going to die, and would never see the evening of that day, the door opened, and Boig handed him a note from Major M'Glashan. Notwithstanding this solemn and dreadful warning, Drummond refused to retract one item of what he had published, and signed with his name; and the event was, that he fought with Lord Perth, and was shot through the head at the first fire, the ball entering immediately above the right ear, on the very spot which the apparition touched with its finger.

The remainder of Barbara Stewart's history is too painful to relate. Poor Boig, who left her at last, having neither money nor clothes to come home with, often wept when speaking of her. With regard to the merits of the cause, I know nothing. It was Boig's opinion that his master was the true and lineal heir; and from him I imbibed my ideas. He always admitted, however, that Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, was an excellent man, a gentleman of high honour and integrity,—indeed, greatly superior to the other in every respect; but never that he was the proper heir.

Never was retaliation on a deceitful lover visited home with such an overpowering intensity.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND, BY A FOREIGNER.

LETTER II.

Paris, December, 1831.

MR. EDITOR,—There is yet another reason why, I should think, English reformers should withdraw their support from the present French administration, whose internal policy is in direct contradiction to that which you should adopt to insure the triumph, or improve the consequences, of Reform. And this leads me into a consideration of the measures of the *juste milieu* ministry, in regard to the home affairs of France.

I need not say that this part of their conduct ought to be no less interesting in your eyes than are the acts of their foreign policy. You well know and feel how close is the connexion which now exists between the reformers of all countries. In fact, the cause of them all is one and the same. It is idle to dispute whether your Reform Bill is, or is not, the offspring of the French revolution of July: a Tory will tell you it is; a Whig will tell you it is not—each having his own reasons for saying so; whilst the mass of your people, under the influence of puerile pride, will rather have it that the triumph of Reform in England has nothing in common with the triumph of the people in France, except their having taken place nearly at the same time. I confess that the Reform Question is old amongst you; so old, indeed, that it had become antiquated. I admit that your minds had been trained to it. I grant that in the general election of 1830 that cause had gained ground, even before the events of July. I know that the carrying of the Catholic Question was a preparatory step to the agitation and carrying of the Reform Question,—that, in consequence of the final settlement of the former, the discussion of the latter became a matter of course; and this for a double reason; first, because a great source of disagreement between the enlightened reformers and the mass of your people was removed: secondly, because the disappointed and enraged Ultra-tories, while they excited the bigotry and fanaticism of your lower, and a great part of your middle orders, thought it proper to win their favour by professions of popular and reforming principles. I am not ignorant that many of your Unions, and principally the Birmingham Union, were in existence some time before the French revolution. All this I am aware of; and yet I maintain that it is to the turn which affairs took in France that you owe your present situation. The Wellington administration fell, not only because they opposed Reform, but likewise because they showed their intention of supporting the Holy Alliance principles in their foreign politics. And even granting that the main cause of their fall was owing to their opposition to Reform, what was it that made their opposition so unpopular? Was it not the triumph of the French people? Was it not that Reform was thought of; not only as a cure for your internal diseases, but also as a preventive remedy which would preclude the possibility of your getting entangled in a war like those of 1793 and 1803? Thus English Reform and French revolution went hand in hand now, as they did in former times: nor need you be ashamed of it. Your example, and that of your children the Americans, were mainly instrumental in effecting the French revolution of 1789; and since that time there has been a constant action and re-action of one country upon the other,—I should rather say of all countries upon each other in their turn, since revolutionary principles have spread over them all. Call it a curse, or call it a blessing—the genius of revolution is abroad, and the civilized world is divided into two classes; one, of his votaries—the other, of his blasphemers. Between them war—open, fierce, uncompromising war is at present engaging; and in the extensive range which hostilities have taken, no battle can be fought without materially affecting the situation of the

contending parties even at the farthest distance. A vote of the Polish Diet, or of the Belgian Congress—nay, a vote of the more inconsiderable legislators of the petty German States, makes itself felt in the debates and decisions of the French Chambers and your Houses of Parliament. The acts of these two latter bodies, and of their leaders, whether ministerialists or oppositionists, are so intimately connected, that no decision can be taken by either of them—nay, still more, no motion can be made, though it be lost, but will affect the debates and decisions of the corresponding parties on the other side of the Channel. This is mere commonplace, you will say; and so it is; but I bring it to mind now, because it bears upon my subject; for the measures of the present ministers of revolutionized France are directed to stem the tide of improvement, to shorten the sum of securities for good government, and to throw discredit upon those principles which are productive of the greatest possible happiness; and, as such, those measures are ill calculated to meet with support from English reformers. There is hardly one speech on the ministerial side of the French Chambers which would not make a pretty good anti-reform speech in the English Parliament. There is hardly one measure of M. Casimir Perier which Sir Robert Peel (alias Half-way, an apt translation of *juste milieu*) might not adopt. And now for proofs:—

Let us take the Peerage Question. There, you may say, I am wrong, because Perier has given up the hereditary peerage. And so he has, but you must have read in what manner. In fact, all his speeches, and those of his supporters, (I do not know that I am using the wrong word, meaning by supporters those who opposed his *projet de loi*,) were in favour of making the peerage hereditary; and they all used their arguments upon grounds which no English reformer, however he might feel inclined to maintain the hereditary peerage in his own country, would dare to choose without forfeiting every title to popular principles or sound knowledge of constitutional theories.

Let us look at the French constituency of two hundred thousand men,[1] with qualifications depending upon taxation, which make the cause of economy to be one and the same with disfranchisement. You will say that this election law works well, and has given France a Chamber which is a very good representation of the country such as it now is. True; but so has your late general election made the present House of Commons, which, by-the-bye, is one of the strongest arguments against Reform in the mouth of the Tories; but that the French election law is bad, no Englishman can deny. Only think of a strong government (and such a government is the prevailing fashion here) with an immense budget, and a multitude of places to dispose of, acting upon such a reduced body of electors, and you may be sure that it will lead to a system of plunder little better, if at all, than that of your unreformed Parliament. Do you not perceive already in this constituency, and the produce of it—the present Chamber, a sinister interest but too well apparent in their late decisions? I am not for universal suffrage every where, but I am certainly for extending the right of suffrage to all those who are likely to make use of it to benefit themselves and the rest of the community. And do you think that the number of these in France is not above two hundred thousand?[1] Yet the French ministers, and their supporters, and their press, are lavish in accusations of radicalism against all those who would make the least addition to the present constituency; yet the French magisterial party say that they are for extending the right of suffrage, but slowly, progressively; and upon this they bid us be patient and wait—in short, they make a prodigal use of that argument so justly called by Mr. Bentham "the snail-paced." Why, Sir, can you be duped by this fallacy? Do you not know that the system, now adopted in this country, gathers strength from time; that if the body politic, to which

[1] I have given the largest numbers, perhaps 180,000 is nearer the truth.

it has given birth, has been powerful enough in its infancy to baffle the attacks made against it by a recently revolutionized population, it will, in its manhood—when settled into the rights of a favoured *caste*, gorged with the spoils of the disfranchised multitude—proudly domineer over the subject mass, and surround itself with strong defences, which no power, unless it be a new revolution, will be able to break through?

Look at the conduct of Perier and his colleagues in regard to the centralization, or the power of local government. What do you say of the pitiful system which would not allow the towns to elect their own mayors? What of the high qualification required for a vote in electing common-councilmen? And if you look at their *projet de loi sur les conseils departementaux*, you will find in it the same petty jealousy of popular control—the same anxiety to keep in the hands of the rulers abundant means of corruption in the distribution of places—the same reluctance to abandon that busy interference of the government in private or local concerns (though, after all, this is a source of annoyance to the ministers themselves as well as to the governed)—the same attachment to an administration after the imperial model that has been shown by the ministers of an expelled dynasty. I know this centralization has some good points, but they are attended with far greater disadvantages. The liberal opposition, since the restoration, have constantly denounced it as the leading evil in the internal policy of all ministers; yet the present rulers do not appear inclined to give it up.

Look at the improvements introduced into legislation. I confess that, upon this subject, the French are superior to your own ministers, and the reform of the penal code by M. Barthe, though an inconsiderable one, places him under a favourable point of view, when contrasted with the speech of Lord Brougham upon capital punishments. Still the Perier administration have opposed improvements calculated to secure personal liberty and check the power of the government agents. Do you not know that they have objected to any alteration whatever in those laws which afford—I should say, do not afford—protection against arbitrary imprisonment? and yet, under the present circumstances, nothing is half so urgently necessary. The Imperial code of despotism is still in force, whilst large and important rights have been granted to the people; who, when tempted to make use of the latter, not unfrequently find themselves under the pressure of a government and a magistracy invested with almost arbitrary power by the former. Could you—could any Englishman peep into the recesses of Ste. Pelagie, you would be sickened with horror and disgust at the odious sight which would open before you. You would see men—gentlemen you would call them, thrown into dirty cells in solitary confinement (*au secret*), or cast amongst, and treated like common felons, upon a bare suspicion of crime, or, sometimes, only of a misdemeanour; and then set at large without being tried, or allowed a remedy at law which might indemnify them for their sufferings! You probably know that it was one of the worst parts in the imperial or consular system of government that, by making public functionaries irresponsible—or that, which is the same, responsible only to the *conseil d'état*,—it has created an official tyranny not only in the ministers, but in every inferior placeman. And is it thought of amending this? Not indeed by the present ministry.

Look at the wretched trick which annuls every security for good government by occasionally reviving and enforcing revolutionary laws. This is, if not altogether the worst, one of the most reprehensible parts in the conduct of the Périer administration. Since the restoration it has formed one of the most prominent grievances of the people, and furnished the opposition with abundant topics for declamation. You are aware that the various emergencies of the revolution gave birth to different laws, which are here called—*lois d'exception ou de circonstances*. Whether they were or not needed at the time when they were enacted,

in the midst of foreign and civil war, and under the pangs of a convulsion which shook the whole frame of the State, is not to my present purpose. That they make every sort of tyranny legal is but too apparent. Well may Perier and his colleagues boast that they neither ask for extra legal power, nor would accept of it if it were offered! Well may you applaud such noble and constitutional feelings! Why, Sir, they would not take it, because they know they have it. So they win cheap praise for liberality, whilst they have the substantial power in their hands, and have it, moreover, vague and undefined. You may think I am accusing them without sufficient reason; but it is my custom never to bring forward charges without supporting them by evidence. Lately you have heard the ministers say in the Chamber of Deputies that they wished for no laws which would invest them with arbitrary power over foreigners residing in France. A few days after this boast, a proclamation of the Préfet de Police placed the unhappy foreigners under the provisions of acts, compared with which your own Alien Bills form a system of perfect liberality and freedom. Those acts being in contradiction to the spirit of the charter ought to be considered as abrogated. It is probable that if ministers had brought forward laws of this description before the present chambers, they could not have passed them without vigorous opposition, such as the Alien Bills always met with in your Houses of Parliament. Yet by having recourse to a revolutionary law, we foreigners stand here precisely upon the same footing as we should be if we lived in a country where the power of the government is absolute. The fact that this assertion of arbitrary power, on the part of the rulers, has passed here unnoticed,[1] because it only affected foreigners, tells little in favour of the liberality of this nation. But another act of this kind has taken place in recent days. You know that, by the present charter, previous censure of writings has been abolished; in consequence of which dramatic performances take place without license, as they did in England before the Act of George II. Notwithstanding this, an order issued by the Préfet de Police has forbidden the acting of a play; and that order was grounded likewise upon a revolutionary law. I need not point out the dangers of admitting these principles. By the application of them, in the present case, *la censure* is established for all practical purposes in the very teeth of the laws. By the application of them to other cases, and I do not see how they are not to be made applicable to all cases, every law protecting our personal freedom may be annulled.

This is no idle fear, my dear Sir. You ought to consider that the power of the law is but weak in France—that the minds of the people are but ill trained to a system of strict legality. A proof of this may be found in the present state of the French police. It is indeed in a flourishing situation; it has preserved all its powers unimpaired, and exerts them with its wonted, annoying, mischievous activity;—more than half of the strength of the body-politic, in France, lies in this superfetation;—it is made use of as frequently as it ever was, and for the same ends, and by the hands of the same agents. Yet the Perier administration is talked of as a government acting only through legal and constitutional means.

Look at the conduct followed towards the daily press by these ministers, who are so largely indebted to its unremitting and spirited exertions under the dethroned dynasty. You would shudder at the idea of ministers adopting such a conduct in your own country: happily they could not if they had the wish. In fact, the list of pending prosecutions is a disgrace to this land. Defeat does not cool the zeal of the worthy Attorney-General; compared with whom Sir James Scarlett would dwindle into

[1] M. Combe has recently written a very able letter upon this subject to one of the daily papers. I need not say that M. Combe is an opposition member, and a true friend to the cause of good governments, the principles of which he understands perhaps better than any other individual in France.

nothing, and the glories of old Sir Vicary Gibbs would be sure to fade. Journalists are often ruined even by being acquitted. But you will say the French press transgresses all bounds. It sometimes does, Sir; but without denying that there are cases where prosecutions are allowable, for the press may be made an instrument to work mischief, I boldly deny that, out of the articles prosecuted by M. Persil, there can be selected one-tenth—I should say one-twentieth, which fall within the description. What do you say of prosecuted caricatures? What, but that they prove a total ignorance, or criminal forgetfulness, of those principles upon which the expediency of prosecution is grounded?

Look at the system pursued in regard to education. It is as yet a monopoly in the hands of the government, and its tool—the University.[1]

Look at the measures adopted in regard to foreign commerce: M. de Saint Cricq, justly called the French Vansittart, is at the head of the French Board of Trade. Prohibitions flourish, and M. Perier, a monopolist himself, would not listen to doctrines of political economy, which, in their application, might prove injurious to the sale of the produce of his own coal-mines. It is true that people here are extremely ignorant and prejudiced in these matters; yet the ministerial press is found foremost in propagating and advocating bad principles.

Look at the conduct of the present French ministers in regard to public expenditure. O for a French Mr. Hume! he would find abundance of subjects fitted to his own taste and zeal and peculiar abilities. Notwithstanding the proposed sum for the Civil List of the King of the French —a blank to be filled up by the Chambers, it is well known that his ministers wish to have it a large one, and the reasons they adduce in support of their wishes are worthy of their cause. Not long ago their silly evening journal, the Messager des Chambres, praised a very absurd pamphlet, ostensibly written by some wise shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis, in which it is pretended that a large Civil List is a source of prosperity to the country, in so far as it encourages trade and production. This absurdity has been ridiculed in the Constitutionnel, by a mock proposal to create a body of *grands consommateurs*, who would be fed by the taxes, and then, by their expenditure, encourage the production and sale of commodities. Still the ministerial writers and speakers of France are not ashamed of avowing and espousing the principles of the shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis, who, after all, know what their own interest is, and care little for the rest of their countrymen, whilst it is the duty of the government to promote the welfare of the whole of the French people, — shopkeepers, or not shopkeepers, Parisians, or not Parisians. I am aware that the French ministers are subservient, and Louis Philippe is greedy "*et voila la mot de l'enigme.*" But where is the upright firmness they boast of? It is well known that the honourable inflexibility and blunt straightforwardness of the Duke of Wellington more than once checked the extravagance of a no less greedy King, though greedy to throw away, and not to save — a King, moreover, much less reasonable, and, from his more ancient title, better seated upon his throne, and more free in the choice of his servants than the present King of the French is or can be.

And this leads me into another accusation against Perier and his colleagues. They vapour about their independence, and lend themselves to the influence of a *camarilla* (a Spanish word, lately adopted here to mean an influence behind the throne). When the leader of the present ministry assumed the power, he promised that he would take the government of the country into his own hands, and leave to the King only that

[1] Since this was written, M. de Montalivet has brought forward his *projet de loi* upon education. It has good points, and yet it betrays his attachment to the monopoly. M. Montalivet is a politician of the Imperial school, and fond of *la centralisation*.

part which your own kings have in general; that, in short, which constitutional kings, with responsible advisers, ought to possess in a well-constituted government. No such thing has taken place here. The King and the Court still interfere in nearly all the acts of the administration. This is a source of constant mischief. Louis Philippe has some good, and not a few bad, qualities. I am not partial to the man—still less am I his enemy. Upon the whole, I think the French did right in choosing him; and he seems better qualified to fill the throne than other rival candidates. I confess that the office of king has some disadvantages about it; for, after all, according to the forcible and felicitous expression of the Emperor Joseph II., "C'est leur métier d'être royalistes." Yet I think he might have understood his own situation better than he appears to have done. He is visibly swayed by family connexions; and the principles of his Queen are known to be averse to revolution, especially in those countries where her own near relations rule with absolute sway. Of his avarice I have already spoken; and though personally brave, he is a timid politician. He his afraid of losing his crown, and, in his fear, forgets that his only hold consists in his popularity; that by discountenancing and alienating the popular party, he cannot annihilate it; that the danger of his being superseded by a republic, or young Napoleon—besides that it is not obviated by his present policy, but rather otherwise—is not greater than that of his being superseded by the expelled dynasty; and that a war, though it might eventually peril his throne, would more probably secure it from foreign hostility, and, coupled with internal liberal politics, would, almost to a certainty, place it upon a rock. He is a shrewd, sensible, plausibly spoken, and even eloquent man; simple in his habits, pliant in his politics, and not inattentive to his own interest. Upon the whole, I think, he falls far short of your own patriotic William, hitherto the best model, the *beau ideal* of a constitutional monarch,—a praise I feel more delight in awarding him, as coming from me, who neither am his subject, nor have at present any probability of living again in that country which he blesses with his sway, it cannot be suspected of being the language of flattery, or even of political partisanship. Yet, such as Louis Philippe is, I think a patriotic, straightforward, firm ministry might do wonders with him. Under Perier's influence he is losing his popularity, and very fast too.

Now, after this review of the measures of the French ministers—measures which many liberal-minded Englishmen approve of, but would reject with scorn if applied to their own country, let us see what is the state of public opinion which they have generated.

Ministers have excited, and do foster, feelings unfavourable to the cause of good government. By practising upon the fears of the timid and the hopes of the corrupt, they have made the extension of securities for good government unpopular with a large proportion of the French people. You hear, now, good institutions cried down because, forsooth, they are theories; that is to say—because their advantages may be proved. You hear many of the best meaning and most enlightened men of France stigmatized as ambitious agitators, bloody jacobins, or good-natured fools. You hear doctrines upon government advocated which lead to uphold every sort of misrule. You hear peace praised, not upon generous and sound principles, but upon maxims of revolting selfishness, as if the whole world were to be sacrificed provided France should be left unmolested,—a miserable doctrine, since that selfishness is known to defeat its own end. In their paroxysm of moderation, the French moderate men shudder at the idea of change, though change be improvement. While taxing their adversaries with being violent, they themselves show that rage, the basest of all—the rage produced by fear and selfishness. The people here are apt to run into extremes:—Because they once were too gay and volatile, and over civil—they now affect sullenness and, not

seldom, coarseness of manner. Because they once liked a certain stiff, miscalled classical, style in literature, they are now for ranting and raving, and sinking into the lowest depths. Because they overstepped all bounds in their first revolution, they would not move at a regular pace in the present,—nay, would sometimes prefer to retrace their steps that they may show they are wise. Because they once too much abused your institutions, they would now dress themselves in your cast-off clothes. Depend upon it, many of the French *juste milieu* men avow principles which, for their illiberality, would hardly suit your Tories. Their ruling doctrine is nearly the same. The result of this is a state of things pregnant with danger. It is in such a torpid state of the body politic that the poison of treason is generated and grows upon the constitution.

On the other side an opposition has been created, which is likewise of a highly dangerous nature. Those men who wish for the amelioration of their own institutions, or a foreign policy more firm and generous, are found leagued with those who would have anarchy at home and a war for conquest abroad. They address themselves to the same passions—they run upon the same topics; and, heated by controversy, their arguments, calculated to gain favour with the multitude, are unfortunately of an inflammatory kind. The inflammable part of the people listen to them with too fatal an effect; and France, which in July 1830 bade fair to begin a new era in politics, now vibrates between a repetition of the restoration or a renewal of the revolution.

Can these dangers be obviated? I think we are yet in time. In this work your country has a noble part to perform: I invoke your assistance. One of the main props of the Perier administration is the favourable opinion in which they are held by you. One of the causes of your being disliked by the opposition (I always mean the reasonable part of them) is your support of the present ministry, because it is thought that your supporting them is a proof of your enmity to France, the external power of which you wish to see curtailed, whilst at the same time you are equally anxious to check the growth of her liberal institutions. You may do wonders by uniting with the liberal oppositionists, and lending them a helping hand in their glorious labours. Your press is called on to do much; and your knowledge of the true state of affairs here will probably direct your press to assume the proper tone. Divest yourselves of your prejudices, and set coolly to inquire whether a more liberal system pursued in France, and spreading over the Continent, will not assist you in your work of Reform. If you are convinced of it, say so boldly, and say it over and over again. The times are favourable for carrying into effect an extensive plan of amelioration. This is the era when popular opinion is the lord of the ascendant; and nowhere is it so free, so bold, so communicative, as in your own happy country: there it now rules uncontrolled. Your ministers, with all their good and bad qualities about them—with all their great merits and services to the good cause, are, under the influence of the existing circumstances, little better than straws carried to and fro in the whirlwind of public opinion. The power is yours, and you can be actuated by no sinister motives. This is the time to do away with many national prejudices and petty jealousies of routine politicians. Think less of the balance of power, and more of the diffusion of happiness. But I need not frighten you; the balance of power can be preserved: it has undergone many alterations; it must and will undergo new ones. Europe is in the way to a new settlement, and your opposition may disturb, but not prevent, it. Try to take a part in it, instead of wasting your strength away in fruitless efforts to preserve the old one unimpaired, or only very slightly amended.

To get rid of vague generalities, and come to something tangible, let me state the plan which, in my humble opinion, ought to be pursued by your liberal writers, who, though they be good Englishmen and love

their country, and fear and dislike the ambition of their neighbours, yet feel deeply interested in the progress of social regeneration.

You should advocate the cause of the opposition men in France upon those grounds where they are right: you should uphold the cause of more extensive reform and better institutions than the French are as yet possessed of. You should support the patriotic deputies and patriotic writers, who still demand further securities for good government, and a more liberal system of administration than France has hitherto obtained: by so doing the influence of the English press here would be increased. Your exertions would be highly useful if you should trace a broad line of separation between the sound and unsound principles upon which the *parti du mouvement* ostensibly act: thus you would do a service to the truly liberal, and place the conduct of the ambitious under its proper light.

You should oppose the conduct of your own ministers in sticking to the protocol, or Holy Alliance system of politics. This, my dear Sir, is really monstrous; it is an abomination. Coming from the Whigs, who have so often and so loudly condemned those acts of tyranny of the stronger towards the weaker powers, it is shockingly inconsistent: coming from the French liberals, who have been more than once the victims of such arts, it is revoltingly absurd. It is unjust in principle, dangerous in practice, and inapplicable to the present times. It may prevent the instantaneous growth, but is sure to nourish and strengthen ultimately the seeds of revolution. Such a system must be upheld by large armies, and therefore will necessarily produce unhappiness and insecurity, and at length end in war.

You should oppose, I say, this system, and declare for the principles of foreign politics entertained by the French opposition. War might be their immediate consequence; but, besides that it can be prevented, in case it should come—and how wretched are your present securities against its coming!—it may be rendered not only innocuous, but actually advantageous to England. This may take place in two different ways: one of them is, by your keeping aloof, sincerely and absolutely keeping aloof from the contest: the other is, by taking the right side in it; either by throwing the weight of your influence in the scale of the continental liberals, or acting in unison with them, even to the extent of mixing in the war.

I do not object to your following the first course; yet I see there are many prejudices, and some dangers too, which stand in the way of it. I say prejudices—because, considering your insular situation, you have little to do with continental politics; and by cultivating a friendly intercourse with your neighbours, and taking care of your own navy, you would be always sure to be left in peace to produce and trade, and thrive unmolested and undisturbed by those you had neither annoyed nor provoked. But, notwithstanding these considerations, no ordinary English politician would think his country was safe if an overgrown power should be formed on the opposite shores of the British seas. I say dangers—because in such a system of absolute and sincere neutrality, the least departure, however inconsiderable, from the principle, would entail upon you the combined evils of interference and neglect. Now, as such departures are almost inevitable, and the impartiality and philosophical temper required to adhere strictly to the principle, can hardly be expected from your rulers, I think that perfect neutrality neither is likely to be your plan of conduct, nor is it one which could be safely recommended.

Then let us consider what you might do by following the second course:

I take it for granted that you cannot play the game of 1793 over again. The circumstances of the Continent have changed—so has your own in-

ternal situation. The Spirit you then tried to crush was as yet in his cradle: in spite of opposition, and successful opposition, which for a while seemed to have put an end to his existence, and really did check his development, he is grown to a giant. To oppose him at the present day would lead to your own overthrow and ruin. He is not only strong—he is immortal. You might think you had conquered him, and exult in some temporary success; but he would rise again fiercer, stronger than ever, and crush you to atoms.

But if to oppose him would be madness and folly, to assist him will be wise policy. You see this Spirit in France: you view him with fear; thinking that his progress and the power of the French empire are one and the same thing.

And so it is, my dear Sir, while you follow your present line of politics. But this Spirit is not necessarily the ally of France: he may become your own friend and ally, if you would but court his favour and propitiate him.

The union of the despotic powers against France is both a source of weakness and a source of strength to this country. It may now depend upon a host of allies in every part of the world—a host consisting of the patriot and the factious, the ambitious and the noble-minded. All these wish for a change, though they wish it upon different grounds; all are friendly to France, and especially to the French opposition party.

Now is not England happily situated to share this power, which France has at present to herself alone? Could not England act in concert with those allies to whom I have just now alluded? Ought she not to declare for them—that is, for the people?

You will do me the justice to believe that I little desire any increase of the power of France which may prove injurious to the independence of other countries; but you must feel convinced that, under the existing circumstances, it is the duty — the imperious duty of every friend to the popular cause to wish well to France, and to feel anxious that she should triumph over her enemies; as it is, likewise, to wish well to the French opposition men, and to feel anxious that they should triumph over the present ministers.

At the same time, if England is employed in propping the Holy Alliance system, you must feel convinced that it is the duty—the painful duty of every friend to the cause of social amelioration to wish that she may be baffled and defeated.

But mark how easy and how advantageous it would be to put an end to this state of feeling:

You may do it by lending your assistance, either directly or indirectly, to the cause of "revolution." I make use of this word on purpose—for why should I dissemble and palliate? And however frightful the thing may appear to you now, you still boast of your own glorious revolution.

I say more: you may take the lead in this work; acting not exactly in close union with, still less in opposition to, France, but in a spirit of noble rivalry. You would do her a benefit—you would do a greater one to your ownselves.

Suppose the two Peninsulas, Italy and Spain, under a good—meaning hereby, representative—government; suppose Poland restored to a nation, and Germany constitutionalized, what would be the consequences?

To France this would give additional securities for the undisturbed possession of the benefits of the late revolution, as well as for the cultivation of the arts of peace. It would deprive her of a pretext for, and an excitement to, war. By disarming her enemies, it would also disarm the ambitious spirits which she has within, and instil better feelings into the mass of the population—a result equally beneficial to the French and tranquillizing to their neighbours.

To England it would afford an additional guarantee against such an increase of the French power and influence as might be productive of consequences injurious to her own interest, or, at any rate, of suspicious and uncomfortable feelings. Over well-governed neighbours, France could exert no bad influence; the French territory would be fenced with strong barriers, and the people would be less under the influence of temptation to engage in wars with diminished chances of success.

To both countries—nay, to most countries, it would afford an additional assurance of a permanent peace, and the manifold blessings which are the consequences of it. These are undoubtedly great blessings, and might, and certainly would, be rendered still more so by friendly intercourse —a communication of the internal improvements of each of them to the others, and a liberalized and judicious system of commercial legislations.

Perhaps you will say that I am indulging in Utopian visions: but pray tell me what is Utopian? Do we not live in an age of wonders? And who can say what wonders a future age will give birth to? Are not our realities in some respects far beyond the anticipations of our forefathers? That which was Utopian but a short time ago is now become plain matter of fact; and I am sure a future governor of Tilbury Castle will far outstrip our present Platos and Mores.

Internal politics are changing with amazing rapidity; international politics cannot be fated to remain stationary. Legislation is undergoing a complete revolution; the law of nations must feel the effects of it. A new distribution of power amongst the component parts of each State is taking place; a new distribution of power amongst the several States must be its necessary consequence. The revolution effected by religious reformation made itself felt upon the political state of Europe; the revolution effected by political reform has already made, and will still more make, itself felt upon the political state of the world. We must have a new and more enlarged treaty of Westphalia.

In this you should lend a hand. Of the most eligible means you may adopt, in case you should lend your co-operation, you will judge better than I can. I am afraid you have two obstacles to overcome: the one, relating to your notions of foreign politics; the other, to your sentiments respecting the state of parties in France.

Methinks you stick too much to old-fashioned maxims respecting the advantages of Austrian alliance. I perceive that this notion pervades and directs the acts of your present ministry—aye, even of a ministry of which Lord Holland is a member. You know that Austrian politics are illiberal, and cannot be otherwise. You also know that Austrian alliance has ever proved fatal to France, and that there is against it a general feeling here which I cannot call altogether a prejudice. By connecting yourselves with Austria you renounce a close connexion with France, and withdraw your support from the cause of the people all over the Continent. Could you detach Prussia from her alliance with Russia, she and France would be your best allies. A liberal interest (because elements for a representative government exist in Prussia) would be created. There would then be the Reform alliance, as there was the Protestant alliance.

In supporting the opposition principles in France, you will perhaps be afraid of connecting yourselves with a minority. I grant that at the present moment the French ministers have the majority of the people in their favour. But this cannot last: the tide runs against them — the world is in motion, and the *parti de la resistance* must yield at last or be swept away by the current. Who could have said, but a short time ago, that a large majority of your nation would declare for a full and efficient Reform in Parliament? Yet the elements of that majority were in existence. Thus it is in France; the *parti du mouvement* will soon become a large majority.

What a glorious prospect lies before you! That you may prove worthy of the present circumstances is my earnest wish. I repeat I am partial to your country, and hope she will act a noble part to her own and the common advantage.

It is time to finish.—I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that I may be able to produce an impression upon the public. Yet all that I have said in these pages has, besides the merit of impartiality, that of novelty, inasmuch as it is the opinion of a foreigner actuated by no national partialities when speaking of England and France; knowing a little of both countries; honestly and zealously interested in the common happiness; and, if not an impartial judge, at least an accurate and faithful reporter. I am aware I shall be laughed at, if I am honoured with being listened to; but I shall answer the scoffers in the words of the Athenian to the Spartan general—"Strike, but hear!"

With every feeling of regard, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Ever yours truly, &c.

A FOREIGNER.

THE SANCTITY OF THE DEAD—DISSECTION.

WHEN the public have fully possessed themselves of a well-conditioned prejudice, it is no easy matter to induce them to part with it. There is something so very consoling in the conscious possession of an idea, no matter whether it be good for any thing or not, and there is so much difficulty in replacing it when lost, that instruction is very generally resented as an injury; and it is sufficient to hint to the many the possibility that they are in error, in order to incur their suspicion and dislike. Perpetual dropping, however, will wear away a stone; and perseverance, after the lapse of a century or so, may do much in persuading mankind to attempt the task of thinking for themselves. Those who have given their time to the up-hill pursuit of attacking prejudices have discovered that nations are not always equally obtuse, but exhibit what may be called fits of easy transmission; during which more way is made for truth at a single effort, than, in a less happy disposition of the public mind, can be cleared in a long series of years. Of these fits, events are great provocatives; and it would not be difficult to show that the weak part of all conservative systems is their inadequacy to control the chapter of accidents.

A luciferous event of this nature is the recent trial of the body-snatchers for murder; and the present moment appears to be one of those "mollia tempora fandi," in which the public will bear a little lecturing on their horrors and extravagancies concerning dissection and the violation of the dead. The ill consequences of the universal and Bœotian darkness which prevails on this subject have, in fact, festered to such a malignity of corruption, as has already excited a very general conviction that "something must be done;" which is the approved formula for that confession of ignorance and helplessness in society, which precedes an effort at thought.

To remedy the evils by which the practice of dissection is surrounded, a mere act of the legislature is not sufficient. Unless the people will consent to study their own interests in anatomy, and

learn to look upon the dead with a reasonable and philosophic eye, no enactment approaching to common sense will be tolerated. The mischiefs arising from an illegal supply of the dissecting-room will continue unabated, science will be imperfectly pursued, and the practices of the body-snatchers, like those of the poachers, will spread a collateral depravity throughout the whole sphere of their contact and influence. It is a humiliating truth in morals, that the occasion makes the thief, and that nothing more is wanting than an adequate temptation to plunge humanity into the most fearful crimes. As long as human subjects shall produce a high price in the market, they will be sought for, no matter at what hazard. Every attempt at impeding the operations of the grave-robber is therefore a direct incentive to murder. The late trials have widely spread abroad the knowledge, that this crime can be committed by means which leave few or no indications of violence behind; and this knowledge is in itself a powerful temptation to the needy and the depraved. Neither is this instruction merely afforded to the body-snatcher, whose operations would in some degree be controlled by the zeal and intelligence of the anatomist he serves: the secret has gone forth for the service of felons of every description,—from the midnight robber to the jealous Othello, or the impatient and legacy-anticipating George Barnwell. Let the human mind become familiarized with these methods of removing troublesome persons from the scene, and natural feelings will oppose but a feeble barrier to the frequency of this worst of crimes; every path of life will be beset with terrors; suspicion will haunt the nightly couch; and the dearest ties of society become merely the grounds for additional distrust. Of the numerous murders which are daily brought to trial, how few would have been discovered if a scientific process of death had been substituted for the throat-cutting and shooting by which they were actually effected! Nor does the evil stop here. As soon as the facility of concealing blood-guiltiness shall become an article of popular knowledge or belief, no man's character will be safe in whose house a sudden death shall occur. It will be sufficient that he profits by the succession—that he is named in the will, to be pointed at as a murderer. Insinuations will be whispered, possibilities tacked together, and calumnies brooded over, against which innocence is no defence, but which will attach through life, and make misery in proportion as the accused is refined, high-minded, and sensitive. After these suggestions, it may appear trifling to insist upon the minor evils which the existing laws occasion, in compelling the rising members of a numerous profession to come into contact with the lowest of their species. But a high-toned morality in the medical practitioner is of no trifling import to the happiness of the species; and that the professional youth should be familiarized with acts unlawful, if not wrong, and habituated to scenes of vulgar debauchery and brutal recklessness, is a consideration which cannot be passed over in contemptuous indifference.

Respecting the utility of dissection, there are few perhaps who have not some vague and general notions. Most persons are aware that the maladies of the living can only be studied at the expense of the dead. The most ignorant old woman, who opens her eyes to the

widest stretch of rotundity at the bare mention of a "notomy," is desirous of being treated with skill when she breaks her collar-bone in a fit of gin or jealousy; and she would be shocked at the very idea of being sent to her grave before her time, because the apothecary could not distinguish between her lungs and her liver: and this is pretty much the extent of information among those who claim to be her intellectual superiors. The education even of the highest classes has been so exclusively busied with Greek particles and fantastical theology, that our best scholars would scarcely know they had a stomach, if not reminded of the fact by an occasional indigestion. The nature and extent of the relation which subsists between anatomy and medical science is a secret confined almost exclusively to the profession. The noble legislators, the patients of St. John Long, give fearful evidence of the profundity of the ignorance of their class, and their miserable unfitness to legislate for the occasion. Here and there a curious inquirer, or what is called a general reader, may indeed see more clearly the sources of a surgeon's knowledge, and appreciate more justly his anatomical labours; but even these look no further. They consider the means of obtaining instruction to be altogether the business of the student; they cherish their own horrors of dissection, call for patent coffins and penal laws, and talk of the respect which is due to the sanctuaries of the dead, as loudly as the most ignorant and imbecile.

One consequence of this prevailing ignorance is the common opinion that anatomy is too closely cultivated. To hear the declaimers on this theme, it might be imagined that the process is one of great amusement and agreeability; and that surgeons and their apprentices addict themselves to a secret indulgence at the public expense, which is untasted by the less luxurious part of mankind. For dissection, as for all other practices, there can be but two sets of motives—the useful and the pleasant; and whatever exceeds the demands of the first must of necessity be referred to the second. Assuredly, if people do dissect for the indulgence of a morbid appetite, their case is not much better than that of the goules and vampires, and they ought to be restrained by pains and penalties from such an unnatural indulgence. But is this the truth? Is there, in the practice of anatomy, any thing so very agreeable that it should be followed for itself alone, and independently of the profitable results which are expected from its culture? Seriously and honestly, I beg to answer in the negative, and to assure my worthy friends, the *profanum vulgus*, both high and low, that there is nothing in a dissecting-room from which the most hardened *habitué* does not retreat at the earliest moment, when he has obtained the information he requires. Practical anatomy, at best, is a loathsome, fatiguing, cold, monotonous, and tiresome piece of business, requiring the strongest excitements of professional zeal for its endurance; and the proof is, that those of the profession who look to it only as a fee-taking process, and care little whether they kill or cure, dissect as little as possible, trusting to books and plates for such scraps of imperfect knowledge as serve to save appearances, and to prevent coarse and cognizable errors. It is only a select few, who, influenced by an awful sense of responsibility, or a lofty ambition of pro-

fessional distinction, bear up against the tedium and disgust of the operation, and continue their dissections after having obtained a licence to practise. It is not from superabundant dissection that the public have any thing to fear, but from the difficulties and embarrassments which impede its due cultivation. Anatomical knowledge, even at the present day, is far less widely diffused, and less extensively pursued, than the interests of physic require. Medicine, though commonly regarded as a conjectural art, and as a sort of metaphysical investigation, is, or ought to be, altogether a science of facts, of which a sound philosophy is the essential basis. There is not a single one of these facts, concerning which ignorance is not a frequent cause of pain, crippling, and death. It is to examinations after death that the whole body of real, positive knowledge concerning disease is attributable. Without it, the physician is a mere conjuror, and as unworthy of credit as any other impostor. For the greater operations of surgery, the most intimate acquaintance with the structure of the body is essential; a mere slip of the knife making all the difference between life and death. For preserving this knowledge, when thoroughly acquired,—if, indeed, such could ever be the case,—a frequent revision is strictly necessary; and, to maintain practical dexterity, operations must frequently be repeated on the dead subject, by every surgeon who does not practise in the hospitals of a great city, where accidents are frequent and diseases common. It is a gross error, however, to imagine that anatomy is of less importance in the ordinary every-day business of surgery than in the more striking operations. Even in the commonest of its processes—the drawing blood from the arm, fatal and horrible consequences may, and do, arise from anatomical ignorance, and a confidence in routine dexterity. If, then, the practice of anatomy were as open and unimpeded as the operations of the dancing-school, the art would not be cultivated as it should be. How can it, therefore, be supposed that superfluous dissection occurs, when, in addition to the physical loathsomeness, are accumulated the moral disgusts of legal impediment, and the enormous expenditure of money caused by the dangers and difficulties in procuring subjects? If the enemies of dissection will but take the pains to reflect on these things, they may at length perhaps discover that the surgeon does not stand precisely in the immoral and reprobate condition of men doing illegal acts for their own private profit and gratification; and that he does not exactly deserve to be pumped on like a pickpocket, or pelted with rotten eggs like a regrater and monopolist.

In the present state of public opinion, the application of a due remedy for this evil by legislative means is a matter of great delicacy and difficulty. To superstitious prejudice there is no effectual opponent except knowledge. But knowledge is of slow developement; and it must itself become habitual, before it can obliterate the most trivial and fantastic absurdity of the nursery. Many a philosopher, to whom the beatitude of "rerum cognoscere causas" may be largely attributed, carries to his grave the fears of darkness and its imaginary concomitants, derived in his infancy. The associations of the passions with particular ideas are the least easily subjected to reason; they operate mechanically, instinctively, and

without the obvious intervention of any train of thought. This is very nearly the state of mind with the most free-thinking persons on the subject of the dead. Reason, indeed, tells them that the body, when deprived of life, is insensible to pain or insult—that it is a mere mass of inanimate clay—that it has lost all moral identity with the beloved person whom it represents—and that, consequently, the ideas of exposure, indecency, and disrespect, usually attached to the business of dissection, are no more applicable to the dead subject, than to a pictured representation of a departed friend. This, indeed, they know; but they do not feel it. Long habit has associated, with the visible form of the deceased, deep emotions of love, veneration, or regard; and these emotions arise unbidden, and fill the bosom with an irrepressible sentiment of horror at the idea of outrage committed on the body so circumstanced. It is said that this respect for the dead is a natural feeling; and so indeed it is,—natural to the ignorance in which social man is still preserved. We ridicule the imbecile devotee who converted the inexpressibles of a saint into an object of adoration; but the current idolatry of a corpse is not a whit less superstitious, or less founded in erroneous notions of its state and relations. Strange, too, that the Christian, who places his identity in a spiritual soul, and regards the mortal spoil as a mere discarded vestment, should be most infected with this weakness; while the Epicurean, to whom the body is all, is for the most part free from it! Something also depends upon a religious feeling. The notion of consecrated ground has been made a source of profit to the Church, and it is guarded with all the jealousy of a vested right. The Catholics, more especially, consider the resting in unblessed or holy earth as by no means indifferent to the condition of the soul. The practice of exhumation, rendered necessary by the unprovided wants of the surgeon, jars too harshly with this idea for toleration; and the vague and unintelligible, but not less formidable, epithet of "sacrilegious" has added fresh atrocity to the imputed criminality of the dissector. To such notions, however, the anatomist must bow. It is too much for any man to condemn of sovereign authority the religious opinions of his neighbour, or to violate a prejudice because it seems ridiculous. On the contrary, it would be good policy in every anatomical teacher to procure consecrated ground for the reception of the subject when he has done with it. Such a deference to opinion would materially loosen the existing apprehensions and hostility of the people. If anatomy should by legal enactment be rendered, as it ought, an open and lawful pursuit, arrangements might readily be made to dissect first, and bury afterwards; and no irreverent disregard to religion would then be suspected or feared in the process.

Against an opinion thus inveterate, time alone can operate; but the necessity for some law that will conciliate the wants of the anatomist with the general safety is immediate. Any regulations directly thwarting popular prejudice would totally fail in practice. Opinion is more mighty than law, and its strongholds are not so to be forced. The rich would evade the law, and the poor would be strengthened in their abhorrence of dissection by finding it thus visited upon them as a consequence of their destitution. On the

contrary, direct legislation against the body-snatcher, or attempt at throwing impediments in the way of anatomy, is too absurd even for the excited fanaticism of the existing moment. Every one knows that anatomy must continue; that it is as impossible, as it would be absurd, to suppress it; and while bodies continue in demand, repressive legislation will but increase the hazards of the trade, and, by raising the prices in the market, increase the temptations to murder, which it is the business of the legislature to remove. It is by legalizing the operation, and opening fresh facilities for the lawful obtainment of bodies, that the requisite security is alone to be sought. The desired law, then, must be a temporizing and modified enactment, and rather calculated to undermine the existing prejudices, and to open facilities, than to force them. Its general basis should be, the giving the citizen a property in his own body, and conferring a legal right to demise it for dissection, notwithstanding any opposition of surviving friends. At present, the demise of the body is not obligatory on the executor, since the non-burial of a corpse after a certain time is a misdemeanour at law. If the law on this point were changed, the poor and the profligate might alone, at first, avail themselves of the permission; yet gradually the public would accustom themselves to the idea; shame would cease to attach to the practice; and, if a subsequent decent burial were made a peremptory obligation in the transfer, there would in time be afforded a larger supply of subjects than the utmost wants of the profession would demand. To facilitate the voluntary proffer of subjects, it is of much importance that the legislature itself should attach no disgrace to dissection. The consignment of the corpses of murderers to the surgeon's knife keeps alive all the vague terrors attached to the operation, and is perhaps one of the most efficient of the existing impediments to the business of dissection. On the same principle is it most desirable that the law should not make dissection a punishment of poverty, by forcibly transferring the poor-house or hospital corpses to the anatomist. It does, at first sight, seem reasonable that he who has received the last attentions in disease at the public expense should make some return to society by this surrender of his body. But the argument is more specious than real: and, what is worse, by making a different law for the poor and for the rich it would foster existing prejudices, and do more harm than service to anatomy. It has been suggested that all unclaimed bodies should be abandoned to the dissector; and against this practice the same objection would not hold. The feelings of the survivors would not be hurt, and the usage would not touch individuals closely enough to excite a morbid attention in the public mind to the subject. To a limited degree such an enactment would be serviceable, though it would not suffice for the demands of science. After all that can be done by law, some body-snatching will still remain to be tolerated; and wisdom should lead the authorities to avoid every possible occasion for dragging the practice into evidence. The only effectual means, however, of reconciling the public to dissection would be the dissemination of physiological knowledge among the people; a circumstance in itself desirable for manifold reasons. It would be well worth the while of the metropolitan teachers of anatomy to give a

short gratuitous outline course, of some ten or twelve lectures every sessions, to the members of Mechanics' Institutions and to decent operatives. Their beautiful collections of preparations should also be freely offered to public inspection; when a well-insinuated contrast between this embalming of the deceased, and the horrors of the tomb, the worm, the beetle, and the rat, would go far in reconciling the spectator to the practice. It is the strangeness of these ideas that makes them formidable, more than any real terror that properly belongs to them. The influence of the upper and educated classes might profitably be brought to bear against the prejudice. The medical profession might and ought to contribute their example. Dr. Macartney, Professor of Anatomy at Trinity College, Dublin, has procured the signatures of some hundreds of enlightened individuals to a deed of gift of their bodies; and he pays a commendable attention to freeing his dissecting-schools from as much of the disgusts, dirt, and factitious terrors, as possible; an attention which should be universal with teachers. Great good likewise might be effected by a judicious and plain statement of the case laid before the public by the Useful Knowledge Society. The incidental benefits of such instruction would extend even beyond the immediate object in view. But it is useless to pursue the matter further: enough has been said to indicate the spirit in which any new law on anatomy should be conceived, and to point out the way in which opinion should be attacked by those who profess to lead it, in order to bring the minds of Englishmen to a sounder and more rational view of their own interests in the question. M.

SECRET LOVE.

"O BREATHE not the name," nor awaken the thought,
That absence in vain to forgetfulness dooms;
More ardently Love, with calamity fraught,
In secret the heart's dreary cavern illumes.

But it lets not the worldlings discover the spark,
So jealous lest coldness should deaden the flame;
As when clouds interpose—the horizon is dark,
While the radiance beyond is for ever the same.

By constancy nourish'd, it struggles through tears,
Till the rainbow of Hope in the distance is seen;
Then Love's vivid light, long obscured by its fears,
Bursts forth a bright Sun, in its glory serene.

U.

LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. VIII.[1]

We returned to our station, and the commodore took a run to windward. He was fortunate as to one capture; so that, considering we were condemned to that cruising-ground for four months, we had not done very badly. As Sir Peter Parker's name and fame are justly dear to the English navy, I shall mention one or two of his attacks while off Toulon, and after he had become the senior officer of the blockading squadron. The first desperate affair we had was during the time we were left alone to watch the fleet; and this circumstance ought to have been our safeguard against any wanton attacks on the enemy; for had we been captured, the enemy's fleet might have put to sea, and sailed round the world before they could have been tracked. One morning we espied a frigate and a store-ship running down by the "little pass," endeavouring to get into Toulon. Immediately, of course, we made sail to cut them off: they, being to windward, very wisely hauled their wind, and kept under easy sail until the French fleet in Toulon got under weigh to escort them: in the mean time we made sail to windward. When the fleet were clear of Cape Sepet, the French frigate bore up, and we immediately made all sail in-shore, keeping the Menelaus a little off the wind, which blew rather fresh, and which gave us the advantage of advancing at the rate of nine knots an hour. By this time the whole line of the French fleet stood out to sea, with the exception of about four sail of the line, which continued under easy sail a little to windward of their port. We were soon within gun-shot of our friends, who hugged the shore. The batteries commenced the action, the very first shot striking our fore-topmast about three feet above the cap, and cutting the mast nearly in half; the fore-topsail was instantly lowered, and the jib hauled down. The frigate now gave three cheers, hoisted her colours, and treated us to a broadside, which did no damage, and which was directed in no very masterly style. We were now within pistol-shot, when the master reported that the van-ship of the French line had tacked and was looking to windward of us, and that, as it was impossible to keep the ship very close to the wind on account of the wounded fore-topmast, we should be cut off unless we immediately wore and stood out. Sir Peter's blood was warm—we had stood about a dozen broadsides, and he was resolved he would have a little revenge; we therefore bore up, kept alongside of our enemy, and gave him such a salute that down went his main-topsail: the peak was shot away, and the whole scene on board the French frigate was one of confusion and noise. In vain did the master show our dangerous situation; we were now fairly cut off, and thirteen sail of the line were standing towards us. "Another broadside," cried the captain; "steady on the main-deck, and take good aim — that's all right." "We must really wear, Sir," said the master, "for we are getting very close to the shore, and we never can lay to the windward of the fleet."

[1] We regret to say that our next Number will contain the last of these interesting papers.

"One more broadside," was the only answer; and so completely lost to the danger was the captain, that he only thought of boarding the French frigate. He suddenly was convinced not a moment was to be lost; we wore off shore, contrived to fish the fore-topmast enough to bear the jib, and out we stood to face our numerous foes. In the mean time the batteries took advantage of our retreat; the French frigate continued her fire, and had she hauled off in chace we must have been captured. We steered for the van-ship of the enemy's line, an eighty-gun ship. It was now evident enough that the captain had very little prospect of saving his frigate from the already extended jaws of his enemy, and he therefore began to make the necessary arrangements for a change of situation in life. I was quartered at the eight after-guns on the main-deck, and consequently had the right to walk the captain's cabin on the present occasion. I was standing aft, looking out of the stern-windows at our late antagonist, when Captain Parker came below; he appeared just as unconcerned as if he were in security, and called for his clerk with as much composure as if it were to write a common dispatch. The clerk came, and was desired to bring the captain's desk, which had been removed during our clearing for action. The captain took his letters therefrom and coolly destroyed them: I overheard him remark—"They never shall read her letters, happen what may." This done, the private signals were taken on deck, placed in the box with the weights; and once more the captain took his usual station on the carronade slide, abreast of the wheel. My companion at quarters had been a prisoner at Verdun once, and seemed by no means anxious to try it again: he recommended me to put on my thickest shoes, as the walk would be long and the road bad; telling me at the same time that the gens d'armes were accustomed to tie their prisoners in a long line, the foremost man being fastened to a horse's tail, and that tired or not tired the continued walk was inevitable: at the same time he hinted that putting on an extra shirt, and placing a pair or two of stockings in one's pocket, was very advisable. The crew looked with the same dark eye upon our situation, but they knew very well that we had plenty of work to do before we thought of surrendering—more than once I overheard the desponding remarks of some of our veterans. In the mean time we neared our adversaries. We were about two miles distant from the leading ship of the enemy's line, when she tacked and shortened sail, being then a little on our lee-bow: the whole line of the French fleet did the same, as they came in the leading ship's wake, while the in-shore squadron filled up the gap between the shore and the ships. As we were obliged to keep rather free on account of the wounded fore-topmast, the enemy's fleet all looked to windward of us; and it was evident that we should have to run along the whole line at pistol-shot distance, or attempt to cut through it; this last being merely such a desperate shift as nothing but a miracle could terminate prosperouly. As the French line had tacked in succession, we were shortly abreast of the sternmost ship of their line, both being on the larboard tack; when, to the captain's excessive joy, the fleet kept away about a point and a half, steering parallel to us. We were first kindly saluted by the whole

broadside of a three-decker, not one single shot of which struck us, and, indeed, I verily believe that half the guns were not shotted. We never returned this, as firing is likely to put down the wind, and at that moment the harder it blew the better for us. Along the whole line we ran, every ship we passed firing her broadside, and acting in the only manner they could to allow us to escape. Had they made more sail as we came up, they must have taken us; but by some extravagancy of idleness, or want of common nautical knowledge, they still kept under their topsails and jibs, going about five knots, while we had every stitch set the ship would bear, and were flying through the water. Each ship as we passed was nearer to us than the one we had already passed, and each remembered we were an enemy's frigate, and fired away as long as their guns would bear. At last we came alongside of the headmost ship: we were now nearly safe, provided our masts remained untouched, and no chance shot whipped away a spar: not a word was heard on board of us as the broadside of this eighty-gun ship whistled over our heads. The master was steering the ship with the steadiness of an experienced sailor, determined not to lose an inch of ground, and we had passed the beam of our enemy, when he relinquished the wheel to the quarter-master. At this moment the enemy ceased firing, and the whole fleet began to make all sail. We edged away about a point in order to get right a-head of our antagonist; which having effected, we took the liberty to return a shot or two from our stern-chasers. As the weight aft did not assist our speed, the guns were removed, the men ordered to lie down at their quarters; and very shortly we, thanks to the superior sailing of the Menelaus, were a mile and more a-head of our enemies.

As nothing but the greatest good fortune had kept the fore-topmast standing, which now began to complain in consequence of the increased force of the wind, we were obliged to edge away about two points more; and the gabies of Frenchmen, instead of bearing up immediately, when they might have neared us again, kept on the same course until in our wake; when they bore up in chace again. At last we got them right before the wind, and instantly began to shift the fore-topmast, keeping all our studding-sails on the mainmast. This was our worst point of sailing, and it was evident that they gained upon us: we were by no means out of the scrape, and all our activity was requisite to get ready for a little more sail. It seemed magic to our enemies: we had another fore-topmast up, the top-gallantmast all right, and sail set forward in a quarter of an hour; on seeing which the French fleet hauled their wind, tacked, and stood in-shore.

One would have supposed that Captain Parker had had enough fighting for one day; but not a bit of it; the hands were turned up—"Reef topsails:" two reefs were taken in, the ship hauled more to the wind on the starboard-tack, and it was now our turn to chace. We soon got a very nice situation on the lee-quarter of the sternmost ship, and hammered away at her until we had made some few holes in her sails and hull; Captain Parker being as pleased as a child with a plaything. Suddenly, however, the French fleet bore up again; and we, like good boys, followed the

example as hastily as possible. I am sure that had they followed us this second time, they would have caught us; but we never could entice the fleet to leeward of their port, for it blew fresh and looked like an approaching gale; in which case an accident might have brought our fleet out before they could have got back again, for sometimes the gales continue for a week or two.

It was amusing enough to read the reports in the English papers; one of which mentioned that "the Menelaus had been engaged with two French line-of-battle ships, had been totally dismantled, and towed into Minorca by one of the ships of Sir Bengi Hallowell's division, and was so much injured as to be obliged to return to England; that the killed and wounded amounted to nearly half the ship's company; and that the action had been one of the most desperate on record."

Strange as it may appear, not one shot from the French line, although we stood the fire of thirteen sail of the line, and four three-deckers amongst the number, hulled us: we had a hole or two aloft, but we were in as ready a state for any evolution (saving the fore-topmast) when we bore up, as we were when first we stood in to attack the frigate. With what sincere pleasure did I hear the retreat beat after the guns were secured, the enemy in harbour, and we left again alone to watch the harbour's mouth. I will make bold to say that no ship in the British navy was ever in such a situation and escaped: had not the fore-topmast been wounded, of course we should have made sail to windward, and very shortly been secure from our enemies.

From this moment Captain Parker never allowed the French squadron to exercise unmolested: we were always within range; and the day that the enemy appeared outside of Toulon, which was generally on a Thursday, that day always saw us in action; if the fleet did not come out, we always stood in and had half an hour's practice with the batteries. With this exception our lives were passed in horrible monotony: at sunrise, the usual careful look-out to see no ships were outside of us; the same muster at nine o'clock, to see the arms clean as well as the men, the tack in-shore and out again, dinner, quarters; at eight, perhaps a fiddle and a dance, a ball-dance, and now and then a group of sailors on the forecastle, broke the silence of the night by one of the many songs which have so much contributed to keep alive the courage of the seaman, and to instil into the minds of others an ardent wish to be serviceable to their country on their country's element—the sea.

How much—how very much is the nation indebted to Dibdin! His songs are made for sailors, and breathe the very inspiration they require: it is true in many of the nautical phrases he has erred, but Jack sets all that to rights without much regard to harmony of versification.

Of all bipeds the sailor is the most extraordinary: his, although an ever-changing life, is seldom altered: he changes the climate, the station, but his home is the ship; the discipline always the same, and the land, which is greeted with such raptures by a voyager from a distant country, offers no recreation or gratification beyond some fresh meat and vegetables. His work, his time, is for ever re-

quired on board; and, during the war, such was the fear of desertion, that few captains allowed their men the liberty to be absent for twenty-four hours, excepting in places like Malta or Minorca. But the sailor is, or looks to be, always happy and contented; and to see the rough tars dancing with one another to the miserable squeak of a fiddle, or the more inharmonious notes of the fife and drum, one could scarcely credit but a ship was the abode of luxury and contentment; that the sailor knew no other joy but that of a dance or a song; and that his heart, however much it might have been pledged to his darling girl at the back of the Point at Portsmouth, was in reality, on board the ship, devoted to his duty, his king, and his country. That the denial of recreation has, unfortunately, occasioned the loss of many very valuable seamen cannot be denied; and I have ever found it the case, that the captain most liberal of leave was always the most likely to retain the really good man; and now that a part of the pay is given to the sailor when abroad, there ought to be some order to force the captains to grant the necessary recreation, which would save some very lamentable punishments arising from crimes ruinous to health and morality, and contrary to all laws human and divine.

We have had nearly enough of battles; and I should have withheld the following account of a skirmish on shore, had not some of those touching scenes occurred, over which the mind delights to wander, and memory confers a favour when she startles them into existence. We were about ten miles to the eastward of Marseilles, when we saw a small vessel at anchor in a narrow bay. Prize-money is like blood to a blood-hound—once tasted never relinquished, without superior force interferes. To see the vessel, small as she was, and to know that a certain sum, however small, would follow her capture, were sufficient excitement. Captain Parker, who had then succeeded to the title in consequence of old Sir Peter Parker's death, having reconnoitred the bay, which seemed totally defenceless, manned the boats, and desired the lieutenant to bring out the prize. We had three boats only employed in this expedition; for as we could not distinguish the slightest appearance of a fortification, or any thing approximating to a battery, this small force was deemed amply sufficient; and we left the ship, just as sure of a bloodless prize as we were of our existence. In each boat, however, three marines had been placed to amuse people on shore, while we towed out the vessel. We approached the land about noon, and shortly were within pistol-shot. Not a soul was to be seen, excepting an old woman, who sat at the door of a small hut erected on the further end of the bay: she sat spinning, and, seemingly, without noticing us. It was a dead calm, and "ocean slumbered like an unwean'd child." The bowman was a corpse; a musket had been fired from behind a rock on the left-hand entrance, and that first shot was fatal: it was succeeded by another from nearly the same place, and one marine was disabled: a third came and tore the cravat from the lieutenant's neck, but did not touch him: a fourth, and the coxswain lost his arm. There was no standing this—it was deliberate murder; for, ensconced behind the rocks, the Frenchmen fired in perfect security; and so small were the apertures from whence issued their destruc-

tion, that they were imperceptible to us. We gave three cheers, and pulled right for the place. Only one more shot came, and that struck an already-wounded man. A small sandy cove offered a landing, and one and all, saving the wounded, jumped on shore and began a search. The lieutenant, myself, and a marine, took one direction; the other marine and some of the boats'-crews were left to search the rock near which we had landed. Ours seemed a hopeless attempt to discover the enemy; we wound along a narrow path, which sometimes offered a view of the water, and which then suddenly turned in land. We examined every place with the utmost precaution, and search was useless, until another shot, which missed its mark, convinced us we were not far from our foes. We pushed on, one after the other, for the road was rugged and narrow, until, coming into a broader and more open view, we saw a man and a little boy retreating in much haste. The instant we hailed him to stop, he turned round and fired. It was again a harmless shot; it grazed the marine, but no mischief was done. The lieutenant instantly fired, but missed his mark; and he desired the marine to do the same, taking care not to hit the boy. The Frenchman again fired, and the little boy instantly gave a cartridge: it was a running fight, and little harm likely to be done from such wild firing. The marine suddenly stopped, and, resting his musket against the rock, shot the child; he fell in the act of offering another cartridge. The father instantly relinquished his fire-arms, and fell by the side of his son: of course he was a prisoner in a moment. Our seizing his musket he disregarded; even of our approach he seemed unmindful. He had seated himself, and, placing the boy's head upon his lap, was wiping away the blood which oozed from the wound in the forehead. On desiring him to follow us he paid not the slightest attention; he neither wept or spoke, but watched the last chilling shiver of his boy, as he relinquished life, with an eye of inexpressible sadness. The last contraction of the eye—the distended jaw—the motionless lip, announced his death. I stammered, for I could not speak the dreadful truth. The father jumped from the ground with a frantic air; the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the Frenchman endeavoured to run on its point, but the marine dropped his musket and encircled him with his arms. We immediately secured his hands, and desired him to lead us to the beach near the cottage. The marine carried the dead boy, and the father walked by the side, apparently lost in silent observation of the corpse. We certainly did not return the way we came, for we had passed our boat and came suddenly upon the rear of the cottage. The old woman was still at her wheels, and we were within about two yards, when, lifting her head, she discovered her son a prisoner. A violent shriek announced to a lovely female in the hut that something had occurred. She rushed to assist her mother; her first sight fell upon her dead son in the arms of an enemy: she seized the boy, and tore him from the marine: she kissed him more like a maniac than a mother; and, giving one deep and audible sigh, she fell at the mother's feet. We hastened from this scene of grief and misery; and when the oars were splashed into the water, as we retreated from the shore, we distinctly saw the whole family in the situation we had left them,

as perfectly regardless of us as if we had not existed, and unmindful of the retreat of the murderers of their son. "War! war! even to the knife!" said Palafox: this was little better than butchery, and I have often wept over the remembrance of the fatal day, for it left a blot upon my heart. I would have given all the prize-money I ever made not to have witnessed this cruel scene. Alas! I have to record some more fatal, and equally touching. The prize was towed out, and we resumed our cruise.

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe"—

such is life, at least a sailor's. We are the mere children of circumstances; and those who embark in either profession, I mean military or naval, must submit to wear the rubs and frowns of disaster one moment, and smile over strange and foreign events the next. I shall leave the Mediterranean station, after paying one compliment to Lord Exmouth for the order and discipline of his fleet, decidedly the finest and most efficient England ever possessed. O! it was a glorious sight to see our ships, bearing the flag of England, standing within gun-shot of the harbour, where a fleet superior in numbers and ready for sea was skulking behind their batteries—to watch the telegraph on the summit of Cape Sicie announce our approach, (for we had their signals, and turned them to some account,)—to see the long line of the enemy, their tri-coloured flag, and thus to beard them even in their own den. Shall we ever see those days again? It will be a rash man who ever attempts the blockade of a squadron—one calm and he is lost; so much for steam as an auxiliary in war. No more cutting out—beware of steam-boats and gun-boats on all enemies' premises!

We had a large convoy under our charge when we left the station, and were bound to Portsmouth. In the morning of one day of our delayed existence, we discovered a small vessel near our charge: it was a light breeze, and with the assistance of our sky-sails we only crept a couple of knots an hour. We were soon alongside, and captured a small settee from Algiers, a Spaniard that had been taken that morning by a French privateer brig. On warning the masthead-man to keep a good look-out, he reported a vessel right a-head, which, from the calmness of the morning and the situation, we knew must be the enemy. We crowded all sail, leaving our convoy in charge of a sloop-of-war; and towards evening we could see the chace distinctly from the deck. We took one of those light flaws of wind so common in the Mediterranean, and by eight o'clock she was hull-up. It was a beautiful night, and towards eleven fell a dead calm. It was evident the chace was sweeping; for, although she was and had been becalmed, she occasionally altered her position. The boats were resorted to, and about 2 A. M. we were alongside: it was as usual, three cheers and board. The opposition was trifling, and in five minutes she was a prize. One man, who had fixed himself close aft on the larboard side, was fighting like a dragon; and on my advancing to warn him of the folly of fighting against twenty, he made a desperate attack on me. I parried the blow; which, if it had taken effect, would have saved me much trouble and the reader considerable *ennui*; and calling upon the men to rush on their prey, we secured him im-

mediately: he was an ugly, sour-looking fellow, with only one eye. I spoke to him in French, which he evidently understood indifferently; then in Italian, at which he shook his head. Another tried Spanish; he affected a careless indifference; and, as a business of despair, I offered him a little Turkish. It was no use, we could make nothing of him; he was either deaf, ignorant, sulky, or capricious, so we handed him on board the ship, and put him in irons by way of security. The sentinel under whose charge he was placed, hearing this one-eyed man and his comrade in a low conversation, listened with great attention, and caught one or two English words: this excited his laudable curiosity, and, as he paced his dull and never-varying steps, he distinctly overheard whole sentences in our own language: this was duly reported to the corporal, who told the serjeant, and going through the different gradations of rank, at last came to the captain. The prisoner was instantly handed on deck; but he kept a guarded silence, or only answered that he was French, which it was evident to the most superficial performer in that language was a falsehood. The ship's company were desired to pass him in review; at which he appeared alarmed and changed his countenance as often as a dying dolphin his colour: it was useless; one of our fore-top men called him by name, mentioned the ship in which he served, and declared him one of the mutineers from a gun-boat in Cadiz, who had murdered the midshipman and escaped to the enemy. A string of evidence was soon got up; the prisoner was placed in irons; and the determination to try him at a court-martial, on our arrival at Gibraltar, was made known to the traitor. My usual luck always attending me, I was named as principal evidence, as I could swear to his having borne arms against his Majesty's subjects, and of his having been taken in arms against his own nation.

On our arrival at Gibraltar the court-martial was ordered, and assembled on board the St. Juan, Sir Peter Parker being President. The man was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung accordingly, which ceremony took place shortly afterwards. It has often been my opinion, and likewise the opinion of many older officers than myself, that the systems of courts-martial might be much improved by the employment of a very little time and money on the part of the Lords of the Admiralty. Officers in the navy have a very limited knowledge of the law of evidence; so little indeed, that I recollect at a court-martial once a doubt having arisen from the President of the court if he could call the prosecutor as evidence against the prisoner. Even when I showed him M'Arthur on the subject, he seemed to think it must be an error, and took the opinion of the court. If short-hand writers were appointed to the different stations, say two to each, the expense would not be increased one farthing; for the work of ten days now would be done in two, cross-examinations would be more efficacious, and it would be infinitely more beneficial to the court and the prisoner. If an evidence is inclined not to speak exactly the truth, he has sufficient time to form a guarded answer: he hears the question put to the judge-advocate first; it is then written down, and he is then asked the question by the judge-advocate; and what between the question not being clearly put, erasures and alterations by the judge-advocate, and then again

putting the question, the evidence has about five minutes to arrange his answer. I have seen captains busily employed in caricaturing either the prisoner or some of the court: and the constant clearing of the court, in order to hide the ignorance of the different members, must leave a poor impression on the mind of the prisoner as to the talents and wisdom of his judges. Then comes the greatest absurdity of all; when the sentence is reading, the members who constitute the court put on their cocked-hats; why or wherefore, nobody ever yet could tell. I remember that in 1826, in Jamaica, when, by the capricious nonsense of a certain captain, about a dozen courts-martial were ordered to take place: the squadron were kept in that sickly hole about three months; the consequence was, that about four or five ships got a very unpleasant shipmate on board in the shape of the yellow-fever. To the above-mentioned capricious, nonsensical, and vexatious trials is to be attributed the sickness in the Scylla, which broke out on board of that ill-fated ship the very day she put to sea, and which afterwards deprived her in Carthagena of her captain, one lieutenant, three surgeons, four midshipmen, and about forty men. Enough of this for the present: I shall not return to the subject in these papers; but I must add, that any man would confer a special favour on the navy who would introduce some few amendments into this system, and who would *make* some book which should become the law-reference for ignorant captains and beardless judges.

On our arrival at Portsmouth we were ordered to join the Superb and the Fly, and go in pursuit of Commodore Rogers and his squadron. We were unsuccessful, and the cruise had few charms and many grievances: cruising on the equator in the month of June cannot be supposed to be very agreeable. We slanted down the coast of South America, visited Pernambuco, and on our return touched at Fernando de Noronha. To this island the Portuguese banish their male convicts; and, horrible as it may appear, not a single female is allowed to land on that unnatural shore but the family of the governor. The heat of the island is beyond all mention, its situation being only three degrees from the equator; and the ground, far from being a grateful soil, is parched and barren, the produce of which is barely sufficient for the wretched inhabitants. Here the social affections wither, even when nature had destined them most to flourish; here love and all its blessings are unknown; and here is the living reality of what brutes men become without the kind and fostering care of the better part of the creation. And if for their former crimes the culprits may have merited banishment, to the government under which they had the misfortune to be born is to be attributed the future sins into which they may be forced by the unnatural position in which they are placed. Strange as it may appear, the birds of Venus, the doves, are more plentiful in this island than in any other spot on the globe: as if in horrid mockery of the poor devils doomed to live out so wretched an existence, every branch throughout the low wood which encircles the town can show a feathered pair billing and cooing in all the warmth of affection and love. In revenge for this mockery the inhabitants eat the emblem of the original they are condemned for ever to forego. We returned to Portsmouth, and then

became attached to the Channel fleet: here we were constantly employed cruising in the Bay of Biscay; and here we gave a specimen to a wanderer on the ocean of how soon he might be a prize. We had by constant chasing got a very long way to the westward of our station: and, in company with the Pyramus, were returning to our proper situation, when we espied at sunset two large vessels to leeward, which, from their appearance, we made out to be French frigates. We cleared for action, and bore up in chace. We were to be opposed to the leading ship, and the Pyramus to the sternmost one: about ten o'clock we were close to our fancied foes, and, without hailing or firing or making any disturbance whatever, we ran our opponent on board on the starboard side, our small bower-anchor tearing away his fore-channels, our fore-yard ripping his foretop-sail, and our main-yard performing the like service to his maintop-sail: in an instant the boarders jumped on board, headed by the captain: here they found about ten men, who instantly retreated below, whilst one of our men called out to "seize the wheel." At this moment the captain of the supposed enemy caught the sound of his own language, and roared out "Oh! for shame! for shame! and an English frigate too!" The answer he got to this was—"By the god of war, if you had been a Frenchman, as I thought you were, I would have had you in a moment!" We soon made amends for our hasty indiscretion, by giving him a certificate that the damage was done accidentally; in consequence of which the repairs were made good by the Government.

The war with France being over, Sir Peter took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy carrying troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potomack, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war: on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and, when night came on, they resembled the signal-fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines of the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person; and with him, as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St. George's Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labour, but likewise the resort of some few militiamen guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods, which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishers, and instructed our sea-general in some of the safeguards of a land-army. When we arrived within about two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at a full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known: every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labour: we therefore most valiantly set fire to

the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and the cries of the women; and, like a parcel of savages as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reasons why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggressions in the North: in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militia-man was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral's ship; whilst Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St. George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling-house near the beach. It was nine o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir-trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house: the door was open, and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself, entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanour. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the colonel, their father. He was out, and not expected home. "He provided arms for some of the militia?" continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words—"I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia, and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes' time I must set fire to this house; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises." Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all dispatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father:—"They never assisted in the war, excepting to succour a wounded enemy"—"They never urged their father to arm the militia; they were, in fact, poor and unprotected females." Five minutes had elapsed: in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl of about sixteen, and lovely be-

yond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through a thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; another stood a kind of Niobe of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short: the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat: the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of desolation, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George: I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out "Begin!" was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish.

F.

"THE SEPULCHRES" OF FOSCOLO.[1]

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE shady cypress rear, and, O! afford
The refuge of the carved and o'er-wept urn,
To charm the sleep of Death, soon as yon sun
For me no more shall quicken earth, with all
Her goodly family that breathe and bloom,—
Soon as before me joys of future hours
No more shall flaunt in visionary dance,—
When I shall list not to thy song, my friend,
For the sad solemn harmony it breathes;
Nor feel my spirit soar, my bosom glow,
In commune with the Muses and deep love—
Sole solace of my dark and wandering life!

What guerdon for the past, that graven stone
Distinguish mine from the unnumber'd bones,
Wherewith the Spectre sows the earth and sea?

[1] This celebrated Poem, inscribed to Hippolytus Pindemonte, has never before appeared in an English garb. Its writer found his "sepulchre" amongst us; he lies at Chiswick. Foscolo is a difficult author to give in a foreign tongue, though in his own language he is unequalled in our time.

True, Pindemonte, is it, that even Hope,
Never inconstant, flies the sepulchres:
There comes oblivion; and, o'er strewn remains
And marr'd resemblances of earth and heaven,
Time strides, and mocks man and his monuments.

But why should man behold it like a vision—
The thought that cheers him at the gates of death?
Doth he not live, though laid in earth, wherein
The music of the day is ever silent,
If he can wake Death's sleep with soft remembrance
In kindred bosoms? It is from on high,
This binding sense of sympathy and love,
This amulet for Sorrow's heirs, whereby
The quick hold commune with the voiceless dead;
For the dead answer, if the sacred soil,
That nursed and gladden'd them in infant days,
Yielding its mother lap for their long rest,
Keep their white bones unscatter'd and secure
From feet irreverent, with a decent stone
That speaks for whom; and a green waving tree
To soothe with flower and odour and sweet shade.

He that leaves nothing in surviving hearts
Hath darkness in his urn; and, though there be
A life beyond, his spirit shall be one
Whose cry is piteous in the surge-like wail
That echoes through the halls of Acheron.
He creeps, it may be, under the great wings
Of God's forgiveness; but the unhonour'd sod
Profits the weed-beds of the desert soil:
There woman prays not with her tears of love,
Nor hears the solitary passenger
The sigh that Nature wafts us from the tomb.

A new law now does from the mourner's eyes
Wall up the sepulchres,[1] and to the dead
Their names deny. There sleeps without a tomb
Thy priest,[2] Thalia, with enduring love
Who sung to thee, and in his lowly state
The laurel rear'd, and garlanded thy crown;
And thou didst laugh in his blithe strains[3] that stung
The Sardanapalus of our Lombardy,
Who lists but to the bellowing of his beeves,
That from the pastures of the Ticine streams
Return him goodly profit and fat viands!

Fair Muse, where art thou fled? I feel no more
Thy honied breath, and vivifying presence,
Haunting the woods where I sit down and sigh
For my maternal roof. Here thou wert wont

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[1] "According to this law, all bodies, without distinction, were to be interred in public cemeteries without the towns; and the size of the sepulchral stone was prescribed, and the epitaphs were subject to the revision and approval of the magistrates."—Hobhouse's Illustrations of Childe Harold.

[2] Parini.

[3] An allusion to Parini's satirical poem, "The Day."—"There was not a single Milanese who did not see, in the chief personage of the poem, the Prince Belgiojoso, of the reigning family of Este, the eldest brother of the field-marshal of the same name, who was Austrian ambassador at our court, and governor of the Low Countries."—Hobhouse.

To toy with him under yon linden tree,
Swinging its drooping boughs, that seem to moan,
Thalia, that it may not shade the sleep
Of him who loved it for its calm and shadow.
Perchance, O Muse, thou ask'st the huddled heaps
Of common dust, where lies the hallow'd head
Of thy Parini? The vain city gave,
Lascivious pander of ephemeral bays,
Such dust no shelter, monument, or verse:
His bones, perchance, lie dabbled in the blood
Of the last recreant's head that Death struck down,
Heavy with crimes, upon the felon's scaffold!

Heardst thou the homeless bitch that hunts the dead.
Rake up the charnel-mounds, and sniff the winds,
Howling with hunger? and from out the skull
The moonshine pierces, the filthy lapwing[1] fly
With whirring pinions o'er the funeral crosses,
And scream along the silent-peopled plain,
Insulting the sweet beams with which the stars
Are pious to the desolate? In vain
Thine immortality implores for him
The gentle dewfall of the lids of night!
Alas! there springs no flower upon the grave
That is not hallow'd in mankind's esteem,
And duly water'd with affection's tears!

From the first days, in which the nuptial vow,
The temple, and the judgment-seat had taught
Rude man to seek his own and other's weal,
The living did upgather, and defend,
From the gaunt beast, and blanching tempest-wind,
The melancholy remnants, which the voice
Of nature destines for the noblest ends.
The tombs became the records of the great,
And altars for their children: they disclosed
The Larian oracles; and by the dust
Of their forefathers were men's oaths revered;
The heart's religion, which, with varied rites,
The social virtues and the hope of Heaven
Transmit us through the changes of the past.

Not in wise times the cemeteries dank
Were laid beneath the churches'-floors, and gorged
Till the believers shudder'd at the stench
Strangling the incense-fumes, and kneel'd in terror—
Cities were render'd hideous by the grin
Of sculptured skeletons. From their first sleep
The new-made mothers started, arms outstretch'd
O'er their loved infants, in the horrid dread
Of groans malignant from the corpse that craves
The burial bribes from the reluctant heirs.[2]
Better when cypress, cedar, and pure balm,
Impregnating the zephyrs, overbower'd
Remember'd urns with their perennial green,
And costly carves received the mourner's tears.

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[1] The lapwing feeds on earthworms. This may explain the allusion. The original is *upupa*.

[2] I imagine this passage alludes to some Italian superstition; perhaps unpaid masses are intended.—TRANSLATOR.

Then, from Promethean censers of the dawn,
A spark was caught by the bereaved to cheer
The gloominess of death; the mated eye
Turn'd dying to the sun; and the last sigh
Sped from all hearts to the departing light.
Fountains that woo'd the winds in silver showers,
With blooms of amaranth and violet,
Bestarr'd the funeral sod; and they that stayed
To feast on meditation, in the gale
A fragrance found, like that which we may deem
To wander from the gardens of the bless'd.
Sublimely just enthusiasm! Thou endear'st
The hamlet's lowly records of the dead
To British virgins, where a mother's dust
Invites their footsteps—where they sought, with prayers,
The safety of the hero,[1] who made shorn
The captive war-ship of its mightier pine,
To scoop the bier for his last greatest triumph.
Where sleeps the hunger of renown, there wealth
And fear become the ministers of life;
An idle pomp of images abhorr'd,
And phantasy of evil dreams, appear
For solemn groves and sacred monuments!

The learn'd, the rich, and the patrician vulgar,
The pride and spirit of the Italian land,
In their own palaces are buried now,
Breathing entomb'd, and their forefathers' names
Their only coronals! To us, my friend,
Let death be as a refuge-port of rest,
Where storms are barr'd, and friendship may collect
Not treasures of inheritance, but warm
Condolence, and just tribute of fair song.
Fame's ignent urn awakens to the wing
Her garing eaglets; and where'er they light
Upon, the wilderness is beautified,
And hallow'd in all time. When I survey'd
The shrine of that immortal,[2] by whose words
The rulers were abash'd, while in their hands
The sceptre, of its laurel stripp'd, is shown
Unto the trampled nations, in what tears
And blood it dabbles: and the narrow house
Of him[3] that pillar'd to the gods in Rome
A new Olympus; and the sage[4] that under
The canopy of space beheld the march
Of other worlds begird the throned sun,
And to the Anglian mind[5] that soar'd so high
Forestrode the pathways of the firmament,—
"O bless'd art thou, bride Florence!" I exclaim'd,
"For thy pure gales, and for thy rushing waters,
Dower'd by the woody-cragged Appenine.
In the deep azure of thy skies, the moon
Delights to wander, and, beneath her beams,
Shine joyously the vintage-laden hills,
While the cat-speckled[6] and olive-planted valleys
Send up the incense of a thousand flowers.

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[1] Nelson. [2] Macchiavelli. [3] Michael Angelo. [4] Galileo. [5] Newton.
[6] A significant epithet of the appearance of a landscape variegated like a cat's fur.

Thou didst first listen to the lay that soothed
The flying Ghibelline's indignant spirit;
And thou the parents and the phrase harmonious
Gav'st to that sweet lip of Calliope,
That love with veil of tender braid adorning
(Love that went garmentless in Greece and Rome)
To the diviner Venus' lap restored.[1]
O! still more bless'd that in thy fanes are gather'd
The urned boasts of Italy!—her all,
Perchance! since that the ill-guarded Alps,
And the omnipotence of this world's tide,
Despoil'd her strength and natural nutriment,
Altars, tiaras, and, save memory, all!"

But, where new hope from former glory shines
On ardent minds for a degraded land,
Draw we our omens: near these marbles oft
Alfieri linger'd in the trance of thought;
Indignant with his country's gods, he paced
The desert walks of Arno, and look'd round
In mute request upon the field and sky;
And, when the face of nature had no smile
To soothe his cares, his stern brow rested here,
Bearing the wanness with the hope of death.
With them he dwells for ever! Here his bones
Still murmur of their country. O! from that
Religious solitude how loudly speaks
A ruling Deity, the same of old
That kindled in the Greeks at Marathon,
Where Athens crown'd her heroes, their disdain
And hatred of the Persians! They, who sail
Since by Eubœa, have beheld the sparks
Of armour-smiting brands emblaze the shores
Far through the dusky midnight; seen the pyres
Vomit their crimson vapours; the grey gleam
Of spectre-warriors striding to the fight;
And hearken'd in the silence to the chafing
And tumult of the phalanx, and the blasts
Of answering trumpets, and the brazen tread
Of charging horse upon the loaded plain;
Wailings, and hymns, and chanting of the Parcæ.

O! bless'd Hippolytus, exploring wide
The empire of the mind, in thy green years,
If e'er the helmsman piloted thy sail
By the Egean Islands, thou hast heard
The glorious shores of Hellespont declare
The deeds of old, and the tide bellow with
Its sacred burthen, toward the Rhætian strand
Rolling the Achillean armour to the bones
Of injured Ajax. With the noble soul,
Death is the just dispenser of renown;
Nor depth of craft, nor the award of kings,
Secured Ulysses the contended spoils,
When Heaven forbade, and on the wandering bark
The tempests drove from the infernal gods.

[1] Petrarch.

On me, whom fate and glory's thirst have driven
To sojourn in strange lands, and mourn for mine,—
On me the Muses call to chant the lays
That rouse up heroes: in our hearts, by them,
Sweet strains are waken'd, and high thoughts are breathed;
They sit among and guard the sepulchres.
Yea, though hoar Time hovers with icy wings
Above the spoils and ruins of the world,
The Nine make glad the desert with their singing,
And the loud waves of their wild harmony
Heave back the wrecks of mute uncounted years.

So still in Troas, where the harvest waves
O'er crumbled columns, to the pilgrim's eye
The mounds are radiant with immortal fire;
Immortal for the nymph beloved of Jove,
Who bore him Dardanus, the child from whom
Came Ilion's founder and Assaracus,
The fifty princes of the regal city,
And the proud empire of the Julian line.
There, when Electra heard the Stygian chant
To choirs Elysian, from the sunlit air,
That called her far, she of the Thunderer
One boon requested, as the last, and cried, "If e'er
These mortal locks and favour'd lips were dear,
And the sweet vigils of our love, since not
A happier meed hath been ordained for one
So bless'd in life, when changed, bestow thy care
That earth forget not thine Electra's name."
She pray'd, and pass'd; then rock'd the Olympic domes,
And from the shaken tresses of the god
Was rain'd ambrosia on the suppliant's head,
To sanctify her ashes and her tomb.
There died Erichthon; there the blameless dust
Of Ilus slumbers; there the Trojan wives
Flung loose their hair, and breathed impassion'd vows—
Alas! in vain, for their ill-fated lords!
There spake Cassandra, when her bosom's gloom
Was lightning with the Deity; and strange
Unheeded dreams mark'd out the coming day,
When Troy should smoulder. She with songs of wail
Made sad the mountains, and led forth the children
To listen to her oracles, and said,
With voice prophetic, "Mind, if adverse Heaven
Permit, in distant days, that ye return
From Argos, where your princely hands shall feed
The steeds of Tydeus' and Laërtes' son,
In vain shall ye look fondly from the hills
For this your home with its high god-built walls,
But see, instead, the wind fling in the sun
The dust of desolation; yet the gods
Ye cherish in your homes shall shelter here,
And refuge in the chambers of the silent.
One sky-born privilege is man's, to tread
The paths of misery with exalted name.
Ye palms and cedars, by the imperial dames
Here planted proudly, but a little space
And ye shall water'd be with widows' tears!

Guard my Sire's ashes!—he that shall restrain
From you the lifted axe, 'tis given to mourn
Less bitterly the blight of death, to touch
The sacred altars with no worthless hand.—
Guard ye my fathers!—and await the day
That brings a poor and sightless wanderer
To muse and grope in your time-hallow'd shades,
And lone mausoleums—to embrace their urns,
With ardent questionings. The conscious caves
Shall answer groaning, and the tombs unfold,
Hollow and hoarse, the wonders of their tale—
Ilion twice rased, and twice from earth arisen!
Sublimely, from the silent scene, to crown
The doom'd Pelides' deeds, a poet seer,
Soothing the wretched spectres with his strains,
Shall render to the chiefs of Hellas' land
Their names, renown'd far as the world's great Sire
Eternal Ocean spreads his ambient arms.
Thine, Hector, shall the glory of all tears
Be deem'd in every land, where patriot blood
Is mourn'd or honour'd, while yon golden sun
Shall shine upon the mass of human woes!"

J. C.

SCOTLAND IN 1831.

FROM THE NOTES OF A TOURIST.

EDINBURGH and Scotland were once almost synonymous terms, from a feeling probably similar to that which induced a French map-maker to delineate Lombard Street as London. The emporium of the modern Athens is, however, greatly diminished; and wealth, industry, and intelligence, are spreading northwards, from rising towns and increasing population.

The little which reaches us in the south respecting Scotland is, somehow or other, prejudicial rather to the spirit of touring in that country; yet, what with the progress of the cholera and agitation across the Channel, and a glorious summer, Scotland was never known to be visited by so many strangers as during the last season; a large portion of whom were grouse-shooters, including all the different grades of society from the peer to the 'prentice, alike moved by the facilities of steam navigation from the most distant parts of England.

Unquestionably, there is much worth seeing in Scotland, much worthy of notice both in the moral and physical world beyond the borders, and much that is perfectly unknown out of the country. Of the Scotch themselves, we certainly see abundance in our own metropolis and elsewhere; but the Scotchman in England is a different being from the Scotchman in his native land. The inhabitants of Pekin and Loo Choo are not less understood than the Highlanders.

As to climate, soil, and productions, Scotland is usually associated with ideas of all that is chilly, misty, barren, and rocky, with an impoverished peasantry, smoky cabins, oaten cakes, and whisky, without any allowance for fertile lands, good crops, and woods.

Many persons perhaps still believe with Tabitha Bramble, that when they cross the border they must carry provisions with them, and that the deserts of Arabia are not less productive. It is true, matters are not quite so bad even in the extreme North, although they are capable of improvement, and are in a fair train of advancement whether moral, political, or physical.

One of the most crying sins of Scotland is the great expense of travelling through it, greater than in any other country of Europe. As a fellow tourist observed to me, "One gets less here for a shilling than any where else." I am, however, willing to allow that while this is certainly the rule, there are occasionally exceptions to it.

No country seems to have undergone more changes in its moral and political state than Scotland; and it is now, as Jonathan would say, daily "progressing" in improvement. In fact, it has only of late years been emerging from barbarism. Edinburgh has long been the grand centre of civilization, which is now spreading in all directions. From the loftiest heights of clanship and gallantry the Scotch have sobered down to a plain, pains-taking, shrewd, calculating, and commercial nation, whence have sprung science, industry, and prosperity. No circumstance seems to have tended more to alter the moral and political condition of the country than the introduction of steam. This powerful force has engendered wealth, set the schoolmaster to work, and introduced thousands where formerly people arrived only in very limited numbers. The good effects are every where conspicuous. The little bare-legged savages that used to run about in kilts are now driven from the south to the north; and in the southern towns and villages, the breeches-maker and cobbler are more employed; and even the little shepherd-boys are "skilled," as they call it, in their A, B, C, and the Bible, while learning is fast encroaching upon the desolation of John O'Groat's.

During an evening walk, I encountered one of these urchins with a Bible in his hand, watching some cattle committed to his charge, whose orderly conduct allowed the boy to prosecute his studies uninterrupted. But I observed a grey horse close by in a small patch of ripe corn, to which I directed the boy's attention, perceiving that before nightfall the little stock would be nearly all consumed, from the abstracted pertinacity with which the child was reading. He however looked carelessly round, declaring his entire want of any concern in the circumstance, as he was only watching "them twa black uns,"—pointing to two black horses cropping the long grass near him; nor could I rouse him to attempt to dislodge the grey intruder that was so rapidly devouring the property of another master. This is not, perhaps, a bad specimen of the innate disposition of the Scotch.

The most interesting parts of Scotland are contained within a triangular space, of which Inverness may be considered the apex, and the country round Edinburgh and Glasgow the base, including Kelso and Melrose. Of course, the three sides of this triangle are approachable by steam from England; but the central body contains much that ought not to be overlooked, and is not to be visited but by land-conveyances. Here it is that the heavy expenses are in-

curred, unless the tourist adopts that method of travelling in a mountainous country which, to the young and vigorous, is the best—walking. Here are to be seen lochs, mountains, glens, waterfalls, rocks, and passes, affording the most beautifully diversified scenery to the lover of nature, and an ample field of observation to the geologist, the mineralogist, and the botanist; although the climate is uncertain, the sky deficient in that lovely, soft, and rich blue of Italy, the sun usually pale and watery, and the Highlands wanting in that romantic grandeur and the grotesque asperities of the snow-capped mountains of the Alps and Pyrenees.

To those "who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road," the central country is now perfectly accessible. The genius of M'Adam every where prevails, and the hills are seen without encountering them bodily; the traveller passing over almost entirely level roads kept in the highest order, and for the enjoyment of which he is made to pay upon no ordinary scale. Turnpikes every five miles, without tickets, make the average expense of about two or three pence a mile for a gig and horse, more than what, I understand, is necessary for the making and repairs of the road; which bears hard upon the industrious classes of the community, and is much complained of by travellers. When Scotch proprietors send their bills to Parliament, they are rarely liable to that check and control which our private bills are more apt to meet with. Not content, indeed, with this high rate of taxation, on my return I was shown the draft of a bill about to come before the House of Lords, empowering the taxmen, or toll-keepers, to sell spirits, malt-liquor, bread, cheese, and meat, upon the score of the convenience such a licence would afford the public; or, in other words, the land-proprietors wish to increase the value of their toll-gates, by converting them into so many public houses for tippling passengers, without any regard to the manifest disadvantage of the licensed publicans, sufficiently numerous for the wants of the public.

Certainly, whoever has been accustomed to the old military roads in Scotland, formed under the directions of General Wade, would not grumble at being fairly taxed for the superior advantages of the new Parliamentary roads, notwithstanding the following flattering couplet over one of the former,—

> Whoever saw this road before it was made,
> Would lift up his hands and bless General Wade—

a couplet, by-the-bye, which one would be apt to imagine came from a native of the sister isle, from the bull which it involves.

This system of taxation, it is to be hoped, will among other things be subjected to the wholesome control of a better mode of representation in Scotland; a mode at present full as great a farce as the Duke of Wellington's county meetings, to say the least of it. As far as the convenience of the public goes, about which Scotch proprietors profess to be so anxious, there is no want of houses of entertainment, and they are continually increasing. Wherever the public resort, there inns will rise up in proportion; and the only advantage gained by the new bill will be the emolument to the proprietors, at

the expense of the demoralizing effects of facilitating the sale of whisky among the peasantry.

The fares demanded for public conveyances are necessarily high, from this frequent and exorbitant taxation on the Parliamentary roads, joined to a want of any opposition. The Inverness coach is higher in its fares than any I ever met with, from the high price of hay and corn, and the tolls. In places where there is no regular posting, an open cart, with a seat suspended by two iron chains, and drawn by one horse, professing to go at the rate of five, but in reality at three, miles an hour, cannot be hired under one shilling a mile, and for two horses two shillings; and the coach from Oban to Inverary, with two horses part of the way, and the rest three, takes eight or nine hours to travel thirty-two miles, and charges twelve shillings for an outside place. A party travelling with their own carriage hired at Glasgow two horses and a driver, for which they were charged thirty-two shillings a day, besides having to pay about five-pence or six-pence a mile for tolls on the Parliamentary roads, and a daily gratuity to the driver.

The accommodations on the different roads at the inns are much improved of late years, although susceptible of improvement in the Highlands far to the North; and in those places where the steam-packets bring daily their hundreds of passengers in the season, the inhabitants let lodgings even for one day or night. The demands vary in such places, but they are generally higher than similar accommodations in England remote from the metropolis. Their appearance is often unprepossessing; but, amidst all the apparent dirt and want of repair, the bed-linen is uniformly clean and well-aired. There is a general make-shift disposition prevalent, and an anxious desire manifested to reap the fruits of a harvest that occurs only during the summer months and in fine weather, and which is merely kept down to its present standard by the competition excited. It is only in the remote places less frequented, where a solitary inn is usually kept by a landholder on a small scale, that one is struck with the moderation of the charges compared with the goodness of the fare and the comforts of the accommodations. Such an inn I found in the beautiful parish of Ballyhulish, twelve miles from Fort William, near Glencoe.

As to the living in general, whatever scantiness might formerly have existed has now given place to abundance. Excellent beef and mutton, grouse, eggs, potatoes, good butter, and cream, are plentiful; and the Scotch breakfasts and teas are notoriously superior, from the preserved fruits and jelly, and broiled fish, &c. which crowd the table in excess: and now-a-days, instead of being obliged to swallow dry oaten cakes or doughy scones, wholesome bread is always at hand; for the butcher and the baker now reside wherever there are wanting meat and bread, instead of being daily expected, not having called for two or three weeks.

The accommodation afforded by steam-packets is necessarily more moderate than that of the land-carriage; and they convey passengers to towns on the coast, along the Caledonian Canal, the Clyde, Loch Lomond, and to the islands, with economy and rapidity. Their great objections rest with the crowds who frequent them, and the

fare generally provided, which requires a strong appetite to relish. They are not always quite so clean as they might be, and the culinary preparations are often equally offensive to the sight and smell. Nevertheless, they are conveniences to the public, by means of which the whole extent of Scotland may be visited in two or three weeks, and business effected with quickness and economy. The only exception, probably, to regularity and comfort as to steamers exists on the Caledonian Canal, where the steamer is advertised to leave Inverness every Monday and Thursday; but this depends upon contingencies not always favourable. The hours at which they start are often inconveniently early and unpunctual, the packet is a vile one, and the hours of arrival for the night's lodging often protracted beyond midnight. The journey by land is far preferable, though less economical, unless a party club together for the hire of a vehicle. A pair of horses, with the driver, will draw a carriage from Inverness to Fort William in two days, for five or six pounds, including the carriage, if one can be procured. There are no turnpikes, and the accommodations at the Forts are sufficiently comfortable, more especially at Fort William.

The road on the Fall of Fyers side is hilly, but very beautiful, and lies near enough to the lochs to include their scenery in its views.

From Fort William to Oban the packet takes only six or seven hours at most by day, and passes through the most beautiful archipelago of islands. By land the route is rough and slow, but the distance being less than fifty miles may be easily walked in two days, sending baggage by the steamer; and the country passed through is very finely mountainous and picturesque. If however the weather be calm, and the sea glassy, nothing can exceed the beauty of gliding through the clusters of the Hebrides, with the impending mountains on the left.

The islands, visited by steamers from the pretty bay of Oban and its picturesque town, constitute a most desirable tour. Staffa and Iona are objects of great interest; the one from the most extraordinary work of nature, and the other from its very ancient architectural remains and tombs, connected with the earliest records of Christianity in the empire.

At Tobermorey, in the isle of Mull, the best and most reasonable lodgings may be procured; and, from the extreme beauty of the bay and the site of the town, it is a most desirable summer retreat, with beautiful walks and good sea-bathing. Skye is also a common object of curiosity; but those who go there to see any thing of the island beyond the famous cave need have introductions, for there are no inns.

A voyage from Inverary by the common steamer, through the Chyles of Bute, though far more protracted than the route by Loch Goil, is well worth taking in fine and calm weather. But to those who make Glasgow or Inverary their head-quarters, the facility and economy of visiting the Western Highlands are beyond example elsewhere. The fare from Loch Goil Head to Glasgow is only three shillings. The steamers of the Clyde are as numerous and as cheap as the Paddington coaches and omnibuses; and many delightful excursions are to be made along the banks of this splendid river.

To a traveller who passes through Scotland in all directions, one observation must frequently occur, which is that of the absence of the aristocracy of the country very generally from their great houses and estates. Absenteeism, however, does not appear to have the same effect as in Ireland. The people do not appear to be the worse off; education still spreads, civilization advances, cultivation increases, and the spirit of building rages. If either party loses, it is the aristocracy, who separate themselves and their interests from their hereditary properties, to dissipate elsewhere what they draw from these resources, and thus alienate themselves from their tenantry and the peasants, who consequently care nothing about the lord, and his name is not held in respect; for absenteeism breaks the bonds of gratitude and esteem in such cases. The people look naturally to the immediate improvers of the country, who are extending cultivation and employing the industrious labourers. These improvers are a new race, springing from the commercial resources, renters, and speculators, who are pushing the aristocracy from their stools, which, but for the Scotch law of entail, they would in time effect most generally and completely, so as to make Scotland change masters altogether. Luckily for Scotland, the remedy for absenteeism is on the spot, which is therefore not regretted or cared about. Thus the commercial influence has already got the ascendancy, and under this influence Scotland is daily improving in wealth and intelligence. The chivalry of Scotland has almost entirely crossed the borders; and when the late King, during his visit to Edinburgh, called them a nation of gentlemen, he brought them with him from England, and found them not living in Scotland. The daughters of the aristocracy are educated in England, and prefer Almack's to Prince's Street: their sons frequent the British metropolis, and are to be found in the House of Commons and the Guards, residing much abroad, or rising in the army. Scotland with them is only associated with the grouse and the ptarmagan, and their paternal seats are used only as sporting boxes. Formerly a stranger could roam over parks and lands, now locked up; and cast a net or throw a line into a trout or salmon stream, which is now strictly preserved or let, and the produce sent to the market. The days indeed, when the halls of the lord were open to entertain the traveller who came to gaze on the proud mansion, parks, and gardens, are long passed; and, having satisfied his curiosity, he retires to his inn, which the lord has been careful to erect for his comfort and accommodation, no doubt.

The wealth of Scotland evidently flows from a different channel to what it used to do formerly; and, while the great aristocratic current sets in for St. James's, a counter-stream, arising from the industry and intelligence of the commercial interests, flows from another source, and occupies the channels which the former have left dry; and the work of civilization is thereby forwarded.

While in the Western Highlands, and conversing upon these topics, a story was prevalent, exhibiting one specimen of the footing on which the present scions of noble houses in Scotland are with the land of their fathers. Two very particular sprigs of nobility were recently roaming with their fowling-pieces, and landed on the isle of Rum, for the sake of that sport which they anticipated from the

traditions of their respective families, and where they conceived they had a sort of undefined right to shoot *ad libitum*. The good-natured laird, feeling indisposed to resist their assumed rights, increased their confidence; but, after a few days of pretty active slaughter and occupancy of his house, which they used as an inn, a hint was given them, but not taken, that they had shot enough, and had been sufficiently long in his house, of which they seemed to consider themselves the masters; his property having suffered much by their visit with such excellent guns and well-trained dogs as they brought with them. At length the wearied landlord referred the sportsmen to an outhouse, where they would find clean straw and suitable accommodations for themselves and their canine companions. This resource however being rejected with a considerable degree of high-toned impertinence, they discovered too late that they were not in an inn, by being immediately rowed off the island; the landlord expressing his fixed determination to get himself rid of his two "Rum customers."

Wherever new lairds have become, either by purchase or marriage, or otherwise, possessors of estates, the spirit of improvement prevails generally, inducements are held out to industry, the business of the towns and villages under the laird's influence is attended to personally, and his interests are so identified with those of the people connected with him, as to render him popular and respected in all cases of residence. No better example, perhaps, in all Scotland of this relation between landlord and tenant can be found than in the county of Fife, where the laird of Falkland, an enlightened, generous, and liberal stranger, sets a most worthy, and at the same time unostentatious, example to the native lairds.

There is a race in Scotland which, in these degenerate days of clanship, retains amongst its brethren the empty name only and vain symbols of ancient rank and power. Against this race the opprobrium of absenteeism cannot be levelled, but perhaps it would be beneficial to the country if it could. These are the very drones of Scotland; proud, poor, selfish, litigious in the extreme, and jealous of dilapidated rights; who draw from their hereditary resources without any efforts to improve those resources, either for the immediate benefit of the public or themselves. These are the Highland chiefs or chieftans: they herd together under strict laws of clanship; and I am told that their disposition and practice is equally strong in setting their faces against doing any thing which might be considered as producing moral or physical advantage, they being antipodes in fact to the last-mentioned race of land-proprietors. Nay more, it is said that if any one of these should by any chance transgress this invariable rule of their clanship, he would place himself in imminent danger of losing his *lave*, or, in other words, of being cut by his fellow lairds, and not allowed to associate with the rest. The existence of this nest of human harpies tends to preserve in all their native filthiness those hordes of peat-smoked savages, which occupy the huts and hovels scattered over the Highlands, in poverty, ignorance, and idleness; and until this beggarly fraternity of Highland gentry is rooted out by the progress of civilization, Scotland cannot be said to be quite emancipated from barbarism.

As to the two great cities which divide the claim to the palm of metropolitanism, Edinburgh and Glasgow, it is impossible to avoid some notice of the faults and weaknesses of the one, and the growing merits and strength of the other. Glasgow, increasing in wealth by commerce and industry, covering the bosom of the Clyde with numerous steam-vessels, sending her merchandise to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, extending her streets, multiplying her manufactories, encouraging inventions, and laying open the sources of knowledge and industry to her increasing population, now exceeding two hundred thousand, is one of the largest, most bustling, thriving, and handsomest cities in the world. The star of Glasgow is in the ascendant, that of Edinburgh in the wane. The science of Glasgow goes to the account of her wealth and prosperity; while that of Edinburgh has greatly evaporated, and leaves little or no trace behind it. With more of pretension, more original genius and philosophy perhaps, coupled with great assumption of social elevation and metropolitan rank in the scale of cities, Edinburgh is now fast approaching the grade of the populous, picturesque, and lively city of Bath; as a great centre of sociality, the resort of the smaller fry of genteel society, whose aim is gentility combined with comfort and economy. Beautiful and picturesque in the extreme, Edinburgh and its environs are unrivalled to the eye, exhibiting a happy contrast of crowded buildings in the old town, lofty and irregular, with the most perfect regularity of the new town, and distant views of the most varied description.

Society seems to have derived its tone in Edinburgh principally from the predominance of "the three black Graces;" whence probably its assumed title of the "Modern Athens," a self-paid compliment to the literary and philosophic taste of its social leaders. The prevalence of the Melville influence fostered this taste, and added much to the wealth and grandeur of the city; and its somewhat equivocal claims to superiority were thus preserved. Vanity to the greatest excess pervaded the *savants* of Edinburgh, and extravagance in the application of grants seemed to arise from the long-unquestioned liberality with which they were obtained.

This city, in fact, rose under the influence of a false wealthiness, like that of families who rise by war or other temporary states of excitement in trade, and subsequently sink, for want of due economy and the proper husbanding of resources meretriciously procured. The School of Medicine once held undisputed sway, but its claims to exclusive excellence have long subsided; and physic is as well taught in London, though we have not, what we ought to have, the privilege of conferring degrees. The great High School is an excellent institution, but its students are mainly limited to the northern population.

From its peculiar application to Scotland the law has been the greatest source of the city's wealth and elevation. The withholding of grants and the clippings among the law offices has, however, given a great check to this predominating influence. Half of the Lords of Session are, I understand, about to be reduced, at a period when it is considered necessary rather to increase our judges. The consequence of all this is, that building speculations are stopped, for the city was getting on too fast for its means, and the contemplated improvements

of the College are checked: to remedy which, in part, the College Museum of Natural History, so creditable to Professor Jamieson, is now exhibited publicly at half-a-crown a head; for it seems to be beyond doubt, that with the Melville influence the College has lost its friend at court, and the commonwealth feels acutely the change of affairs, formerly so prosperous and now decaying.

Had Edinburgh husbanded the resources of good times with more economy, and had she displayed less vanity, she would not have drawn upon her the laugh of the world as she has done, and her fall, if she does fall, would perhaps be marked with somewhat less ridicule. Unfortunately, too, she has perpetuated the most absurd contradiction to her assumption of taking the lead in taste and science by the most unequivocal examples of her possessing neither one nor the other in architectural designs. These examples are to be seen conspicuously on the Calton Hill, where the crudest schemes have been employed in attempting to ornament that fine natural elevation, with the most paltry efforts to imitate the genuine elegance and unrivalled beauty of the city's great prototype, at an expense which would have sufficed to raise perhaps the original Parthenon itself.

Edinburgh however, with all its faults and all its pretensions to superiority, is a pleasant though somewhat dull town, with very agreeable society, though not generally of the first-rate order. It is true that there are persons of high intellectual attainments, but the age of these is declining, and the stock of literature and philosophy is wearing out rather than increasing; while the want of commercial wealth also gives the city the air of a provincial town. Edinburgh in fact has long depended upon causes of a temporary and uncertain nature for its greatness, without the stable foundation of trade. It has depended much upon its far-famed College, and upon the legal influence of Scotland; and the clippings, reductions, and fallings-off which have occurred, cramp the energies of the city, and restrain those flights of fancy in which the inhabitants have been wont to indulge and to boast.

While its ambitious views are thus arrested, Edinburgh falls from its high position, and will in time no doubt be inhabited by a very different race from that which lately graced its fine streets and squares. These probably will contain the town residences of wealthy merchants, manufacturers, and speculators; to whom the city will be indebted for some restoration, perhaps, to its former greatness, which may be restored upon a more permanent basis.

These slight notices of Scotland should not be finished without reference to a society now spreading far and wide over the country; a society elsewhere very prevalent, but of especial use in Scotland, where the love of whisky is indigenous and strong. This is no other than the Temperance Society; of eminent utility in the little trading-towns, and it is to be hoped of no less among the punch-drinking classes of Glasgow. I met with many of different grades in society who belonged to it, and from each gathered an acknowledgement of the satisfaction which they felt in binding themselves to drink no spirituous liquors, and to the adoption of a general system of temperance. In answer to inquiries as to the positive advantages gained by such a rigid self-denial,—rigid certainly to those who can

afford no luxuries in the room of spirits, I found, among others, these advantages—uniformity of bodily health, increased and more permanent vigour under great exertion, strength and clearness of the mental powers, and moderation in temper and passion. That a system of drinking spirits is equally seductive and detrimental no one can reasonably doubt. The moral character of the Scotch, among the lower orders in towns and villages, has been observed to be much vitiated by this baneful indulgence, from its inflammatory and debilitating effects. It is noticed generally, that the water-drinker will beat the spirit-drinker in the exercises either of sport or labour. Crime, idleness, poverty, and disease, are nearly in all cases referrible to spirit-drinking.

The captain of a steamer on the Clyde got wet through early in the day, in cold blowing weather. Having omitted to put any change of clothes on board, he was cold and shivering, and some one recommended whisky, which he declined, alleging that he was a member of the Temperance Society, and enjoyed uninterrupted health ever since his enrolment, and wet or dry, cold or hot, his drink was water. He added his conviction, that if the captains of steamers were necessarily members of the Temperance Society before their appointments, such accidents as had recently happened might not have occurred.

In every view that may be taken of the country, the moral and physical state of Scotland has improved of late years, and is still advancing in improvement. The smaller towns are increasing in wealth and population, and the larger extending their boundaries; while cultivation advances, and education is making rapid progress. What share has the influence of the aristocracy in all this? The people tell you none; and probably they are nearly right. While Scotland is changing masters, her resources, instead of passing out of the country, return to her by the intelligence, industry, and spirit of improvement, which the intermediate class between the lord and the peasant so assiduously cultivates.

B.

DINNER-DIALOGUE DIVERSITIES.

"*Twisted Yarn* in considerable request."—MANCHESTER PRICE-CURRENT.

DULL men love domestic feeding,
And all *given* dinners scout:
Wits a wiser course are leading,
Always, moth-like, "eating *out*."
Others' dinners make us fatter,
Whilst they *cheaply* bless, like priests—
Double-zested's then each platter—
O! ye loved promiscuous feasts!

Of good things eaten, said, and rumour'd,
Then what a Babel din occurs!
Cross-talkings all, yet all good-humour'd,
Where each his several speech prefers.

" Have you seen Turin?"—" Some soup?"
" Where's the . . .?" " Any thing that's new?"
" In Sunderland I saw a group,
Piteous!"—" Shall I *wine* with you?"

" Let me help you to . . ." " An alderman—"
" Fish"—" Miss Salmon, take a little
Hare"—" I never saw so bald a man!"
" Ma'am, this game"—" Sings like a kettle!"
" Mr. Peel"—" A fine stew'd eel!"
" Schedule A"—" Now, don't say nay!"
" Lord Bacon, Sir, demands . . ." " Some veal?"
" Respect and . . ." " Mint-sauce, Mr. Day?"

" Grey's well"—" Bread, Sir?"—" Do you eat . . .?"
" Vulgar wives are . . ." " Ribs of beef?"
" Sharp tormentors"—" Try some beet."
" Longley's got a . . ." " Silence!"—" brief."
" I *ran*, Ma'am, but the villain was . . ."
" Pedro's fleet should have been . . ." " fleeter."
" Poor Poland! Russia soon will, poz! . . ."
" Sir, you're a very little . . ." " eat her."

" That your child?"—" The duck is wild—"
" The Port's sublime"—" The sublime Porte—"
" She looks like . . ." " Chicken overboiled—"
" Our monkey plays . . ." " The piano-forte—"
" I thought he was a . . ." " Pigeon, Ma'am!"
" Saint, a . . ." " How's your . . ." " Corn-laws"—" Bunyan."
" Reform can do . . ." " A spoon!"—" no harm."
" Brougham is really . . ." " Sage and onion."

" Have you been in France?"—" French beans?"
" Will you have . . ." " Hood's last"—" a merry-thought?"
" Miss is in her . . ." " Velvet"—" teens—"
" That's the wear!"—" Bob's worn with very thought!"
" Sir Hector was . . ." " Some rabbit-pie?"
" The mildest man"—" So nice and crusty!"
" Weather"—" Wetherell"—" how dry!"
" Proverbs!"—" Hunt and Cobbett"—" Musty!"

" Our parrot's . . ." " Bayly"—" very tame—"
" Blabs out . . ." " Ballads"—" Notes galore—"
" British drama"—" What's the name?"—
" Comedy has had a . . ." " Gore."
" The noise . . ." " So softly sly Miss Pope meant . . ."
" Alarm"—" to charm"—" affright"—" and please—"
" Sad accident—a gun"—" Elopement!"
" Went off"—" With damage?"—" Damages."

" Russell's Measure"—" Some dessert?"
" Shall I . . ." " Croker's candour"—" term it t' ye?"
" O'Connell's zeal"—" The country's hurt—"
" The *outs* will soon be all *in*"—" Furmety!"
Such the miscellaneous joys
Of dining out, in mix'd society—
Gabble-gobble, chit-chat, noise,
See-saw sayings, fun, variety!

D. G.

AN ANGLER'S VISIT TO CROOKED LANE.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to get my hooks and lines at a snug little fishing-tackle shop, lying back in the corner in Crooked Lane, kept by a man named Isaac Wimber. We used, I recollect, to call him "Old Wimber;" though it could not be so much on account of his positive age, which was not much above fifty, (and he had no serious infirmity that I know of,) as from the youth of myself and my companions; or perhaps, in part, from a certain easy, old-fashioned cut and manner which he had about him, the which is seldom attained, except as in his case constitutionally, until a man has been sobered by sixty or seventy years of age. Old Wimber, then, was a short-limbed man, something under the middle stature, not corpulent—for his mind, though a happy one and quietly joyous enough, was not that of a fat man—but possessing that moderate bulk and fleshiness of limb which gave a certain poise and deliberateness to his movements much in accordance with the quiet and regular, not insensible, temper of the man. But to return to his shop, which, as he seldom even put his head out of it, except now-and-then to look up and down the lane or see which way the wind blew, was, as it were, the outer case or shell of the man. A large carp hung over the doorway, and, when dangling in the wind, imitated not badly that ecstatic moment in the life of an angler, when, after a long day spent on the side of a dull pool, watching his quill float,—motionless, save when a little fresh-water cat's-paw has laid its top gently on one side, or a bit of ground-weed kindly mocked him with the semblance of a bite; when, after all this, a real nibble has come just in time to dissipate a nascent feeling of hope delayed, which begins to lour over his patient temper, and he sees at the end of his line a perch of a pound weight, dancing and glittering in the evening beam. On one side of the doorway hung a production of pictorial art; which, though less effective in stirring the imagination than the work of the carver above mentioned, has yet often carried the mind of the passing angler, easily excited, back to his favourite haunts and eddying streams. It presented a man a-fishing, and in the act of landing, or, as it is more scientifically termed, "killing" a fish. He is in full piscatorial costume, and furnished with all the apparatus of his art; standing on a little patch of most green meadow, and surrounded by the endless sinuosities of a gentle stream;—it seeming to have been a main point with the artist to wriggle into his canvass, or rather board, as much as possible of the element most connected with the subject of his work. The other door-post was garnished with bundles of fishing-rods of hazel and hickery. Landing-nets, fishing-baskets, piles of gentle-boxes, trimmers, and other implements of aquatic sport, decked the shop-window, like the tracery of the Gothic style, and nearly shut out the dim light that at all times prevailed in that narrow, shady lane. I have said that the shop was small; indeed I cannot think of a fishing-tackle shop of spacious dimensions and lighted up by a broad show-window, like a mere linen-draper or a silversmith. It should also not be too lofty; and the one in question was right in this respect too, for old Wim-

ber, and even his wife, with the help of a low pair of steps, could reach down the box that held his best fly-lines, lying on a shelf near the ceiling; that is, when I, being a tall young fellow and pretty much alive to what was going on, did not reach out before them and hand it down myself. A short narrow counter, at one end of which lay a glass-case of artificial flies; and in one corner a work-bench, where the old man, with spectacles on nose, set tapping and filing when no customer was in the shop, made up the furniture of the place. On the floor, however, were sundry bundles of garden-netting; the only article not connected with the recreative art which he had any thing to do with, and which, for some reason or other, he affected; for profit was not a point of mere necessity with him, and it was quite impossible for him to deal in any article he did not fancy.

All this was some fifteen years ago: and what a fifteen years! From eighteen to three-and-thirty, so often the period of destruction to early hopes and foolish expectations; far away from Crooked Lane all this time, and in part from England, the little fishing-tackle shop and its inhabitants, including a favourite old cat that usually sat purring on the counter, had been entirely pushed out of my notice by the more strenuous "idlesse" of life—angling for wealth or distinctions, which, even when attained, are so seldom found worth the bait and tackling risked in the catching of them; or, if any thing chanced to lead my mind back to honest old Wimber and his gentle-boxes, the idea had passed dimly and immaterially before me, like the events of a previous and past existence. At the former date, that is, when between seventeen and eighteen years of age, I had come to London, for the purpose of being broken-in for mercantile pursuits in the counting-house of a friend of my father's. A previous life however, spent pretty much in the fields and in sports of the country, had prepared me very badly for the confinement of the office and the copying of invoices and accounts current. No wonder then that I found my occupation terribly irksome to me for the first year or so. A day's fishing, therefore, at Carshalton or Hampton-Court was a great relief and solace to me; and even now I cannot recall the thought without bringing back, with all their freshness, some of the original delight of those moments. This treat was not unfrequently granted to me; for I was not considered as a mere clerk, and it was also thought better to bring my shoulder to the collar by degrees.

A first and preliminary pleasure on these occasions was a visit to Old Wimber. How have I found my spirits soothed and exhilarated on turning out of Fish Street Hill into Crooked Lane, and feeling the noise and jostle of its thousand carts and carmen grow faint and remote upon my ear, as I penetrated into the quiet and shady recesses of this mart of piscatory implements! Although hurrying on to one point, where all my desires concentred, yet I could not help coquetting with a passing glance at the other tackle-shops which lay on the right-hand and on the left in my way up the lane; and sometimes, when the seducing contents of a window have drawn me aside to examine them more closely, I have seen the owner of

the shop watching my motions from the stand where he lurked, behind his piles of fish-cans and line-cases, and making sure, from my eager looks, that he had got a bite—the way in which they dress their windows showing that the arts of catching fish are, in some degree, played off by them on the passing angler himself. Happy was I when I found Old Wimber alone in his little, quiet, shady shop, tapping away leisurely at his work-bench, with his spectacles on nose; or only his wife there besides, whose looks and manners, either naturally or by the long and almost exclusive society of her husband, seemed exactly adapted to his,—moving noiselessly about the shop and back-parlour, which communicated with it by a glass-door, where, in the afternoon, the kettle was always heard piping and simmering on the fire for tea. Joyfully then I glided in between his fishing-rods and garden-netting; and, shutting the little half-door or wicket which prevented the uninitiated from coming abruptly in upon our mysteries, took possession of a high wooden stool—an article of furniture forgotten in the foregoing catalogue; perched on which, an hour or more would pass, quietly and dulcetly, in the most minute examination of fly-lines and fish-hooks of all sorts and dimensions, interspersed with fishing anecdotes, and particular directions respecting the holes and shallows, swifts and pools, of the river I was going to fish at, which his experience enabled him to point out as affording the best chance of having a good day's sport. Nor was it only on these set occasions that I called in Crooked Lane; for I often, by a slight deviation from the straight road and counting-house duty, took it in my way home from the Custom House, for the sake of ten minutes' quiet chat with the old man: and no slight solace was it on a sultry afternoon, to take refuge in that cool lane, where the sun scarcely ever reached below the second-floor windows, and ensconce myself in his dim-lighted little shop, talking about our favourite subjects, and wandering in imagination among the meadows and clear streams we loved so much. Methinks I can now see the honest, cheerful smile and quiet motion with which he used to rise from his work-bench to attend on, or, rather, to welcome me; for the similarity of our tastes had led him to view me more as a friend than a customer: and when any chance purchaser has dropped in upon us, I have observed a slight look—not of impatience, for that was a thing he was not much subject to—but of something which seemed to say, "I wish he had not come in just now." One afternoon, preparatory to a fishing excursion, when we had been more than usually interested in our subject, and neither St. Martin's Church striking the usually welcome hour of five, or the jingling of the cups and saucers had been noticed or had reminded him that it was tea-time, the old lady came out at last to tell him that it was all ready, and, with a good-natured smile, invited me to join them. Not being willing to break off his story, just as he was on the point of landing a fine pike which he had been playing with for the last half-hour, I went in to enable him to kill his fish at his leisure; which he did, most minutely and dextrously, over three cups of tea and another good half-hour. This gave me an opportunity of seeing the indwelling part of their establishment, which I had previously only caught imperfect views of

through the glass-door above mentioned. Their back-parlour was more roomy than I should have expected from the narrow dimensions of the shop; and although only dimly lighted by a back casement, yet cheerful from the calm, quiet, orderly air, which one felt on entering it. The furniture was old and good,—not bought, at least by the present proprietors, but valuable in their eyes as being the bureau of an uncle, or the chairs and table of an aunt or a grandmother. A neat floor-cloth occupied the whole extent of the room; over part of which, towards the fire-place, was spread a piece of carpeting, so clean that every thread seemed to have had a separate brushing, and so old that every one of them might have been counted without any fear of a false reckoning. An old arm-chair for her husband stood beside the fire-place, and seemed by its gravity to claim the privilege of not being moved about the room, like the less dignified species of that ambulatory piece of furniture. A small shelf hung against the wall, with about a dozen books on it; among which I caught Walton's Angler, Quarles's Emblems, and a few others of inviting outsides; the rest might be Ready-Reckoners or old Directories, as far as regards the literary promise of their sheepskin coatings: and below, on a table, lay a well-thumbed quarto Bible, covered with green baize. These articles, with an old clock, and a stuffed pike in a glass case over the mantel-piece, were the only things which my attention to the old man's story enabled me to glance at and inventory on this occasion. Such were, I believe, the state and particulars of the fishing-tackle shop and its proprietor at the epoch I have mentioned, if I may trust to my memory, and to the conceptions which seem, at least to me, to rise fresh and vividly as I retrace this portion of my boyish days.

After fifteen years' absence, for the most part far from England, I returned to London in the early part of last year; but my affairs, somewhat different from those which occupied me when I last resided in it, kept me almost wholly at a part of the town very different from my former track; and I should perhaps have left it again without even thinking of the interesting lane and my old friends in it, had it not happened that, returning to town one afternoon from Blackheath, where I had been to beat up an old friend, I inadvertently embarked in a coach bound to the "Citee," instead of one to the "Cross," as those sly and slippery fellows called Cads—one of whom kindly helped me into the wrong coach—technically distinguish the two ends of London. Stepping out of the coach in Gracechurch Street, where I had not been so long, it took me some time to take my bearings and recall my old recollections of the place. I soon perceived, however, that the time to pull down had come upon the neighbourhood of Fish Street Hill; and the thoughts of my old haunt, with all its dear accompaniments of dangling trouts and four-jointed fishing-rods pointing up to the second-floor windows, rushed at once tumultuously back upon my memory. The illusion was complete! Fifteen years, with all their events and changes, were repassed in an instant, and I was again in my boyish days. A week, it seemed, had not elapsed since I was seated on the high wooden stool, talking with Old Wimber about ground-baits and trimmers:

again was I an innocent angler, and the owner of sundry highly-valued fly-lines and fishing-rods. In this tone of mind I hurried along the narrow footway, anticipating vaguely the thing I was about to witness, and committing, I fear, sundry pieces of street mischief to the sober citizens in my passage. When however I arrived at the spot itself where Crooked Lane should have been, and saw the full extent of the merciless destruction which had been made there, my feelings were so overcome, that the top joint of a fly-rod in the hand of a child might have felled me at the moment. I have mused over the ruins of temples and amphitheatres, and have heard no sounds save the hum of the bee and the chirping of birds on the spot where rich and populous cities once stood; but the feeling was vague and distant: time, which had consecrated these objects, had also removed them from the sphere of my sympathies; but here was this recent destruction, not so much of the inevitable process of time as of the capricious blow of fortune and of man. I stood absorbed some time, and motionless; my eyes wandering slowly over the broken earth and scattered brickbats where Crooked Lane, alas! had been. On this spot it stood in all its glory when last I left it, with all its flourishing tackle-shops, their dangling ensigns, and well-stored windows,—a place altogether so interesting to an angler: and such, during my long absence, it had always presented itself to my mind. What, then, must have been the shock I felt on coming suddenly on its site, unprepared for any change, and finding it in its present state? An alteration I could have borne; a mere modification of what it had once been would not have affected me much; but here the very substance and outline of Crooked Lane was razed, lost, annihilated, vanished,—like the enchanted palace of Aladdin. While thus occupied, and in the bitterness of the moment, I felt all the Tory hatred of Reform creeping in upon me by this private avenue; and should, I think, have voted against that important measure, if I had been called upon to decide immediately after having seen the destruction of Old Wimber's fishing-tackle shop on the mere plea of improvement. Awakening however from the stupor which was the first effect of this cutting sight, I stalked, I don't know how long, over the crumbled walls and prostrate timbers, like Filicaja over the ruins of Genoa sacked by the Austrians, and repeated his celebrated sonnet beginning—

> Genova mia! se con asciuto ciglio
> Lacero e guasto il tuo bel corpo io miro, &c.

which he penned on that occasion; and which the scene before me strongly recalled to my memory. Satisfied in some degree, like an Italian hero, by a poetical expression of my regrets, I proceeded to a more minute examination of the ruins, and fancied at last that I had found the very spot where Old Wimber's shop had once stood,—turning over the rubbish with my foot, in the hope of finding my idea confirmed by some piece of old netting or rusty gentle-box. But sentimentality is, I fear, too fine a thing for this world, at least for the middle of London, where the abstraction of its indulgence would in most cases be cured by the gentle pressure of a cart-wheel, or the soft contact of a chest of drawers. Recovering therefore in part

from this fit of moody and excited feeling, excusable at least to an angler—for as Petrarch addressed his excuse to lovers only,

—— chi per prova intende amore :—

so I look for sympathy only from the brothers of the angle—I was leaving the scene which had affected me so much, when, on turning the corner, I beheld a fishing-tackle shop new and sprucely fitted up,—a young phœnix just sprung from the ruins of his race lying around. From the owner—a very different sort of man from Old Wimber, and one who obviously sold his hooks and lines merely for profit—I learnt a few bare particulars only, which I could, for the most part, have supposed from my knowledge of the man. Old Wimber, he told me, had been much disturbed and afflicted at being routed out of the habitation where he had lived quietly and happily all his life—he had known no other dwelling; and to be thus stormed, in his old age, out of his snug corner by the battering-ram of improvement, seemed to him a peculiarly hard stroke of fortune. He had lingered in it as long as he possibly could; and, although he had received fair warning of the intention to pull down that part of the lane, was found quite backward and unprepared when the time arrived for carrying it into immediate effect:—his neighbours, however, had all ratted long before; and there was some danger, notwithstanding the props which he had put up on all sides, that the house would fall down about his ears:—that he had amused the committee appointed to value the property, by the simplicity of his statement of grievances, and the absurdly high value which he very innocently attached to his little old tackle-shop:—finally, that he had retired grumbling—a thing which I never knew him to do, except indeed sometimes on the subjects of catching white-bait and not keeping the fence-months—to a small but comfortable house near the New River, at Stoke Newington; where, as he is known to have eighty pounds a year in the Long Annuities, and his wife is one of the best makers of artificial flies in the trade, he was in no danger of pecuniary want; even if some of his old crony customers should not—which my informant seemed rather to apprehend—follow him to his retreat, partly on account of his tackle, which is for the most part made by himself and choicely good, but chiefly for old-acquaintance sake and the agreeable intercourse of the man.

After hearing this somewhat consolatory statement, I left him and went homewards with, in some degree, a defeated grief, forming in the way the intention of paying an early visit to my old friend in his suburban and piscatory retreat at Stoke Newington, to see how he bears his misfortunes, and inform myself more fully of his case: and I have even some thoughts of proposing, by way of diverting his mind a little from his disaster, a fishing excursion for two or three days, on the plan and in the spirit of that of Isaak Walton,—the parts of Piscator and Scholar to be severally enacted by Old Wimber and myself, with all the gravity and simplicity due to the memory of his namesake, the great patriarch of the angle; to whom, in many points, though certainly at a humble distance, he may be said to bear some resemblance.

THE VIOLIN.—No. III.

THE connecting link between the ancient and modern schools of the violin is to be found in the person of Pugnani,—this great performer having been the pupil of Tartini, and the master of Viotti. By the ancient school we understand that which was founded by Corelli, and to which all the musicians we have already spoken of undoubtedly belong. These musicians, though they successively enlarged the powers of their instrument, and modernized the style of their composition, did so gradually, and preserved the leading characteristics of the founder of their school. But Viotti, one of those gifted beings who appear in all the arts at long intervals, though educated by a pupil of Tartini, broke through all the trammels of scholastic tuition, and following the guidance of a vigorous mind, a creative fancy, and an exquisite taste, struck into a totally new path, both in composition and performance. He thus became the founder of a new school, to which almost every great performer since his time may be considered as belonging. Before speaking of this great man, however, we have a few words to say respecting his master; and also respecting another artist who, for a time, was looked upon as his rival—Jarnovick.

Pugnani was born at Turin in 1758. He at first received instructions from Somis, who was one of Corelli's best pupils, and afterwards from Tartini. He was distinguished throughout Europe as a very great performer, and composed a great deal of music, not only for his instrument, but for the theatre. His dramatic works were very successful; but they, as well as his compositions for the violin, are now forgotten. He died in 1798, at the age of forty. He was a man of some strength and originality of character. It is related of him that he was one day at a party in company with Voltaire, when the poet recited some verses which he had lately written, to which the musician listened with great interest and attention. Afterwards, Pugnani, being requested by Madame Denys (the poet's celebrated niece) to perform on the violin, complied with her request; but finding that Voltaire continued talking, and paid no attention to his performance, he stopped, and locked up his violin, exclaiming,—"M. de Voltaire fait très bien les vers, mais, quant à la musique, il n'y entend pas le diable!" His playing is described as having been broad and noble, and characterized by that commanding sweep of the bow which afterwards formed so grand a feature in the performance of Viotti: indeed, it appears, that the germs of Viotti's high qualities are to be traced to the instructions of his master. One of Pugnani's greatest talents was that of leading an orchestra; and this he had the art of communicating to his pupils, who were generally distinguished for their excellence in this respect.

Jarnovick (or Giornovichi) was a sort of erratic star, or meteor, which cannot be brought into the system of the regular planets of the violin. Slightly educated, and shallow as a musician, his native talent, and the facility with which he was able to conquer mechanical difficulties, rendered him so brilliant and powerful a player, that, for a time, he was quite the rage both in France and England. He was born at Palermo in 1745, and received instructions from the celebrated French composer and violinist, Lulli. After having enjoyed the highest favour in the French metropolis, he came to England; and, between the years 1792 and 1796, his performances attracted crowds, not only in London, but in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. His star, however, faded under the superior brilliancy of that of Viotti, whom he vainly attempted to rival; and a dispute with a London professor, (still of the highest eminence,) in which public opinion was strongly against him, so injured

his popularity, that he left this country. He died of apoplexy at St. Petersburg, in 1804.

Jarnovick was a man of very eccentric character, and some amusing anecdotes are related of him. At Lyons, he, on one occasion, announced a concert at six francs a ticket. No audience appearing, he resolved to be revenged on the stinginess of the Lyonnese, and postponed the performance to the following evening, reducing the price of admission to three francs. A crowded audience assembled; but, while they were waiting in vain for the performer, he was many miles off on his road to Paris. He often quarrelled with the famous Chevalier de St. George, who was the first swordsman of his day and a good violinist. One day, in the heat of a dispute, Jarnovick gave this formidable opponent a box on the ear; but St. George, with admirable moderation, coolly turned round to a person present, and said—"J'aime trop son talent pour me battre avec lui!"

Jarnovick, as we have said, was but a slender musician. We have been told by a gentleman who knew him well, that he has seen him, with his violin in his hand, walking about his room, and groping about on the strings for basses to the melodies he was composing. His concertos are agreeable and brilliant, but destitute of profundity and grandeur, and are therefore totally thrown aside. His performance was graceful and elegant, and his tone was pure. He was remarkably happy in his manner of treating simple and popular lively airs as rondos, returning ever and anon to his theme, after a variety of brilliant excursions, in a way that used to fascinate his hearers. But, both as a composer and a performer, the effect he produced was ephemeral, and has left no trace behind it. He contributed nothing either to the progress of music, or of the instrument which he cultivated.

Not so the admirable Giovanni Battista Viotti. He was a native of Padua, and was born in 1755. As we already said, he was a pupil of Pugnani; and, at the age of twenty, was appointed first violinist to the Royal Chapel of Turin. He went to Paris about the year 1778; and had no sooner appeared in public than he was hailed as the first master of the age. Jarnovick, at that time, was in the height of his fame, but he was unable to contend with his young rival, who excited universal admiration, both by the grand and expressive style of his compositions and by his masterly performance. An anecdote is told of him at this time, as a trait of the independence of spirit which belongs to genius, but which rather indicates the impetuosity of a hot-headed youth. His fame having attracted the attention of the Queen, the unhappy Marie Antoinette, he was invited to perform at a concert at Versailles. The room was crowded with persons of distinction belonging to the court; and Viotti had begun a solo, which was listened to with breathless attention, when a buzz was heard in the room of—"Place à Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!" and some bustle took place in making way for the Prince. Viotti, indignant at the interruption, placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the room, to the great amazement and displeasure of the company. We confess we see little to admire in this and similar traits of petulance, which it is common to relate as being to the credit of men of genius. It is added, that he took the resolution never again to perform in public in France, and adhered to it.

In 1790 Viotti was driven from Paris by the storms of the Revolution. He came to London, where he appeared at the memorable concerts carried on by Salomon, and where his reception was as enthusiastic as it had been in France. In 1794 and 1795 he had some concern in the management of the Opera-house, and soon after became leader of the orchestra at that theatre. He was in this situation, when one evening, while he was enjoying himself in the society of his friends, he suddenly received an order from Government to leave England immediately.

This measure must of course have proceeded from some of the political suspicions so readily entertained in those troublous times, though there was nothing in Viotti's quiet and blameless life that could have given ground for them. His soul was given to an art which one profoundly acquainted with human nature has declared to be adverse to "treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" and no man has ever lived whose character has been more corroborative of the truth of this sentiment. It has been surmised, (and indeed there is no other way of accounting for this strange occurrence,) that Viotti fell a victim to calumnious information dictated by professional jealousy. He was a man of such a delicate and sensitive mind, that this unhappy event gave a shock to his feelings, from which it was long before they recovered.

Being thus driven from England, Viotti took up his residence in a retired spot in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, where he produced some of his finest compositions. Among these are his celebrated Six Duetts Concertante, for two violins; in the preface to which he alludes to the circumstance, which still affected his mind:—"Cet ouvrage est le fruit du loisir que le malheur me procure; quelques morceaux ont été dictés par la peine, d'autres par l'espoir." And in truth, we know of no musical work which seems to have proceeded more directly from a feeling heart than these exquisite duetts.

In 1801, Viotti found no further obstacle to his return to London. Having determined to abandon the musical profession, he embarked his capital in the wine trade. After many years, the undertaking proved unfortunate, and he was obliged to give it up, with the loss of his whole fortune. In this situation he solicited some appointment from the French court; and Louis XVIII. conferred on him the management of the Grand Opera. But his age, and his long life of retirement, disqualified him for a situation so full of bustle and intrigue; and his management was an unsuccessful one. He obtained permission to retire on a pension, and returned to London, to the society and habits of which he had become, as it were, naturalized. But his health was irreparably injured by his cares and misfortunes; and, after declining for some time, he died on the 3rd of March, 1824.

Viotti's character appears, from the concurring testimony of all who knew him, to have been of an exalted kind. We have already mentioned the delicacy and sensibility of his mind; and the purity of his life preserved to him that strong feeling of the most simple and innocent enjoyments, which is seldom found to survive a continued intercourse with the world. One who knew him well (M. Eymar) thus beautifully describes this part of his character. "Never did a man attach so much value to the simplest gifts of nature, and never did a child enjoy them more passionately. A simple violet discovered among the grass would transport him with joy; a pear, a plum, gathered fresh by his own hand, would, for the moment, make him the happiest of mortals;—the perfume of the one had always something new, and the taste of the other something more delicious than before. His organs, all delicacy and sensibility, seemed to have preserved undiminished their youthful purity. In the country, every thing was to this extraordinary man an object of fresh interest and enjoyment. The slightest impression seemed communicated to all his senses at once; every thing affected his imagination; every thing spoke to his heart, and he yielded at once to its emotions."

He himself illustrates this part of his character, in the account which he gives of his picking up one of the varieties of the famous Ranz des Vaches among the mountains of Switzerland.

"The Ranz des Vaches which I send you," he says to a friend, "is neither that with which our friend Jean Jaques has presented us,[1] nor that of which M. de la Borde speaks in his work upon music. I cannot

[1] Rousseau, in his "Dictionnaire de Musique."

say whether it is known or not; all I know is, that I heard it in Switzerland; and, once heard, I have never since forgotten it

"I was sauntering alone, towards the decline of day, in one of those sequestered spots where we never feel a desire to open our lips. The weather was mild and serene; the wind, which I detest, was hushed; all was calm—all was in unison with my feelings, and tended to lull me into that melancholy mood, which, ever since I can remember, I have been accustomed to feel at the hour of twilight.

"My thoughts wandered at random, and my footsteps were equally undirected. My imagination was not occupied with any particular object, and my heart lay open to every impression of pensive delight.

"I walked forward, I descended into the vallies, and traversed the heights. At length chance conducted me to a valley, which, on arousing myself from my waking dream, I discovered to abound with beauties. It reminded me of one of those delicious retreats so beautifully described by Gessner; flowers, verdure, streamlets, all united to form a picture of perfect harmony.

"There, without being fatigued, I seated myself mechanically on a fragment of rock, and again fell into that kind of profound reverie which so totally absorbed all my faculties, that I forgot whether I was upon earth.

"While thus sitting, wrapped in this slumber of the soul, sounds broke upon my ear, which were sometimes of a hurried, sometimes of a prolonged and sustained, character, and were repeated in softened tones by the echoes around. I found they proceeded from a mountain-horn; and their effect was heightened by a plaintive female voice. Struck as if by enchantment, I started from my lethargy, listened with breathless attention, and learned, or rather engraved upon my memory, the Ranz des Vaches, which I send you. But, in order to understand all its beauties, you ought to be transported to the scene in which I heard it, and to feel all the enthusiasm that such a moment inspired." [1]

This extreme sensibility and simplicity of character acquired an additional charm from their union, not only with great genius, but with a strong and highly cultivated intellect. Viotti passed his life in the society of the accomplished, the literary, and the scientific; and his mind thus acquired strength as well as refinement. In his intercourse with the great, he never for a moment forgot the dignity of their rank, or of his own character. All his transactions were regulated by the strictest integrity and honour, and his feelings prompted him to unceasing acts of kindness and benevolence.

As a musician, it may be truly said of him, that though the *virtuosi* of the present day execute difficulties which were not attempted in his time, yet, in all the highest qualities that belong to performance, he has never been surpassed. His compositions for the violin remain, to this day, unrivalled in grandeur and nobleness of design, graceful melody, and variety of expression. They still furnish, when performed by the surviving disciples of his school, one of the most delightful treats which can be enjoyed by a lover of the great and beautiful in music.

In this slight sketch, it is impossible to give an account of the numerous great violinists who have succeeded Viotti. Some of the greatest of them, such as Rode, were his pupils; and, generally speaking, they have taken him as their model both in composition and performance. Rode, who died lately, is generally considered as having made the nearest approach to the excellencies of his master; and our Mori is allowed to be one of the greatest ornaments of his school.

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[1] The Ranz des Vaches, thus discovered by Viotti, will be found, together with other varieties of the Swiss national air, in the "Harmonicon" for March and April, 1824. The latter Number contains a Memoir of Viotti, of which we have availed ourselves in the present article.

The violinists of Germany have, for a long time, been distinguished for their skill in executing difficult passages with the left hand; but they have generally been deficient in tone and the management of the bow. The German compositions for the violin, too, are over-laboured and too full of chromatic passages, and want the broad, simple, vocal character of the Italian music of the same class. This, in truth, is the prevailing vice of the Germans in every kind of music. They have not a strong feeling for simple and natural melody; even in a ballad, they think it necessary to carry the voice through a variety of remote keys, and to load the accompaniment with strange and unexpected harmonies. This, like all other general remarks, admits of exceptions: but there is not one German writer, however great, to whom it may not in numberless instances be applied.

Among the German violinists, the highest place is due to Spohr. This great artist was born in 1784; and his talent exhibited itself so early, that he was able at twelve years old to play a concerto of his own composition, at Brunswick, with great applause. He is now *maestro di capella* at Cassel. Spohr's performance has always excited enthusiastic admiration in Germany; but in his visits to France and England he was less successful. In Paris his style of playing was considered cold; and when he came to England in 1820, and performed at the Philharmonic Concerts, he failed to produce the effect which was expected from him. The fineness of his tone, and the purity and finish of his execution, excited the admiration of the *conoscenti;* but even in them admiration was unmixed with warmer feelings, and of course the multitude was wholly unmoved. The cold reception which this great master met with in England is much to be regretted: but, at that time, his true character as a musician was unknown to the public, and perhaps to himself. Since then, he has abandoned the violin, and betaken himself to the very highest walk of composition. Were the author of "The Last Judgment," of "Faust," and of "Zemira and Azor," to return to England, he would be hailed with the enthusiasm due to the greatest master of the age.

We cannot terminate these notices without mentioning Paganini; but as every magazine and newspaper has been filled with him *usque ad nauseam*, we shall make respecting him only a single remark. In England, as elsewhere, Paganini has been made the subject of unmeasured eulogy or unmeasured detraction;—he has been either a divinity or a *charlatan*. He is neither. He is a man of great genius, brilliant imagination, and profound feeling; and, by a course of the most laborious practice, he has attained a command of his instrument wholly unexampled. His amazing powers of execution contribute immensely to the effect of his performance; they render his instrument a "most miraculous organ," able to give utterance to the wildest flights of fancy, or the language of the most intense feeling. But there never was a performer, either vocal or instrumental, possessed of very extraordinary execution, who did not abuse the gift. Catalani's wonderful powers of this kind ruined the most enchanting actress, and the most expressive singer, that perhaps ever appeared. We do not say that Paganini abuses his powers to an equal extent, but he does abuse them. When Paganini plays one of his regular Concertos, written in the broad open style of Viotti, and full of enchanting and pathetic melodies, he is divine. When he plays his "fantastic tricks," intermixing *pizzicato* notes, bowed passages, and chirping harmonics, to make people stare, he certainly approaches, in some degree, to the *charlatan*.

A DAY AT LULWORTH.

THE abolition of monasteries, which succeeded the former revolution in France, caused a fraternity of Trappists to seek refuge from the general persecution of religious orders under the protection of the proprietor of Lulworth Castle, on the coast of Dorsetshire; their patron being a rigid Catholic, and much governed by the priests. They had been established many years when I visited them; my curiosity being excited by the current reports of the severities to which their order subjected them in the habitual discipline of the convent. The day selected for the visit was quite in harmony with the objects in view; a cold, bleak, cloudy morning, which terminated in rain, without a single ray of the sun to enliven a December gloom. Mr., now Cardinal, Weld was paying his temporal and spiritual devotions at the Quirinal Palace and the shrine of St. Peter; but, in the absence of the family from Lulworth, his huntsman regularly exercised a small pack of harriers round the neighbouring hills among the goss covers, for the amusement of a few sportsmen and his own profit. Three of us proceeded one morning to enjoy our customary diversion; but the bleakness of the wind which swept the hills overlooking the sea induced the huntsman to keep the hounds at home, and we, in consequence, determined to make up for our disappointment by riding over to Lulworth. In summer, this little retired spot is an object of attraction, from its romantic cove and fine castle; while many parties, doubtless, are drawn there by the savoury idea of boiled lobsters, usually provided for their refreshment at the small public-house of the village; where "mine host" was wont to rivet the attention of the juvenile portions of his guests especially, while the older refused him not their ears, to tales of the castle and the convent, about which, as in most Catholic families of distinction, and among religious institutions, there hung a cloud of mystery, which the young votaries of worldly enjoyments love to penetrate.

Leaving our horses at the inn, we walked directly up to the convent situated a little way beyond the village, impressed with feelings which the stories we had heard unavoidably excited. Nor were these feelings diminished by the gloomy solitude and silence of the scenery around, interrupted only by the howling wind and the roaring of the waves, which beat against the precipitous rocks surrounding the cove, and sustaining the massive walls of the castle.

A plain white-washed building, with few and small windows, apparently created out of a barn or granary and an old farm-house, was encircled by a high wall enclosing also a muddy court-yard, and a garden destined to supply the fraternity merely with the necessary herbs and seeds on which the meagre-fed brethren were nourished. We lifted the heavy knocker of a rude door surmounted by a crucifix, and a lay-brother, resembling him represented in the Opera of the Duenna, answered our modest knocking. An order from "the family" was demanded; and for want of it we urged our special journey (about twenty miles), names, and rank; all of which was transmitted to the superior, while we remained some time unbidden in the court-yard, where the only sign of life was the deep

barking of an old house-dog, who rivalled his human associates in misanthropy.

At length the creaking hinges of the door were heard again, and, with an injunction to be sparing of speech, we were bidden to follow the animated shadow which flitted in the owl-light before us, through various winding passages. Had I been alone, and had that crime which has lately so shocked humanity been then in existence, I think I should have "pulled in resolution," and told the miserable *cicerone* that I would call another time. But, as companionship imparts courage, on we went, filled with vivid recollections of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, accompanied with an urgent curiosity also to see, for the first time, living monks and a real monastery. One of the former passed us in our way, clothed in the dingy habit of his order fastened round the waist with a twisted cord. He bowed as he passed; and we were told, in a whisper, that he was recently arrived; and from not associating with the rest of the brethren, and having a separate apartment, he was supposed to be a man of rank, known only to the superior, and concerning whom conjecture was rife, but no inquiry permitted. What this recluse really was my story will hereafter disclose.

The general furniture of the convent appeared to be neat and clean, but of coarse materials and rude construction, while its scantiness evinced either the penury of the institution, or the denial which formed part of the monastic discipline peculiar to the order of La Trappe. There might be a third explanation of the ill-lighted bareness of the walls and floors, together with the general aspect of privation and devotion, an explanation which occurred to us subsequently—there might have been studied effect and deception in their display before visitors.

We entered the refectory and the dormitory, neither of which bore any sign of luxury, or even of ordinary comfort. The needful repose of man seemed scarcely provided for in the one, nor the "creature comforts" in the other. Meat was forbidden, except when prescribed for the health of the inmates. Vegetable broth, bread, and water, formed, we were told, the chief resources of the culinary department of the convent; and, in the very act of enjoying these, around the disconsolate-looking table, the superior was accustomed to remind the brotherhood occasionally during the repast not to indulge the appetite for food, so as to divert their thoughts for an instant from heaven. This spiritual memento was introduced by the rap of a stout oaken-stick upon the table; when instantly, every hand raised to the mouth was arrested and held still where it was, until a second rap permitted it to proceed in its carnal office, the interval being employed in silent ejaculation to the Deity, or perhaps, with some, in "curses not loud but deep" against the inexorable superior, who so compelled them to mortify a not unnatural desire.

In the dormitory a similar mortification nightly awaited the unconscious sleepers, although "upon uneasy pallets stretching them," in the occasional tinkling of an obtrusive bell, that peremptorily hurried them from their recumbent position to the cold stones of the chapel, where on bended knees they were obliged to pray and meditate.

From the refectory and the dormitory we were conducted to the

chapel, with renewed injunctions to ask no questions while there, and to preserve the strictest silence. Here we found about thirty, I think, of the brethren, in their coarse black habits and cord belts, with rosary, shaved crowns, and fixed eyes; some kneeling, and others prostrate upon the stony floor,—picturesquely grouped, *à la Rembrandt*, about the steps of the altar and other parts of the chapel. All were silent and motionless, and regarded our intrusion no more than if they were so many marble statues. Some of the monks were old and haggard, and others young and better conditioned than might be conceived of men fed, or rather starved, as they were represented to be. Their features appeared generally to be coarse and vulgar. The chapel itself was perfectly plain, and unadorned but by a few of the customary figures and paintings, representing disgusting situations of saints and martyrs under voluntary torture and privation. Lamps that "shed a pale and ineffectual light," crucifixes, and images of the Virgin and Son, were duly scattered about the niches of the chapel.

From the chapel we were conducted to the superior's room, a small scantily-furnished apartment, with however an appearance of greater comfort than elsewhere about the building, from the presence of a plain chair and table, some religious books, a cot, and a little fire. The superior himself possessed somewhat more of the aspect of a gentleman than the rest of the brethren, as well as the dim light of a lamp allowed us to observe his figure; of which certainly, whatever might have been his mode of living, rotundity formed no such feature as I have seen among the jolly monks in Spain and Portugal. He related to us the habits of his order, from which we learnt further particulars than had been related by the *cicerone*. Silence seemed to be the rule of the establishment during the whole twenty-four hours, the exceptions being very few: one of the brethren, we were told, had never been known to speak for about thirty years, in accordance with a vow, and was supposed to have become dumb.

When one monk met another, the salutation was limited to this simple expression—"Brother, we must die." And lest this fact should not have been sufficiently kept in recollection, a grave was constantly open in the burying-ground at hand, the digging of which was a source of bodily exercise and recreation to the brethren; a new one being always made when a tenant was found for that which already gaped to receive him.

I need scarcely observe, that from the rigid silence vowed and practised, the order of La Trappe includes no females in its over-zealous ordinances. The only books allowed those who could read were Missals and the Bible, which were constantly in their hands.

Medical aid was not denied, when occasion required it, from one qualified to practise among the Weld colony in the village, who of course was no heretic; but the ordinary management of the *materia medica* furnished by the garden rested with such of the fraternity as were gifted in the art of healing.

In addition to all the mortification of the flesh pointed out to us, we were given to understand that the twisted cords around the waist were frequently employed in self-inflicted scourgings at the altar, to which the superior exhorted the brethren as a penance for past, and humiliation for future, sins; a ceremony which, by all accounts, was

in some instances unjustly taken out of the hands of the public executioner, while in others, perhaps, the cord might not at all have been misapplied if its adjustment to the neck, instead of the waist, had been anticipated by the same functionary.

Having thanked the superior for his courtesy, and rewarded the not unwilling lay-brother or domestic, we took our leave, and prepared to return at a round trot over the hills, to enjoy the warm and smoking comforts of a more rational and congenial ordination of Christianity which awaited us at home, but which the lateness of the evening and a pouring rain induced us to change for our host at the inn's crackling fire, with promise of good mutton-chops, home-brewed ale, and brandy-and-water of such flavour as "the moonshine" of a remote sea-side village, opposite the French coast, not unfrequently affords to those who come not with the suspicious bearing of informers. The combination of misery and mystery, which we had spent nearly two hours in contemplating, had struck a cold damp to the heart that was delightfully contrasted with the feelings excited by the homely comforts of our little inn, the loquacious host, the cheerful landlady, and the rosy-cheeked children playing about; and of which the prospects of a cheerless ride had no power to lessen the inspiration. Shivering from what we had seen and heard, we were glad, while the frugal meal was preparing, to assist the ostler in cleaning and feeding our horses, which soon restored us to the warm glow of health and content.

Our inquiries after dinner naturally reverted to the monastery; but little beyond conjecture and vague reports could be elicited from our host, who evidently imagined more than he really knew; although it appeared that home questions were sometimes put to some youths about the convent, who were employed in the service of the fraternity. These youths we observed on coming away, and walking round the out-door premises. They were close-shaved, wore a sort of coarse kind of woollen cap, jacket, and trowsers, and wooden shoes; and their duties obliged them to hold occasional intercourse with the villagers. We were told they were strictly attached to the order, though not yet bound by voluntary vows to heaven, and were in a state of servitude and probation. Moreover, it was said that any attempt at escape, telling tales out of school, or any other infringement of the rules of the convent by which they were bound, was visited with fearful lashings, vigils, and privations.

Among the younger members of this institution was one of superior appearance, whose fixed melancholy and reserve had not escaped notice. He was frequently employed in the garden, where he was to be seen busied apart from his associates, often apparently absorbed in reflection, but no doubt wholly unconscious of the fate which awaited him, or the prominent part he was destined to play in the affairs of the convent at no very distant period. His abstraction latterly was attributed by some to remorse for some unabsolved sin that weighed heavily upon him; and this conjecture proved in time to be true in part, although he was an involuntary and passive participator of crimes, the knowledge of which he could not divulge.

One of the reports of the village represented some persons to have arrived from France in search of a criminal, supposed to have taken

shelter under the mask of religious devotion in the monastery. "The illustrious stranger," of whom I spoke as having encountered as we walked through the passages to visit the refectory, &c., was suspected to be the object of their search; but the protecting influence of the order caused these persons to return without the offender they were in quest of. Our Government was said to have sent down an agent; but the objects and results of his inquiries did not transpire, although the village gossips had much to talk about in consequence of these domiciliary visits. Suspicion hung over the fraternity and was whispered abroad; and their rites and privations were attributed by many to a system of deception, or, at least, carried on to give a colour to sinister motives, if not to conceal crimes.

At length a small family sought retirement one summer in the prettily situated little bathing-place of Lulworth, celebrated for its pure and balmy air. They occupied a house overlooking the convent-garden, and from the chamber-window of a romantically disposed young lady, whose health was the object of the residence, the mysterious young man was daily to be observed. The opportunity suggested to him he sought to improve, and succeeded in attracting the attention of the young lady.

At first, timidity and modesty begat fears and reserve in the fair one, which however curiosity and a growing interest in the cause of these feelings gradually dissipated. Imagination was busy in endowing the recluse with qualities which sensitive young ladies are apt to conjure up, in the absence of known facts; where a mystery exists, the tongue is tied and the eyes are eloquent. The dumb efforts on the part of the Trappist became too marked and constant to be mistaken any longer, and at length a communication was actually made to this effect:—That the communicator was imprudently domiciliated against his feelings and inclinations, was above his apparent station in society, and earnestly desired to effect his escape; any unsuccessful attempt at which would be severely visited by his watchful associates, whose power over a rebellious brother amply afforded the means of the most revengeful chastisement which their strict order prescribed. The curiosity and interest excited were thus redoubled, and plans for forwarding his wishes were meditated.

Further communication revealed, that disgust for the monastic life, in the present case, was engendered by a system of horrors, crimes, and deceptions, the knowledge of which lay heavy on the mind; and that nothing but their confession could restore peace to the stricken conscience, which had long been an unwilling witness of their perpetration. It was also communicated, that evidence could be given which would so criminate the fraternity as to leave no doubt of its truth, and of the necessity of breaking up the establishment.

When information to this effect was given, the young lady prudently determined not to be the sole depositary of it; and although the possibility of its fiction naturally suggested itself, yet it was properly deemed a duty to transmit the information to Government. Accordingly agents, fully empowered, were sent down to examine the proffered evidence. Rumour said, that murder and other crimes were stated to have caused the residence and vows of many of the

fraternity at this place, in order to expiate by the severity of the monastic discipline their past lives, and obtain an effectual seclusion from justice. Among these worthies was "the illustrious stranger."

But their crimes appeared not to have been limited to antecedent events, and to have been occasionally committed within the walls of the monastery from the fervour of bigoted zeal, a disordered intellect, or a tormented conscience. Monks were said to have been strangled for revenge, punishment, or expiation; sick and aged brethren were reported to have been immolated before they drew their last breath; and various cruelties practised, for which religious zeal was the alleged apology. But all this might be false, or exaggerated, and the accusation of deception in the appearance of rigid devotion, during the presence of strangers, also feigned, for the purpose of escape from an order, at best, repugnant to the feelings and disposition of youth. Where was the proof to substantiate the truth of the evidence? It was confined to this:—An infant left in charge at the monastery had actually been decapitatated, and now lay buried at hand! Its simple priest-ridden parents, on their return to see their offspring, were told that it was "happy—had been removed from this sinful world uncontaminated, and become a saint!" The irresponsible being had been devoted as an innocent offering for atonement and worship; but the manner of its transformation was concealed from the parents, who returned to France satisfied with the story they were told. The grave was pointed out by the horror-struck informant; and, on opening it, an infant's body was found with the head severed from the trunk! The consequence to the fraternity need scarcely be told. They were sent out of the country without delay, and the whole establishment was broken up.

But what became of the interesting youth, who had so successfully proved, in one instance at least, the truth of his confessions, and shown such good cause for uneasiness and disgust in his conventual life? Once at large and a free agent, he cultivated the fruits of his horticultural labours; for the seeds of love, which he had sown, had ripened and become mature in the genial soil they were planted in.

Having thrown off the habit and character of a Trappist, and assumed the garb proper to his worldly estate, he wooed, proposed for, and married the young lady, who was his deliverer from the cruel bondage of "wolves in sheep's clothing." But she had also thrown around him her silken web, and released him from one captivity to ensnare him into another. To which bondage the happy captive gave the preference need not be inquired, when it is told that a race of little Trappists gradually sprung up; evincing that man, especially in his youth, is not destined by Providence to harden his heart as a cold ascetic in the severe privations of a monastery, nor to be doomed to celibacy under the formal restraints of a detestable creed and a false principle of religious zeal.

I have now only to add, that I knew the heroine of this story; the principal facts of which were communicated to me by one of her relatives.

THE SIMPKIN PAPERS.

No. IX.

Dear Simpkin, Cove of Cork, January 1st, 1832.

I have not forgotten you—I send you a *stave*—a "*regular-built*" sea-song, which *is* (though I say it) a true picture of a *cutting-out* job. Like Dibdin, I do not deal in the maudlin, or sentimental—and, if I do deal a little in the way of Death—why, it's all in the way of business.—I swear it will please all seamen, and I trust you will understand my *touches* in the way of *technicals*.

This is the first attempt which has been made in rhyme to depict a boarding business—Show it to the Old Admiral.

Ever yours, W. N. G.

THE BOARDERS.

(*A Sea-Song.*)

Hurrah! heave ahead—tumble up—tumble aft,
The Skipper's intent on a fray—
He's *long* had an eye on the enemy's craft,
The brig in the bight o' the bay.

The ship 's all alive—the ship's company crush,
And crowd round the capsen on deck,
And all volunteer in a regular rush
To join in the *spree* and the *spec*.

"The craft," says the Skipper, "is worth cuttin' out,
And so," says the Skipper, says he,
"Be sober, be silent, be steady and stout,
Attend every man unto me.

"Each man will 'ave sarv'd out a station in turn,
Confusion in fight to prevent,
So board on the quarter, the bow, or the stern,
You know on what bus'ness you're bent.

"There's Turner can handle a hatchet in style,
The cable he'll cut with a clip;
But *chain* shou'd it be, a sledge-hammer and file
Will help to unshackle and *slip*.

"The jib too, there's Jackson can loose in a crack,
And Warren can run to the wheel;
But *mind!* though your slaughter be seemin' to slack,
Slack nothin' in duty or zeal.

"To guard again' fellin' a friend for a foe,
You 'll all wear a similar mark,
For many 's the quick and unmerited blow
Has levell'd a lad in the dark.

"So round the right arm clap a white piece o' duck,
Your cutlasses carefully grind—
Secure in your belts, see your pistols be stuck,
No boat leaves a grapnel behind.

"And now," says the Skipper, "I 've never no more
To say—but to *say* you'll succeed;
So down ev'ry man now, and muffle his oar,
And ready get all that you need."

The boats are now mannin'—the moon 's goin' down,
And messmates are shakin' a fist,
The pass-word is NELSON—that *name* o' renown,
That bows every name on the list.

Toss'd up are the oars, and *success* is the word,
And eager are all for the start,
" Shove off," says the Skipper, " and bring out your bird—
Be careful don't company part."

Like pirates we pull, but with consciences clear;
For e'en shou'd we *fail* or we fall,
There 's never disgrace,—nor we 've nothin' to fear,
But death from a pike or a ball.

The land-breeze springs up from the south'rn side,
The boats are fast closin' the port,
The foe is diskiver'd to *tend* to the tide,
The sentry heard hailin' the fort.

Then, strike out, my lads, in the cutter and barge,
The pinnace *see!* boards on the bow.
The launch lags astern—she 's heavy and large,
But soon she 'll be up for the row.

There!—slap goes the cable,—and *up* goes the jib,
And *off* she pays round on her heel;
Our officer 's *hit*—" only *stuck* in the rib,"
He cries, as he slashes his steel.

She 's *all* our own for'ard—let 's sally abaft,
The quarter-deck yet we've to gain;
What *say* ye, my sons?—with a Well fore and aft,
And show we don't rally in vain.

The cutlasses clash, and the blades on 'em fly,
And pistols flash full in the face,
But nothin' can stand us,—so never say Die!
Hurrah! and we're gainin' apace.

They take to their fins, and they take to their feet,
The enemy scamper around;
The taupsails [1] quick loose—and quick home with 'em sheet,
'Twont *do* for to get her a-ground.

The batteries *bang!*—how they scatter the grape!
The forts appear fairly a fire,
The *sticks* only stand,—and the stays but escape,
And *bang* they may blaze till they tire.

So port a bit, bo—keep the lights in a line,
Keep right in the strength o' the tide;
We've plenty o' water—she deepens to nine,—
The shoal's on the opposite side.

And now, my sea sons! for three *thundering* cheers,
For *short* fall the shot from the fort.
We draw off the land—and the frigate we near,
She'll soon tow the prize into port!

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[1] Topsails.

No. X.

Dear Uncle, Hill Street, January 23, 1832.

How can you be so unfashionable as to remain at Brighton during the best part of the season? If in your younger days our papas and mammas preferred going to the sea-side in spring and summer, you give the preference to winter. We are all alive—Reformation is the go—and as the House of Commons will soon be full of stiff Quakers and long-faced Whigs, so in private life we shall imitate it, and become as grave as even you, my good uncle, can desire. We women are all reformers, and I battle the Tory scarlet-coats of the Guards most perseveringly upon the subject. Heaven knows! they want reformation. They live in their club-houses, and a lady now never gets an escort when she goes to her milliner's or a-shopping; but, as grave as ravens, we go in pairs alone. You must excuse my nonsense, my dear uncle. You insisted on my writing to you, and there is so much to be said, that I find I have nothing to say, from want of knowing what to begin about. We are in one continued round of visiting. The Opera is opening, and, though I don't understand Italian any more than my waiting-maid, music is a universal language, you know: Lord L—— says, with his usual stupidity, that it is a good receipt for sleeping.

George O—— is off with his sister's *femme de chambre*, or rather *fille*, as Sterne will have it. They say the creature was pretty; but it's so provoking young men of quality should run away with their unequals. Lady Harriet P. was dying for him; but he was ice before the light of her beautiful eyes—just as I should feel, my dear uncle, before your old rich lusty-fusty proud Sir Jonah ogling me through his spectacles.

We have not much news. Mr. Nield and his precious *cara sposa* dont occupy quite as much of conversation as they did. What a picture of modern match-making—what a specimen of friendly management!—What monstrous stuff is the high blood and birth so much talked of by the C——s, as raising them above all others in society. It is my belief there is not a noble birth-proud blood-boasting family in the land, that, high as they pretend to value such empty honours, would not sell them to a scavenger with a good purse. My lords and my lords-dukes sell their children for hard coin, and belie their boasted heraldry for a plum. The airs of Lady What-do-you-call-her Nield amuse me highly. Nield should have tried the plan of the Honeymoon pair, for on my soul I think her ladyship merited a daily horse-whipping, to say nothing of her husband's title to a fool's cap for having ever had any thing to do with her. A pretty picture of your aristocracy this, my dear uncle, with which you want me to be allied! No, the plum I have I will keep for some worthy fellow that will love and cherish me, for I do believe that the romantic notions of a boarding-school are better calculated to conduct women to matrimonial comfort than a match of blood and money, or blood-money if you like, even if made up by Old Bags himself. Here are my notions for you!

We were in the Park on Sunday—I had a dear delightful ride. A good-natured fat fool rode with me the whole way—you know who I mean: I would as soon have had Porpus Bright by my side, mounted on a dromedary—and 'tis such a man they want me to marry, because he is a sprig of good family, and rich they say! Now I wonder what they call a tree, if he is but a shoot!—I'll not marry him, my dear uncle, that's poz. I am not romantic—nor, as times go, do I expect much love from your sex; but I would rather live among the Arabs with Lady Stanhope. Do help me to get free of this wretch, and I will ever love you, my dear uncle, beyond bounden duty.

Your affectionate niece,

ARABELLA S——.

P.S. I will write a longer letter soon.

PARTY SPIRIT.

SCENE.—The dining-room of a mansion in Grosvenor Square. TIME.—After dinner; a blazing fire, wine, and dessert. The butler brings in a fresh supply of claret, and retires. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Mr. Russell, an ultra Whig, and Mr. Gordon, an ultra Tory; who have just brought their chairs round to the fireside.

Gordon.—Now, my dear Sir, the wine is with you. Charles, bring your chair round—why, he's off.

Russell.—Off! to be sure he is:—my dear Sir, he would be no son of mine if he did not sacrifice Bacchus to Venus when they come into competition. He slipped out of the room after the ladies, and by this time, I'll answer for it, is on the ottoman talking with Emma. How happy they both are!

Gordon.—Happy, my dear friend! I can assure you that we all are happy. You may well be proud of your son, and the union between our families is, in every respect, one of congratulation. Emma is a very sweet girl.

Russell.—A lovely creature, my dear Sir, and Charles is a most fortunate dog. Let us drink their health and happiness in a bumper.

Gordon.—With pleasure, my dear Russell. (They fill their glasses, and take each other warmly by the hand.)—Here's health, happiness, and long life, to the young couple.—(Both drink.) Fisher and Rhodes will be soon here with the settlements; they promised not to be later than nine o'clock. I suppose you know the day?

Russell.—No, indeed, I do not. Charles told me that he had been pressing hard for Thursday.

Gordon.—Yes: but ladies, as you may recollect at the time of your own marriage, never will on these occasions accede to the exact time proposed by the men. Mrs. Gordon has decided for Monday; she told me so when I was dressing for dinner.

Russell.—Well, they must have their own way, Gordon; I dare say you have found out that.

Gordon.—At least before marriage.

Russell.—And after too, my dear Sir—ha! ha! ha! By-the-bye, my dear Sir, do you intend to bring Charles in for one of your boroughs?

Gordon.—Why that is a question upon which I am not yet decided. I have sounded Charles, and I find that he has a strong tendency to liberal principles. You, I know, are a little that way inclined yourself, and he must unlearn what you have taught him; so it may be as well not to discuss that subject just now.

Russell.—And why not, my dear Sir? Surely, if I have my opinion, you have an equal right to yours. I cannot imagine any thing so illiberal, indeed so unwarrantable, as insisting upon other people thinking the same way as yourself.

Gordon.—I perfectly agree with you, my dear Sir. I have known many very estimable men of Whiggish principles; and I have always considered the fault to lay more in the head than in the heart. Very much depends upon the way of thinking among those who have brought us up. A man's politics, like his religion, are often imbibed at a very early age; and where is the man who will give up the religion of his forefathers?

Russell.—A very just observation, my dear Mr. Gordon. When we meet people of your candour and command of temper, argument may take place without in the least affecting our mutual esteem; and a difference of opinion on politics cannot lead to a difference upon others. I am a Whig, as you know: now, as we have yet an hour before we go to the ladies, suppose we have a quiet, dispassionate examination of our several opinions.

Gordon.—With all my heart; for I am sure, my dear Russell, that if we do not convince each other, we shall not be so foolish as to quarrel. The bust over the mantel-piece shall be our umpire.

Russell.—Ha! ha! then it must be a drawn battle; for it is not likely to give an opinion on either side. But I can't see well without my glasses; pray whose bust is it?

Gordon.—Whose, my dear Sir? Why, of that heaven-born minister, Mr. Pitt!

Russell.—Heaven-born indeed! Excuse me, my dear Gordon, but I cannot help thinking that it would have been better for this unfortunate country if he had been born at Whitechapel, where he might have formed a better estimate of the value of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Gordon.—Rather severe. Ha! ha!—why, my dear Sir, what objections can you raise to the glorious administration of Mr. Pitt? Now lay them before me; I will listen without interruption, and I trust I shall be able to convince you how much you have been in error.

Russell.—Very fair, and very liberal on your part, my dear Sir. Well, then, I begin by asserting that the present oppressed state of the country is entirely to be ascribed to his wanton expenditure of the public money, his unprincipled system of expenditure, the millions he squandered away on subsidies to other nations, who cajoled and laughed at us. His ——

Gordon.—Allow me to observe ——

Russell.—You shall observe by-and-bye, my dear Sir, any thing you please. I assert, that before he embroiled us in continental wars, our navy held undisputed possession of the seas—we were the carriers of the trade of nearly the whole world—our manufactures were to be found even in the capital of our enemy, proving how impossible it was for the ——

Gordon.—You forget the continental——

Russell.—No, I don't. How impossible it was, as I was saying, that the gigantic schemes for the destruction of our commerce could ever be realized. My dear Mr. Gordon, as sure as water will find its level, so sure, wherever there is a demand there will be a supply. Your heaven-born minister knew that as well as I do, but it did not suit his purpose.

Gordon.—I really am astonished at your delusion. Explain yourself.

Russell.—I will, my dear Sir. The ambition of Mr. Pitt was inordinate, and to that he sacrificed his country. You may demand, What were the secret springs which induced him to lavish away our means? I reply, to hold his situation, by administering to the

wishes of his sovereign, who otherwise would have provided himself with a more subservient minister. My dear Sir, it is the petty state of Hanover which has cost so dear to this country. There never was a more egregious blunder made by our forefathers than when they permitted the House of Hanover, called to this throne, to retain possession of this little principality; more dear to them than the three united kingdoms over which they had been called to reign. Several generations of the House of Hanover have succeeded to the throne, but I appeal to you, my dear Mr. Gordon, whether they are not Germans still; Germans in ideas, in disposition, in customs, in every thing. Their own little territory they ruled over with freehold despotism, but this country they govern by a restricted and copyhold tenure. Hanover is their patrimonial estate, their *fader* land, and the resources of England were employed to save it from the grasp of the usurper. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, for having occupied so much of your time, and I thank you for your patience.

Gordon.—I cannot help your opinion, my dear Sir; I think you wrong, from the beginning to the end of your argument. However, Mr. Pitt is dead and gone, and he shall make no difference between us, Mr. Russell. You have been discussing upon times past. I trust you will allow that the Tories of the present day, at the termination of the war, did use their utmost endeavours to relieve the country from its distressed state, whether or not occasioned by what you are pleased to call the ambition of Mr. Pitt, but which I have always considered as a noble struggle for our existence as a nation.

Russell.—I am free to confess—to use Parliamentary language—that at first you did well. You relieved the country of many millions of taxes.

Gordon.—I thought that I was not mistaken in your character, my dear Sir. Now this is candid, liberal, and honourable.

Russell.—And had you continued to act up to the wishes of the people, you might have remained in power.

Gordon.—The wishes of the people! Pray, my dear Sir, what do you consider a Tory to be?

Russell.—A Tory, my dear Mr. Gordon? I consider a Tory to be one who, when in office, is satisfied with existent things so long as they work well; who leans towards the crown and expenditure; has a terror of innovation; and such a respect for pedigree, that even abuses of long standing are with him too sacred to be eradicated. He looks upon the people as children, incapable to act or to think for themselves; and even that proportion of the third estate representing the whole, if they had not a leaven of the aristocracy, to be unfit to "come between the wind and his nobility." I trust you will acknowledge the correctness of my likeness.

Gordon (rather angrily).—With all my heart, Mr. Russell, if you'll permit me to give you a sketch of a Whig.

Russell.—Certainly, it is but fair; but I flatter myself you cannot say much against us. Our principles ——

Gordon.—Don't talk about them. I shall first observe, that a party opposing another naturally opposes all its measures, and thus

insensibly forms its own principles upon the inverse of its antagonist. From the Whigs we have invariably met with a decided opposition to all measures, whether good or bad.

Russell.—When was there a good ——

Gordon.—Excuse me. Had the Tories, during the long period that they were in power, gradually changed their ideas, the Whigs would also, from mere opposition, have changed theirs. In short, had we, the Tories, by degrees have assumed—which God forbid!—the principles, or rather professions, of the Whigs, the Whigs would in the same period have been changed into Tories.

Russell.—Ridiculous and absurd! Have the Whigs never been in power, Mr. Gordon? Recollect, in the reign of George the ——

Gordon.—That cannot be brought forward as an argument; it is too far back. You might as well compare the full-bottomed *Whigs* of that time with the flimsy perukes of the present day. I speak of modern Whigs. I say that they are all profession. They profess economy; attachment to the interests of the people; they profess every free and liberal principle;—but it is all profession. In short, a Tory may be prejudiced, but he has principle; but a Whig, my dear Mr. Russell ——

Russell, (starting from his chair).—Well, Mr. Gordon, a Whig ——

Gordon.—Nay, my dear Sir, do not be angry. I do not mean to say that a Whig is a man without principle. I only mean to say that, not having been in power, it still remains to be proved; and, if I may be allowed to proceed, I cannot help surmising that a modern Whig administration, upholding the same principles as when out of power, and governing by them, will be an anomaly contrary to human nature and all precedents which history has left for our guidance.

Russell.—I'm sure, my dear Sir, that you did not intend any offence. I shall be happy to hear your grounds for the supposition. It really is pleasant to be able to discuss these points with so little warmth and so much candour. Suppose we take another glass of wine?

Gordon.—With pleasure, my dear Sir. Politics, after all, is a dry subject;—(they fill and drink)—and that is the reason, I suppose, why they are generally introduced after dinner. To proceed: the Constitution of this country is composed of three estates—King, Aristocracy, and People; each having their several rights, and constantly at warfare to check any infringement of those rights on the part of the other two. If this jealousy were not continually in action, the privileges of either might be invaded, and the balance of the Constitution destroyed.

Russell.—Very fairly put, indeed, my dear Sir.

Gordon.—Now, my dear friend, the modern Whig principles are the principles of the third estate. A king, therefore, professing Whig principles, or an aristocracy—for a Whig administration implies a Whig aristocracy—professing the same, are traitors to their own orders and their own interests, opening the gates of their fortress to their common enemy, the people, who are really, because physically, the strongest of the three. For this reason, a Whig admi-

nistration cannot remain long in power, or a Whig king long upon the throne, if they continue consistent. A few Whig measures may for a time be resorted to, and the country may be the gainer; but however gradual the transition may be, change they must,—if our glorious constitution is to be held together,—until they have assumed the arguments and opinions of the Tories as their own weapons, to enable them to bear up against the constant pressing forward of the people of England.

Russell.—I cannot admit your argument. The same has been made use of these two hundred years, and yet the Constitution remains. History tells us there are three ages in empires—monarchy, despotism, and revolution; from the latter a nation arises fresh and vigorous, like a phœnix from the ashes of its sire. In this country during the last century the privileges of the people only have been encroached upon.

Gordon.—Wild Whig theories. The revolution in France is a proof of the blessings attending such a change; and the situation of Louis Philippe one which might have induced our present sovereign to have acted with more prudence.

Russell.—What do you mean, my dear Sir?—what can you object to in the conduct of our manly, straight-forward King?

Gordon.—I have every respect for his Majesty; but what can you expect with his present advisers?—Sir, it is my opinion that a king should be "every inch a king." The naval profession may make a good honest man, but a good honest man will not make a good king. There is a feeling towards a king in the minds of the lower classes, only to be kept up by seldom, if ever, coming into contact with them. Shakspeare has read a lesson to kings which they never should have from their remembrance. My memory is not so good as it was, but I recollect—let me see—

> "Had I so lavish of my presence been,
> So common, hackney'd to the eyes of men,
> So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
> Opinion that did help me to the crown—"

I forget how it goes on—but again:

> "By being seldom seen, I could not stir
> But as a comet: I was wondered at:
> The men would tell their children 'This is he!'"

(Musing.)—I recollect another part of it:

> "Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
> My presence, like a robe pontifical,
> Ne'er seen but wondered at, and so my state
> Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast."

I think that, considering how fast revolutionary principles are spreading through the country, his Majesty has been ill advised.

Russell.—And I think that a king had better trust himself to the affections of his people than to pageantry which they despise. The King has behaved nobly, Sir; and his conduct will be a surer safeguard to his person than a hundred regiments of Horse-guards.

Gordon.—There is no trust to be placed in a mob, my dear Sir;

truckling to it is like a man permitting one of the feline tribe to lick his hand, which any attempt on his part to withdraw will cost him his life. The people of England are an encroaching people, and must be kept at a respectful distance. This arises from the peculiarity of our Constitution, and from our not being what is termed "a military nation." The Emperor of Austria or King of Prussia may appear among their abject subjects as individuals, and will meet with the same respect from them as they pay to the statues and various articles of vertu to which they have access; but in this country it is different: as the statues if accessible would be mutilated, so the Fountain of Honour, if they can approach it, will be sullied in their wantonness. I do not therefore consider it judicious that the King of England should be seen to shake hands with people in the streets; still less so that the Court should be opened to people who have no pretence to appear there, and whose presence has the effect of driving away those to whom we should look to for countenance and support against the pressure of the lower classes.

Russell.—Sir, I really cannot bear this. By your arguments a king is not to be a man.

Gordon.—A man, Sir! No—to be sure not—a king is to be *a king*.

Russell.—Well, Mr. Gordon, we cannot agree, so let us drop the subject; in the mean time, if you please, I trouble you for the claret.

Gordon.—I'll join you, my dear Sir.—To be candid, I have no objection to the Whigs out of power; then they are in their proper place, and occasionally distinguish themselves in argument.

Russell.—You should have kept us out then, my dear Sir;—ha! ha!

Gordon.—We preferred our principles to our places, as we always have done, and I trust always shall. Had we listened to the cry for Reform—had we truckled to the people ——

Russell.—Why, my dear Sir, you were the very cause of the cry being raised; and whether the Reform Bill turns out well or ill, you Tories were the occasion of it.

Gordon.—I should like to hear that proved, Mr. Russell.

Russell.—You shall, if you will allow me a patient hearing. If you will refer back to the history of this country, you will perceive that the cry for Reform has often been raised, and invariably in times of difficulty and distress; but when the nation was prosperous, the demagogue might harangue in vain. No distress was ever equal to what it has been since the termination of the war. As I said before, at first you began well, but when the people wished your own emoluments to be reduced, then you withstood them. Finding their wishes not attended to by an undue representation, the people insisted upon Reform. You were aware that if Reform took place you could no longer act as a body. By strength of party you had effectually opposed the wishes of the people, and this strength was only to be upheld by the borough-vending system. In the mean time resisting the people in their wish of a further curtailment of the public expenditure, you listened to empirics who came forward to your

assistance. The free-trade lunacy (for it deserves no better term) was acted upon with the hope of increasing the revenue. This increased the difficulties of the country, and that Reform was insisted upon, and even in a partially represented House of Commons the Bill was carried.

Gordon.—I take advantage of your being out of breath to tell you that the free-trade system, if properly understood, is one of the most splendid ——

Russell.—Will-o'-the-Whisps which ever deluded men into difficulties. I will not enter into an argument which may be interminable without convincing either: I will make but one observation or two, which are unanswerable. If free trade is advantageous in one thing, it must be in another; why then deny us free trade in corn? Again, do you mean to assert that there are no legislators in other countries who have sense and ability?—How is it, that with all our attempts, we can obtain no reciprocity?—And how is it that our distress is so much greater?

Gordon.—There are many other causes, my dear Sir: you overlook the return to cash-payments——

Russell.—Only another cause of depressure, and another reason why this fatal experiment should have been abandoned instead of being so pertinaciously adhered to. Your free-trade advocates will tell you otherwise, and attempt to prove otherwise; but, my dear Sir, they remind me of bankrupts, who, aware that their ruin is inevitable, will nevertheless, from a feeling of selfishness, which appears to increase in proportion to their distress, apply for and obtain the funds of their dearest friends to enable them to hold up their heads a little longer; aware at the very time that it will be the ruin of those who wish to serve them, and be of no ultimate advantage to themselves. So it is with the advocates of free trade, who will continue obstinate, blind, and selfish, until they have effected the ruin of their country.

Gordon.—Well, Mr. Russell, it appears that we are not to agree upon any one point.

Russell.—Except in taking another glass of claret; there, at least, we are of one mind.

Gordon.—Most decidedly. (They fill and drink.)

Russell.—And now, my dear Sir, having digressed from my subject, I shall resume it. I have pointed out to you the errors of the administration which produced the demand for Reform. I will now, with your permission, remark upon the conduct of the dissentient lords and clergy. You consider that the conduct of our Sovereign has raised the audacity of the mob. I despise the mob as much as you do; and I am convinced that the urbanity you complain of has been directed towards all classes of his subjects, over which he would reign as a father and a friend. But, Sir, the Peers have insulted the intelligent and well-informed proportion of the people of England, that which may be termed the aristocracy of the people, containing within them wealth and power to which that of the Peers is almost as disproportionate as their numbers. The consequence has been, that privileges and vested rights are canvassed; and it is not impossible, that if once brought to examination, they may be wrested

from them. There is a fable of the Beaver, who, when pressed by the Hunter for the sake of his tail, supposed at the time to contain a sovereign balsam, bit off that portion of his body and left it in his track; by which wise plan his life was preserved. The fable is now apposite. The conduct of the clergy has been most unwise: whenever religion enters into the arena of politics, it is sure to incur contumely; and whenever the hierarchy oppose the people, religion must suffer in their estimation. Had the Bishops held themselves neuter, they had been wise; had they joined the people, they had been wiser, for they would have deserved their gratitude, and have ended a struggle which must eventually seriously affect their own interests.

Gordon.—Whig arguments, my dear Sir, nothing but Whig, Whig, Whig!—Well, Mr. Russell, the country is in a pretty state. We shall see how you will get it out of it.

Russell.—Thanks to the Tories, it is, Sir.

Gordon.—The Tories, Sir!—excuse me—thanks to the Whigs—Why, Sir, the proof is, how have you carried on the administration since you have been in power?—look at your last budget!

Russell.—It was very well meant, and with a view of relieving the people. I consider, Sir, that we deserve credit for being so open to conviction.

Gordon.—I tell you what, my dear friend, you are too weak to stand:—you have little talent and no knowledge of business. You came into power with the Reform Bill, that was all your capital; and when that is passed, you will be bankrupts.

Russell.—And I can tell you, Sir, that, allowing your observation to be true, which it is not, the people of England will never again submit to a Tory administration.

Gordon.—The people of England will prefer being governed by men of talent as soon as they are satisfied of your incapacity.—We give you three months.

Russell.—We hope to take longer. Should we require any of your talent, which I doubt, I presume we may pick and choose out of your party.

Gordon.—No, Sir,—never. The Tories are men of principle,—not like the Whigs—a set of——

Russell.—Of what, Sir?—(rising from his chair.)

Gordon.—Of what, Sir?—(rising from his chair, and throwing it away behind him.)—Why, Sir, since you will oblige me to tell you—of—unprincipled——

Russell.—Unprincipled? It's a lie, Sir.

Gordon.—A lie, Sir? the lie to me in my own house?—There 's the door, Sir.—(rings the bell violently).

Russell.—I shall take the first advantage of it, I can assure you.

Enter *Mrs. Gordon*, *Charles*, and *Emma*.

Mrs. G.—My dear Mr. Gordon, what is all this disputing? what is the matter?

Gordon.—The matter, Ma'am, is simply this, that I have requested Mr. Russell to quit this house, and never put his foot in it again.

Russell.—The matter is, Madam, that I shall most strictly obey his injunctions.—Come, Charles—

Charles.—My dear Sir,—surely—

Russell.—Most surely, Sir,—you will quit with me.

Charles.—And Emma, Sir?

Russell.—Think of her no more—all is at an end.

Emma.—(Rushing into her father's arms, and bursting into tears,) Oh, father! father!

Gordon.—Not a word!

Mrs. G.—My dear Gordon—consider—

Gordon.—I do—I'd sooner she was in her coffin.

(Emma faints, Charles is in mute despair resisting his father, who attempts to lead him out of the room.)—Enter servant.

Servant.—Mr. Foster and Rhodes, Sir.

Gordon.—D—n Mr. Foster and Rhodes!—Mrs. Gordon, take the girl up stairs.

Russell (who leads out Charles).—Farewell, Madam; I am sorry that circumstances will not permit the honour of your alliance.—(Charles attempts to break from his father, who forces him out of the door).—Insolent Tory!

Gordon.—Infernal Whig!

(Mrs. Gordon bursts into tears over her lifeless daughter, while Mr. Gordon walks up and down the room in his rage.)

(*Scene closes.*)

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MASHALLAH! How wonderful is God! Did the Caliph Haroun ever hear such stories?" observed the Pacha, taking the pipe from his mouth, as he was indulging in company with Mustapha: "that infidel tells strange histories of strange countries—What will his mouth open to next?"

"The Shaitan Bacheh, for a son of the devil he still is, although he wears the turban and bows to Allah, will prove a treasury of amusement to your sublime highness," replied Mustapha: "but what are the words of the sage?—'If thou hast gold in thy hazneh, keep it locked and add thereto; thus shalt thou become rich.'"

"They are the words of wisdom," replied the Pacha.

"Then may I advise your Highness to walk out this evening in search of more, and not exhaust that which is in your possession?"

"Wallah Thaib! It is well said!" answered the Pacha, rising from his musnud or carpet of state: "the moon is up—when all is ready we will proceed."

In a quarter of an hour the Pacha, attended by Mustapha and the armed slaves as before, again set out upon their perambulations through the city of Cairo.

They had not walked more than half an hour, when they observed two men sitting at the door of a fruit-shop, at high words with each other. The Pacha held up his finger to Mustapha, as a sign to stop,

that he might overhear their discourse: "I tell you, Ali, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one's temper."

"Long stories!" whispered the Pacha to Mustapha with delight: "the very thing!—Shukur Allah! Thanks be to God!"

"And I tell you in reply, Hussan, that yours are ten times worse: you never have spoken for ten minutes, without my feeling an inclination to salute your mouth with the heel of my slipper. I wish there was any one who would hear us both, and decide the point."

"That I will," said the Pacha, going up to them: "to-morrow I will hear both your stories, and decide upon the merits of each."

"And who are you?" observed one of the men with surprise.

"His Highness the Pacha," replied Mustapha, coming forward. Both the men prostrated themselves, while the Pacha directed Mustapha that they should be brought before him on the following day: and the Vizier having given them in charge to the slaves who had followed at a distance, returned home with the Pacha; who was delighted at the rich harvest which he expected to reap from the two people who accused each other of telling such long stories.

When the divan of the following day had closed, the two men were summoned into the presence of the Pacha.

"I shall now decide upon the merits of your stories," observed he. "Sit down there both of you, and agree between yourselves which of you will begin."

"May it please your Highness, you will never be able to listen to this man Ali," observed Hussan: "you had better send him away."

"Allah preserve your Highness from all evil," replied Ali, "but more especially from the talking of Hussan, which is as oppressive as the hot wind of the desert."

"I have not sent for you to hear you dispute in my presence, but to hear your stories. Ali, do you begin."

"I do assure your Highness," interrupted Hussan, "that you will not listen to him three minutes."

"I do assure you," retorted the Pacha, "that if you say one word more, until you are ordered, you will be rewarded with the bastinado for your trouble. Ali, begin your story."

"Well, your Highness, it was about thirty years ago, *you know*, that I was a little boy, *you know*."

Here Hussan lifted up his hands, and smiled.

"Well, your Highness, *you know*—"

"I don't know, Ali: how can I know until you tell me?" observed the Pacha.

"Well then, your Highness must know that ever since I was born I have lived in the same street where your Highness saw us seated last night, and thirty years, *you know*, is a long period in a man's life. My father was a gardener, and people of his condition, *you know*, are obliged to get up early, that they may be in time for the market, where, *you know*, they bring their vegetables for sale."

"This is all very true, I dare say," observed the Pacha; "but you will oblige me by leaving out all those *you knows*, which I agree with your comrade Hussan to be very tedious."

"That's what I have already told him, your Highness—'Ali,' *says I*, 'if you can only leave out your *you knows*,' *says I*, 'your story might be amusing, but,' *says I* ——"

"Silence with your *says I's*," observed the Pacha; "have you forgot the bastinado? there seems to be a pair of you. Ali, go on with the story, and remember my injunction; the Felek and Ferashes are at hand."

"Well, your Highness, one morning he rose earlier than usual, as he was anxious to be the first in the market with some onions, which, *you know*, are very plentiful; and having laden his ass, he set off, at a good round pace, for the city. There, *you know*, he arrived at the market-place a little after the day had dawned, when, *you know*, ——"

"Did you not receive my orders to leave out *you know?* am I to be obeyed or not? Now go on, and if you offend again you shall have the bastinado till your nails drop off."

"I shall observe your Highness's wishes," replied Ali.—"A little after the day had dawned, *you* —, no, he, I mean, observed an old woman sitting near one of the fruit-stalls, with her head covered up in an old dark blue capote; and as he passed by, *you*—she I mean, held out one of her fingers, and said, 'Ali Baba,' for that was my father's name, 'Listen to good advice, leave your laden beast, and follow me.' Now my father, *you know*, not being inclined to pay any attention to such an old woman, *you know*, replied, *you know*, ——"

"Holy Allah," exclaimed the Pacha in a rage to Mustapha, "what does this man deserve?"

"The punishment due to those who dare to disobey your Highness's commands."

"And he shall have it: take him out; give him one hundred blows of the bastinado; put him on an ass with his head turned towards the tail; and let the officer who conducts him through the town proclaim, 'Such is the punishment awarded by the Pacha to him who presumes to say that his Highness knows, when, in fact, he knows nothing.'"

The guards seized upon the unfortunate Ali to put in execution the will of the Pacha; and as he was dragged away, Hussan cried out, "I told you so; but you would not believe me."

"Well," replied Ali, "I've one comfort, your story 's not told yet. His Highness has yet to decide which is the best."

After a few minutes' pause, to recover himself from the ruffling of his temper, the Pacha addressed the other man—"Now, Hussan, you will begin your story, and observe that I am rather in an ill humour."

"How can your Highness be otherwise, after the annoyance of the bore Ali? I said so; 'Ali,' *says I*——"

"Go on with your story," repeated the Pacha angrily.

"It was about two years ago, your Highness, when I was sitting at the door of the fruit-shop, which your Highness might have observed, when you saw us last night, that a young female, who seemed above the common class, came in, followed by a porter. 'I want some melons,' says she. 'I have very fine ones, so walk in,' *says I;*

and I handed down from the upper shelf, where they were placed, four or five musk, and four or five water-melons. 'Now,' *says I*, 'young woman, you 'll observe that these are much finer melons,' *says I*, 'than you usually can procure; therefore the lowest price that I can take,' *says I*, 'is ——'"

"Why, your *says I's* are much worse than Ali's *you knows;* leave them out, if you please, and proceed with your story," cried the Pacha, with increased ill-humour.

"I will obey, your Highness, if possible. I stated the lowest price, and she lifted up her veil—'I have an idea,' said she, as she allowed me to look upon one of the prettiest faces in the world, 'that they are to be had cheaper.'

"I was so struck with her beauty, that I was quite speechless. 'Am I not right?' said she, smiling. 'From you, madam,' *said I*, 'I can take nothing; put as many in the basket of your porter as you please.' She thanked me, and put into the basket all that I had handed down. 'Now,' *says she*, 'I want some dates, the best and finest that you have.' I handed some down that would have been admired by the ladies of your Highness's harem. 'These, madam,' *says I*, 'are the best dates that are to be found in Cairo.' She tasted them, and asked the price; I mentioned it. 'They are dear,' replied she, 'but I must have them cheaper;' and again she lifted her veil. 'Madam,' *says I*, 'these dates are much too cheap at the price which I have mentioned; it really is impossible to take one para less: observe, madam,' *says I*, 'the beauty of them, feel the weight, and taste them,' *says I*, 'and you must acknowledge,' *says I*, 'that they are offered to you at a price which,' *says I*,'"—

"Holy Prophet!" cried the Pacha in a rage; 'I will hear no more of your *says I's:* if you cannot tell your story without them, you shall fare worse than Ali."

"May it please your Highness, how will it be possible for you to know what I said, unless I point out to you what I say? I cannot tell my story without it."

"I'll see that," replied the Pacha, in a savage tone; and, making the sign, the executioner made his appearance. "Now then, go on with your story; and, executioner, after he has repeated *says I* three times, off with his head! Go on."

"I shall never be able to go on, your Highness; consider one moment how harmless my *says I's* are to the detestable *you knows* of Ali. That 's what I always told him; 'Ali,' *says I*, 'if you only knew,' *says I*, 'how annoying you are! Why there,' *says I!*" At this moment the blow of the scymitar fell, and the head of Hussan rolled upon the floor; the lips from the force of habit, still quivering in their convulsions, with the motioning which would have produced *says I*, if the channel of sound had not been so effectually interrupted.

"That story 's ended!" observed the Pacha in a rage. "Of all the nuisances I ever encountered, these two men have beat them all. Allah forbid that I ever should again meet with a *says I*, or a *you know!*"

"Your Highness is all wisdom," observed Mustapha: "may such

ever be the fate of those who cannot tell their stories without saying what they said." The Pacha, irritated at his disappointment, and little soothed by the remark of Mustapha, without making any answer to it, was about to retire to his harem, when Mustapha, with a low salaam, informed him that the Renegade was in attendance to relate his Second Voyage, if he might be permitted to kiss the dust of his presence. "Khoda shefa midêhed—God gives relief," replied the Pacha, as he resumed his seat: "let him approach."

The Renegade entered, and having paid the customary obeisance took his seat, and commenced the narrative of his Second Voyage:—

May it please your most Sublime Highness, the day after I embarked we sailed with a fair wind, and having cleared the Straits flattered ourselves with the prospect of a successful voyage; but we were miserably disappointed, for three days afterwards we fell in with a small brig under English colours. As she was evidently a merchant vessel, we paid no attention to her running down to us, supposing that she was out of her reckoning, and wished to know her exact position on the chart. But as soon as she was close to us, instead of passing under our stern, as we expected, she rounded-to, and laid us by the board. Taken by surprise, and having no arms, we were beaten down below, and in a few minutes the vessel remained in the possession of our assailants. They held a short consultation, and then, opening the hatches, a boatswain pulled out his whistle, and in a tremendous voice roared out, "*All hands ahoy!*" which was followed by his crying out "*Tumble up there, tumble up!*" As we understood this to be a signal for our appearance on deck, we obeyed the summons. When we all came up, we found out that if we had had any idea that they were enemies, we might have beaten them off, as they were only fifteen in number, while we mustered sixteen. But it was too late: we were unarmed, and they had each of them a cutlass with two pistols stuck in their girdles. As soon as we were all on deck, they bound our arms behind us with ropes, and ranged us in a line. Having inquired of each of us our respective ranks and professions, they held a short consultation, and the boatswain addressing me said—"Thank Heaven, you scoundrel, that you were brought up as a barber, for it has saved your life!"

He then cut loose the cords which bound me, and I remained at liberty. "Now then, my lads!" continued the boatswain, "*come, every man his bird!*" and, so saying, he seized upon the captain of the vessel, and leading him to the gangway passed his sword through his body, and tossed him into the sea.

In the same manner each of the murderous villains led forward the man he had selected, and putting an end to his life, either by the sword or pistol, launched the corpse into the waves.

My blood curdled as I beheld the scene, but I said nothing. I considered myself too fortunate to escape with life. When it was all over, the boatswain roared out, "*That job's done!* Now, Mr. Barber, swab up all this here blood, and be d—d to you! and recollect that you are one of us." I obeyed in fear and silence, and then returned to my former station near the taffrail.

The people who had captured us, as I afterwards found out, were part of the crew of an English Guinea-man, who had murdered the master and mate, and had taken possession of the vessel. As our brig was a much finer craft in every respect, they determined upon retaining her, and scuttling their own. Before night, they had made all their arrangements, and were standing to the westward with a fine breeze.

But exactly as the bell struck eight for midnight, a tremendous voice

was heard at the hatchway, if possible, more than a hundred times louder than the boatswain's roaring out "*All hands ahoy!*"

The concussion of the air was so great, that the ship trembled, as if she had been struck with a thunderbolt; and as soon as the motion had subsided, the water was heard to rush into every part of the hold. Every body ran on deck astonished with the sound, expecting the vessel immediately to go down, and looking at each other with horror as they stood trembling in their shirts. The water continued to rush into the vessel, until it reached the orlop beams; then, as suddenly, it stopped.

When the panic had to a certain degree subsided, and they perceived that the water did not increase, all hands applied to the pumps, and by eight o'clock in the morning the vessel was free. Still the unaccountable circumstance weighed heavy on the minds of the seamen, who walked the deck without speaking to each other, or paying any attention to the ship's course; and as no one took the command, no one was ordered to the helm.

For my own part, I thought it a judgment upon them for their cruelty; and, expecting that worse would happen, I had made up my mind to my fate. I thought of Marie, and, hoping for pardon yet fearing the worst, I vowed, if I escaped, that I would amend my life.

At night we again retired to our hammocks, but no one slept, so afraid were we of a second visitation. The bell was not struck by the men, but it struck itself, louder than I ever heard it before; and again the dreadful voice was heard, "*All hands ahoy!*" again the water rushed in, and again we ran on deck. As before, it mounted as high as the orlop beams; it then stopped, and was pumped out again by eight o'clock on the ensuing morning.

For a month, during which time we never saw land, for we had lost all reckoning, and no one cared to steer—the same dreadful visitation took place. Habit had to a degree hardened the men; they now swore and got drunk as before, and even made a jest of the *boatswain of the middle watch*, as they called him, but at the same time they were worn out with constant fatigue; and one night they declared that they would pump no longer. The water remained in the vessel all that day, and we retired to our hammocks as usual; when at midnight, the same voice was again heard at the hatchway, not followed by the rush of water, but by a shriek of "*Tumble up there, tumble up!*"

We all started at the summons, and hastened on deck; there was something that impelled us in spite of ourselves. Never shall I forget the horrid sight, which presented itself: stretched in a row on the deck of the vessel lay the fifteen bloody corpses of my shipmates who had been murdered. We stood aghast; the hair rose straight up from our heads, as we viewed the supernatural reappearances. After a pause of about five minutes, during which we never spoke or even moved, one of the corpses cried out in a sepulchral voice, "*Come, every man his bird!*" and held up its arms as it lay.

The man, whose office it had been to take the living body to the gangway, and after killing it to throw it overboard, advanced towards it; he was evidently impelled by a supernatural power, for never shall I forget the look of horror, the faint scream of agony, which escaped him as he obeyed the summons. Like the trembling bird fascinated by the snake, he fell into the arms of the dead body; which, grasping him tight, rolled over and over in convolutions like a serpent, until it gained the break of the gangway, and then tumbled into the sea with its murderer entwined in its embraces. A flash of lightning succeeded, which blinded us for several minutes; and when we recovered our vision, the remainder of the bodies had disappeared.

The effect upon the guilty wretches was dreadful; there they lay, each man on the deck where he had crouched down, when the lightning had

flashed upon him: the sun rose upon them, yet they moved not: he poured his beams on their naked bodies when at his meridian height, yet they still remained: the evening closed in, and found them in the same positions. As soon as it was dark, as if released from a spell, they crawled below, and went into their hammocks: at midnight again the bell struck; again the voice was heard, followed by the shriek; again they repaired on deck: the fourteen remaining bodies lay in a row: another of the murderers was summoned, obeyed, and disappeared: again the flash of lightning burst upon us, and all had vanished; and thus it continued every night, until the boatswain, who was reserved for the last, was dragged overboard after the rest by the remaining corpse; and then a tremendous voice from the maintop, followed by exulting laughter, cried out, "*That job's done.*" Immediately after which, the water rushed out of the bottom of the vessel, and she was clear as before.

Returning thanks to Heaven that I was not a party or a sufferer with the rest, I laid down, and for the first time for many weeks fell into a sound sleep. How long I slept, I know not: it may have been days; but I awoke at last by the sound of voices, and found that the people on board of a vessel bound from Mexico to the South of Spain, perceiving the brig lying with her sails torn, and her yards not trimmed, had sent a boat to ascertain whether there was any body remaining in her. I was afraid that if I told them what had happened, they either would not believe me, or else refuse to take on board a person who had been in company with such examples of divine vengeance. I therefore stated that we had been attacked with dysentery about six weeks before, and all had died except myself, who was supercargo of the brig.

As their vessel was but half full, the cargo consisting chiefly of cochineal and copper, which is stowed in small space, the captain offered to take as many of my goods as he could stow, provided I would allow him the freight. This I willingly consented to, and, examining the manifest, selected the most valuable, which were removed to the Spanish vessel.

We had a favourable wind; and having run through the Straits, expected in a day or two we should anchor at Valencia, to which port she was bound; but a violent gale came on from the N. E. which lasted many days, and drove us over to the African shore. To increase our misfortunes, the ship sprung a leak, and made so much water that we could scarcely keep her free.

The Spaniards are but indifferent sailors, your Highness, and in a storm are more inclined to pray than to work: they became frightened, gave over pumping, and having lighted a candle before the image of St. Antonio, which was fixed on the stern of the vessel, began to call upon him for assistance. Not immediately obtaining their request, they took the image out of the shrine, abused it, called it every vile name that they could think of, and ended with tying it against the mainmast, and beating it with ropes.

In the mean time the vessel filled more and more; whereas, if instead of praying, they had continued at the pumps, we should have done well enough, as the gale was abating, and she did not make so much water as before.

Enraged at their cowardice, and at the idea of losing so much property as I had on board, (for I considered it as my own,) I seized the image from the mast, and threw it overboard, telling them to go to their pumps if they wished to be saved. The whole crew uttered a cry of horror, and would have thrown me after the image, but I made my escape up the rigging, from whence I dared not descend for many hours.

Having now no saint to appeal to, they once more applied to the pumps. To their astonishment, the vessel made no more water, and in the course of a few hours she was free.

The next morning the gale was over, and we were steering for Valencia.

I observed that the captain and sailors avoided me, but I cared little about it, as I felt that my conduct had saved the ship as well as my own property. On the second day we anchored in the bay, and were boarded by the authorities, who went down into the cabin, and had a long conversation with the captain. They quitted the ship, and about an hour afterwards I proposed going ashore, but the captain said that he could not permit it until the next morning. While I was expostulating with him as to the reasons for my detention, a boat rowed alongside, from out of which came two personages dressed in black. I knew them to be familiars of the Inquisition; and it immediately occurred to me that my personification of the lady abbess had been discovered, and that my doom was sealed. The captain pointed me out; they collared and handed me into the boat, and pulled for the shore in silence.

When we landed, I was put into a black coach, and conveyed to the palace of the Inquisition, where I was thrown into one of the lowest dungeons. The next day the familiars appeared, and led me to the hall of judgment, where I was asked whether I confessed my crime. I replied that I did not know what I was accused of. They again asked me if I would confess, and on my making the same answer I was ordered to the torture.

As I knew that I had no chance, I thought that I might as well avoid unnecessary pain, and declared that I did confess it.

"What instigated you to the deed?"

Not well knowing what to reply, as I was not exactly aware of the nature of my offence, I answered that it was the blessed Virgin.

"Blasphemer!" cried the grand inquisitor, "what! the blessed Virgin desired you to throw St. Antonio overboard?"

"Yes," replied I, (glad that at all events the crime was not what I had anticipated,) "she did, and told me that it would be the saving of the vessel."

"Where were you?"

"On the deck."

"Where did you see her?"

"She was sitting on a small blue cloud, a little above the topsail yard. 'Fear not, Francois,' said she, motioning with her hand, 'to throw the image overboard.'" The inquisitors were astonished at my boldness: a consultation was held, as to whether I should be treated as a blasphemer, or the circumstance blazoned into a miracle. But it unfortunately happened for me that a miracle had occurred very lately; and there were very few people to be burnt at the *auto da fé* of the ensuing month.

It was therefore decided against me. I was reviled, abused, and sentenced to the flames; but I determined, as my only chance, to put a good face upon the matter to the very last. Looking up, as if to a point in the ceiling of the dark hall of judgment, and holding my hands before, as if in amazement—"Holy Virgin," cried I, bending on my knee, "I thank thee for the sign." "My Lord," continued I fiercely, "I fear you not; you have sentenced me to perish by the flames; I tell you that I shall leave my dungeon with honor, and be as much courted as I have been now reviled."

The inquisitors were for a moment staggered, but their surprise gave place to their cruelty, when they considered how long they had tortured thousands for doubting points to which they themselves had never for a moment given credence. I was remanded to my dungeon; and the gaoler, who had never before witnessed such boldness in the hall of justice, and was impressed with the conviction that I was supported as I had affirmed, treated me with kindness,—affording me comforts, which, had it been known, would have cost him his situation.

In the mean time the cargo of the vessel was landed at the Custom

House, and she was hauled on shore to have her bottom caulked and pitched, when, to the astonishment of the Captain and crew, the hole which had occasioned the leak was discovered with the head of the figure of the Saint, which I had thrown overboard, so firmly wedged in, that it required some force to pull it out. "A miracle! a miracle!" was cried from the Quays, and proclaimed through every part of the town. It was evident that the Virgin had instigated me to throw over the image, as the only means of stopping the leak. The friars of the nearest convent claimed the image from their propinquity, and came down to the ship in grand procession to carry it to their church. The grand inquisitor, hearing the circumstance, acknowledged to the bishop and heads of the clergy my intrepid behaviour in the hall of judgment; and not three hours after the ship had been hauled on shore, I was visited in my dungeon by the grand inquisitor, the bishop, and a long procession, my pardon requested, and the kiss of peace demanded and given. I was taken away with every mark of respect, and looked upon as one under special favour of the Virgin. "Did I not say, my lord, that I should leave my dungeon in honor?"

"You did, my friend;" answered the inquisitor; and I heard him mutter, "either there is such a person as the Virgin Mary, or you are a most ready-witted scoundrel."

During my stay at Valencia, I was courted and feasted by every body, and sold my goods at an enormous price; for every one thought that to possess any thing that had belonged to me must bring them good fortune. I received many handsome presents, had divers requests to become a member of the different fraternities of monks, and eventually quitted the town with a large sum of money, with which I proceeded to Toulon, with the intention of making some inquiry after my dear Cerise, whose image was still the object of my dreams, as well as of my waking thoughts.

"Stop," said the Pacha: "I wish to know, whether you believe that the Virgin, as you call her, did thrust the head of the image into the hole in the bottom of the ship."

May it please your Highness, I do not. I believe it originated from nothing but cause and effect. It is the nature of a whirlpool to draw down all substances that come within its vortex. The water pouring into the bottom of the ship is but the vortex of a whirlpool reversed; and the image of the Saint, when it was thrown overboard to leeward of the ship, which was pressed down upon it by the power of the wind, was forced under the water, until it was taken into the vortex of the leak, and naturally found its way into the hole.

"I dare say you are very right," answered the Pacha, "but I don't understand a word you have said."

"Such your Highness were the adventures attending my Second Voyage," concluded the Renegade, with an inclination of his head.

"And a very good voyage too! I like it better than your first. Mustapha, give him ten pieces of gold: you will bring him here to-morrow, and we will hear what happened in his Third."

"You observe," said Mustapha, when the Pacha had retired, "my advice was good." "Most excellent!" replied the Renegade, holding out his hand for the money: "To-morrow I'll lie like any barber."

THE UNLUCKY STAR.

If I walk fast I am sure to fall; if I walk slow I am certain to be overthrown by a tall strapping brawny pedestrian. If I get into a *crowd*, that is to say if a crowd gets *me* into it, for I always avoid crowds, it is ten to one that out of the five-and-twenty or thirty pickpockets, I engross the attention of three-fourths of these *voltigeurs*. I am afraid to eat pies, puddings, stews, and all sorts of made dishes, for I've broken two or three teeth by the extra stones that go to the composition of pasty and *ragouts*. I never get into a coach, because I know that from that moment the vehicle is doomed to overturn. Whenever a silly thing happens, or is said, amongst our acquaintance, I am certain to have the ungracious favour laid on my back; but then if I chance to utter a good joke, or do a good action, it is a matter of course that another has the credit of it. In winter I suffer dreadfully from chilblains, and in summer from corns. I am positive that I shall be the very first attacked by the *cholera morbus* as soon as it makes its appearance in town. I always get the worst places at theatres: there is always some huge abomination of a bonnet before me to prevent my seeing; and, in order to do away with the sense of hearing also, it is a known thing that I am placed between an elderly gentleman with an asthmatic cough and a talkative young apprentice. Nor is this the worst; every orange-peel, rotten apple, fraction of bottle, or other missile discharged from the galleries, will inevitably alight on my inoffensive head, although, Heaven knows, there is plenty of room in the pit for the said missiles to find an asylum without incommoding any body. Besides this, all the rows, boxing, and pushing originate where I sit; despite of my excessive precaution, every quarrelsome fellow, every choice spirit, and every tipsy vagabond takes his station near me. At parties it is worse and worse; I am there doomed either to listen to a prosing M. P., a cackling foolish old maid, or an overwhelming blue; or to dance with all the squinting, gawky, ugly, red-haired females in the place. I get not only the worst partner, but the worst place at supper; all the champagne that is spilt falls over my shoulders. If any toes are predestined to be trod upon, they are mine. If a plate or a glass is broken by my neighbour, all the company fix their eyes on me; and, when I leave, I am sure to be presented with an old bad hat instead of my new one.

I have undergone a considerable number of insults and trials by *mistake*. It was by mistake that a person once wrote me an abusive letter, and that another gave me a caning in the dark; but no one ever did me a good turn by mistake. But these are mere trifles: the leading and important events of my history will clearly demonstrate the agency of an "unlucky star," and prove that I am the most unlucky dog now breathing. Besides, I am under the influence of a fatal curse—of a malignant spirit; his name is Mr. Short Smith. I will offer a few facts, which will tend to throw a light on the subject.

One night, as I was passing through Oxford Street, there was a scuffle; and as I knew that whenever blows were to be got, I always came in for my share, I lost no time in sounding a retreat, something resembling a trot. I heard voices behind me of "Catch

him! catch him! stop thief!" Soon after, I felt myself firmly grasped by the arm; alas! how great was my horror, when I understood that the thief that was to be caught was myself! I called all the saints to witness my innocence, and desired the captors to search my pockets. They answered that they were satisfied of my innocence with regard to theft; but a fat gentleman, more than half drunk, swore that I had knocked him down; and, without any further ceremony, I was lodged in the black-hole. In the morning I was discharged with an apology,—it had all been a mistake. The person who knocked down the fat gentleman, I understood, was Mr. Short Smith. Mr. S. made an apology to the fat gent.; the fat gent. was perfectly satisfied; and so ended the affair. In the year 1818, when "Bish sold them all!!!" I, by chance, happened to buy half a share of a lottery ticket. The thing was no sooner done than I repented: a friend of mine wondered how the deuce I, who had such ill-luck, could ever think of buying a lottery ticket. To rectify my blunder, I sold the said ticket under cost;—it turned out a prize. The person who was blessed with it was Mr. Short Smith. A very rich old aunt,—one of those rich old aunts that are not of much use in this world, and whom it is agreeable to see removed to a better for the accommodation of rising relations,—was my near relative; and as I always behaved respectfully to aunt Tabitha Tucker, it was generally understood I should inherit her property. I paid her a regular visit twice a year; I behaved with all possible respect to Adonis, her little ugly lap-dog; I listened to a hundredth-time told tales concerning the scandal of the neighbourhood; read novels to my aunt; accompanied her to church; railed against the men of the present day; and, in fine, I went through a correct daily rehearsal of all the most approved and established ways with young nephews towards old maiden aunts.

One fine day, I received due intelligence of my beloved aunt's severe indisposition. I was thinking whether it would not be proper to pay her a visit, when, behold, William Williams, my dear aunt's factotum, made suddenly his appearance in my bed-chamber. I concluded that he came to announce my aunt's death.

"Ah! Williams; I fear you come to acquaint me with the great event which has taken place at Rosberry Lodge."

"You have sustained a very severe loss," returned the factotum.

"Very severe!" responded I, with an *impromptu* groan;—"very severe! I hope, however, that the ceremony was conducted with proper decorum; that no expense was spared; and——"

"Bless you, Sir," exclaimed Williams, "it was a splendid thing of the sort. There was a grand dinner, bells ringing, dancing, and all sorts of rejoicing."

"Dancing! rejoicing! how indecorous on so mournful an occasion! The death of my aunt ought to ——"

"The death of your aunt, Sir?" exclaimed the major-domo, with a blank stare.

"Why, don't you come to announce the death of my much-to-be-regretted aunt, Miss Tabitha Tucker?"

"Bless me! no, Sir; no, I come to announce her wedding!"

"My aunt's wedding!" shrieked I out, half-stultified at the intelligence;—"surely you are jesting?"

"No, Sir; why should I?"

"And who has my aunt married?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!!"

"But, William," said I, when I had a little recovered from the first shock, "you spoke of a severe loss to me; what loss may that be?"

"Why, Lord bless you, Sir; the lady has settled, I believe, more than half her fortune on her husband: surely that must be a loss."

I groaned, and in the bitterness of my soul I bestowed a hearty curse on the fatal Mr. Short Smith.

Three months after her marriage, I received intelligence that my aunt had departed for a better world; and then it came to light that the *major-domo* had been mistaken with regard to my supposed loss; my aunt had not settled half of her fortune on her husband,—but *the whole!*

Disappointed in my hopes of inheritance, I was obliged to think seriously on a way of providing for myself. I was not born rich; and besides, with the strange pertinacity of my unlucky star, my little property had been rapidly declining. What profession could I follow? Commerce!—the very idea made me tremble; how was it possible that any speculation in which I was concerned could succeed? It was out of the question to think of my becoming a physician. Supposing I succeeded in getting a diploma from St. Andrew's University, who would be so foolish, so rash, as to place his life in jeopardy by entrusting his health to my medical skill? I might have some hopes of being called to the aid of husbands with termagant wives, and young relatives who considered their uncles and aunts too dilatory in bequeathing their property; but then I should be regarded by the wives, uncles, and aunts, with sentiments of dread and horror, and they would be extremely careful in not allowing me to come near their persons. The legal profession I discarded for fear of want of clients. I should have been content to become a parson, for that I consider the most comfortable and idle trade going: but then I had no hopes of obtaining a good living, and what's the use of being a parson without a good living? All things considered, I concluded that the best course I had to adopt was to get a place under Government; aware that the influence of my unlucky star would there be less glaringly perceptible than any where else. There was a vacancy worth about £800 a year in the Colonies: a friend, who had some influence in the proper quarters, made all possible interest for me; and, indeed, he would have succeeded, had he applied before,—but the place had already been granted, and to whom do you think? Mr. Short Smith! This monster had solicited the place for a cousin of his, and had obtained it. During three or four days I did nothing but fume and swear.

My friend came to see me on the fourth day, and told me to cheer up; that there was another place vacant—a snug sort of sinecure in the Customs. The next day he called again; alas! with a most ominous face: I trembled.

"It was a most *unlucky* thing," he cried, "that we did not apply

before; the place would have been yours; but unfortunately another has taken Time by the forelock, and obtained it."

"And who is the fortunate man?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!"

"Oh! horrible! horrible! most horrible! what can he want with the place? You know he is very rich—rich with the money that ought to have been mine!"

"Well, but he doesn't want the place for himself, but for his cousin."

"Did not his cousin get the place in the Colonies? and how is he to attend to the Customs?"

"But the place is for another cousin: Mr. Short Smith has more cousins than one."

This intelligence overwhelmed me; from that moment I gave up every idea of place-hunting. I felt convinced that my redoubtable antagonist would find cousins for every vacancy which might occur. Well, in utter desolation of spirit I hired a couple of small rooms at Highgate, and delivered myself up to the most perplexing ruminations. I strolled about the fields by moonlight, and as I gazed on the stars, not knowing which might be my unlucky one, I heartily cursed them all. My friend, who had been so indifferently successful in getting me a place, came one day into my sitting-room, with a face full of smiles, and wished me joy: "Your evil genius is dead!" he exclaimed.

"What! speak! speak! let me hear it again and again and again! let my ears get intoxicated—nay, gloriously drunk with the luscious sounds."

"Yes; Mr. Short Smith is no more: he was found drowned in the Serpentine."

I could now breathe a little: true, my unlucky star was not drowned in the Serpentine, and it might live quite as long as myself, but then I had only one enemy to contend with, instead of two.

I returned to London in much better spirits than I had left it, and for a whole month I experienced no more troubles than the ordinary ones; trifles, which in a life of so varied and ever-enduring tribulation scarcely deserved notice: true, that I generally had my tea cold, and that I had to endure the unremitting discord of half a dozen screaming brats, who lived in the Mews behind my house; but what was this, and a thousand other similar annoyances, to a veteran in suffering like myself?

One morning as I was shaving, and smarting under the penance of a dull razor, my officious friend bounced into my room, with the usual allowance of joy and hope diffused over his countenance.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have been thinking of an excellent plan to promote your happiness."

"Another place?"

"No; marriage—I wish to see you married."

"Marriage! do you suppose that I should be justified in committing such an act? I, with an infamous star over my head!"

"Listen—I wish to see you marry into a most respectable family; the Gillmans, of Cuckoo Villa. Mr. Gillman is a retired tradesman, of the highest respectability; his daughter is perfection. Will you allow me to negotiate this affair? I pledge myself to its success.'

"Why really you present the thing in so fair a light,——"

My kind officious friend was off like a shot, for he really felt a pleasure in being serviceable to me; although, sooth to say, all his good services had hitherto been most provokingly unserviceable. But my prospects began to brighten up about this time. I made a strict reckoning of the events of the last fortnight, and I found a material improvement in my affairs. During this period, except the loss of a tooth, a dreadful stomach-ache, the disappearance of my gold repeater, and one or two comparatively trifling inconveniences of the sort, I had had nothing to complain of. This diminution of tribulation I reasonably enough ascribed to the death of Mr. Short Smith, and I began to hug myself in the idea that my unlucky star was relenting in its atrocity. My friend soon informed me that Mr. Gillman highly approved of the connexion, and sent me an invitation to his villa, as he was pleased to call a small, square, white-washed tenement, situated near the high-road for the sake of fine prospect and dust. I made my preparations, and was on the point of jumping into the stage-coach, when, most unfortunately, I fell ill of a fever, and lingered nearly a month in bed. As soon as I was in a situation to travel, I took my place in the stage-coach, and off I set for S—— in Warwickshire. I met with no accident on the road, which certainly was food for great wonderment. At S—— I was told that Cuckoo Villa lay about three miles from that place; and I started on horseback for Mr. Gillman's retreat. I was wondering that I had not yet met with any accident, when I heard the tramp of a horse advancing rapidly in my direction. It was a mad equestrian, who, like a stormy whirlwind, was galloping at a rate to make any one dizzy to look on him. He had lost the command of his charger, and, as he approached me, he uttered something like an unearthly scream. I stood for a moment petrified; I wished to avoid the tremendous rider. It was too late; he came with full force against my poor horse. The shock was awful. I was violently thrown; my arm was broken; and I remained in a state of insensibility. When I recovered from the effects of my trance, I found myself lying on a bed, attended by three gentlemen; one of which was the master of the house, the other a medical practitioner, and the third a young man who had been the innocent cause of my accident.

"How far is this from Cuckoo Villa?" inquired I.

"You are in Cuckoo Villa, Sir," answered the old gentleman.

"Indeed! You must know that I am the person whom you have been expecting as a visitor."

"Mr. Timothy Tucker: surely, my friend, Mr. Meddle ——"

"Oh! I understand now; yes, yes; humph! ah! Certainly we did expect you, and were rather surprised not to see you. Humph! and I am sorry, very sorry for the accident you have met with."

I was then left to repose. Next morning, the furious rider made his appearance with a face full of sorrow, and, approaching my couch, announced himself as Mr. Short Smith.

"Mr. Short Smith!—are you really Mr. Short Smith? Why, how is this? were you not drowned in the Serpentine?"

"No, Sir; that was my unfortunate brother."

I looked aghast, but could not utter a word more. Mr. Short Smith was alive: nothing but uninterrupted misfortune could I expect for the future. I fell into a feverish slumber, and I had the most

horrible dreams. When I awoke, Mr. Gillman entered the apartment; and a scene took place which baffles all description. Mr. Gillman said,

"Really, Mr. Tucker, I have a very unpleasant communication to make. If I mistake not, you came down here with a view of accomplishing a union."

"With your amiable daughter, certainly. I trust you have not repented, Mr. Gillman."

"Why, no, no," answered he, with embarrassment; "I cannot say that I repented; but—but—the marriage is now impossible. My daughter is already married."

"Married! you astonish me!"

"The fact is, Mr. Tucker, that not hearing from you during a whole month, in the mean time a young gentleman of family, fortune, and accomplishments offered himself; we accepted."

"And who was the happy mortal?"

"Here comes the very man: allow me to introduce my son-in-law, Mr. Short Smith!!!"

This was too much,—I felt ready to die; but my rage served to keep me alive. I did not wait to be completely cured in order to hasten from Cuckoo Villa. I hurried back to London in a frame of mind bordering on insanity. My kind officious friend called on me the day after my arrival.

"I am very sorry," he said: "the delay occasioned by your illness was fatal: but cheer up; after all, the loss is not so great: the married life might probably be a torment to you. During your absence I have been thinking of a plan for your future happiness."

"Another plan?"

"A most excellent one! This time I am confident I shall be able to serve you."

"Now, my dear friend, for Heaven's sake, trouble yourself with my happiness no more! Pray, be not offended; I allow that you are my friend, and for this reason, because even in that the influence of my unlucky star is discernible. If you were a fortunate person, you could not be my friend."

This is a veracious account of the leading events of my most luckless life. I reject the assumption that conduct is fate: how has my conduct been to blame? Alas! what is the use of having any conduct at all, as long as men labour under the malignant influence of an unlucky star? T.

THE SPANISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

It was not until the conclusion of the Peninsular war, that the claims of the Spanish school of painting to an equality with the Italian schools began to be hearkened to. The robberies and purchases of that period, particularly the collection amassed by Marshal Soult, exhibited in Paris, and afterwards dispersed by sale, opened the eyes of artists and amateurs to the excellences of the Spanish masters, and afforded a slight glimpse of those inestimable treasures of art with which the Peninsula abounds. But since that period, a knowledge of the Spanish school has made slow advances. Some few of our artists, indeed,—among others, our inimitable Wilkie,—and such of

our thorough amateurs as held the discomforts of a journey through Spain to be no sufficient obstacle to the pursuit of their enjoyment, have visited the country of Murillo and Velasquez, and have returned with increased veneration for the names, and tenfold admiration of the works, of these and other masters; but there is yet no general acquaintance with the productions and merits of the Spanish painters, and no general acquiescence in the justice of their claims. Almost every one who professes any knowledge of, or love for the divine art, has made the tour of Italy, has visited Florence, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, and is able to descant on the unapproachable excellences of Raphael, the inimitable grace of Correggio, and the matchless colouring of Titian; and thus, by the great highway of Italy, a wide channel has been long open, by which a knowledge of the Italian schools has flowed into England.

But this is not the only cause of the more general acquaintance with the Italian than the Spanish schools of painting. Picture-dealers and fanciers have found an easier and a better trade in Italy, than in Spain. In Italy, the greater poverty of the possessors of pictures has afforded a facility for their purchase. The Italian nobles are many of them in reduced circumstances, and the convents are, with some few exceptions, distinguished for their limited means. In Spain the reverse of this obtains. The nobility are for the most part wealthy, and even, if poor, their pride would not allow them to dispose of their pictures; while the convents, where the *chef-d'œuvres* are principally found, are, with scarcely an exception, so rich, that the most speculative picture-dealer would fail to bribe them into a sale. The consequence of this has been, that comparatively few pictures have been brought from Spain; and that those which have chiefly found their way into other countries have been mostly inferior pictures, or, at all events, not in the highest style of the respective masters. To take the pictures of Murillo as an example: that master is known in two distinct styles,—I mean in the choice of subjects. One of these is the great style, by which he is chiefly known and valued in Spain, and of which his Conceptions, Annunciations, Madonnas, Angels, and compositions from Scripture-history, such as the Prodigal Son, the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, &c. are examples. The other class of subjects upon which his pencil was exercised belongs to every-day Spanish life and manners; and of this style, examples are seen in the Dulwich Gallery, in two pictures of Ragged Boys and a Gipsy Girl. The pictures of the former class are naturally those which are most valued by the monks, and which are, with few exceptions, the property of the convents or of the government. These, therefore, have scarcely been attainable by foreigners, who have been obliged to content themselves with those pictures of the other class which were less valued, and which the necessities of revolutionary times had brought into the market. Few Spanish pictures of the highest merit have ever found their way into the hands of private individuals in Spain. Velasquez, chief painter to Philip IV., painted almost wholly for the royal palaces; and the genius of Murillo was nearly monopolized by the demands of the convents and churches: and even among those individuals who are so fortunate as to possess valuable productions of the Spanish school,

there is an almost insurmountable reluctance to part with them. I have visited more than one private collection in Spain, the owner of which would, I believe, have kicked any one down stairs who might have had the presumption to offer money for a picture of any of the great masters. To all these reasons for the scarcity of Spanish pictures, elsewhere than in Spain, I may add that the government has published an edict forbidding the exportation of Murillo's works.

The great scarcity of the higher productions of the Spanish school in England and elsewhere, and the considerable number of inferior productions to be found, has led many to believe that the Peninsula contains little that is valuable in the art; because, with a belief in the omnipotence of English gold and in Spanish poverty, one might naturally conclude that the best pictures would be attracted to England. The reasons which I have given above will have already explained why this result has not taken place; but nothing can be more erroneous than the inference that there is a dearth of pictures in Spain. The Madrid Gallery alone contains upwards of two hundred pictures of the eight greatest of the Spanish masters; viz., of Murillo, Velasquez, Espanoletto, Juanes, Alonzo-Cano, Ribalta, Cerezo, and Moralez; besides, perhaps, nearly as many more works of inferior artists; other collections in Madrid contain from fifty to sixty pictures of the first masters. In the King's Palaces of Madrid and Aranjuez many pictures of Velasquez are found. In Seville there are fifty-nine *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo; and by a rough estimate, which I formed when there, I may safely say that there are in Seville at least three hundred pictures of other masters of the Spanish school. It is impossible to form any thing like a correct conception of the number of paintings contained in the convents throughout Spain. In all the cathedrals, and in most of the principal churches,—in very many of the convents in Madrid, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, and other large towns, productions of the chief Spanish masters will be found; and even the obscurest of the hundreds—I might say thousands—of the convents scattered through Spain, contains some pictures which, if not of first-rate excellence, would bear the expense of transport to another country. It would certainly be an under-calculation to assert that Spain does not contain fewer than a thousand pictures of the ten or twelve first masters; and, perhaps, three times as many of the productions of inferior artists. It is not, therefore, a dearth of pictures in Spain that occasions a paucity of them in England.

No one who has had the good fortune to behold the greatest productions of the first Spanish masters, as these are found in Seville and Madrid, can help regretting, for the sake of the art itself, that they are placed so far beyond the reach of the great majority of artists; for it is impossible to calculate what may be the results of facilities for the study of the most faultless models. In this opinion I have found the most perfect coincidence among the artists and amateurs who have visited Spain for the study or the love of the art: all are ready especially to acknowledge the perhaps unapproachable, and certainly unapproached, excellences of Murillo; none more ready than Wilkie, who, from his long residence in Seville, has well qualified himself to form an opinion. This accomplished painter was accustomed to spend hours almost every day in

the study of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo, and in endeavouring to transfer to his own canvass those graces, which, without any disparagement of Mr. Wilkie's genius, may be said to be inimitable. A "Christ crowned with thorns," in the collection of Mr. Williams of Seville,—a picture which is a true interpreter of the genius of Murillo,—was the model upon which Mr. Wilkie chiefly occupied himself; but he did not hesitate to admit, with that modesty which is the never-failing accompaniment of true genius, the unattainable perfections of that great master; and he particularly felt the difficulty of imitating the colouring, which could not be produced by a mixture of colours, or by the use of the glazing by which Titian heightened the effect of his pictures.

It is the more to be regretted that the best works of Murillo are beyond the reach of artists, since he combines in himself that rare union of perfections, which are, for the most part, found separately in the Italian masters; and to the study of which therefore, in the different schools of Italy, greater difficulties are opposed than if they could be found united in one master. The characteristic excellences of the schools of Rome, Bologna, and Venice, differ essentially from each other; while again the merits of the Flemish school are opposed to them all. But in Murillo there is a union of their excellences. Take, for example, his capital picture in the Capuchin Convent of Seville—St. Felix, the Virgin, and Child. In the Infant, the artist will discover the perfections of Da Vinci; in the Virgin, the dignity of Raphael, and the grace and sweetness of Correggio; in St. Felix, the truth and accuracy of Vandyke; and in all, the blended brilliancy and force of colouring that distinguish Titian and Velasquez. To all this there is something added—that which is only Murillo's—that perfect nature and that bewitching delicacy, which give to the highest productions of this master a charm that is only theirs.

I would conclude these few observations with an earnest advice to all artists who possess the power, along with the will, to visit Seville; which may be accomplished without a great expenditure of either time or money, by taking advantage of the steam-boat to Cadiz; and to amateurs I would say, make the tour of Spain, visit Madrid and Seville at all events, and Valencia if possible,—and do not forget to thank me in a bumper of Xeres for the enjoyment I have been the means of procuring you.

H. D. I.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND.

WHATEVER opinions may be entertained respecting the spasmodic cholera, and they appear to be various, our original anticipations have hitherto fully met the results; for the disease, although it now occupies from twenty to thirty villages in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, Newcastle, &c., is unquestionably far less violent than it has shown itself on the Continent, or than the public fears manifested the expectation of. In Sunderland the disease seems to have expended itself; in other places it is wearing out, and spreading steadily among villages not before attacked. But still the number of cases is inconsiderable, when compared with the population. Up to January

14th the total number of cases from the commencement of the disease is 1779; Deaths 613. It has often occurred to us as very mysterious that the disease should prevail at a point so distant from Newcastle and Sunderland as Haddington; and we cannot avoid expressing an opinion that the disease there reported as the spasmodic cholera, the object of general dread and attention, is a disorder of another kind, however nearly allied in symptoms to the cholera which raged in Russia. Our opinion upon this subject has recently been strengthened by that of an intelligent gentleman residing near Haddington upon his property, who tells us that he feels convinced of the cases there reported being caused by the adulteration of whisky with aqua-fortis. Now this view, and the occurrences at Gateshead during the Christmas holidays, together with the still unknown mode in which the disease arose in Sunderland, tends very much to corroborate the opinion that a state of atmospheric and constitutional predisposition exists in certain districts, if not generally, wanting only some exciting cause to induce a species of cholera. How far that result may become a source of infection is another question. In the mean time we deeply regret the nervous disposition to excite and to take alarm so easily, and found reports of the existence of spasmodic cholera upon insulated cases of cholic, to which persons in the lower classes of life are liable at all times, though perhaps more so at some seasons than at others. About ten years ago, we well remember a great mortality existed in the town and neighbourhood of Nottingham from cholera, which was also unusually fatal in the south of England. This occurred during the plum season. But the eating of this unwholesome fruit seemed to be only an exciting cause where some predisposition existed, for we knew of several cases where no plums had been eaten, although some improper dieting had most probably been employed.

We may confidently state that nothing, which has hitherto occurred in this country since the first report of cholera, has in the least degree justified the sympathy and alarm so generally expressed by the timid and the weak. In Sunderland, M. Magendie informed us a stranger would not have known that an epidemic so malignant and fatal existed, if not so informed; for the inhabitants pursued their business and pleasures as usual, while as the distance increased from the seat of the disease the public terror became more intensely manifested, and before he set off for Sunderland he was regarded as a martyr. We can make allowances for some classes of medical practitioners sounding the trump of alarm upon the occurrence of a case of spasms, for fears and motives will exist among them: but among the practised military medical officers we should least expect to see such a premature and groundless alarm as was recently raised in the hospital of one of the regiments of Guards. All the accounts we have of the spasmodic cholera indicate that the soldier, from his regular good feeding and clothing, is the least likely to imbibe the disease, although his occasional incaution and intemperance lead him to habits calculated to disorder the digestive organs and to excite ordinary cholera or cholic. The frequent alarms, the fuss and parade, which are perpetually making around us, and keeping the public mind in a state of nervous excitement, cannot have any other than a bad influence; and we hope that those who are so ready

to cry "wolf" will consider the moral responsibility they incur, and the ridicule and contempt to which they justly expose themselves. Not that we advocate a system of careless neglect and indifference. To say the least of the matter, there are not wanting grounds for suspecting the invasion of a new kind of epidemic into the metropolis, and one which has abroad assumed a formidable type, much modified however by the sanitary measures adopted, where skill and science have been brought to oppose the disease, and favourable opportunities occurred of adopting measures of ventilation, cleanliness, separation, and judicious treatment and dieting. To the exertions of our Central Board of Health, composed as it is of men of honour, education, experience, and science, the country should look with a steady confidence, nor should the public allow themselves to be terrified by reports originating elsewhere, to the idle newspaper *on-dits*, or the suggestions and advertisements of quacks and druggists. We see no reason why such heedless alarm should be spread around, while the actual existence of other epidemics and contagions, of the small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and typhus, is disregarded, simply because the public mind has long been accustomed to contemplate these familiar scourges and ordinary depopulators of the country.

The chief sufferers in general of epidemic disease are those who have the misfortune to endure the miseries and privations of the "res angusta domi;" and if to this powerful predisposing cause be added habits of vice and intemperance, the epidemic is a sure and certain visitor. Some epidemics, indeed, spread with almost equal facility among the better fed, housed, and clothed, and where the habits of life are not objectionable; but it has especially marked the progress of cholera, that few, if any, of good condition and comfortable means have either been afflicted with the spasmodic cholera, or fallen victims to its ravages among the poorer habitations and crowded populace. Neither on the Continent, nor in this country, has the disease shown itself to be an indiscriminate enemy, levelling its darts at all degrees without limitation. On the contrary, its ravages are amongst those who possess not the means of resistance, while it spares the healthy and strong, the cheerful and content, the well fed and clothed, and the cautious and prudent liver. We may be told that the troops in India suffered indiscriminately, officers and all;—but let us take into the account the influence of an Indian climate upon European constitutions, the exposure of camps to intense heat and dews, the marsh miasma, and the probable different type of the disease in India. We may be told that the Grand Duke Constantine and General Diebitch died of cholera; but they were in the midst of its ravages among the ill-fed armies, where the disease raged, like fire in a forest, without the means at hand to check its consuming speed. At the same time, be it also considered, that the death of these persons, to one of whom Russia was indebted for the revolt of the Poles, while the other failed in conquering them, might not be unacceptable to the supreme government of a country in which the aristocracy have at times been diminished by summary processes of a suspicious character. It is also to be remarked, that the General, though brave and good, was given to excessive drinking, and was moreover a foreigner to Russia.

The greatest consideration of this subject, which we can afford it, tends to convince us more every day of the folly and groundlessness of the prevailing *choleraphobia;* for, although we believe many are destined to fall under it, we are equally persuaded that these will be principally, if not exclusively, among the lowest of the labouring classes; and that those who possess the means of resistance need have no fears for the safety of themselves and their families; and these means are possessed by all in *comfortable circumstances.*

While such is the fact, let it not be a source of selfish exultation, that, as we have heard it unfeelingly expressed, the cholera is a disease only of the poor; but let us strive individually and collectively, according to our means, to arm the poor with the means of resistance also. And although we have no sympathy or pity for the vicious and profligate portion of the poor, who deserve the fate which they bring upon themselves, yet for the sake of the public health and safety these must not be neglected, but such measures of coercion should be employed among them as may be generally recommended by the Boards of Health in different districts, so long as such sanitary measures relate not to systems of cordons and insulation, ineffectual as these notoriously are in averting the progress of the disease, while they tend rather to encourage its propagation.

In reviewing the literary labours of the cholera authors, we regret they are not more creditable to our country's science. There is a discrepancy of opinion and confusion of ideas, when the disease is detailed closely, that confirms our impression of its not being yet sufficiently investigated, and of its having different types under the influence of different modifying causes. The Westminster Medical Society gave their whole time at the weekly meetings, for several weeks, to the consideration of the nature and treatment of cholera. There were some present at the debates who had seen the disease in India and on the Continent, and the spacious room was crowded every night. Yet notwithstanding this conclave of wisdom and experience, so various was the character of the opinions started, that the subject was hunted down without any conclusions, and, in short, they left it just where they found it. Some were contagionists, and others anti-contagionists; some identified it with Asiatic cholera, and others denied it had any thing to do with it at all; some had one opinion, and some another; and there were those even who actually disbelieved in the existence of the very disease they met to discuss! Then as to the treatment, they were not more happy. The most opposite remedies were advocated; and could we have imagined the demon of cholera to have hovered over the building, we might suppose him to have flapped his wings with joy, and grinned in malicious satisfaction at the general ignorance exhibited by "the faculty," when met alike to receive and disseminate useful knowledge upon a point in which scarcely any two agreed, though each had an opinion.

Take it altogether, the best treatise perhaps upon cholera is the little pamphlet sold by Mr. Murray, written by Becker of Berlin. He gives the most useful information upon the mode in which cholera is propagated; a point, although the disease has been about ten weeks in England, on which we have no correct information at present, so far at least as regards the grand question of contagion. In the absence of positive certainty on this point, we may fairly conjecture, and

it is safe ground to act upon, that a close and confined atmosphere, and in low damp places especially, becomes more or less tainted by emanations from the body of a person labouring under the epidemic called spasmodic or malignant cholera. The surrounding atmosphere is thus a medium of conveyance, by which the seeds of the disease become propagated. Did they thus become wafted like a blight from Hamburg? or, is it that a peculiar state of the atmosphere, from electric agency perhaps, is capable of generating the disease where predisposing and exciting causes exist? or, was the disease brought over after the manner of the contagion of strictly contagious diseases, by contact with articles and persons? On these points we are not informed at present, and the probability is that we never shall be, beyond the tendency of a train of reasoning upon well-ascertained facts, so as to arrive at probable conclusions in the absence of demonstration. If, as we believe, the disease be propagated in the manner first supposed above, (as to the original miasma we are quite ignorant,) then it follows that the modes of proceeding recommended by the Board of Health must be sufficient in themselves; that cordons and all hemmings in must tend to the propagation of the disease, and quarantines, excepting upon an impracticable scale, be a useless expense and torment to society.

The public may now consult the best sources of information in a collected form, and we recommend them to do so, by taking in "The Cholera Gazette," published by Highley of 32, Fleet Street, and emanating directly from the authority of the Central Board of Health. The documents in the first Number are curious and interesting, and far better to read than the vague reports of the newspapers, or than to listen to the gossip of the old women of either sex. The general observations at the end of the Gazette will doubtless be found highly useful from time to time, if we judge from the first specimen before us.

Earnestly as we desire to point out the ready sources of prevention, through ventilation, cleanliness, food, and clothing, yet we are quite aware that these can no more be generally attended to long by private and public charity alone, than we can suddenly make the poor wealthy. But in the present crisis, during the winter, much may be done with infinite advantage, and we trust the efforts of the rich will not be relaxed; and that while the clergy inculcate repentance, virtue, and sobriety, the lay members of society may not forget their duties to the needy, nor the influence their bounty will have upon the public health. This leads us to notice a pamphlet of Mr. Joshua Brookes, in which he proposes to feed, house, and clothe the poor population of the metropolis upon a scale of economy that rivals the capabilities of Utopia itself. Mr. Brookes proposes (his imagination must have been warmed at the time) to fill all large buildings, his lately occupied premises among them, with the poor, and when they are in, then to demolish their residences *in toto*. Now Mr. Brookes forgets that, however economically the poor could be stowed away in unoccupied buildings, at least the demolition of those from whence they were removed would entail no small expense to indemnify their owners; for, wretched as appears Short's Gardens, and the Angel Courts, Paradise Rows, and Prospect Places, of our back

settlements about St. Giles's, Drury Lane, &c. &c., yet they are in fact valuable property. No idea seems also to have entered Mr. Brookes's head of the effect of herding all the thieves and prostitutes of the metropolis together, and mixing them with men, women, and children, of better propensities. The clothing and feeding is perhaps more practicable, but not exactly in the mode recommended by Mr. Brookes. And as to his plan of firing off cannon and musketry round the city, we think it is making a mountain of a mole-hill. White-washing, open windows, and fires in the winter, soap and water, warm clothing, plenty of solid food, and no gin, would do more to stop the cholera than whole armies firing about us, or any other impracticable quackeries. If, added to these sanitary means, the medical men in attendance do their duty, the measures against cholera are complete and effectual. We understand that Government have determined to appoint medical officers, now unemployed in military service, to different districts where the cholera may rage about the metropolis; a measure which will be extremely beneficial, and prevent parochial jobbing, of which we recently heard of an attempt in the parish of St. James's, which would in fact have been offering a premium for cholera; and we have no doubt it might be produced, whenever is is called for under such circumstances, and kept alive by the greedy desire of the knavish to plunder the foolish by ministering to their weaknesses and fears.

We have long thought that such a system of inspection as the appointments alluded to above would be beneficial to the public health in cases of the ordinary prevailing epidemics; and the division of the town into districts would afford facilities of cleansing and purifying, far too much neglected in this metropolis. It may be said that the depopulating influence of epidemics is favourable to the country in time of peace; but while we much question the policy of facilitating the progress of such disorders, the idea is revolting to humanity. No great public scourge perhaps can exist without mixing up with its calamities some public benefit to the community; but although the calamity might be considered as designed by Providence for some great remote advantage, we should ill discharge our duties as Christian members of a civilized state, far advanced in art and science, if we did not put the shoulder to the wheel when danger and disease assail our cities, and endeavour to suppress them by every effort which our moral and physical condition afford us.

It is of course very essential in the metropolis, and all great towns where troops are quartered, that an epidemic should be prevented as much as possible from getting among them. Precautions to this effect are equally requisite with large schools; and the great object with both should be to act upon a principle of avoiding congregation as far as it is practicable, especially in the dormitories; with the most rigid attention to diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and regularity of habits. The mature age and general strength, with good feeding and clothing of the soldiers, render them the least likely subjects for the epidemic spasmodic cholera, although their occasional want of caution in extra indulgences render them very liable to cholic, diarrhœa, and common bilious cholera with spasms, which have formerly, in the London quartered regiments, assumed the character of an epidemic,

but without any fatal termination. Should the epidemic cholera of the Continent reach this city, some degree of insulation, but not confinement, would be unquestionably proper; and their habits should be well regulated, so as to avoid tippling and partaking of indigestible and acescent food, which are known exciting causes, while all appearances of debility should be quickly noticed, that concealment of disordered bowels might not be practised. The Army Medical Board has advised *smoking* to be encouraged, but, we think, upon an erroneous principle. Smoking leads to drinking and disordered stomach, and the fumes of tobacco impregnate the air of rooms with an unwholesome odour of stale or sour essential oil deposited upon the furniture. Washings of chloride of lime, and frequent opening of doors and windows, appear to us better preventives than a stagnant atmosphere impregnated with a debilitating narcotic. The chief source of danger among troops appears more probably to arise from the women and children who crowd the men's rooms; and, unless well looked after, promote confined air and uncleanliness. Moreover, their intercommunications with the small and crowded habitations of the outskirts of towns should be strictly prevented, as fertile sources of infection, where an infectious distemper prevails. The various wants of a barrack require much daily intercommunication; and this might be regulated, by appointing orderlies to check the ingress and egress of domestics, &c., excepting under strict surveillance. Every officer in barracks should be held responsible for the intercourse which his own servants have out of barracks with the towns-people; and their communication with infected quarters strictly forbidden, and every attention paid to their personal cleanliness and sobriety. Similar regulations apply equally to schools and manufactories, or wherever a number of persons constantly associate together. Their recreations and exercise should be taken in a direction opposite to that in which the epidemic exists.

With regard to the treatment of cholera, it is not our business or wish to allude to it either critically or in a spirit of dictation. We address ourselves to the public, and not to the medical profession. We regret to learn that families in the country are very generally possessed with the *choleraphobia*, and imagine safety to consist in the erection of hot air or vapour-baths in their bed-rooms, and the arrangement of articles by the bed-side supposed to be antidotes to cholera; such as brandy, æther, ammonia, cajeputa, &c., sold by druggists, who gain profit by the general terror in the sale of articles calculated to do much mischief. The symptoms of the epidemic cholera may be easily mistaken; and even in its true invasion, such remedies may be improperly used, although in experienced and judicious hands they are applicable under certain circumstances. Read the observations of the Central Board of Health, and leave such quackery alone, we say to families whose circumstances render them not at all likely to become subjects of cholera; and by way of prevention, look to the health and habits of the family as the surest safeguard. Be simple in your diet, sparing of fruit, vegetables, and acidulous drinks; avoid crowded rooms and late hours; and promote strength and health by exercise in the open air; avoid wet feet, exposure to cold.

The progress which cholera makes so slowly in the North, with the low rate of its mortality, has induced considerable suspicion that it

is not identical with the Indian epidemic, is a modified species, and not contagious; and although we would not relax the precautionary measures of the Board of Health, we should not be surprised, if the disease wears out in the North, and does not appear in London at all. A similar disease is confidently said to have formerly visited Sunderland, and some of our older medical authors distinctly describe such an epidemic in this country. The continuous progress of cholera from Jessore to Russia, as laid down in the cholera maps, has been doubted from strict reference to the dates of its appearance in certain places; although India, Persia, Russia, and Germany, and now this country, have been the seats of a disease which is inclined to spread, has the character of an epidemic, and is more or less fatal; a disease which those who have seen it in India and Russia usually describe as of an uniform character and appearance.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND HER TITHES.

"LORD, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" said the royal Psalmist: Hobbes answers, "he is an idolatrous animal"—and it is too true. "The paragon of the universe" is no more in his average character than "the beast of reason," forgetful of the past, reckless of the present, and presumptuously busy in forestalling nature by provisions for the future. He declares all the works of creation to be marred and spoiled; and he is right, because the Scriptures tell him so. He cannot keep in view for an instant the cause of that ruin and his own imperfection, but he must rashly and audaciously interfere with the designs of Heaven, and goad and torment his fellow-worms with bubble schemes to repair or chastise the ravages which are the natural consequences of his original fall. The history of his generations is a tale of extravagant horrors; from the facts of which, rather than from their imaginations, poets have furnished their fancied regions of darkness and woe. He pretends that his mind is inquisitive after the essence of beauty and power, and he finds it in a shapeless block of wood or stone, in a beetle, in an onion, in a serpent, in a calf, in "the workmanship of man's hands." Ephesus and Athens had a greater proportion of god-makers than most modern cities have of clock-makers. There is scarcely an object in nature which his monstrous sense has not adopted for the representation of the power and omniscience which rule the universe. And if he could thus insult the being and attributes of his Maker, what can be expected of him in regard to his fellow-creatures? Leaving out all that he has done to glut his inherent thirst for destruction, how much blood has he shed! how many tortures has he inflicted! how has he scourged and wasted his race in his polluted and infamous zeal for the honour of the Most High! Twice has the Majesty of Heaven interfered directly to rebuke the desolating mischief of his vaunted reason; once by the voice of the Jewish Prophets, and once by the mission of the Saviour and the Apostles. The first forebade the shedding the blood of innocent victims, as it must always lead to the most revolting cruelty towards mankind. The second not only swept away the bloodiness and inhumanity of the old religions, but forebade any interference with

the minds or consciences of other men by any other means than by persuasion and the force of your own example. "Peace and good-will towards man," a contempt of riches greater than the most enlightened philosophy had yet taught, a kingdom of peace and charity established in righteousness and expressly warranted not to be of this world, a law of brotherly love, a message of consolation, avowedly addressed to the poor by ministers, who, in imitation of their Divine Master, took upon themselves the same state of poverty, an entire submission to the thrones of this world and all the evils they can inflict, with a reservation in favour of the faithful that all should be compensated, and strictly balanced in the life to come, are the marks by which we are to know the dominion and the real subjects of "the Prince of Peace." You who can feel pride in the moral capabilities of your species, look on the face of Christendom, consider its military and ecclesiastical history for fourteen years past, and say what has become of the Law and the Gospel—what use has that apprehension, which the poet fondly describes as being like that of a God, made of that revelation. Europe, under the instigation of Rome, poured forth all her hordes for ages together, to win back from the Saracens the tomb of him who "ascended into Heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God." The Church became rich by the spoils of their absent victims; and the Churchmen, under vows of poverty, which, taken with the facts, set all calculations as to the limits of human wickedness at defiance, grew more sumptuous, lascivious, and insolent, than any order of priests ever known in the world. No one custom or ceremony, however ridiculous and unchristian, ever practised by Jew or Pagan, was left out, if it could be made productive of benefit to the clergy. The arts of peace, including the guardianship and improvement of the laws, were left, with the territorial estates of the princes and their fellow-adventurers, to the same perverting management. The Church having entered into a foul and forbidden alliance with the secular power, like a remorseless harlot, seduced it to turn its sword into the bowels of its proper subjects,—all "for conscience-sake." Then was there seen descending upon the nations a second barbarism, worse than any which overrun the empire. The Papacy gained an ascendant through the wicked conspiracies of the Christian priesthood and the connivance of Christian princes. The mind of man, destined for an eternal progression, at the bidding of wretches stigmatized in many instances as "monsters" by writers of their own belief, was made to halt, and still dread to take another step forward. Doctrines and ceremonies were invented which could have had no other origin or motive than the loathing and contempt of the churchmen for the reason and understandings of their hearers. Then did the strumpet of the second Babylon quaff blood, and kick the faces of the princes who stooped to kiss her feet. Then did her trumpet, like that of Tisiphone, make the hearts of men quail within them, announcing, as it did, the designs and intentions of an infernal spite and hatred. We speak of the mischiefs brought on Europe by the insolence of the Roman Pontificate, and in terms of reprobation which have been far exceeded by many sound divines and poets of the Catholic Church.

The Reformation, which had been called for by all Christendom,

came, and still brought not with it "peace, but a sword." A remorseless and desolating war raged in the bowels of Europe for about two hundred years, by the atrocities of which the tempers of men became wholly devilish. The priests would have pursued the quarrel to the extermination of the entire people of Europe. The secular princes began to discover the quality of the game; and in giving it up at the treaty of religious peace, they for ever barred out of Germany the mischievous politics and authority of Rome. The north of Germany gave itself up to Protestantism, and established not a very perfect law of liberty, but still one which reduced their clergy, in the main, from the absurd pomp and offensive pride of pampered establishments, to the more primitive and appropriate condition of preachers and teachers. Scotland followed in the same track; and with a less expense of blood secured a sounder reformation. Her spiritual liberty was thought too great by her neighbours: it excited the morbid envy of England's prelacy, themselves but newly escaped from thraldom; and against the authority of Scripture, against the impulse of the Reformation, against the forbidding examples of religious butchery which had before wasted Europe, they prevailed upon a recreant king to carry war into the realm of his ancestors, for the purpose of forcing a gorgeous hierarchy and a Romanized liturgy upon a people who had returned to the vital simplicity of Christianity. Again did that nation take the field; and, for ever honoured be she for this, she sent back the crusade, with all its blood-seeking myrmidons, routed, shattered, discomfited: the pride of a rich and sanctimonious priesthood was for ever abated and condemned, and the Church of Scotland is about the most useful religious establishment that the world has yet seen.

Englishmen! it is time now to make a reckoning how you have thriven in the use and application of that talent which fell to you as a legacy from the will and testament of the early Reformation. What say you? Has your Church doffed those scandalous vestments, which disfigured her before your own Reformation? Is her contrition for past errors sincere? Is her mien more modest and downcast? Does her former frailty teach her to doubt her own excellence? Is she meek and retired, and robed in plain apparel? Does she shun the society of Courts? Does she inspire, by her example, a hardy disdain for the dross of wealth? and when it comes to her possession, does she distribute it so as to lighten the sufferings of mankind, according to the purpose for which we are instructed to trust her with it? Is she patient of rebuke? Does she resent buffeting and evil-speaking of her with benedictions? Does she pride herself most on the knowledge and acquisition of spiritual or of temporal things? Does she repel and disavow the unjust and artificial distinctions of rank left among us by feudal barbarism and the fantastic insolence of commercial wealth? Is she consulted for her incorruptible probity in affairs of home-legislation and the ordinary administration of justice? If so, how does she behave? Does she incline generally to the side of the poor, who are the most likely to be the most oppressed? Is she ready to give not only the cloak but the coat also for the exigencies of the public welfare, and to lay down the very lives of her ministers, if necessary, to preserve and

promote the Christian charities among the people? She has had vast stores of money and provision given unto her constantly to enable her to bring up the poor of the land to a knowledge of religion and human learning—what account does she render? Are the people, by her maternal anxiety, more instructed and civil than in other countries? Are they trained to the knowledge of all those means which are most conducive to increase the general good fortune of mankind by example, by exchange, by donation, and diffusion? If this be her plight and condition, if she have all these circumstances awarded in her favour, then is she "the true bride," for these are the outward and visible signs by which we are to recognise her.

This realm of England has a younger sister, whose tutelage was made over ages ago to the same Church. What has she done for "her little sister?" Do peace and affection abound, according to the promise which she makes of her ministry, from twenty thousand pulpits more than a hundred times in a year? Has the cruelty of primitive barbarism disappeared from the popular temper? Has she scattered the clouds of unlettered and almost heathenish ignorance? Has she increased the substance of the people? Has she extended the reign of mercy and compassion? Has she besieged Heaven with her prayers, and government with her monitory supplications to do justice and love mercy towards Ireland? In short, it is time to examine the results of a connexion which has lasted for two-thirds of the Christian era, as it concerns the Church and State of England, and more than one-third of the same period as it respects the connexion between the Church of England and that of Ireland. This inquiry is imperatively demanded of those who have the government in their hands. There is a belief rising and spreading among men, like that which prevailed in the earlier Church, when the faithful first remarked the corruptions and confusions which crept in after the endowments of power and wealth made by Constantine, that "Religion gave birth to wealth, and the daughter devoured the mother." People begin, by philosophic deduction, to account for the general barrenness of religion, in regard to its effects on the morals and practice of life, and more especially of government, by ascribing it to the secular pomp and grandeur which surrounds it, contrary to every principle of its institution. The "Standard" Newspaper may say what it will about the necessity of a priesthood being rich, in order to screen it from contempt; if there be one word of truth in Scripture, a rich priest is the abhorrence of the Christian system, unless he convert his riches to the use of the poor. Burke said, that the English people loved to see the Church rear her mitred head in the palaces of princes. So much the worse for the English and their Church. Their profaneness is not the less because it is epidemic. Did any sound moralist among the Pagans, or divine among the Christians, ever dispute the corrupting influence of pomp and riches upon the hearts of men, whatever may be their pretensions of general usefulness? Selfishness takes every hue and complexion of social virtue, not excepting that of disinterestedness. It has the whine of that Arabian monster, which was feigned to have a woman's breasts and voice, with the claws of a greedy panther hidden beneath. It was with this cry that Bossuet used to encourage the remorseless Bourbon in sabreing and banishing the most valuable portion of his subjects, the Hugue-

nots. "Their souls," argued the blood-thirsty priest, "are more valuable than their bodies; therefore the very compassion of the gospel calls upon temporal princes to draw the sword and drive them within the pale of the Catholic Church or slay them." It is this cry that the clergy of the same establishment used as lately as 1786, in an Address to the Crown, calling upon the King to push home the murderous policy of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by way of averting the wrath of Heaven, then impending over an incurable and intolerable tyranny, of which one of the most terrible instruments was a clergy that had habitually warranted, by example no less than by precept, all the chronic horrors and vices of that government. It was the echo of this cry that Burke used when he justified a Franco-Romish monkery to the satisfaction of the English Church, then branded by that body as "the Pretended Reformed," and declared against all sense of truth, shame, or decency, that the monks were a body among whom it would not surprise you to meet with a Fenelon! It was the echo of this cry which was used by the pious ministry of Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Bible-spreading Bexley, to justify the guarantee given to the Albanian hyæna for the dispersion of the Christians of Parga. But what need of set instances, and where is the room to hold the records of them? They are found in all and every of the branches of our public economy. Every thing is tinctured with a morality professedly founded on Scripture, furnished by churchmen, under a prohibition of examining into its quality and effects. The Scriptures do not advise that the clergy shall aid the civil magistrate in inventing and applying the coercions of human laws; the Scriptures emphatically forbid it. The Scriptures give no warrant for the prelacy to take upon themselves the dignities of earthly titles, and court the society of princes and nobles by apeing their luxury, winking at their vices, and fanning the ever-living flame of pride and self-righteousness in their breasts. Quite the contrary; the Scriptures assume the business of the priesthood to be that of a good shepherd conducting his flock beside the pleasant pastures and the living waters of sound rational knowledge. And when the vitiating luxury and blind oppression of authority tend to deprave or in any way disorder them, the true pastor has his model and his lesson before him; he is to leave his flock in safe keeping, and, in the name of the Father of Mercies, he is to complain, to admonish, to exhort, if necessary to threaten, the rebellious of heart against frustrating the ways of justice. Thus spake Daniel in the court of Babylon, Nathan in that of David, and, in later times, John Knox in the ears of the luxurious dame of Scotland, and, finally, the Bishops to James II.

From the last-named period the Church seems to have relaxed from any degree of vigilance over the frailties of the great world, and gradually suffered the moral of her institution to be used as the general palliative to colour and to cover the pretences of misrule. The deluge of evils let in upon us by the thorough corruption of Parliament, and its fell offspring the Walpole, Pitt, and Vansittart schemes of finance, have received a support scarcely less unanimous than cordial from the ecclesiastical body. Their compliances with the inappeasable cupidity of power became so much a matter of course, that the claim of independence was treated as a ridiculous and arro-

gant presumption. The natural freedom of human intellect was at last denied them; a Watson or a Bathurst was taken for a false brother; and the *audax genus* of non-believing Gibbon, touched with the same bastard spirit of political sanctity, was seen in the act of rudely rebuking the philosophic Priestly for his heterodoxy!

Time and suffering have unveiled the monstrous offensiveness of those measures and designs in which religion and voluptuousness, and their spurious issue of morality, helped the confederacy of bad governments against the peace and welfare of mankind. The errors of those governments are admitted and condemned. The cup of regal pride and cruelty, which the Church has seldom been slow to proffer, is now dashed to the ground. The turgid humour of aristocracy has felt the humanizing influence of modern science, and lets fall its diadem in joining the popular search after physical truth. The Church alone stands where it did, to the dismay of the faithful and the scorn of the unbelieving, fixed upon a rock, according to her own apprehension; but, in the eyes of others, surrounded by a troubled and roaring sea of errors and confusion. She has cast off the doctrine and discipline of Rome, but she clings to every thing which remains of the absurdity and ignorance of the times of the Reformation. She persists in asserting a divine authority for every one of her appointments. She will be wiser than the wisest,—not by Scripture, or reason, or knowledge, but by canon and the ambiguous oracles of schoolmen, by Act of Parliament, or pretence of the common law. At this hour, when half the Christian world are repudiating the connexion of religion and state-government, as a thing incompatible with the just authority of either, she claims pre-eminence in the public councils as part of the original compact, and asserts a property in tithe older than the first possession of land. She is not ashamed to have recourse to the most ridiculous and odious fictions to account for the institution of tithe, and has sported with the truth of the Bible so grossly as to assert it must have been given among "many other unrecorded revelations made to Adam in the garden of Eden." She gathers shapes and shadows of ceremonies to her, of which every one knows the fabricators to have been men of this world in the most profane sense, and vouches them as of divine institution. What helps human knowledge in its most useful developements has derived from her tutelage, let those speak who know most of her good works in that regard. In one sense she has not been stationary. Comparing the times before and after the Reformation, her means have improved in an inverse proportion to their applicability to the wants of society. The old Church provided all the education of the people out of her estates. The Reformed Church has engrossed those estates for the separate enjoyment of her ministers, and makes an additional harvest of wealth out of the laity, by the monopolies of the Universities and the schools nicknamed "Free." The old Church fed the poor and repaired the churches out of the tithe: the new one devours all, and vexes the congregations with new and wanton imposts laid on by the mock piety of those who seek the honour of representing her in the House of Commons.

Nor are these the only instances in which the preparation and administration of the laws have been found in obsequious con-

formity with the thirst of lucre. We all know how terribly the court of Edward VI. shook with resentment against the savage intolerance of the previous reign. The Catholic party have justly reprobated the enormity of the Protestant ecclesiastics, who surrounded the baby-king, in making him sign warrants for the burning of heretics, against his weeping remonstrances and the holy compunctions of nature. An Act of Parliament derived from such times, and suffused with the detestable hues of rapacity and sordidness, would not be entitled to much credit and force in any State, and must stamp with infamy the councils and administration of a really Christian government. In the second year of this childish reign the clergy extorted from his incapable mind his assent to a bill which augmented the remedies for tithes beyond any that laymen had for the protection of their property, and gave them double or treble damages for not setting out, or for letting or hindering the parson in taking away his tithe. For some reason or other, which divines are not likely to explain, the tribunals have given a force and energy to this Act which few upon the statute-book have ever received at their hands. It is no less remarkable that the severity of the decisions against the laity has increased in a due proportion with the spread of parliamentary corruption. Between laymen, where one claims a thing not yet reduced to certainty, the judgment awards an inquiry as to the damages to be recovered. A parson sued before Lord Hardwicke for tithe of underwood in a coppice of more than twenty years' growth. The loppings were privileged from tithe by the age of the trees, but one tree was younger than twenty years; and the loppings were all bound up without distinction. It was held that tithe must be paid on all, because "it was the folly of the defendant to tie them up in one bundle!" There cannot be a more grotesque mockery of justice, unless it be found in the following case:—A parson, named Jennings, sued and recovered double damages and costs in the Consistory of Llandaff, for letting and hindering the parson, against the 2nd of Edward VI. The tithe had been laid out, and there was an open way newly made by the farmer, which was nearer and more convenient for the parson; but he insisted on pulling down a wall which stood in the old way. The farmer respectfully warned him off, but could not quiet him, as he declared that "he was never happy except when he was teazing his parishioners." This might have happened at any period of the Church. Father Paul warns us not to be surprised at the baseness or depravity of churchmen, and thence conclude that Christ has forsaken her, since we find that in his proper presence there was, out of twelve disciples, one Judas, who was a thief and a traitor. There will always be

> Enow of them
> That creep, intrude, and climb into the fold,
> And eager only for the shearers' feast
> Will push aside the worthier bidden guest.

An appeal went to the Court of Delegates, and a better opportunity never could present itself to manifest the incorruptible purity of British justice. Sir John Nichol accordingly reversed the sentence in the Court below; and, in doing so, severally condemned every particular in the conduct of the priest. So far so good. But, as if

it was out of the code that a layman should receive positive justice at the expense of a clerk in orders, the learned judge professed to discover a latent spirit of opposition and evidence of a parish conspiracy against this meek follower of Jesus, in the fact, that the farmer had sought a remedy, and, what was worse, had recovered damages for the trespass in a court of law,—a course of proceeding to which the preservation of the public peace, no less than the personal interests of the appellant, strenuously invited him; and therefore he left the party to pay the costs decreed by the unwarrantable judgment of the Court below! "I looked for judgment, and behold oppression! for righteousness, and behold a cry!"

It would take up too much time and space to unravel the evils of the clerico-magisterial law, and the disastrous opposition in which it leaves the feelings of the congregation with the functions of a ministry, whose founder refused to decide the question of tribute-money. It is enough to remark that the clergy have established a character for the severity of their lay-magistracy, which breathes any thing but the benignity and compassion of the Gospel, and has more than once brought upon it the severe rebuke of the judges of the land. Justice Grose, in commenting on the ferocity of a sentence pronounced by a parson-magistrate, expressed a wish that not one should be let into the Commission of the Peace; a benevolent wish, from a man of true humanity and religion, which the Parliament, for the sake of the Church and her ministers, will do well to carry into full force and effect. The right and policy of tithes are two questions which have been studiously entangled, both by churchmen, and those lawyers who have sought the good word of the Church in passing up the narrow way of State-promotion. The anxiety to be generous to an impersonal being, at the expense of the community, would be a fit subject for laughter and ridicule, if the attempt did not include in its deeply founded conspiracy all the ingredients of religious, moral, and civil disorder.

We have as much religion as most of our neighbours, and so much more than some of them, that we must withdraw our assent to any proposition which violates its principles. If, in addition, it sins against good policy and the general welfare of the people, we must go a step further, and, at the perilous risk of arousing the proverbially deadly hatred of the political theologian, we must declare that the usually received notion that a Church is entitled to share in the territorial domain of any country, and that it is entitled also to an equal share in the usufruct of all personal labour operated upon the soil of that country, is not only an unchristian, but an anti-christian law; nor can the policy of the State ever give it such a sanction as to make it binding, *de jure*, upon any community.

In a Mahometan state, so long as the sword (which is the rule of their iron sway) prevails, the priests may enjoy whatever share the brute spirit of the monarchy may award them. But in a Christian State, where the laws ought to be settled by general consent, and the New Testament commands the exercise of offices of mutual charity over which the Church is to be the presiding benefactress, a claim of property which was against natural justice must be cast away from us as an unclean thing. It is not enough to say

that the Church has it, and that the law has awarded it. It is not enough to ask a man who has a living soul, why he would rob a corporation which "has no soul," and therefore cannot feel the loss. It is not enough to scare us with the apprehension that religion will perish with the tithes, and the state of society be dissolved if one of its most disturbing actions be quieted by the good sense of the civil government. Can any profaneness,—can any impiety,—can any blasphemy go further than the assumption that the will of the Most High will fail of its purpose, unless the priesthood are allowed to indulge in all the forbidden "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and crafty politicians are enabled to waste the substance of the commonwealth in displaying their sickly piety and affection towards a Church possessed of scandalous—of opprobrious riches? "When ye came before my altars, who hath required this at your hands?" Is it any wonder that French Simonism, and German Rationalism, and English Dissent are preying so actively upon the remnant of the Lutheran Reformation, when it is seen and felt that a national establishment, in which the ministers are protected by the State from the censures of the laity, discovers, in all cases, the same troublesome, heavy, costly, and greedy appetites and desires? This is not a petulant complaint of our own: it is an unavoidable inference drawn from history of ecclesiastic dues and jurisdiction in this as in other countries, and, with shame be it spoken, more especially since the Reformation. Read the Prologue of Coke to the Statute of Tithes, mentioned before. It there appears that the Church was becoming so turbulent in grasping for power, being then in a secure and insolent enjoyment of her wealth, that Bancroft, on behalf of himself and the Bishops, tendered articles to the King, in which they proposed, by way of aggrandizing their order, and no less so that of the prerogative royal, that the Crown should annul the authority of prohibitions issuing from the temporal into the ecclesiastical courts; that is to say, that the laity should be given over to the fangs of a ghostly jurisdiction which was to be placed above the law. Fifty years of such a *régime* would have brought us to the blessed ceremony of a Portuguese *auto da fé* with the Supreme judge of the Church, exalted over the head of the State in all public audiences and ceremonies. The folly of the scheme rendered it harmless. The twelve judges joined in the answers given to it, and expressly accuse the reformed clergy of increased rapacity in the exaction of tithe, stating instances where customary tithes were spurned, and as many as seventeen different tithes put into one libel by way of experiment, of which only eight were recovered or recoverable.

We pass over for the present the pernicious partiality shown for the Church in the application of the general principles of law; by which no time can bar out her claim on the one hand, while half the time of legal memory serves to keep them in possession of the third and fourth parts of the tithe, directed by original consecration and the express law of the land to the maintenance of the poor and the repairs of the Church. The very reason of the Church having possession of tithe or any other property was that of an original stewardship for the poor of the various Churches, without reference to any

particular congregation, but generally for the good of the faithful. It would be as little profitable to expose the disgraceful fictions by which a legal right to prædial and personal tithes is derived from the authority of Scripture, instead of leaving the question of its early institution, where it did, and eventually must rest, upon the devices of the Pagans; after whose more modest fashion the early Christians vowed voluntarily, and not by legal or sacerdotal compulsion, whatever portion of their substance they thought fit to their favourite God, even as it is done in Spain and Italy in the supernumerary offerings at the shrines of saints who happen to be most in vulgar favour. In this manner Rhodope devoted the tenth of the profits of her beauty to Apollo. That which Rhodope did of her own free-will, the Christian priesthood at one time demanded, *ex debito justitiæ*, as they still do in Spain, of all her successors in the same art.

We dare not venture upon the analogies which the history of this impost brings along with it: but we must deal with the mischief which tithe and the law of its protection inflicts upon nations, whose population has risen up to their present means. Nothing but the grossest barbarism could have condemned so large a portion of the subsistence of a country to a wholly unprofitable consumption. "It is hardly for the augmentation of their evils," said Cicero, "that men devote a tenth of their estates to Hercules." While the gift was of woods and uncultivated tracts of land, and more than enough was left to feed the population, the folly was bearable. Our present situation is the reverse of this, and requires the soundest and healthiest application of all the means which can be raised within a limited territory. It may be, and has been, said that there is nothing more invidious in the territorial possessions of the Church, than in those vast accumulations made by effect of the law of primogeniture. Perhaps not; but there is this difference, that the law allows us constantly to hope for the breaking up of the great feudal measures, while it prevents the title of the Church from lapsing, even as to property which she has lost ages ago, and which in all probability will never return to her possession. Besides, what is the reason of the recurrence of this cant and presumption on the part of the Church, by which she is always seen quoting and imitating the bad patterns of temporal management? If the State has disorders, is that a reason why the Church must mimic its infirmities? In the minds of sincere men, the Church must stand wholly condemned when she has to justify her own errors by the example of the secular government, and say "the serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

But now, to leave mere disquisitions, and enter into the real matter before us, what if this matron prove a rigorous stepmother? What if she be found, not only wasting the estate in an irreligious and sensual profusion, but smothering the poor, the children of the Father of Mercies especially entrusted to her care? What if she be found prowling among the half-famished Irish, who know nothing of her but her remorseless and cruel greediness, with troops of horse and foot, shedding horror and ruin around her? Is it indeed true that the peaceful mansions of the dead have been shaken, for her sake or by her direction, with the reverberations of musketry? Is it true that the dying

child and the sick father have been stripped of the last rag of vesture, to satisfy the claims of the Church, which was bound out of those very means to protect them from hunger and want? Is it true that tithes are raised by the edge of the sword, and that the ministers of the gospel of peace have engaged in a civil war with the Irish people for ecclesiastical imposts? Are these, then, spiritual fruits? Is this the celestial dove of the new covenant? No; it is an obscene vulture, whose beak and talons are familiar with blood and carrion.

Let us be just to human nature. In older times man had so far forgotten his Maker, as to believe that human sacrifices would oblige him. They sinned in an ignorance impervious to every ray of light. But no priesthood has a fouler offence to answer for, no government ever displayed a more guilty remissness, than that priesthood which demands, and that government which allows, the slaughter of its people, to fatten, in a land of hunger and want, the wealth of an almost idle clergy. To call this law, is an infamous abuse of language. Law is designed for the preservation, and not for the destruction, of the people. To call it religion, is an affront to the God of Mercies. To call it policy, is to show yourself blind to the clearest designs of Providence. Never did such iniquity fail to provoke the wrath of Heaven. The sacrifices devoted to the Minotaur were just and reasonable compared to this palpable incarnation of Mammon and Moloch. Princes and rulers, children of this generation, be not wiser than the light of experience can make you. You will find no warrant for this enormity in any law divine or human. The shedding of blood to gratify a Christian priesthood is an absolute renouncement of the suffering and expiation of the Cross. The very Pagans who allowed the sanguinary Jews to effect that destined sacrifice can put your behaviour to shame. When Tiberius was quæstor in Africa, he destroyed the homicidal worship of Saturn, and hanged the priests upon their sacrificial trees. What blessing can you hope from Heaven, what happiness in the direction of public affairs can you anticipate, when you can suffer these outrages on common humanity? Do you really believe that you can draw good out of the most unqualified and demoniacal evils? Think you that the worst policy of the worst ages of Christianity, carried to its worst extent, can fructify more profitably under your hands than under the masters of the world? Have you forgotten how successfully the domineering influence of the ecclesiastics toiled, in assisting time and the barbarians to destroy the empire? Awake! arise! you are called upon to snatch your country from the abyss to which her infuriate parties are driving her. The signs of the threatened wrath are already among us. We have already pestilence and civil war; instead of the girdle of generous concord, a rent; and "burning instead of beauty." "Peace give I unto you," were the last words of the Founder of our religion to his disciples. Ministers of Christ! you say that you are the executors of his will—Statesmen and rulers! you profess to see justice done in its administration—answer the demand now made by the voice of the people, "What has become of the legacy?"

(*To be continued.*)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

BANK OF ENGLAND:

COMMERCE, CURRENCY, AND FINANCE.

In entering upon an inquiry into the present state of the Finance and Commerce of the country, we are sensible of the difficulties to be encountered, not so much from the nature of the subject itself, mystified as it has been by many writers, but from the opposition our arguments will meet with from the interested and prejudiced. Could prejudice be disarmed, could corruption be made to blush for the sins she has committed against the welfare of this nation, then indeed would our task be divested of difficulty, and we should pursue it with a satisfaction it has not yet inspired.

Fully convinced that this subject will never receive that impartial consideration so necessary to its final adjustment, until the Parliament is reformed, its investigation would have been better timed after the settlement of the "great question;" yet the great importance of the country being rightly informed of the cause of the alarming decrease in the revenue in the last quarter, is paramount to every other consideration, and makes the exposition indispensable. This decrease comes so opportunely for the temper in which a vitally important question should be discussed, that many arguments will be spared in the general elucidation, which would otherwise have been necessary to carry conviction.

The alarming state of trade for a long time past, the agricultural distress, the midnight conflagrations, the general dissatisfaction and mistrust, and the almost universal cry for Reform, are indications which ought not to be mistaken by those who choose to profit by experience and grow wise through the signs of the times. The discussions now so general on the merits of one species of property, lately so proudly erecting its head over the ruins of almost every other kind, show that there is at this moment an absolute necessity for devising some relief for those whom penury has overtaken, or bankruptcy stares in the face. The time is arrived when each member of the community should seriously deliberate on the present state of society, and, casting aside the animosity of selfish avarice, agree to some measure which may preserve the national honour; but, above all, relieve the nation from the insufferable load which presses her resources to the ground, and which, if not mitigated shortly, the whole system of financial policy will unexpectedly tumble down, crushing in its fall most those in whose power it now is to avert the calamity.

If any one has the hardihood to deny the existence of general

distress, a distress not temporary nor local, nor arising out of over-speculation, nor the glut of over-population, nor from any of those varied causes which corruption-loving political economy fondly flies over; if any one has the temerity to doubt, until too late to profit by a disastrous experience, I implore him to make inquiry of our merchants, of our manufacturers, and examine their books for the last twenty years: he will then find that increase of business is no longer an increase of prosperity or profit: if still not satisfied, let him carry his inquiries amongst those industrious classes spread over the surface of this once-contented island, who are engaged in the creation of those commodities, once our wealth and strength, but which by the operation of adverse legislation have become the fruitful sources of wretchedness, demoralization, and crime. If he will not find ample proofs of the distress and pauperism which stalk over our fair fields, dwell in our villages, and saunter in our cities and on our highways; if his bowels will not move his heart to conviction; it is vain to attempt the task; it will come to him at length in a shape the dullest apprehension cannot mistake. Human nature cannot endure much more. Patience, the courage which sustains man under irremediable adversities, a constancy, the fruit of justice, by reason reared and by contentment reaped, is not exhaustless. Shall this type of courage and constancy submit to be the dupe of folly, the slave of avarice, and the prey of corruption? Those whom a little hope and many false promises, a few years ago, inspired with a perseverance to the end, who unwilling to entertain notions of amelioration, because of unsettling society, have at last become sick with hope deferred, and are now the most clamorous that the state of the nation should become an immediate question.

The settlement of this question is much easier than we are taught to imagine: much has been done for it through the progress of knowledge, but so many interests still concur to keep alarm awake, when the least real progress is made to adjust it, that it becomes an anxious labour to divest the mind of prejudices early imbibed, long cherished, and cheered on in maturity by the swarms of sophists and sycophants, whose very existence depends on the system they spare no pains to bolster up. Men are naturally distrustful, and their childish fears continue to produce enormous revenues to thousands daily engaged in operating upon them. Ignorance contributes much to the preservation of corruption; knowledge is an antidote to fear. When knowledge and ignorance are opposed, the conflict is soon over; corruption defends its Old Sarum to the last, and leaves a canker—the only remedy for which is extirpation. When prejudices have been removed, (the workings of misery and the spirit of inquiry are most miraculous;) inveterate hereditary corruption may be safely left to starve itself out—the most efficacious remedy in malignant distempers.

The prosperity of the nation, before the suppression of the paper-currency, had received a severe shock from the facilities which the paper itself afforded to over-speculation; but since the extinction of one-pound notes its rapid decline has been most alarming; the stimulus which, a few years ago, impelled trade with something of a remunerating alacrity through the channels of commercial enterprise, is removed, and, in consequence, the industry of the country paralysed.

From the total flight of the usual profits of trade, manufactures have been constantly diminishing in price, lowering wages, wasting capital, clogging the wheels of commerce, and making trade synonymous with uncertainty: this has caused so many bankruptcies and compromises. The last exceed in number the first, as the expenses of working a commission are so enormous, that creditors are now wise enough to prefer a dividend, without raising up another remorseless creditor in the shape of a lawyer's bill. When we contemplate the mighty advantages this country has possessed, advantages unknown to any other nation, and of which we are still in actual possession, it will astound the belief of the most credulous to know by what abuse of legislation these have been perverted: much has been done, much remains to be executed, before the manifold misapprehensions prevailing on this subject are dispelled. Our commercial relations are so extensive, our financial policy so complex, our agricultural and manufacturing interest so conflicting, the various details of these questions so involved with each other, that few (even those most interested in particular departments) make them a study: yet a perfect knowledge of them, however barren of amusement, is most important. Hence, out of our apathetic disinclination to consider the interest of a nation as a whole, we become easy dupes to measures of the executive, which, if rightly understood by the majority, it would be impossible, however corrupt the Government or Legislature, to carry into effect. Is there any man stupid or wicked enough, were he aware of the fact, who would consent to part with the bread from his own mouth, and to entail misery on his posterity? We should think such a circumstance too preposterous for romance; yet it will hold a station in history, as one of the most authenticated items which make execrable the name of Pitt.

To sketch the outline of the picture, and deepen it with the proper shade, it will be necessary to retrograde a little. The reader will not think it amiss, if we begin at the termination of the American war, and then proceed to the present crisis. We shall observe the burdens, the public are made to bear, gradually becoming more ponderous, while the props which sustain them are rotting away one by one, and tottering with decay, the weight of a feather thrown on the enormous mass would endanger the security of the trembling accumulation.

At the termination of the American war, our resources were so exhausted that we were obliged to conclude a hasty and a humiliating peace. At that period our debt and taxation, poor-rates, tithes, the rent of land, the price of corn, population, and crime, were as follow: the official and real values are taken from a later data:—

National Debt . .	£257,213,043	Population	8,064,320
		Crime	2,000
Taxation	21,657,609	Price of wheat per quarter .	45*s.*
Poor-rates	2,167,748		
Tithes	2,500,000	Official values of Exports in 1799,	£18,500,000
	26,325,357	Real Value, 1799 . .	31,200,000
Rent of land, &c. . .	16,000,000		
	£42,325,357	Difference	£12,700,000

Thus we find that the national liabilities, as above enumerated, amounted to £26,325,357, with the rent of land added, £42,325,357. The nation was considered ruined; complaints were loud on all sides; the most clear-sighted writers and statesmen of the day looked forward with gloomy anticipations. True it is the nation was on the verge of ruin, and the predictions of wise men were well nigh speedily fulfilled: it seems therefore difficult to account for our engaging after so slight a repose in the horrors of a second crusade against the spread of French principles, not in a war to meet aggression, not for aggrandisement, but a war against "*principles!*"

In the nine years' peace which followed the American war, the nation had so successfully cultivated the enriching arts of manufacturing, aided by the inventions of spinning and the application of steam to machinery, as to cause her to forget the loss of America and the loss of £111,000,000, which the fruitless attempts to regain the colonies had incurred. It is to the general application of steam that we are to attribute our sudden transportation from a chronic despondency to a state of mad prosperity. To this new and almost supernatural power,—unknown to the "middle-aged" history of the last century, springing up an exotic amongst ourselves, and producing astonishing effects on the relations of social life, at once exhaustless and universal, itself the aggregation of the human species,—we may ascribe the intoxication which prevailed at the commencement of the French Revolution. An eager anxiety filled all conditions of men to enter into a defence of the bloated corruptions of the French court, to combat for the restoration of the weak and despotic Bourbons, and to oppose wealth thus hastily acquired to the now triumphant principles of liberty and regeneration.

At this period was heard of the loyalty gift; and the then humble names of Robert Peel and Co., a firm then scarce heard of beyond the precincts of Old Change, were subscribers to the amount of £10,000; a sum so much above the donations of the most opulent and enthusiastic of the nobility, that it excited a surprise, of which we who live at this period can have but a faint conception. The nation might have been in a fair way to prosperity, had not the mischievous acuteness of Pitt, who spared no pains to exhaust the public treasures in the most unjustifiable war, turned this and other circumstances, indicating the unexampled prosperity of trade, to an account the most disastrous to the welfare of the nation that the annals of history disclose. The war once begun was pushed with "vigour,"—the parliamentary name for money: but where was the gold and silver to be obtained? and, lacking this "vigour," the war would have died the death of the American, had not the minister Pitt directed his attention to the discovery of the philosopher's stone. This solution, which had so long baffled the ascetic meditations of alchymy—the corrupt state of the representation, and the reckless madness of the nation, enabled him to discover in an act of legislation, than which nothing was ever more flagitious and depraved. The Bank Restriction Act, after a vigorous but ineffectual opposition on the part of Mr. Fox, Sheridan, the present Earl Grey, and eighty-eight others,—an opposition which redounds to their immortal honour and the inextinguishable gratitude

of the nation—passed into a law (though previously in February into effect) on the 3rd of May, 1797. Pitt was now secure; he might "draw bills on posterity" at pleasure; the cloak it afforded to corruption was impenetrable. This memorable 3rd of May, 1797, is our grand epoch, according to Paine, of the "decline and fall of the British system of finance." The issues of paper were not regulated by the solvency of the Bank of England, but were afforded just in proportion to the wants of the minister and the exigencies of the war. Then was seen the spectacle of a national debt heaped up, without the most distant thought of redemption, except by the bubble Sinking Fund, (so thoroughly exposed, until exposition is pushed *usque ad nauseam*,) yet accumulated without apparently injuring the resources of the country: then was heard the owlet cry of the economist, the revolting synonyme—national debt, national wealth. Spurred on by this notion, of which the nation was fooled into the belief, loan followed loan in frightful succession; and new stock, purchased at 45 or 50 per cent., was deemed a good investment, and good security, as adding to the national debt added to national wealth. Then did some, becoming rich all of a sudden, fix their property upon the hard earnings of the working man; then was money as plentiful as the material of which it was made; then did prices rise in proportion to the plentifulness of money; then did every species of luxury infest the breast of Englishmen,—an epidemic from which the most prudent did not escape; then did gambling and her train of noxious debaucheries prevail; then were our prisons crowded, sickening humanity with the terrible reverses of fortune.

This strain might be indulged did our limits admit it: the end of it is, that, as the debt accumulated, every thing increased with it: so long as paper-money was kept afloat, the surface of commerce was unruffled; the moment it was hauled in, all was tempest and agitation.

Let us approach the termination of the "glorious" anti-jacobin war:—paper-money was then drawn in, and a proportional distress experienced: the reason is clear; the nation itself on the average of individuals was insolvent, the private fortunes of many of the nobility and gentry were mortgaged to keep pace with the rapid growth of riches in the commercial world. The commercial system, then a scene of gambling, enabled many to amass immense fortunes: these indulged in every luxury, town and country-houses were indispensable, and, pressing close on the heels of men of hereditary fortune, on went prodigality, one outvying another in the mart of vanity and pride.

The extension of the issues of paper in 1815 festered the sore: the commercial system, then gradually declining, began to discover sensibly its impression of decay; the loans and the unsparing waste of money which had produced an extensive circulation, had raised prices; the contraction of the circulating medium, cotemporaneously with the absence of the usual redundancy of borrowed money, had begun to operate on the lowering of them to the standard of 1784, while the national debt, taxation, tithes, poor-rates, the rent of land, and the price of bread, had together increased on the average 260 per cent.

The load of taxation which the increase of the public burdens occasioned, and the wicked tampering with the currency from time to time, are the sole and only causes of the present distressed, overloaded, and impoverished condition of the country. It has been sufficiently pointed out and exposed by well-known writers, and by Dr. Carbutt of Lancashire, a writer of great acuteness, strength, and eloquence, whose letters signed "Verax" will well repay perusal, that as money became scarce, prices fell, and *vice versa*.

The distress of 1815, 1816, and 1817, was induced by the contraction of the circulating medium in 1814; and that, which is perhaps better remembered, of 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, followed Mr. Peel's bill of 1819, pointing out 1823 as the period when small notes should cease to circulate. This produced such disastrous effects on agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, that Castlereagh was forced to bring in a bill in 1823, extending the lease of small notes for eleven years: the rise of prices, and the prosperity of 1823, 1824, and 1825, followed as the natural consequence. The credit system thus suddenly restored to the nation, plunged into complaint and mourning by the bill of 1819, without the proper restraints and checks which should always accompany it, produced the contrary excess; and, as is frequently observed in the human mind, the transition from despair to hope had a fatal effect. The treachery and selfishness of the Bank of England, that first encouraged the "mania," caused more extensive disasters: its sullen haughtiness and obdurate refusal to aid the most solvent houses, though offered the most ample securities, cannot be too much reprobated, or be forgotten by the country, when the subject of its expiring charter comes to be discussed. There are other weightier grievances to be preferred against it, when the opportunity is meet: it is an institution dangerous to freedom and to the happiness of a nation, whose sufferings are the bitter fruits of its close, selfish, and slavish compliances with the most corrupt ministers; its control over commerce and finance is intolerable, and incompatible with the safety and boasted liberty of England; its concerns are managed with an obnoxious mystery; its decrees are at once omnipotent and mischievous; it is corrupt and to be dreaded, and should be watched with suspicious scrutiny; it hastened, if it did not produce, the panic of 1825, 1826; and it certainly was the cause of making that panic more disastrous in its consequences, more involved and calamitous than it would otherwise have been; which served to ruin fair competition, and spread its branch monopoly throughout the most populous districts of the country. With the panic appears again Sir Robert Peel, a grave and solemn empiric, a true disciple of Ricardo, (whose death-bed confessions do not expiate but aggravate indignant poverty,) who, following the precepts of his master, without further inquiry, and with the disasters which his *pet* measure of 1819 had produced in the three succeeding years, recommended a system of depletion and spare diet to John Bull, who has since become so lean and attenuate, his pockets empty, and belly expressing the negation of food, that he is heard every where vociferating for Reform.

Adam Smith has said that national labour is national wealth,—the

economists have given to the "debt" that alchymic property; we have lived to see falsified, in fact, both propositions. When Adam Smith propounded that doctrine, our debt was but fifty-four millions, or thereabouts. The axiom and proper definition of labour is *hard work*—no longer wealth, but the very lean and hungry figure of poverty. Let us take a look into our exports, and compare the official with the real values since 1799; the truth or falsity of the above definition will soon be demonstrated: but first let it be understood that official values always express quantities, the real values the declared and actual values of the industry exported: the scale of official values has remained unaltered; the real values show the fluctuation of profits on labour.

In round numbers in 1799, the official and real values of exports were—

Official £18,600,000 Real £31,250,000

a difference of £12,700,000. From 1799 we move without much variation, a little on the decline, which may be attributed to the modifications in machinery, until we arrive at the year 1816: in this year we begin to feel sensibly the declining state of commerce, at once exhibited by comparing 1816 with 1815, the year before—

	1815	1816
Official value	£32,200,000	41,700,000
Real value	43,400,000	49,600,000

Thus we see an immense loss sustained on the exports of 1816 compared with 1815, an increase of 9 millions of human labour, and a loss on the increased industry of six millions. Running on in the course of time, the real values on the rewards of labour, still on the decrease, we stop at 1820: the real value had then approximated so near the official, as to exhibit but a difference of £2,600,000; viz.

	1820
Official value . . .	£32,900,000
Real value	34,250,000

In 1821 we find, for the first time, the official values exceed the real value by £2,200,000, which keep regularly in a retrograde motion, as we approach 1830; when we find a most alarming falling off in the profits of trade, the quantity of the exports had increased greatly over any of the thirty-two years enumerated; it will be found, in quantity, to exceed three times that of 1799, more than twice as much as 1809, and nearly as much more as 1813, yet the real value is considerably below any of those years.

	1830
Official value . . .	£55,460,000
Real value	35,210,000

If we compare the rate of remuneration in trade in the year 1799 with 1830, we shall find a diminution in the profits of the last named year of £60,000,000: thus as £18,000,0000 official values in 1799 is to £31,000,000 of real value in the same year, what is the real value of £51,000,000 in 1830? The product is £95,000,000 nearly, —from which deduct £35,000,000, the real value of the merchandise in 1830, and a decrease will exhibit itself of what we before stated

of £60,000,000, a loss on the industry of the country; clearly establishing, by a comparison of 1799, 1815, 1816, 1820, with 1830, that the increase of exports no longer represents remunerating profits, and that "national labour is not national wealth." This alarming deficiency explains the depression of trade, the increase of poor-rates, and concomitant misery of eight per cent. in the last, over the preceding, year.

If any other proof were required to be added to those already advanced, to sustain the assumed position, and to carry to "blinded politicians" a despaired conviction, the returns of the last three years, distinguishing the official values or quantities from the real value, would furnish us with one,—at the same time, from the increase of the quantity of exports in 1830 of £4,000,000 over 1828, without any increase in the powers of production, which the extensive turn-out in 1830 precluded,—and bankruptcies and other causes daily curbing in, show that home consumption has at least to that extent fallen off, contracting the comforts of an increasing population: it also shows that from the date of the extinction of small notes and the contraction of the credit system, that the ratio of price and profit have been rapidly on the decline, bearing the appearance of an increased demand with a diminished profit,—a principle contrary to all commercial experience.

1828 Official value or quantity,	£51,000,000	Real value or profit	£36,000,000
1829	52,000,000		36,000,000
1830	55,000,000		35,000,000

From these statements and the returns quoted, the following deduction may be drawn; that the prosperity of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—the safety of the immense capitals employed in these arts—the happiness of the millions whose toil in them is their support, when taken in connexion with an unexampled taxation, are ever depending on the sufficiency and quality of the circulating medium. An Act of Parliament may involve these in one common ruin; a minister, with an over-reaching cupidity, with an immense funded property which he desires to see counted out in gold, armed with an unreformed and subservient House of Commons, may occasion the ruin of the commercial system, from which his property has sprung, by aiming an assassin stab at the mother, whose paps fostered her overgrown suckling, the wreck, whose vitality already oozes out, through the hydraulic pressure of the public burdens.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the effect of contracting the circulating medium. The loans, first heaped up by the paper-money, without which their amount could not have been much increased beyond the addition of the £111,000,000 which the American war occasioned, raised prices in proportion to the fresh burdens which they imposed. This distribution amongst ourselves had the effect of increasing the circulating medium.

On the 5th April, 1829, the circulation of small notes, gradually contracting for three years, was totally prohibited: from that period cash-payments were resumed, and the price of every article of industry

fall in proportion, to meet the scarcity and the increased value of money. It is to this tampering with the currency, we are to attribute the present distressed state of the country. Since 1814 the attempts to contract the credit system have produced nothing but convulsions: before that period, and during the progress of the war, the inadequacy of the currency to meet its demands, and furnish at the same time a sufficiency to commerce, was helped out by the distribution of the loans, for the most part amongst ourselves; which, whatever was the actual amount of the circulating medium, this outlay and waste had the effect of enlarging many-fold. Since we left off borrowing to such a shameful extent, and at such spendthrift rates per cent. as those at which the public debt has been for the most part amassed, we have constantly experienced the evil of an incompetent currency, not inadequate to the calls of commerce alone, but totally insufficient when measured side by side the annual taxation, and the demands of commerce at the same time.

The madness and folly which shook the credit system laid the nation open to the merciless designs of the fundholders and "the monied interest," who have, through the corrupt borough-system, found their way into Parliament, and possess at this moment a vast preponderance in the councils of the nation, to the great prejudice of the landed proprietary and the commercial and manufacturing interests. The "monied interest," as they are now called, scarce known fifty years ago, little more than a century old, and whose first origin was King William's malt-tax, are the fundholders; they have risen with the progress of the national debt, and will cease with its extinction: how that is to be fairly compassed is a question well worthy of deep attention; it is clear we cannot crawl on much longer at this crippled rate. The "monied interest" have no basis of property except in the good faith of the nation: the nation may have the greatest desire to fulfil even engagements of the most ruinous character, entered into without her fairly represented consent; but take away the ability of the nation, and what becomes of her good faith? It is of the most vital importance to the fundholders to look out from their fatal security, lest the enemy they themselves have roused should come upon them unawares.

The distress consequent on the Bill of 1819, until its progress was arrested in 1823, might have deterred a bolder man, and saved the nation from a re-enactment of the same favourite theories in 1826. It might have given some compunction to the avarice of a member of the government—himself a large fundholder, and stayed the family propensity of personal acquisition from that stroke of policy which enhanced the value of funded accumulation, to the ruin of our once proud and profitable commerce. How fatally has this nation been imposed on by the fantastic notions of quacks! how has she been gulled by the specious interestedness of economists!—lulled into security, while standing upon a volcano, by placemen and corruptionists—flattered by parasites into the most religious good faith, which is their income—they, while she toils and frets and starves, quaffing the profit from her misery and degradation!

The absurdity of returning to a gold currency, (however alluring

it might be to superficial reasoners) and to a contracted circulation, without a feather's weight being taken off the public burdens, cannot be too sufficiently exposed; its effect has been to make these burdens ten times more oppressive, and to aggravate the distress upon every species of industry, real property, and profit. The fundholder and the annuitants have had the satisfaction of seeing their incomes and capitals made to represent a greater quantity and variety of luxuries than heretofore, while those of every other class, by hard labour, at the risk of theirs circulating beneficially in affording employment to population, are suffering a corresponding depreciation, and the daily mortification, notwithstanding their exertions, of witnessing their constant waste,—while their sensibility is not diminished on reflection that their industry at the expense of capital serves to sustain the public burdens, and those "who toil not, neither do they spin." The return to a gold circulation of course increased the value of money, consequently lowered the profits of labour, or in other words more labour was given for less money: this made the fixed interest of the debt and annuities more valuable and intolerable to be borne, and, from the diminished profits on labour, taxation more oppressive and more precarious in amount, submitted to impatiently, and, by the indication of a declining excise, hardly to be squeezed out from the scanty earnings of ill-rewarded labour.

It might be fairly inferred from the above statements, that the circulating medium, without the effect produced on it by the operation of the loans, was never adequate for the wants of commercial enterprise and taxation. The Bank Restriction Act gave an unlimited circulation to paper in which the loans were contracted; these raised the taxation, and in proportion with the taxes the poor-rates increased, and tithes, rent, bread, and prices. So long as there was apparently an adequate circulation, the national burdens were unfelt; and those writers, who predicted the distress which would eventually fall upon the nation, were unheeded by the "giddy throng," laughed at by some whose prosperity seemed to disprove their mad theories, and execrated by others who had a desperate game to play. The issues of paper having had the effect of raising the taxes, poor-rates, tithes, rent, and bread, it would have been but fair to allow it to continue, to help to keep up prices as an equipoise against them; for it has been shown that the contraction of the circulation has lowered prices to a bankrupt-making minimum; and it should follow, as a matter of course, that the public burdens should have fallen in the same proportion. This has not been the case. On the contrary, while prices have been falling since 1814, and more rapidly declining since 1826, the public burdens have increased. Since 1826 they have well nigh doubled in amount, from the increased scarcity and value of money, and from the lessening value of production.

We will now state the amount of taxation in the year 1832, with that of 1784, as before enumerated, and the amount of the circulating medium in 1832. From these statements our readers will be enabled to judge whether the circulating medium is sufficient to sustain even the taxation alone; and if there is a farthing left for the enterprise of industry, and whether commerce required this contraction of the

currency, or whether it was not the trick of the few against the many.

Taxation in 1832.

National debt funded and unfunded,	£788,056,121
Direct or taxes raised in gold.	
Tithes	£7,500,000
Church-rates	564,388
Poor-rates	8,111,146
Assessed taxes	5,013,405
County-rates	793,836
Highway-rates	1,121,834
	£23,104,609
Indirect taxes	44,998,211
	£68,102,820
Rent of land and houses	49,000,000
	£117,102,820
Wheat per quarter	63*s.*
Official value, 1830	£55,000,000
Real value	£35,000,000
Population	16,000,000
Crime	18,000
Currency.	
Gold and silver	40,000,000
Bank of England notes circulating in the week ending July 4th, 1832,	£19,157,007
	£59,157,007

Taxation in 1784.

Total taxation	£21,657,609
Poor-rates	2,167,740
Tithes	2,500,000
Rent	16,000,000
	£42,325,349
Wheat per quarter	45*s.*
Official value, 1799	16,500,000
Real value	31,200,000
Population	13,889,675
Crime	2,000

Without carrying into the account the numerous minor outlays for which the nation as a whole is obliged annually to provide, the foregoing statements, derived from the most authentic sources, show that there is a yearly charge in direct or money taxes, for which no equivalent can be given, of £23,104,609,—a sum of £4,000,000 above the circulation of the Bank of England. Then we have indirectly £44,998,211 in addition, including the Customs, Excise, Stamps, Post Office, &c., which, together with the money-taxes, make £68,102,820. After which comes the rent of land, which, according to the property-tax returns of 1815, amounted to £29,000,000, or an average of 15*s.* and 10*d.* per acre on the superficies of England. The rental of houses and tenements will not be much less than £20,000,000, which add, and we have the united rental of land and houses at £49,000,000: this item added to the direct and indirect taxes make the annual amount to be provided for out of the currency of one great trunk, omitting the minor branches of yearly liabilities, of £117,102,820. As we have not yet come to barter, a mode of dealing though monstrously unwieldy yet unquestionably better for the country than a submission to the tyrannical injustice of Currency Acts of Parliament, it is a question well worthy of being asked, and if possible answered, how a circulating medium of

£59,157,007, notwithstanding its frequent course through the veins of commerce, its constant tendency towards the Treasury, from thence to the fundholders through the Bank, is made adequate to meet the annual taxation of £117,102,820? If this sum should be demanded on any one day, which though not likely, yet is a fair interrogatory, as no tender is legal except in the authentic money of the realm, how is it to be paid? In this case barter is inevitable!

In the present state of the currency there is no such thing as accommodation, in the true meaning of the word; the circulation of the five pound Country Bank-notes are almost a nullity; even in districts where these banks have the highest credit, they return in the course of five or six days: a smaller division being found absolutely requisite to the common wants of trade, country bankers are therefore as sparing of accommodation in their own notes as in sovereigns or in notes of the Bank of England. We have not added on that account to the circulating medium the few millions of country Five-pound bank-notes. It is acknowledged by all that they have not answered the promised purpose of the Bill of 1826.

In 1825 we had a circulation of £14,781,168 of country bank-notes. This circulation being principally in One-pound notes was truly one of accommodation. This gave a stimulus to commerce, just relieved from a grievous affliction by the Bill of 1819, which ended certainly in a mad career; but it should be borne in mind that during 1824 and 1825 the public burdens were less complained of than since the termination of the "anti-Jacobin war," and since loan-mongery, being no more, has ceased to have any effect on prices. It need not be insisted on further; the facts are too plain,—too melancholy at this stage of commercial mortification to dwell on—the closing scene, that, as the public burdens are more than twice as great in amount as the circulating medium, it requires but the commonest arithmetic to comprehend that every farthing of currency in the country must be paid twice over to meet the full demand of taxation and rent. It may be urged in answer to this, that the addition of £14,781,168 did not much increase the currency; true it did not much increase it, but it being entirely subservient to the demand for accommodation forced the enterprises of the country into new and profitable channels, and, by accelerating circulation in a quadrupled ratio, was equal to four times its amount in solid specie.

We are not writing in defence of paper-money or high prices: on the contrary, we have shown to the best of our ability that all our sufferings at this moment had their origin in that abominable Act of Parliament, "The Bank Restriction;" but we conceive that nothing can be more clear, than that as paper-money was the first cause of the debt, and an increase of taxation of 260 per cent., that nothing can be more unjust, nay even criminal, than to expect that this taxation should be demanded in a currency contracted, and risen in scarcity and value to full 35 per cent.

So long as the interest of the debt was required to be paid in paper-money of nominal value of one pound, though not of the real value of 14*s.*, the nominal amount of taxation, though large, was only felt in the proportion of 14*s.*=20*s.*; but since by returning to gold, we have increased the value of the £117,781,168 of taxation in the proportion of 20*s.* for 14*s.*, so much have the burdens of the public

been made heavier, and the difficulty of sustaining them aggravated to the point of throwing them off. If the public burdens had been lightened in proportion to the increased value of the money in which they were required to be paid, little or no distress would have been felt beyond what is natural to expect in a highly-taxed country; but in the face of declining markets, and a constant depreciation in the value of manufactures, (the cause of which we have already pointed out,) to strike a deeper wound, to make the yoke of the debt more galling, was an act of the basest turpitude, and only became a statesman, who either through the most egregious folly, madness, or avarice, could sacrifice his country to personal considerations alone.

T. L. M.

THE SIMPKIN PAPERS.

No. XI.

Dear Simpkin, January 31, 1832.

As I was quitting the House of Commons the other evening I picked up an envelope containing the following Letters, which I showed to our mutual friend the Member for ——, who advised me to send them to you. I should have sent them to Hume, but I feared if I did so they might find their way into the "Times" newspaper, and I might get into a scrape:—

Rev. Sir, 28th January, 1832.

My excellent fellow-labourer in the cause of true religion,—how shall I describe my grief at the wickedness and blasphemies, even of baptised persons, in these delinquent times? God was present with me the other night, when I made an attempt to save this wretched nation from irremediable ruin. I took the step of excluding scoffers, and addressed myself to the Legislature, having in my eye the precedent of a prophet of old, and showing all present I was a delegate from Heaven. I called attention to the deplorable state of the nation—to the want of due subordination in society, from mean-born men to their betters, here as well as in France—to the war between the two Houses of Parliament—the troubles at Bristol—in short, I touched on all topics. I stated that ours was the country of true religion in past times; tithes were paid with exceeding joy, and his Majesty's arms victorious abroad, while the disaffected were kept down by the physical force, which is the sinews of a godly land in my view of the case—I mean the military. I urged repentance, and proved we were the Nineveh of old, pestilence and sword and famine being abroad—witness cholera, Bristol, and the starving poor. I showed we were all sheer infidels, which the public press makes us, and as you, my dear good Sir, have shown before. Then there is the "march of intellect," which is all idolatry: far better that the nation humbled itself before our bishops and rectors and vicars, and ceased to blaspheme Heaven by stating that "power is from the people." From the people indeed! What is their duty but to obey, whatever be the power set over them, because such power, be what it may, must be from God? That hydra, public opinion, is destroying all our religious forms, and our respect for dignities, pluralities, and the vital principles of the true faith. I felt, my dear Reverend Sir, as one inspired. I was under an influence—an afflatus; and though I could not reach your enviable power of discoursing mysterious things, yet I am convinced I was momentarily inspired. I told the House of Commons they were in the wiles of Satan; that the people of England were all infidels; which I proved by the blasphemous attempt to give Jews the rights of citizens. I shook off the dust of my feet against that seventh plague of plagues—the "Edinburgh Review;" I warmed as I proceeded, and denounced the enemies of regal and priestly power, and the asserters of what is profanely styled the "rights of the people." I supplicated that the blessings of kings and priests

might be suppressed unless the House would fast, the King fast, the Peers fast, and the people fast. Here a Lucifer-beset mortal, who sits for Preston, said, "he thought the poor need not be included, as they had fasting enough just now;"—a most irreverent and ungodly remark. I bore the taunt meekly, as I should do, but did not cease to urge my cause with vigor even in the unhallowed and blasphemous atmosphere I breathed. I saw infidelity, in a nightmare shape, creeping round the House, now crouching over Whig and now over Tory, and depriving them of their manhood—poor souls! I told them that if they rejected my motion, all Europe (I mean the Holy-Alliance Europe, not France) would see they rejected divine authority, and that I saw the wrath sent forth against Sodom and Gomorrah was coming upon Christendom; but that if the people would "praise and sing for joy," it might be averted. Here the devil-inspired member for Preston whispered that he thought it best to feed them first, or there would not be much joy among the people, and quoted Isaiah most blasphemously to prove that a real fast "was one that would feed the hungry and clothe the naked." What an infidel he is!—I only asked one day's fast to save England—baptised England, and it was refused me!—Woe! woe! woe! What, reverend Sir, is the essence of all true religion but such observances—the letting the world see your prayers and humblings? What is the use of hunger, prayer, and humility out of sight? there's nothing in it, according to sound notions of true religion. Then Satan warned some members to aver that a Legislative House was not a place to discourse on theology! Dark souls! They say it needeth reform; I proposed a blessed method, and they reject it, much I fear because they love eating rather than fasting: those hardened sinners cannot consent to save the nation by dining off turbot or cod one day in the year. These are your patriots!

Hoping soon to reach that height in the practice of piety, that I shall be able, through your teaching, to address our infidel Legislature in the "unknown tongues," having but to attain that qualification to crown my earthly beatitude, I subscribe myself, envied Sir,

Your friend and servant,

The Rev. E—— I——. ——. ——.

From the Rev. E—— I—— in reply.

Sir,

Your pious and devout letter lieth before me at this moment; and it doth indeed more than yield a manifestation of your heavenly virtues, in the inordinate zeal and profundity of your ejaculations on behalf of a lost land. You are blessed with gifts which, from their developement at this moment of wide-spread desolation of true godliness, giveth me hope you will be an instrument of infinite good in combating the unclean spirit that goeth about seeking whom he may devour in this land of abominations. There is that Scarlett abomination, the Press, which spreadeth forth utterances that are full of blasphemings, corruptions, and infidelities. In all loving-kindness, my dear Sir, let me entreat you to cultivate your precious gifts, so that they may bring forth mature fruit. You are one of the chosen vessels, an excellent example of a saint endowed with almost supernatural powers of reason and argument, dealing righteous interpretations of religious truth to a legislative body abounding in carnal passions and deeply tinctured with political as well as cupidinous and immoral debasements—a body that hath much necessity of our prayers and of those of the elect in a country which approximateth so fast to perdition—a body, the proceedings whereof do so frequently pass all human understanding. Convert them, my dear Sir, I pray you, from their numerous errors, and sins of omission as well as commission. Cease not, from having once been baffled in your good work, to touch their consciences, and turn them from the error of their way, though you may be straitened in your undertaking by the influence of Beelzebub. He that despaireth in a like good work is not worthy of championing in such a cause. Soon

will you be assisted by farther supernatural and spiritual gifts of languages, which, as that being vernacular having failed, may peradventure succeed if the hearers be not all marked with the Cain brand of invincible obstinacy, and appointed unto brimstone. Many have derided the glorious gift which manifesteth itself in my congregation even in the frailer sex. Milton saith that one tongue or language sufficeth for a woman; but he saw not with the eye of truth, for he was an Arian—a man altogether one of the wicked in doctrine, and his observation deserveth not note. Let the scoffers unseemingly mock—many of the frailer sex in my congregation have marvellous gift of tongues, the like being no where else shown, not even at Fernicary in Gairlock, Dumbartonshire, where the manifestation of the unknown tongues in our age first appeared in March, 1830. It was at an occasion of fasting that two of a household in the before-mentioned place "burst forth in a strange tongue," not urged by domiciliary broil, such as, mayhap, prompteth frequently angry rebukings between tongue and tongue of the gender feminine, but by miraculous engenderment. You are, my dear Sir, in the right road to obtain the gift; and who knoweth what good effects it may not produce in Britain's senate—right marvellous effects? Hume the blasphemer may turn to the right path in politics and piety; and the opposite side of the House to you, in which ungodliness doth most flourish, may be converted to the doctrine of political conservation, as well as to the salvation of their present obdurate souls. Farewell, my dear friend, blessed with many gifts, in which I rejoice me. E—— I——.

To ——. ———, Esq. M.P. in the "Narrow Way."

Rev. Sir,

You have heard, through the medium of the ungodly Press, that my address to the Legislature has been exposed to the scoffers out of the place of meeting, where I made it, in violation of the practice of our wise ancestors, to guard against, what they doubtless foresaw, the making known through that instrument of Satan of their most secret proceedings. This has been a severe trial to my faith and patience. I do believe, between ourselves, that if the base Press did not exist, and report what is said, contrary to the existing orders, few or no Members would speak at all, so delighted are they, one and all, to see their names blazoned forth in the broad sheets of iniquity, and so lost to wisdom and modesty. I have been wickedly misrepresented by blasphemers: do, my dear Sir, pray for me; I need your prayers, and the prayers of your congregation. I am a very simple person indeed, and hence I trust I may bear my present affliction meekly. My arch-enemy Hume is one who it is well known was heretofore a pious character, having been greatly praised in the senate and country in time past for his "saving" graces; but he is an apostate now—and, what is worse, a scoffer! He misrepresented my sayings about the Fast, and leagued with the dark practices of the blackest of the arts to turn me into ridicule. Administer to me, Reverend Sir, a mite of consolation, a portion of your comforting doctrines, that I may continue in the cause of virtue and true religion, through evil and through good report. My warfare, I fear, is but just begun. O may I never turn back until I have wrought out and secured the safety of the nation by a day's fast, and thereby discomfited the instruments of vengeance now hanging over us! What a frightful thing is this "public opinion!" What strange devices beset us on all hands, showing the corruption of the times from our ancient piety, and innovating upon all those sacred customs of our ancestors, which, next to the Bible, we should reverence. The hallowed practices of Chancery are changed; criminal laws, given by the wisdom of our ancestors, are *reforming*—a word of dreadful import! seats are no more to be bought in Parliament; rail-roads are ruining our breed of horses; highways are Macadamized; all men worship God after their own illegal fashions, instead of following the only lawful Church; Catholics

and Jews are allowed to possess rights and opinions of their own; brandy is extracted from bread—alas! for the staff of life; and even the efforts of my Christian piety are blasphemed! What will become of us in such times?—How clear is the work of destruction and of demoralization proceeding! But my heart is full. Let me have a line of consolation from you soon.

Reverend Sir.

Your afflicted friend and servant,

From the "Slough of Despond," ——. ——.
February 2, 1832.

Dear Sir,

My heart regurgitateth on perusing your letter. At the moment I received it I was inditing an epistle to the Caledonians on the "unknown tongues," which I immediately laid by to enter with more sympathy into the detail of your sore afflictions. Grievous indeed is the conduct of persons from whom better things might by you have been expected than to meet with a spirit of aspersion, and in verity with extraversion for a pious proposition like yours. To betray to the impious world your much-to-be-lauded oration is a sign of the times which must be stamped with the signet of reprobation. O! I trust before long there will be a sub-ingression of different feelings into their hardened hearts—that Satan may be driven out of them as out of unclean swine, and that this unseemly ludification may be amalgamated with silence, even for ever. To be fluctuant in your circumstances will argue imbecillity in the first of all causes. Omit not the repetition of your endeavours to move the wayward progeny of sin in the legislative House, though it be one in which there is very little godliness I ween at present. Be not of faint heart, and you will discomfit your arch-enemy, who hath so contemptuously betrayed you. Attack him again and again, even as Bunyan saith Christian did Apollyon, in his useful and allegorical writing, appellated the "Progress of the Pilgrim." I supplicate you to call upon me, as I have much to say regarding a new miracle, which may be of service in your cause and cast to shame your most parsimonious calumniator; who, while he is a spendthrift of his vituperate effusions against your pious efforts, dealeth fractionally and in minute parts respecting the outlay of the medium that circulateth for the nation's carnal advantage. Thus doth he incontinently administer to a double impiety; nevertheless his heart may be touched, and some good wrought upon its usurious texture by perseverance in admonishing, and in reprobating mildly but unceasingly this impolitic scoffer. May Heaven aid so excellent an undertaking, the which will be a fount of rejoicing to the Chancellors of England's Exchequer now and for evermore! May the true spirit of fasting be upon you, until all your praiseworthy ends are accomplished in a blessed attenuation.

I am, dear Sir, ever devoutly yours,

E—— I——.

Here is a touch of the "unknown tongues" for you, according to the last despatches from the Caledonian Oracle:

Hok us Crok e ros ver sos Al thorp os,
Per ce val los con tros Hu mi,
Peel os Wyn nos a pud Goul bur nos
Weth er el los pug nos Ri ci,
Wig a To ry a, spout um re rum.

I hope you will settle the longs and shorts in this stanza—I cannot.

Ever, dear Simpkin, yours,

P. C.

IRISH SKETCHES.—No. III.

THE CASTLE OF MALAHIDE.

BY LADY MORGAN.

Of the swarms that at a particular epoch rushed from the great northern hive, and possessed themselves of the fairest portions of southern and western Europe, the hardy and tenacious race which took the name of Normans evinced a superior organization over all cotemporary barbarians. Whatever element they chose for their sphere of action, as the sea-kings of one age or the land-warriors of another, they colonized with rapidity, held to their conquests with determination, founded dynasties, and established civilized communities; and, maintaining with valour what they had obtained by violence, they transmitted to their posterity, for a series of centuries, that firmness of purpose which is the sole secret of permanent success. Of the Norman adventurers who invaded Ireland in the twelfth century, the greater number are still represented by descendants in peaceable possession of a part of their original lands;[1] and nearly all the castles of the Pale, which mark its very limited boundaries, still show their sites with picturesque ruins, or dominate them in still more picturesque integrity. Of these two extremes, the best illustration will be found in the castles of Ley and Malahide.

The first Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland protected by the sword what they had won by the sword. But Henry II., on his arrival, adopting the forms of feudality so recently introduced into England, conferred estates and dignities on the knights who accompanied him, to be held under the English Crown in a country to which he was almost a stranger: and by subjecting the grantees to the conditional performance of military and honorary services, he strove, in this allocation of his principal officers in Ireland, to perpetuate their submission, and to secure the resources of their lands for the advantage of the English throne. In distributing provinces and principalities to a De Burgo and a De Boteler,[2] the servants of his household, Henry still kept a corner for himself or for some of his personal favourites; who, inferior in power to the potent magnates, were more likely to preserve their faith to their master inviolate, and to offer central points for the maintenance of his authority. When he bestowed the province of Leinster on the Earl of Pembroke, to be held as a noble fief of the Crown, he thus retained for his "pleasure and esbattement" the lordship of Malahide, or Mulloghide—two cantreds of land in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

It appears that among the young gallants who accompanied King Henry to Ireland was one Richard Talbot, second son of Richard Talbot, Lord of Eccleswell and Linton in Herefordshire. His paternal grandfather was the sturdy governor of Hereford Castle; his maternal grandsire was "the grete Earl of Arundel;" and his

[1] "It is a remarkable circumstance, that the ancient baronies of Ireland have almost been universally enjoyed by persons of the same surname and blood as the first founders."—Lynche's View of the Legal Institutions, &c. &c.

[2] The family name of the Butlers was Beckett; they were kinsmen of the martyr archbishop, and were created the king's butlers by Henry in a spirit of penance. The De Burgos were the "sewers" in the royal household.

family was already historical in the annals of England. Henry II. had given the lordship of Eccleswell, in England, to the father; on the son he bestowed the lordship of Malahide, and the castle and town of Dalkey in Ireland. Malahide was an important maritime boundary of the Pale: wood-embosomed, sea-girted, it was well defended by the Dangain, or Danish rath, which crowned its impending hill. Its little port was much frequented, and the whole district formed a part of the most cultivated and civilized tract in Ireland—Fingal; then, as now, designated as the "land of the Fair Stranger." "The Pale itself," says that agreeable old chronicler Hollingshed, "was the richest and civilest soyle in Ireland; and Fingall more especially, from tyme to tyme, hath been so addicted to all the points of husbandrie, as they are nicked by their neighbours for their continuall drudgerie *collonnes*, of the Latin word *colonia*, whereunto the clipt English word *clown* seemeth to be answerable." Such were the soil and population of Fingal from the twelfth century to the reign of Elizabeth, and such are they now; the habits, manners, the very names of the original Danish and English settlers unchanged and unmixed at the end of 600 years.[1] Henry II. was well aware that the conquest of England by his grandfather had been greatly facilitated by the want of castles to impede his progress; and he had the sagacity to defend himself against the encroachments of the native Irish on this weak side, by granting licenses to the new settlers for raising such edifices, retaining them however in his own custody in time of war (an uninterrupted possession). A chain of rude, crenelated, square dungeons rose rapidly throughout the Pale, and dominated the marshes "to fear awaie the Irishry." Every Anglo-Norman lord had to build his tenure-castle, to be held in royal custody. English masons arrived with every tide at Clontarf, Malahide, or Dalkey; the poor Irish kearns threw away their skeins for the trowel, and their spears for the axe; and the Pale exhibited a scene of incipient activity and civilization under the superintendance of the king's deputy De Lacy, which is thus quaintly described by an old chronicler of the times:—"Hugh De Lacie, the rather to mete with such hurlie-burlies as were like to put the state of the Irish countrie in danger, if the same were not the sooner brought to quiet, erected and built a number of castels and fortes in places convenientlie seated; well and sufficiently garnished with men, munition, and vittels; at which divers of the Irish praied to be set on work for wages. Lacie came sundrie times to further the work (his own castle of Durrow), full glad to see them in with anie such exercise, wherein they might have begun to have delight, and taste the sweetnesse of a true man's life. He thought it no small token of reformation; for which cause he visited them oftener, and merrilie would commend his gentlemen to give the labourers example, to take tooles in hand, and to work a season, whilst the poor soules, looking on, might rest them. But this pastime grew to a tragical end; for on a time, as each man was busilie occupied, some toiling, some hewing, some plaistering, some

[1] Sweetman, (Swede-man,) Seagrave, Russel, &c. &c.: not an O' or a Mac is to found in Malahide or its neighbourhood.

graving, the generall (the lord-deputy) also himself digging with a pix-axe, a desperate villian among them, whose toole the nobleman used, espying both his hands occupied, and his bodie inclining downwards still as he stroke, watched when he so stooped, and with his axe cleft his head in sunder,—little esteeming the torments that for this traitorous act ensued;"—an universal war between the Irish and the English of the Pale and its surrounding countries.

It was thus, like the gentlemen of the lord-deputy's train, that the Talbots probably worked, axe in hand, at their first rude castle of Malahide, which they raised in a place conveniently seated in the midst of a wooded plain close to its port, and sheltered by its rath-crowned hill. To castellate now became a fashion: the monasteries of the Pale "sued for license to crenelate and embattle their belfries," with a clerical foppery singular in those rude times. Thus, too, the strongholds of the Fitzgeralds, the St. Lawrences, the De Lacies, the Barnwells, &c. &c., rose on every side, and bid defiance to the O'Moores, the O'Briens, and the O'Tooles, who looked down in contempt from their mountain fastnesses, and impervious glens of Dublin and Wicklow, on those *stone-cages*, unworthy for brave men to depend on for defence. Even in a later epoch, when the lord-deputy De Courcy, "a powerful man," had won the friendship of that wild toparch Mac Mahon, and was bound with him in the strong and sacred tie of gossipry, he could not bring him over to the domestic comfort and warlike security of "lyme and stone." For, having raised him two castles on the boundaries of his country for his defence against encroaching neighbours, scarcely had the deputy returned to Dublin, when Mac Mahon levelled them to the earth. Called to account for this breach of trust, he answered contemptuously, "I swore not to hold stones, but lands; nor is it in my nature to live between cold walls, when the woods are so nigh." Here and there, indeed, the Irish raised a few piles "for the captains of their countrie, in imitation of the English settlers: but I will be bold to say," adds Sir John Davis, "that never any particular person (Irish), from the conquest to the reign of James, did build any stone or brick houses for his private use, but such as have obtained estates under the English law."

Entrenched within his tenure-castle of Malahide, Richard Talbot was soon bound in the galling chain of feudality, knighted, and obliged to go forth to battle whenever the deputy unfurled his standard. The Church, too, soon discovered the new and prosperous settler, and pounced at once on his conscience and his cantreds. The first act of the chatelain of Malahide was to make over "a grant of certeyne lands in Malahide Beg in pure and perpetual almes to the monks of St. Marie's Abbey in Dublin, for that they might praie for his soule, the soule of his brother Roger, and the soules of their ancestors;"—a sweeping bargain! This grant, in the reign of King John, Reginald De Wassanville Talbot, the son of Richard, piously ratified, with an addition of a few acres of his lands of Port Maonock, in part payment of his own salvation. So rapidly, indeed, did the organ of veneration develope itself in the heads of this family, that in the year 1250 they founded and endowed a monastery, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, at their sole expense. This

monastery occupied the site where far other rites were celebrated in aftertimes—the site of the Royal Theatre in Crow Street, where the Mossops, the Barrys, the Woffingtons, and the Jordans, performed their noviciate. The ground is now about to be built upon for a Methodist Chapel. Meantime, "to make assurance doubly sure," Richard Talbot, in 1259, obtained a re-grant of his estates from King John; and one Richard Talbot succeeded another in lineal descent to the reign of Edward III.;—all valiant and comely cavaliers, as it should seem, for they all married heiresses: and the rich and fertile cantreds of Cork Beg, Feltrim, Baalragan, and other smooth acres with rough titles, were brought into the rent-roll of Malahide by the alliances of its worthy knights with the Lady Marys, Julias, and Margarets of the De Canetons, De Kenewricks, and other grim names of then powerful import.

With all this accession of lands and honours, the Pale lords slept not on beds of roses. To defend their own castles, and to attack those of their neighbours whenever they were not hunting an O'Moore to his woods, or an O'Beirne to his mountains; to go forth an hosting at the lord-deputy's command; to make a prey of cattle or of men, or to undertake pilgrimages through perilous ways to remote shrines, and never to leave the protection of their own barbican without a well-founded apprehension of returning shorter by a head, (the Irish custom being to cut off the heads of the vanquished,) formed the principal details of the wretched existence of these early settlers on the lands of the Pale. The state of society in Ireland at that period, and even for two centuries afterwards, was without parallel in the history of the world; and all its elements were so anti-socially organized, that the wonder is not that the country should still exhibit traces of incivilization, but that it did not become wholly depopulated and wild. The invaders were in perpetual and universal warfare with the invaded, who would neither unite to expel the foreign enemy, nor agree to submit to the English authority. The English by descent at variance with the English by blood, the native chiefs in ceaseless predatory hostility with each other, and all alike in occasional rebellion against the government, were all equally ignorant of enlightened morality, the blessing of good laws, and of the evil of those feudal institutes which made every chief a despot, and every subject a rebel or a slave. Thus, it appears, a Reginald Talbot, of Malahide, began to run restive, and failed to offer at the Exchequer his tributary goshawk, probably intending, like many others of his order then in Ireland, to set up for himself. When obliged to come in, he was had into Court for delivering into the Exchequer, as the rent of his estate, one goshawk, which, on inspection and examination there, proved unsound, unfit, and of no value: and inasmuch as the delivery of the same was a fraud on the Court, and a grievous damage to the King, the said Reginald Talbot was fined.

In times so wild and barbarous, it is pleasant to see some faint ray of a dawning civilization breaking through the gloom. In 1315, Richard Talbot, of Malahide, was elected sheriff of Dublin.[1] He

[1] In the genealogical account of the family, it is said that Richard Talbot was elected sheriff in 1315. It is more probable that the city dignity conferred was

was soon, however, called on to bring his faction into the field, and to march under the banner of his gallant friend Lord John Birmingham, of Louth, against Edward Bruce, who, joining the Irish enemy, had devastated the country, and deluged the soil with blood, carrying destruction to the castles of the Pale, most of which he levelled, to the very walls of Dublin. The bloody victory obtained over the Scotch and Irish armies by the Anglo-Irish captains brought no peace to the conquering survivors. A feud broke out between the gentlemen of Fingal and Louth. Richard Talbot, with his friends and partisans, joined Lord John against the De Gernons, De Verdons, and others. A pitched battle was fought in the plain of Ballybragan on the vigil of St. Barnaby, and Richard Talbot and his friend Lord Louth were slain, with two hundred gentlemen of their followers. This event happened in 1320. The loyalty and worth of the father procured the protection of the English Government for the son, who, though a minor at his father's death, was knighted, and received a livery of his estate. In 1374 (Edward III.) he was summoned to the *magnum concilium*, or Parliament, by the title of Thomas Talbot, *miles*, and as one of the *melioribus et sufficientibus hominibus*, &c. In 1379 he was again summoned to Parliament by special writ. Thus, at the distance of five hundred years, began the parliamentary career of the Talbots of Malahide; and through that awful interval of time, and long sweep of events, it does not appear that one voice of theirs was raised against the honour or the interests of their native country. [1]

In 1414, Sir John Talbot, Lord of Furnival, and kinsman to the Irish families of that name, came to Ireland as the King's deputy. He landed at Dalkey, and "made a circular progress round the Pale in a most warlike manner." It may be supposed that the Talbots lost nothing by the influence of their relation, who was succeeded in office by Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin. Some curious traits of the vice-regal reign of this deputy are preserved, illustrative of the times. In a Parliament held by him in Trim, it was enacted that "cornonick, or protection of Tories, be treason." It is a mark of the growing liberality of this age, that it was "licensed that any officer may travel by sea from one part of Ireland to another, without forfeiture," or may travel any where with a license. Thus was Ireland, in the fifteenth century, in this respect on a par with Austria and some other European states of the nineteenth; whose serfs of the highest ranks are obliged to obtain permission to travel, or reside for a given time in foreign countries, under penalty of forfeiture.

In 1415, Robert Talbot, "a righte noble man," close-walled the suburbs of Kilkenny, and departed this life.

In 1436, the castle and lordship of Malahide, with other lands in

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that of provost; for, according to Stanihurst, "the sword was not given to the city till 1409 (Henry IV.), when Dublin was ruled by a mayor and two bailiffs, which were changed for 'shiriffes' by a charter granted by Edward VI. (1547): but it appeareth by the ancient seale of the citie called *signum preposituræ*, that this citie was in old times governed by a provost."

[1] Mistaken perhaps in their opinions, they were never false to their ideas of patriotism. They fought against invasion or usurpation, against a Cromwell or a William of Orange, but still they fought for Ireland; and if they loved her not wisely, they at least consecrated their errors by their disinterestedness, for they were on the side of the weakest.

Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, were placed in the King's hands (Henry VI.) during the minority of Richard Talbot, the King appointing four chaplains, or ecclesiastics, as guardians. On coming of age, this Richard Talbot brought to his castle, as its bridal mistress, the Lady Maud Plunket, daughter of the Lord Killeen, and sister of the first Lord Dunsany. The lady's story was a romance, it being recorded of her that she was "a maid, wife, and widow in one day." Her first bridegroom, Hussy, Baron of Galtrim, having been called from the altar to head a hosting against the Irishry, was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse, on the shields of his followers. The effigy of this lady is still to be seen, in the church of Malahide, dressed in the costume of the time.

It was at this epoch that a new source of "feud and foray" broke forth in Ireland, which assumed all the fierce and bitter character of its own domestic origin—the struggle of the Houses of York and Lancaster. "Hence began," says the chronicler, "the factions of the nobilitie and gentrie of Ireland, favouring divers sides that strove for the crown of England; for the Duke of York, while in Ireland, had by his conduct exceedingly won the hearts of the nobilitie and gentrie of that land. Great was the credit of the house of Geraldine, even when the House of York prospered; and likewise the Butlers thrived under the blood of Lancaster." The Talbots, always of the party of the Geraldines, which was ever that of the nation, became the most zealous of the Yorkists. The Lancasters were deemed their natural enemies; and to side with the House of York (the Duke of Clarence was born in Dublin) was the liberalism of that day.[1] "The faction of the Talbots began to get great," says Coxe, "it being in the nature of mankind to be mutinous against an uneasy government, be the fault where it will; for the multitude consider what they feel, and cannot penetrate into the cause or evil of their grievance; and therefore they fall upon the most obvious remedy, which is the change of the government." The impressions which the Duke of York (1459) had left behind him, by his severe, but even-handed, justice, procured for him the most enthusiastic reception, when he took refuge in Ireland from the persecutions of the Lancastrians; for he was so well esteemed of the Irish, says Stanihurst, "that multitudes of his Irish subjects followed him to England, to assist him in the pursuit of his claims to the crown." The adhesion of the Earl of Kildare, of the Talbots, the Birminghams, and other lords of the Pale, were well marked in aftertimes by the unforgiving blood of the Lancastrian Tudors. The extermination of nearly the whole race of the Geraldines could not satiate their love of blood and vengeance, from Henry VII. to Elizabeth—that antitype of her father; nor was the crime of Yorkism in Ireland ever forgiven by the English sovereigns till the House of Tudor became extinct. In the reign of Henry VII. a deep and mutual hatred to the Lancastrians and to the Butlers, their Irish adherents, led to a strict alliance between Sir Peter Talbot of Malahide, and the great Earl of Kildare, which was cemented by an union of the tenderest nature; the Earl bestowing his youngest daughter on Sir Peter,—the Lady

[1] Within the memory of the present generation, the Yorkist rose was still to be seen in the pavement of the old church of Malahide.

Catherine Fitzgerald, who brought with her as a dowry the beautiful estate of Carton, lying under the very walls of her paternal castle of Maynooth. It was the grandson of this lady who founded the younger branch of the Talbots of Carton, which thus became the birth-place of the celebrated Richard Duke of Tirconnel, and of his brother, the gifted and unfortunate Archbishop of Dublin. By this illustrious alliance Sir Peter Talbot became the brother-in-law of his foe Pierce Butler, Earl of Ossory, who married the Lady Margaret Fitzgerald, the most celebrated and extraordinary woman of her time and nation.

The reign of Edward IV., though it brought no remedy for the sufferings of Ireland, was eminently favourable to the nobility of the Pale. Many of their castles, which even in the time of Edward III. were going to decay, were now re-edified upon an enlarged scale. Among these, the castle of Malahide, if not wholly rebuilt, was considerably improved; an effigy of the King was placed over the principal entrance; and its towers, its court, or bawn, its crenelated walls and ditch, exhibited all the stern and formidable characteristics of a baronial dwelling: a grant from the King conferred regal powers on its lords; and a prison, a gallows, and a church, within its circuit, intimated their power and their piety.

The arrival of Lambert Simnel; the honours paid to him by the deputy, Gerald Earl of Kildare, and the gentry of the Pale; his coronation in Christ Church; his being carried to the castle on men's shoulders, "as he was sure an honourable child to look upon;"—all these open symptoms of treason were not sufficient to displace the lord deputy, "so powerful was that mighty man." When the plot (or just claims) of Lambert was defeated at the battle of Stoke, the Earl's attendance at Court was demanded by the King; but he, for sufficient causes, took leave to decline the invitation, on the plea that "he could not be spared from the government." This excuse was admitted, his pardon granted, for the nonce; and Henry remained satisfied with despatching his minister, Sir Richard Edgecomb, to Ireland, to take new oaths of allegiance from the nobility, and to hold them in recognizances, as the price of their pardon. Accompanied by five hundred men at arms, Sir Richard arrived at Waterford after "a contrarious voiage." Having taken the oaths from Lord De Courcy, and the loyal mayor and corporation of that city—all true Lancastrians (the Tories of those times) and good haters and calumniators of the Earl of Kildare,—"the seyd Sir Richard," as his secretary and journalist calls him in his curious diplomatic diary, "continued his most perillous voiage, and set forth in his skippes to braven the wide seas, and expose hymself to great contrarious wyndes and tempests." The chances of this adventurous voyage threw him on the hospitality of Malahide Castle; and he unconsciously became the guest of the sister and the wife of two men, whom he had orders to attaint of high treason, in case they should not make a confession of their faults and an unconditional recognition of the House of Tudor. "The seyd Sir Richard, after great contrarious wyndes, fetched one island, called Lambay, off the coast of Dublyn, and sent to inquire for the Bushopp of Clogher, Thomas

Dartrass, the Kyng's porter, to have knowledge of him of the disposition of the people." Thomas Dartrass returned with the intelligence that "the redoutable Erl" was gone on a pilgrimage, and that it would be four or five days "ere he mought come again to Dublyn; and so desired hym to come to Dublyn and take his ease." For this purpose "the seyd Sir Richard landed at Malahide; and ther a gentilwoman called Talbot receaved and made hym righte good cheer: and the same day, at afternoone, the Bushopp of Meath and others cume to Malahide aforesaid well accompanied, and fetched the seyd Sir Richard to Dublyn. And at his coming thither, the mayor and substance of the citie receaved hym at the Black Fryers gate, at which Black Fryers the seyd Sir Richard was lodged." The result of this visit, most dramatically related in all its details by "the seyd Sir Richard," was the obtaining with much difficulty the required oath of allegiance from the "redoutable Erl," the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Clogher, the Prior of Kelmainhum, Preston Viscount Gormanston, James Fleming baron of Hune, Nicholas St. Lawrence Lord Howth, Christopher Barnwell lord of Trimblestone, Sir John Plunket lord of Dunsany, P. Birmingham (afterwards Lord Athonry), Christopher Bellew of Bellew's Town, Peter Talbot Kt. lord of Malahide, &c. The oath of allegiance thus taken by the Talbots left them for some time in peace in their castle of Malahide, where doubtless, in their beautiful hall, which at this moment presents the same aspect as it then did, they continued to dispense right good cheer to their neighbours the Howths, the Louths, the Barnwells, the Gormanstowns, the Bellews, and the Geraldines, all now, as then, their alternate guests and hosts.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the Irish nobility were marked out for the most sanguinary persecution. Of this the House of Kildare were the most notable victims. The father of Lady Catherine Talbot died in the Tower of London of a broken heart; and her five uncles, with her celebrated and gifted brother "the silken Lord Thomas," were delivered up to the King's vengeance by an act of treachery the vilest that ever disgraced the history of any government. Her half-sister the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, an hostage and a guest at the Court of the murderer of her kinsmen, became better known to posterity as the "more than celestial Geraldine" of Lord Surrey's Muse. It was a remarkable circumstance that, while Sir Peter Talbot was suspected of treasonable practices, and called on for a formal recognizance for his loyalty, his son and successor Thomas was dubbed a knight-banneret on the field, by the Lord Deputy Grey, for his gallant bearing in a conflict against O'Neil. This circumstance, however, did not influence the feelings of the new knight against the House of Tudor; for the Talbots were ever good haters, as they were zealous friends: and when, in 1531, the King displayed his banner on the hill of Owenstown in the county of Dublin, Thomas, not obeying this summons nor appearing for his barony, was processed by the Court of Exchequer.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the celebrated "celestial Geraldine," the Queen's old play-fellow at Hunsden, had become the stately Countess of Lincoln. As cousin to Talbot of Malahide, she

may have presented his learned and reverend kinsman, John Talbot, to the Queen. As a recent convert to her new religion, Elizabeth proposed him to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a vacant bishopric. The Archbishop, in horror of a man who had Papist blood still hot in his veins, exclaimed, "Talbot a bishop! Marry, an it please your Highness, he is not even a Christian!" "An though he be not," replied the Queen, merrily, "he will do well enough for an Irish bushopp." This John Talbot is cited as a "very good maker in English;"[1] English being then in Ireland nearly as scarce as Greek. It is probable, however, that his Latin oration in praise of Essex was the true cause of his elevation.

The accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England was the millennium of the noble families of Ireland, as well Irish as of Anglo-Norman origin. As Catholics they imagined that in the person of James they had found a protector; and the natives considered him as a descendant of their own kings. Many therefore posted to his Court, to press claims or to extort favours by a prostration of personal dignity; which Ben Jonson has immortalized in the exaggerated, insolent, and too melancholy satire of his "Irish Masque." At this period, and during the reign of Charles I., the Talbots of Malahide remained at home; and while the Talbots of Carton were pushing their fortunes at Whitehall, or fighting under foreign banners abroad, Sir John Talbot of Malahide, and his wife Lady Catherine, the daughter of the Earl of Fingal, were still representing the honours and dispensing the hospitality of the family, when Cromwell arrived as General of the Forces in Ireland.

The Pale was then the focus of loyalty, and its castles were of great importance. Even after the republicans had obtained possession of Dublin, part of the royal army was encamped at Finglass, a village close to the capital; and the battle of Swords was fought within gun-shot of Malahide. The siege and sacking of Drogheda, a terrible event, within fifteen miles of the castle, was followed by an attack on its own walls: when it surrendered, it was instantly seized on by Cromwell for his own residence, being, as he observed, "the strongest castle in the neighbourhood of Dublin." To Sir John and his lady was given the gracious alternative of going "to Hell, or Connaught." They chose the latter; and, retiring to their estate of Castle-Ring in the county of Roscommon, they took, as they believed, their last farewell of that ancient residence, where, for five centuries, their ancestors had "kept crock and pan," or had armed for field or foray, against king or subject, as they deemed the interests of Ireland may have demanded.

Whilst Cromwell took possession of Malahide, and stripped the Church of its lead to defend its walls, Colonel Ingoldsby obtained Talbot's-town, another of the family estates, in Wicklow. On Cromwell's departure to play the greater part assigned him in England, Malahide Castle was given to his deputy Miles Corbet,

[1] To "make well in English" was a great eulogium. "There liveth," says old Hollingshed, "one Wise, in Waterford, that maketh verrie well in the English." There still liveth one Wyse in Waterford, worthy of the same commendation. Another of the family of the Member for Tipperary is celebrated as "one Andrew Wise, a toward youth, and a good versifier."

who set up a brewery in the church, and kindled the fire under his boilers on the site of the great altar. The stains of the smoke are still visible; and tradition asserts that, in consequence of his destruction of the twelve Apostles sculptured over this altar, the image of the Virgin Mary (who, from the foundation of the castle to that moment, had kept watch and ward over its inhabitants) disappeared from the black-oak chamber. On the morning, however, of the flight of Miles Corbet in an open boat from the port of Malahide, he observed, in passing through this chamber, that the Virgin was again enshrined in her ancient niche over the chimney-piece, and remarked it to some of the followers of the Talbots still retained in his service. From that moment to the present, she holds her place over one of the most cheerful and hospitable hearths in Ireland.

The restoration of the House of Stuart was the restoration of the venerable Sir John and Lady Talbot. The first act of this spirited lady was to order the demolition of the outworks and defences of the castle; alleging to her son and heir Richard,[1] that she was resolved Malahide should never again serve as a stronghold to invite the residence of an usurper.

There is no greater historical illusion than that entertained of the reign of the Stuarts having been favourable to the Catholics of Ireland. It was under James I. that a civil inquisition was set up for the discovery of disputed titles, which aimed at the forfeiture of the entire Catholic property. Sir Arthur Chichester, his deputy, is doomed to everlasting fame for the prosecution of this scheme, which was recompensed by a share of the forfeited estates, amounting to ten thousand a year. The same inquisition was continued under Charles I. by the despotic Strafford; who, in his determination to find the title for the King, proposed to have his inquisitors attended by five hundred horse, "as good lookers-on." Four whole counties in Connaught were thus found for the King; but the loyalty of the Irish to this false and worthless race, whose hereditary temperament continued unchanged to its last miserable representative, remained unshaken. They brought the same devotion to the Court of Charles II. as they had evinced in the field and in exile for his father. The Ormonds, the Ossorys, the Kildares, the O'Briens, the Fitzmaurices, and the Talbots of Carton, all hastened to exchange their Pale castles of Ireland for an apartment at Whitehall, or a lodging at Newmarket. Col. Richard Talbot of Carton, (nephew of the Lord of Malahide,) and his brother the Red Peter Talbot, were among the favourites and boon-companions of the King and his brother the Duke of York. Peter was made almoner to the Queen; while Richard, in a fit of disgust or patriotism, left the Court, and retired to Ireland. When he again presented himself at Whitehall, he appeared as the advocate and agent for the claims of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, more unjustly treated and oppressed by the Stuarts than they had been even by the Tudors. It is curious to see the Butlers and the Talbots still opposed in the Court of Charles II. as they had been in the reign of Henry VII. The minister

[1] This Richard Talbot married his cousin Frances Talbot of Carton, sister to Richard Duke of Tirconnel.

Ormond opposed the claims of the Irish Catholics advocated by Talbot; and the petulant and irascible advocate, in his expostulations with the ducal premier, conducted himself with such haughty violence that he was committed to the Tower. Charles, in his mischievous love of fun, taunted the Duke with his passive endurance of Dick Talbot's wit and violence, till, worried by the heartless pleasantry, Ormond turned shortly upon him, and exclaimed, "Odd's my life, Sire; does your Majesty then wish that I should doff my doublet at this time of day to fight a duel with Dick Talbot?"

The succession of James II. converted the "Dick Talbot" of Whitehall into the Earl and Duke of Tirconnel, lord-lieutenant and commander of the forces in Ireland. But though the family of Malahide returned five members to the Parliament held in Dublin, 1689, they seem to have derived but small advantage from the elevation of their kinsman. Edward III. by his letters patent, and Edward IV. by his grant, had given to the Talbots of Malahide royalties and privileges of the highest and most distinguishing character. With other far greater powers were assigned the customs of the port of Malahide, with the right of sealing the cocket, or custom-house receipt, with their own private seal, without any account to be rendered to the King. If any of the King's officers should enter the manor to exercise any thing contrary to this privilege, it was made lawful for the Talbots to hinder and resist them. But though at the Restoration the Talbots were declared "innocent persons," and by virtue of the Act of Settlement were restored to their manor and lands of Malahide, with all the royalties thereunto belonging, the customs of their port were taken by the King's officers. Richard Talbot petitioned the King against this usurpation in 1678; and Sir John Temple, to whom the case was referred, admitted the grant and its exercise up to 1641, but recommended that the rights should not be restored, as being prejudicial to his Majesty's customs; but that some such compensation for his pretences should be granted as his Majesty shall be pleased to allow, as in the case of the Earl of Kildare for Strangford, and the Society of London for Londonderry, and thereupon the petitioner be obliged to release to his Majesty all his right and claim, &c. Notwithstanding the evident justice of this claim, and the near relationship of the family to the all-powerful Duke of Tirconnel, neither were the rights restored nor any compensation made for the usurpation.

Of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tirconnel, much ill has been written, and more believed; but his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has only been written by the pen of party steeped in gall, and copied servilely from the pages of prejudice by the tame historians of modern times, more anxious for authority than for authenticity. Two qualities he possessed in an eminent degree—wit [1] and va-

[1] During his exile with the Duke of York he was presented by Charles II. to Louis XIV., to whom he bore so extraordinary a resemblance that Louis, mortified to find that any "mortal mixture of earth's mould" should approach so near to the royal model, demanded insolently of the young Irishman, "La mère de Mons. Talbot a été à la cour de France?" "Pardon, Sire," replied the Irish wit, "jamais: c'est mon père qui y a été." Louis turned on his heel, while the courtiers bit their lips in vain.

lour; and if to gifts so brilliant and so Irish be joined devotion to his country, and fidelity to the unfortunate and fated family with whose exile he began life, and with whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with much great and striking good.

Under happier circumstances the good might have predominated; and he, whose deeds are held even by his own family in such right estimation, might have shed a lustre on his race by those talents and heroism which gave force to his passions, and celebrity to his errors.

Of the various conflicts which have influenced the fate of Ireland, the greater number have been fought within the boundaries of the Pale. The last and greatest was the battle of the Boyne, an event on which the destinies not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain and even Europe, were deeply involved. On the eve of that memorable battle King James slept at Slane Castle, where he had been sumptuously entertained by Christopher Flemming, Lord Slane.[1]

This Christopher was then scarcely eighteen: like all his family, devoted to the Stuarts, he saw the King issue forth from his gates armed for the fight. He saw the first onset from the walls of his castle, and hurried forth to mingle in the fray; from which he escaped a beggar, an exile, and an attainted traitor. Such are the lamentable consequences of the most glorious of victories, by which the liberties of a nation are rescued through the perils of a civil war. In such contests it is the noblest and best who suffer, and who fall. How deep then is the guilt, and how black the infamy, of the traitors, crowned or coronetted, whose selfish ambition, by trampling upon public rights, compels an injured nation to rise in its own defence, and to put its existence, political and civil, on the issue of a battle!

While James was arming in Slane Castle, another scene equally striking was enacted in the hall of Malahide. Before the dawn of day, the Talbots with their kinsmen, to the number of fourteen, assembled, armed to the teeth, round a breakfast-table, at which the sister of the King's lieutenant-general (Tirconnel), the Lady Frances, wife of the head of this loyal party,[2] presided.

They set forth with the light to join their kinsman the Duke, the King's camp lying on the near shore of the Boyne, and found Tirconnel with the Duc de Berwick, James's natural son, reconnoitring the position of King William on the opposite side of the river. While William was mounting his horse, it happened that a man and two horses, standing near him, were killed by a cannon-ball. A second bullet, rebounding, glanced over the right shoulder of the gallant William, and inflicted a flesh wound: his officers crowded round him, and it was thought by the enemy that he was killed. A shout of joy rose from the Irish camp; and Tirconnel, prompt to avail himself of the great event, sent forth a squadron of cavalry to

[1] Slane Castle and its vast territories, forfeited by this lord's attainder, were sold, and are now the property of the Marquis of Conyngham, who, in 1822, entertained there another King. King William on the same night lodged with Lord Howth.

[2] Richard Talbot of Malahide, who died in 1703.

profit by the consternation. In this petulant attack perished the party of the Talbots, one only returning to the castle to tell the story of the eventful day. This one was a stripling youth, Richard, son, heir, and successor of the then Talbot of Malahide. The story he continued to tell down to the middle of the last century,—and to one, from whose veracious lips the author of this article first heard its details.[1]

In 1789, Richard Wogan Talbot, Esq., now of Malahide, succeeded to his father (the heir and nephew of "the old gentleman,"[2] the Richard of the Boyne). He was called to represent the honours of his family as heir-male general of Sir Thomas Talbot, summoned to Parliament 1374.

There are illusions, almost poetical, connected with the inheritance of a name so interwoven in the history of a nation, which, though they be not approved by sound philosophy, may be considered as splendid errors, when compared with the dogged pride of unillustrated races, whose blood has "crept through scoundrels ever since the flood," or with the *morgue* of a sordid ascendancy obtained by creed or party. The Talbots of Malahide had been Catholics and Jacobites, when in Ireland it had been deemed a virtue consecrated by persecution to be either: but the virtues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries no longer belonged to the eighteenth. Richard Wogan Talbot took his place in the "great council," a representative of the reforming spirit of his age: a Protestant, he voted for Catholic emancipation; and an inheritor of six hundred years' aristocracy, his voice was raised for that great question of Reform, which was eventually to destroy the false prestige of privilege, and to substitute things for sounds, and personal qualifications for the accidents of birth. He did not "blush" that his ancestors "had been fooled so long," because such folly was the wisdom of their times; they had gone successively with their age, he resolved to go with his. For twenty-four years he has struggled for Emancipation and for Parliamentary Reform, and he has obtained his reward,—the only reward of his political consistency—of seeing those long withheld boons of justice granted to his country.

Malahide Castle, or, as it was then called, "the Court of Malahide," is thus described by a tourist of the last century:—

"It is a large, irregular, building, of unequal height. It is nearly square, and has an area or court within. The entrance is on the east front by a flight of black-marble steps. The hall is spacious, and of most ancient appearance, corresponding with the antiquity of the exterior. There are ten rooms on a floor. The parlour is wainscotted with carved oak in a curious and old-fashioned manner. The lower stories are servants' offices. It is founded on a limestone rock,

[1] The venerable mother of the present representative, and whom the King has recently restored to the ancient honours of the family by the title of Baroness Talbot de Malahide.

[2] By this name he is known in the traditions of the family. Of his humour, oddities, and jacobite feelings, many curious anecdotes remain. Entertaining, one day, a large party of his noble neighbours of the Pale, his near relative Lady Alley Talbot seated at the head of the table, he suddenly rose from his place, and hit her a violent slap on the face; then, falling on her neck and kissing her, he exclaimed, "Forgive me; you looked so like William of Orange at that moment that I could not resist it."

the situation lofty, and the whole commanding a fine prospect of the bay and town of Malahide, and of the sea on every side,—the castle standing on a peninsula. It is surrounded by old woods of oak, ash, and beech, of great size: the manor is extensive, and the royalties extend a considerable way along the sea-shore."

Since the epoch of this description, the rebuilding of one of the great towers battered by Cromwell, and other restorations, have considerably increased the beauty of the edifice as a monument of antiquity, and its comfort as a domestic residence. The entrance, now, is by a low-arched door, opening into a vaulted passage or hall, and winding-stairs of black marble coeval with the castle in the time of Edward IV. They terminate abruptly at the entrance of the black-oak chamber, one of the most curious apartments in Ireland. This room is long, low, and narrow, and illumined by a single window of stained glass. The walls and roof are pannelled and rafted with carved oak, so exquisitely worked as to be worthy of the chisel of Gibbons, and so blackened by time that the whole has the air of a large and antique cabinet of ebony. The doors of the buffet, at the further extremity, represent Scripture-stories; and "the chimney corner" appears to have been literally the domestic altar; for it is surmounted by a carved representation of the Virgin,—the identical image which disappeared on the arrival of Miles Corbet. The Virgin herself had, in a dream, commanded one of the Sir Richards or Sir Reginalds to build this votive chamber to her honour, with a strict order that it should be "garnished with ivory pillars." This order was a poser! Ivory was not easily to be had in Ireland, and the votarist was driven to a pious fraud. The room was garnished with pillars of the oak of the celebrated *sagro bosco* of Fingal painted white, and the deceit passed muster for ages. When "the old gentleman" succeeded to the honours of Malahide, he declared the proportions of the little white pillars stuck over his oak room gave it the appearance of a chandler's shop. The white paint was scraped off; and if the Virgin took cognizance of the fact in a dream to the old gentleman, he never revealed the circumstance to his friends.

To the right of this chamber is the baronial hall, unchanged in its original edification, and presenting the same imposing appearance as when it served the purpose of a court-leet[1] in the time of Edward III., and received the envoy of Henry VII. It is a spacious and lofty building, with a cathedral roof of black oak, flanked by two towers, and with a gallery at the lower end. It is lighted by three large Gothic casements, with embrasures of immense depth, and is warmed

[1] In the Court of Malahide all manner of pleas, as well real as personal, were entertained before the seneschal, with power to arrest and attach the bodies and chattels of those moved against within the liberties, to commit to prison for ever, and to make due execution. The lords of Malahide were also exempted from serving the office of sheriff, coroner, or escheator, of Dublin, Meath, Kildare, or Louth, and from attendance on juries, &c. They were allowed to receive all fines, &c. arising out of their court, to their own use, without any account to the King. They had cognizance too of all pleas in Chancery, the Exchequer, and Admiralty, of any matter within the manor. The customs and dues granted to them out of the port extended over almost every importable article;—the whole forming a mass of privilege and power greater than that at present actually possessed by most reigning sovereigns.

by two ample and open hearths, where, on dogs of the time of Louis XIV., blaze the produce of the neighbouring woods.

Among the interesting portraits that partly conceal its rather rude walls are, one of Mary Queen of Scots, by Holbein, or his school; a portrait of the amiable little Queen of Charles II., in the very costume so ridiculed in the "Memoires de Grammont:" this probably came into the family through her *protégé* and almoner Peter Talbot, who, after being made Archbishop of Dublin by Pope Clement, died a prisoner in Birmingham Tower. There is a charming picture of the little daughter of Tireonnel, not more remarkable for the peculiarity and richness of the dress than for its likeness to the living beauties of the Talbot family,—with portraits of the Duke himself and his spirited Duchess "la belle Jennings," and other beaux and belles of the family in the time of Charles II. Opposed to these worldly representations of a courtly age, hangs a fine and very valuable picture by Francis Hals, of his own very ugly and primitive family. It was probably brought to Malahide by Miles Corbet.

The hall opens into a small antiquated room, in modern *parlance* called the library, but formerly devoted to the preservation of the records, plate, and other valuables,—the accumulated relics and evidences of successive ages. It is lighted by three Gothic casements, and surrounded by bookcases, with an adjoining iron closet. Here is deposited the grant of Edward IV. to the Talbots, which was designated by the late Lord Chancellor Ponsonby as "the proudest record in the possession of any gentleman of the empire." It is a large sheet of parchment, beautifully engrossed, and curiously illuminated with a sketch of Malahide Castle as it stood in those days, with its keep, the present edifice, with two walls flanked by seven towers, a barbican, and a drawbridge. There is also depicted a stag reposing under a tree, guarded by a lion,—the Talbot crest: this intimates a privilege of free warren. Further on are the Talbot dog *couchant*, the royal leopards, and St. George charging the dragon. The witnesses to this deed are Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and the Duke of Clarence of malmsey celebrity. The great seal of England is appended. The next curious document is the instruction of King James II. to the Duke of Tirconnel, with the King's autograph and signet, and the ribbon with which it was tied after the fashion of those times. This evidence-chamber was the favourite retreat of "the old gentleman," from which, in his latter years, no human influence could tear him. A few days however, before his death, a superhuman agent contrived to dislodge him. The chamber for centuries had been the haunt of "Puck," who had accompanied the family from Eccleswell, and continued to torment the objects of his mischievous predilection down to the arrival of Cromwell, when, like the Virgin, he departed. After the battle of the Boyne he again took his place in the chimney-corner. There are many anecdotes in the family which prove that Puck was a bore, but the old gentleman bore with him till he took to playing certain midnight pranks to the great annoyance of the inhabitants. It was his wont to roll a little wheelbarrow, filled with bones from the neighbouring churchyard, across the hall and into the old gentleman's room. After enduring this intrusion for some time,

the old gentleman arose one night, took his clothes, fled to one of the distant bed-rooms, and died, as he declared, of the persecution he had endured from Puck.

To the left of the great hall is the drawing-room. But for the dark recesses of its window-cases, it might pass for a modern apartment. It is flanked by a round tower, fitted up with appropriate decorations by the present lady of Malahide; to whose judicious exertions and good taste in consulting the "genius of the place in all," the castle of her husband's ancestors stands deeply indebted. This room is most remarkable for the valuable pictures it contains. Among these is a fine altar-piece by Albert Durer, on three folding pannels. This belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and stood in her oratory at Holyrood House. Her son James brought it to England; and Charles II. gave it to the Duchess of Portsmouth. On her return to France,—having retired *pour faire ses pacques* to a convent of English nuns,—she was struck with the beauty and grace of the grandniece of her old friend "Dick Talbot," who had been sent there for her education; and, conceiving an affection for her, presented her with this valuable picture, with other curious and rare objects of art now decorating the castle of Malahide. Here also are some portraits by Hals, a fine landscape by Hobbima, the Temptations of St. Anthony by Calot, and a very curious representation of the Ball at the Spanish Court during the Visit of Charles I. and Buckingham.

The second drawing-room, modernized in the last century with a bad taste that destroyed the harmony of the suite, contains some of the best pictures in the castle. Of these by far the most valuable is a portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke, one of the finest pictures by that eminent and prolific master. The portrait of Charles's mischievous and intriguing Queen forms its pendant, but is much inferior in execution. Here also is the portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, missing from the collection at Windsor, and given by her either to the Duke of Tirconnel or to his niece: there is also a portrait of the little Duke of Richmond, her son: both by Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of the Duke of York and Anne Hyde, and of the Duke of Tirconnel in his robes and order of the Garter, if not by the same master, are from the same school, and are highly finished. There is a noble picture in this collection ascribed to Holbein, which might be taken for Henry VIII. if it were not inscribed as the portrait of John Talbot the great Earl of Shrewsbury.

This handsome and comfortable room is flanked by a round tower corresponding to that in the adjoining drawing-room. On the left, it opens by a narrow passage cut from the depth of the wall into the black-oak room, and thus continues the suite. The upper part of the castle, in spite of its towers and passages, and nests of closets, has been so modernized into comfort, and reformed into every species of accommodation, that the guest who leaves the hospitable board in Edward the Fourth's hall, or the sombre gloom of the oak chamber, to retire to rest, seems to have made a transition from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century: and if the spirit of antiquarianism regrets the change, the philosophy of enjoyment finds full compensation for the discounts of the imagination.

The castle stands a short mile, or less, from its feudal appendage "the town, or creek of Mullaghide in our land of Ireland," as it is styled in King Edward's grant to his dearly beloved and faithful Thomas Talbot. The beautiful village of Malahide (for it is now no more) is almost as curious a monument as its castle, presenting at the end of six hundred years the results of its first colonization, so praised by Hollingshed. It is a solecism among Irish villages, having neither pigs, paupers, dunghills, nor dirty children: its neat white houses, looking on the little bay, command a view of the woods of Portran on the opposite shore, the island of Lambay, Howth, and Ireland's Eye, terminated in the remote distance by the sugar-loaf mountains of Wicklow. Its extreme cleanliness, quietude, and sobriety, form a strong contrast with its flourishing rival on the other side the bay of Dublin—the Black Rock, that great metropolis of jingles and jingle-men, *badeaux* and whisky. Situated within seven miles of Dublin, Malahide abounds in all the accommodations of life: it is principally inhabited by small annuitants, who occasionally let their neat domiciles for the bathing-season to lodgers as quiet as themselves, who, eschewing the noise and bustle of Kingstown, feast on the delicious Malahide oysters gathered from the beds in view of their windows.

Of the ancient town, as it stood up to the time of Oliver Cromwell, nothing now remains, but a dilapidated building by the water's edge, called the Old House. It is memorable as the retreat of "the old gentleman," when, under the infliction of family feuds with "Madame Frances" his mother, he was driven from the castle; for the sister of Tirconnel is by no means a popular subject in the traditions of Malahide.

OLD ENGLISH MUSIC.

THOUGH Music, considered merely as matter of history, is known to us from the earliest ages, yet our knowledge of its practice, as an art, extends a very short way back. Indeed we hardly know any thing of the music that existed prior to the sixteenth century. During the great efforts that were made for the improvement of music prior to that era, harmony alone was the object of attention, to the utter neglect of melody. The object in view then was the discovery of new combinations and ingenious contrivances for putting together a number of parts to be sung at the same time; but it was never considered necessary that any of these parts should form a graceful or expressive song. In those days melody, of course, existed, as it must have done at all times; but, being despised by the great and learned, it took refuge among the humble and ignorant. Melody, in short, then consisted entirely of the national airs which the ploughman "whistled o'er the furrow'd land," or with which the shepherd beguiled the hours on the lonely mountain.

The oldest specimens of melody which seem to be preserved are some of the songs of the Provençal minstrels, or troubadours,: among these are the songs of Thibaut, King of Navarre, who lived in the thirteenth century. The chroniclers tell us that this prince, having conceived a hopeless passion for Queen Blanche, sought a solace for his pains in the pursuit of music and poetry. A number of these old French melodies are to be found in Laborde's great historical work. They are very curious, and some of them approach nearly to the French popular airs of the present time. One or two of them might pass for the vaudevilles of a modern French *petite pièce*.

No remains of Italian melody have been preserved prior to the sixteenth century. Long before that period the Italians undoubtedly possessed a popular music, having much of that grace and sweetness for which it is now so remarkable. But in Italy, as elsewhere, those who cultivated music scientifically, bestowed their attention wholly on harmony and the combination of parts, while the popular melodies were used by those who possessed musical feeling, but had not technical skill enough even to write them down. It appears from the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, that music of this popular kind was much used in their time. In Boccaccio's description of the party of ladies and gentlemen, who, during the plague of Florence, retired to a country-house to drive away the thoughts of the horrors in which their city and friends were involved, by a life of mirth and jollity, good cheer, and story-telling,—the amusement of each day is finished with singing and dancing, and the songs are generally accompanied on the lute and viol. As all the party were able to sing and play, and as this did not seem to be considered as an accomplishment at all remarkable, it may be supposed that the songs, as well as the accompaniments, were of the simplest cast, but doubtless of the graceful kind which are still so common even among the uncultivated musicians of that land of song.

England had her full share of such music as was current in those distant times. We had our learned ecclesiastics, who cultivated the abstruse study of harmony as successfully as the musicians of the Continent; and we had our popular music, which appears from our old poets, (Chaucer in particular, whose writings are full of allusions to music,) to have been in very general use.

It was not till about the middle of the sixteenth century that the popular airs of different countries began to attract the attention of regular musicians. It then began to be perceived that this kind of music had its beauties; and it soon became the practice of composers to collect these airs, harmonize them, and introduce them in their compositions. The great beauty of the rustic and street tunes of the kingdom of Naples was the cause of their first receiving this distinction; and, to use the language of Dr. Burney, these tunes "were as much in fashion all over Europe during the sixteenth century, as Provençal songs were in preceding times, and Venetian ballads have been since." When it thus became the practice to borrow, from the popular strains of different countries, their rhythmical movement and natural flow of melody, and to apply to these the resources of harmony and scientific skill, the progress of music became rapid, and compositions began to appear, which still continue to be heard with pleasure.

The foundation of the English ecclesiastical music (in which this country has always maintained a very high rank) was laid in the sixteenth century. The names of Tye, Tallis, Bird, and Gibbons, will always be recorded, in musical history, among the fathers of ecclesiastical harmony. The anthems and other choral compositions of these great masters are still performed in our cathedrals, particularly those of Orlando Gibbons. Of him personally little is known, further than that he was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal in 1604, received a Doctor's degree at Oxford in 1622, and died in 1625. His music is very grand and solemn, rich and clear in its harmony, and more flowing in its melody than any other choral music equally ancient.

During this period, too, secular music was much cultivated; and a knowledge of it was considered indispensable to persons of condition. Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the virginals, a keyed instrument which was the precursor of the harpsichord and piano-forte. The following anecdote has been often quoted; but it is sufficiently curious and characteristic to bear repetition: it is found in Sir James Melvil's Memoirs, which contain an account of his embassy to the English Court from Mary of Scotland. After Elizabeth had asked the ambassador many questions about her beautiful rival, such as, how his Queen dressed—what was the colour of her hair—which of them was the taller, &c.—she

inquired, what kind of exercises she used. I answered, says Melvil, that, when I received my despatch, the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that, when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing on the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said, Reasonably for a woman. The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a great gallery that I might hear some music, (but he said that he durst not avow it,) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and, seeing her back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the Court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I on my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best. In that I found myself compelled to give her the praise.

Queen Elizabeth must have played much more than "reasonably well for a woman," if she could make use of the celebrated MS. collection of pieces compiled for her, and known by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." It is still preserved, and contains compositions, for that instrument, by the principal masters of the time—Tallis, Bird, Bull, &c.; some of which are so difficult that they would puzzle a Cramer or a Moscheles. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the accumulation of difficulties, either in vocal or instrumental music, is a vice peculiar to recent times.

The unhappy Queen of Scots was an accomplished musician. The melancholy story of Chatelard—whose delirium of love, caused by the pleasure which his lovely mistress took in hearing him sing and play on the lute, cost him his life—is well known; and still better known is the tragedy of David Rizzio. The idle notion, by the way, of this Italian lutanist, being the author of the most beautiful of the Scottish melodies, is too absurd to require the serious notice it has frequently met with.

It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and the other Protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the Reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment, which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music. Our psalm-tunes, consisting of prolonged and simple sounds, are admirably adapted for being sung by great congregations; and as the effect of this kind of music is much increased by its venerable antiquity, it would be very unfortunate should it yield to the influence of innovation: for this reason, it is much to be desired that organists and directors of choirs should confine themselves to the established old tunes, instead of displacing them by modern compositions.

Towards the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth, century, shone that constellation of English musicians, whose inimitable madrigals are still, and long will be, the delight of every lover of vocal harmony. It is to Italy, however, that we are indebted for this species of composition. The madrigal is a piece of vocal music adapted

to words of an amorous or cheerful cast, composed for four, five, or six voices, and intended for performance in convivial parties or private musical societies. It is full of ingenious and elaborate contrivances; but, in the happier specimens, contains likewise agreeable and expressive melody. At the period of which we now speak, vocal harmony was so generally cultivated, that, in social parties, the madrigal books were generally laid on the table, and every one was expected to take the part allotted to him. Any person who made the avowal of not being able to sing a part at sight was looked upon as unacquainted with the usages of good society—like a gentleman who now-a-days says he cannot play a game at whist, or a lady that she cannot join in a quadrille or a mazurka. The Italian madrigals of Luca Marenzio and others are still in request: and among the English madrigalists we may mention Wilbye, author of "Flora gave me fairest flowers;" Morley, whose "Now is the month of Maying" is so modern in its air, that it is introduced as the finale of one of our most popular operas, the Duenna; and Michael Este, the composer of the beautiful trio, "How merrily we live that shepherds be." This music retains all its original freshness, and has been listened to, age after age, with unabated pleasure.

The glee, which is a simpler and less elaborate form of the madrigal,—and that amusing *jeu d'esprit* so well known by the name of Catch, made their appearance about the end of the sixteenth century. The first collection of catches that made its appearance in England is dated in 1609.

Music made rapid progress during the reigns of James and Charles I. Of the dramatic music of those days we have spoken in a former article.[1] Henry Lawes, the famous composer, whom we have there commemorated, had a brother named William, who was also a musician of some note. He was one of the musicians of Charles I., who was so much attached to him, that, when he was killed by a random shot at the siege of Chester, his Majesty wore mourning for him. His epitaph (not at all meant to be ludicrous) is a pretty good specimen of the quibbling spirit which infected every species of composition, sermons even included, in that age:—

> Concord is conquer'd;—in this urn there lies
> The master of great Music's mysteries;
> And in it is a Riddle like the Cause,—
> Will Lawes was slain by those whose Wills were Laws.

The civil dissensions, which ended in the subversion of monarchy, and the death of the King, put an entire stop, for a long time, to the improvement of the fine arts in England. The liturgy of the Church of England, and the cathedral service, were abolished in 1643; the church-books were destroyed; the organs taken down; and the organists and singers belonging to the churches turned out of their places. Nothing was allowed in the churches but the psalmody of the presbyterians; and, as the gloomy fanaticism of the Puritans proscribed every sort of light and profane music as a pastime or amusement, the art, for a time, may be said to have been banished from the land. The objection of the Puritans to the use of instrumental music in churches was, that it was both Popish and Jewish. Sir Edward Deering, who brought into the House of Commons the Bill for the Abolition of Episcopacy, said, in the spirit of his party, that one single groan in the spirit was worth the diapason of all the church music in the world. It is singular, however, that Cromwell himself was fond of music, and frequently indulged himself in hearing it. When the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, was taken down, he ordered it to be conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery; and one of his favourite amusements was hearing it played upon. It was carried back to its original place at the Restoration.

The gossiping annalist, Anthony Wood, tells a story of a student of Christ-church, James Quin, who had been turned out of his place, and was restored to it in consequence of Cromwell hearing him sing. "Being

[1] On the Musical Drama in England:—Vol. II. p. 233.

well acquainted," says Wood, "with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental music well. He He heard him sing with very great delight, liquored him with sack, and in conclusion said, 'Mr. Quin, you have done very well—what shall I do for you?' To which Mr. Quin made answer, with great compliments, of which he had command with a great grace, 'That his Highness would be pleased to restore him to his student's place;' which he did accordingly, and so kept to his dying day."

Milton, notwithstanding his hostility to episcopacy, and his zeal in behalf of the Presbyterian party, was not only a passionate lover of music, but has, in his Penseroso, given us a most beautiful description of that very species of music, the use of which he contributed to abolish:—

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the cloisters studious pale
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

Cromwell and Milton, though they thus concurred in proscribing the use, in churches, of an art to the charms of which the one was far from insensible, and the other devotedly attached, certainly acted from very different motives. Cromwell gained distinction, and, at last, supreme power, by following the signs of the times, and affecting a degree of fanaticism which did not really belong to his character. Milton had imbibed opinions hostile to the government of the established church long before there was any prospect of its subversion; and when the contest began, his share in it was the natural result of those opinions. Their soundness may admit of dispute, but their sincerity no one can question.

At the gay and dissolute court of Charles II. music again came into fashion. But though that monarch restored the musical establishment of his chapel, and increased their salaries, yet his characteristic negligence seems to have been exhibited in this as well as other departments of his administration. In Pepys's Diary, under the date of Dec. 19th, 1666, there is this entry:—"Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the alms of the parish!"

The taste of Charles himself, in music as in every thing else, was French. Italian music, however, began now to find admirers in England.—This appears from another curious passage in Pepys's Diary:—"Jan. 12, 1667. With my Lorde Brouncke to his house, there to hear some Italian musique, and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista;[1] who hath prepared a play in Italian for the Opera, which Sir T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon, most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but I believe very well, and all in the *recitativo* very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which therefore cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am

[1] Baptista Draghi, an eminent Italian dramatic composer.

not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry Sir T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say most excellent.—I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique."—Notwithstanding the quaintness of the worthy chronicler's language, one cannot but admire the excellent taste and sound sense contained in the above passage. The observation as to the effect of the peculiar accent of each language on its adaptation to words is well worthy the attention of many of our vocal composers, who seem to think number of syllables the only consideration to be attended to.—What follows contains a good account of the state of music in England at that time:—"He (Sir T. Killigrew) tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times he tells me) hence to Rome to hear good musique; so much he loves it though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath even endeavoured, in the late King's time and in this, to introduce good musique; but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads and songs, 'Hermitt Poore' and 'Chiney Chase' (qu. Chevy-Chase?) was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still."

We have already had occasion, in speaking of the Musical Drama in England, to notice some of the tuneful "Worthies" of the Seventeenth Century. Others, equally distinguished, who did not devote their talents to the stage, we shall take an early opportunity of introducing to our readers.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY,

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

I, JOHN FITZNIGEL CLAVERING, was born in the city of Dublin 17th of May, 1755: my ancestor was a Strongbowian; my mother was one of the numerous and eccentric family of Annesley, and her first-cousin ought to have succeeded to the honours of the peerage, which were decreed to Lord Valentia. I had an aunt, the widow of a prebendary of Lichfield, at whose house I was introduced, when very young, to Dr. Johnson, whom I afterwards knew in London: but I was more intimate with those two extraordinary men, John Wilkes and Horne Tooke; of whom the former was a most lively, impudent man, very agreeable but somewhat superficial; and the other, by far the sharpest instrument I ever encountered. I was also acquainted with a person whom I then believed, and yet believe, to have been Junius. At one time Jemmy Boswell was one of my cronies, and I often met Dick Cumberland, who was a vain, silly, empty fellow. I knew also that strange man, William Combe, the author of the diaboliad, latterly known by the name of Dr. Syntax.

At the time the Rolliad was going on, I was introduced to French Laurence, who then lived in the Temple; and I contributed a few verses to that melange, more at the desire of my friend Sheridan, than of that great talkative heavy man, whom I did not like. Charles Fox took a fancy to me for a little while; but some opinions I accidentally sported at a political meeting offended him, and we soon separated. Old George Rose thought I should be useful to his party, and tried to inveigle me over to Pitt, but in vain. Rose was a silly, but cunning old man, with a great memory and great industry; vulgar, tasteless, and deficient in early education. Though he fixed himself on Pitt like a leech, Pitt, who could not

shake him off, did not like him. He flattered himself to have at last wearied Pitt out of a peerage, and to have taken the title of Lyndhurst, since occupied by an ex-chancellor.

I kept my terms at the Temple for the purpose of being called to the Irish Bar, and became acquainted with a little man, who afterwards became Lord Colchester, and Speaker of the House of Commons about 1802. He was a diminutive pert prig, a classical scholar, with a precise memory, full of technicalities, but with a mind as little as his person. The pomposity of his strut up the House to take the Chair was ludicrous; and his grandiloquous, yet epigrammatic, swell of words, coming from a petty person, was in the worst taste. When he took a pen to sign an order or make a note, he threw it off again as if he was wielding a sceptre. His father was a schoolmaster at Colchester, and his mother re-married Jeremy Bentham's father, an attorney. Lord Colchester had a little invalid brother who married a woman with some fortune; but both soon died without children, and Charles got the whole of the property. His delight was in formularies and rules of practice.

Henry Maty of the British Museum, when he set up his Review, about 1782, employed me to make notes and extracts for him, which I was glad to do for the vanity of being employed in that work. He was a little, fretful, half-deformed man, of a neglected person, with a tall wife, sister to Captain Clarke (I think) the voyager. He was a scholar, and had taste and multifarious reading, and gave frank and honest opinions. His father had published a Review, and was a Frenchman by birth.

I published anonymously a volume of poems, which was little noticed; but of which I am not to this day ashamed. About the same time Cowper published his Task, which had an instantaneous sale. I was acquainted at that time with Obeirne, afterwards an Irish Bishop, who recommended me to the Duke of Portland; but the coldness and phlegm of that nobleman's temper and manners soon disgusted me. His pecuniary embarrassments weighed down what small talents he had. Obeirne was showy and superficial—a mere party man and a man of the world; he married a Scotch Miss Stuart, of the noble family of Moray.

When I visited at Lichfield, I saw a good deal of Miss Seward, who was a most affected, capricious, and absurd woman. There were scandalous stories afloat as to her and one Savile, a chorister (I believe) of the cathedral there, on whom she afterwards wrote an epitaph. It seems as if Dr. Darwin at least touched up her early poems, and probably was the entire author of some given to her, which he afterwards somewhat ungenerously reclaimed. The late Sir Brooke Boothby was then one of this Lichfield coterie: he was a man of literature and some talent, if not genius, but a *petit-maître*, luxurious, expensive, and whimsical. His sonnets, entitled Sorrows of Penelope, have now and then a gleam of poetry, but they are commonly quaint and affected. He possessed the seat at Ashbourne Hall, county of Derby, which belonged to the old epigrammatic poet Sir Aston Cokayne, in the time of Charles I., whose notice of his cotemporaries, in his rare volume of poems, are so amusing. Sir Brooke Boothby was very fond of talking of his ancestress Miss Brooke, the sister of the famous beauty, the wife of Sir John Denham, who drove her husband mad by her gaities. See Grammont's Memoirs.

I had several friends in that neighbourhood and in the county of Leicester: I visited frequently at the house of a very homely old clergyman of the name of Hastings, who claimed to be of the Huntingdon family, and was so considered in that neighbourhood. He married a sister of Dr. Delap, the dramatic writer, and author of Elegies. I believe Lord Huntingdon gave him the living on which he resided. There was little literature in those neighbourhoods: the squires and the clergy led a coarse life.

I had some friends in Shropshire and Wales, which I liked better; but my notions at that time were considered too liberal, and by some, not a little of a Tookite in my political principles. The favourite subjects of my satire and invective were the Aristocracy and the House of Peers. I had searched into the origin of every family, and had collected many degrading stories regarding them. I was violent against Mr. Pitt, and defended the Coalition with all my might and main.

In the Spring of 1784 an endeavour was made to bring me into Parliament for an English borough by one of the Whig Lords, but without success. I was intended to be opposed to some of the noisy young prigs whom Pitt patronized.

As I had been very conversant with English history, biography, and politics, and exercised myself much in drawing characters, it was supposed by my friends that I might be useful to their party in the House, in answering certain young men whom Pitt brought from College fresh from their books and spouting-clubs.

I had written two or three pamphlets, which had been well received as party squibs of the day; and, in consequence of an accidental rencontre, it was understood that Pitt had now a personal dislike to me; and the Whigs enjoyed the idea that I should be able to irritate him, for it is well known that this minister was personally offensive to many of the Opposition. He had a haughtiness and reserve that they could not bear, and they were enraged that they could not unbend him. I had something of the Irish brogue, and a good deal of the Irish imagery and vivacity.

At that time Pepper Arden, Pitt's attorney-general, was the subject of continual jokes: he was a singularly ugly little man, with a confused distract manner and an utter perplexity of ideas. He had married one of the Miss Bootles of Lancashire, who were just emerging into notice for their wealth, and very desirous to push themselves into the circles of rank and fashion. She gave herself many airs, and he was not among the heroes who could "Rule a wife, and have a wife!" The Probationary Odes were rather unmerciful upon him, and I had a little hand in them. I belonged to one of the same Clubs with Pepper, and I was in the habit of what they call running upon him. He had a sort of broken nose, and goggle eyes that squinted; and I could not refrain from playing upon him in a way that drew forth peals of laughter. He was good-natured, but hot, in conformity with his name. It was said that he was of an old family in Cheshire, but of no account, at least latterly; then as to his person he was not so ugly and mean as one of his successors, Spencer Perceval, afterwards prime-minister.

Another strange man, whom Pitt afterwards took up, was John Mitford, who had been a clerk in the Exchequer, and was a mere drudge in technicalities in the Court of Chancery. It was said

that he owed his recommendation to the Duke of Northumberland, being somehow related to the Smithson part of the Duke's blood. He was a man of dull intellect and most envious jealous temper, always resting on precedents, which he often misunderstood and often wilfully misconstrued. He was a bigoted and inordinate Tory, persecuting and relentless. A man bitterly opposed to him was his successor, Edward Law, who had always been a violent liberal in politics, but whom Addington, in making up his patchwork administration, 1801, took as the only bull-dog whom he could find to fill the place. His father had been master of a college at Cambridge, and a sort of dissenting bishop, and lived obscurely, principally within the walls of his college, not more ostentatiously than any other master. He had a large family, and was poor: his eldest son became Bishop of Elphin, and was said to be a man not only of talent but of genius: his youngest son, George, is now Bishop of Bath and Wells. Edward was not distinguished for talent at college, but for a most hard and overbearing temper: he led his cotemporary and fellow-collegian, poor Capel Lofft, a most miserable life.

Capel Lofft was a strange eccentric creature, of great industry, vast acquirements, some gleams of genius, and no judgment: he also was a little absurd figure, which exposed him to much ridicule. He was called to the Bar, and published a volume of Reports, which is said to be full of the grossest inaccuracies and errors; he was a most copious polygrapher, and drove at every thing. He was nephew to Edward Capel, the learned and laborious editor of Shakspeare, to whose estate at Troston, in Suffolk, he succeeded, and of whom he gave a memoir in Arthur Young's Annals of Agriculture. Lofft died in Piedmont at an advanced age, about eight years ago. He was a man of a generous mind, and many high, moral, and political principles.

Though Pitt was called stern, he was easily duped by the flattery of those about him; and as he had little knowledge himself, especially in literature, cunning persons, who knew how to display their moderate acquirements, imposed upon him, and most undeservedly obtained his confidence. Thus a certain ex-chancellor of the Exchequer, now a Peer, was, when a briefless barrister, taken up by him for writing some very fallacious and silly pamphlets on finance, in opposition to William Morgan the actuary; and thus Spencer Perceval gained his notice by a poor pamphlet on the question whether a dissolution of Parliament terminates an impeachment. I knew Perceval, whose talent lay in splenetic invective and sarcasm: I belonged to a spouting-club with him, where he made no figure. One day he said something pert to me; and as I am more than six feet high, and had then strong limbs, I took him up by the band of his breeches, held him in the air before the whole room, and then let him fall on the floor flat on his face. Another time he said something sharp to me in the House of Lords, and I had as near as possible tossed him over the bar. He gave a squeak; but, luckily, all passed off unnoticed. I am told by those who were at college with him, that he made no figure there; but that I cannot answer for, as I was not a member of the University of Cambridge. I am told that a very able and worthy peer, now living, who has filled high offices in the State, was chiefly intimate with him at college.

I once spent a fortnight at Oxford, and was introduced to Tom Warton, who was a heavy-looking placid man, full of humour and drollery, but fond of low company. He was without deep impressions, and loved his ease rather too much; but his *naïveté* and carelessness about worldly ambition and distinction was delightful.

I used occasionally to pass some days with his brother, Joe Warton, at Winchester, who was an exuberant scholar, of exquisite taste, full of anecdote, vivacity, frankness, and simplicity—in some respects a Parson Adams, but deficient in originality and great depth of reflection. Joe had at one time lived in the small vicarage of Winslade, close to the pales of Hackwood Park, the seat of the Duke of Bolton, who had given him the living, and at whose table he occasionally saw high society, but not of a literary cast. The Duke was much upon the turf and in dissipated life, and had married Polly Peachum, by whom he had three sons born before the marriage—Charles, Percy, and Armand.

About the time that Lord Thurlow the Chancellor quarrelled with Pitt, which I think was in 1792, I happened one day to dine in his company; when, in consequence of some observation that I made, he invited me to his house, and I dined with him several times that year. Nothing could be more bitter and contemptuous than he was in his observations on the minister, whom he treated as raw, presumptuous, and ignorant. Mr. Grenville, Secretary of State, had been elevated to the Peerage to manage the Upper House in Thurlow's room: on him also Thurlow was very severe; but as he is living I refrain from repeating what was said. Thurlow had taken his first rise in life from his intimacy at college with Lord Weymouth: he was the son of an obscure clergyman in Suffolk, and had been brought to Canterbury School by Dr. Donne, a prebendary of that cathedral and a neighbour of his father, who was nearly related to the mother of Cowper the poet, whence came the Chancellor's intimacy with that amiable author. Lynch, afterwards K.B. and minister at Turin, son of a dean of Canterbury and schoolfellow of Thurlow, introduced him to Lord Weymouth, and hence his future rise, and also the great misfortune of his life by an unlucky attachment to one of Lynch's sisters. I knew at a German university the son of that attachment, a young man, the image of his father in person and manner: he died in early life. Thurlow lived principally with a few boon-companions, loving his bottle, and the unrestrained opportunity of inveighing and swearing. He was irregular in his knowledge, and capricious in his opinion; but had great sagacity, and great decision and manliness. My extreme openness and adventurous tongue happened to please him; but I had tact enough to know that there were points on which I must not touch his dignity. A person who lived most with him, and took the greatest liberties with him, was an old schoolfellow of the name of William Hay, who had at one time represented Sandwich in Parliament,—a sort of droll who indulged in a peculiar kind of slang; full of vivacity, if not wit. Thurlow despised the silky sophistry of Wedderburn, and held the man in contempt. He patronized Scott, a very different sort of man, because he found him at once intelligent, industrious, and supple, who would not venture to contradict him in any thing. Thurlow was an Ultra-Tory in his political principles, and was one of the most animating spirits of the North administration;

his boldness and directness of mind made him great: he was vulgar in his feelings and habits, and had a great contempt for the old nobility: he had no nice scruples of conscience, and was not unwilling to get at ends by crooked means.

His early fag had been Kenyon, originally clerk to a Cheshire attorney; a man very laborious and very acute, but utterly without education or any one brilliant faculty of mind; penurious and mean to an incredible degree; of coarse manners, and negligent in all the exteriors of life. He had been made a mere drudge by Thurlow: he was utterly unfit for the enjoyments of polished or social life, and had none even of the ordinary qualifications of a gentleman. He was well acquainted with the law, but a mere pedant in it, and narrow and bigoted in all his notions.

It was strange that two such opposite men as Thurlow and Cowper could agree, and be familiar companions; but they were so early in life;—Cowper was so meek, and sensitive, and conscientious; the other so hard and coarse! I once was sent on a confidential errand to ascertain Cowper's state of mind: I had some difficulty in seeing him, without raising suspicion in him: he was fearful to the most morbid degree, and almost childish. Mrs. Unwin was a vulgar, curious, talkative woman; and I had nearly failed in parrying her inquisitive conversation,—she seemed always to be afraid that Cowper would be taken out of her hands. She was a kind and faithful nurse to him, and paid the most unwearied attention to all his peculiarities and weaknesses; he was in truth what was said of Goldsmith, "a sort of inspired idiot." His talk was simple and guileless, but with an utter ignorance of the world. He had a sort of baby pleasures—such as making cages and boxes, and tending his tame hares. He had an utter purity of heart and mind, and was virtue itself in all his feelings, manners, and habits. The Task is one of the poems which, from its extreme simplicity of thought and sentiment, will always retain its interest.

No two men could be more unlike than Cowper and Hayley: the latter meant well, and was full of acquired knowledge, but all his mind was artificial and affected: he had no powerful faculty but memory; and his expressions were, for the most part, inaudibly prosaic and feeble. These two poets were perfect contrasts: one was all inspiration; the other was all acquirement. Hayley was a little-minded and factitious man, which made him disagreeable. I once passed a week with him at Eartham; Charlotte Smith was there: her manners were the reverse of what one would have expected from her writings: she was clever, but talkative; vain, overbearing, and vivacious; her delight was the comic, not the melancholy; and she was not at all nice either in her language or her habits: she loved gay company, and would have led all the follies of fashion if it had been in her power. Nothing could exceed Miss Seward's spite against her, nor her ridicule of Miss Seward. Hayley, who was the friend and flatterer of both, strove in vain to keep peace between them; but he was a poor weak creature to make peace between two furies, and exposed to the great chance of being torn to pieces between them,—a little man, lame, ceremonious, with big words and small ideas, undignified, indirect, circumlocutory, crying "My dear Madam!—my dear Mademoiselle! now consider—now be

candid—now don't put yourself in a passion!—now that violence does not become you!—how will the world like to hear of the 'chantress of the tranquil moon' in a passion! And then again the sweet sonneteer of Lichfield — the lover of all the Muses! how it will make sport for the world against you both!" I sat by as grave as a judge, but was obliged to make mighty efforts to refrain from laughing outright. The eloquent Anna had a fair, regular, and somewhat large face, of which she was not a little vain; but, like the bard of Eartham, she also was lame!

In the early part of the revolutionary war I once went down to Deal to visit a captain of the navy, then stationed there. It was a gay scene; but, on the land-side, a most ugly, flat, barren-looking place. One day I saw a mean, coarse-looking, plain-dressed, ugly-featured old woman stalking away with a long stick, and observed some of the principal persons of the town bowing to her with a sort of respect, which raised my curiosity. It was the celebrated and truly learned poetess Miss Elizabeth Carter, then more than eighty years old. I afterwards got introduced to her brother, John Carter, a magistrate of the county and very clever man, and dined at his hospitable house. There I met a young clergyman, his nephew, the Rev. Montague Pennington, who has since been Miss Carter's biographer. He seemed a well-informed man, but somewhat quaint, demure, and inquisitive. We had several captains of the navy there, and some officers of the Guards, who were quartered at Deal. There was also Mr. Brydges of Denton, brother to the gentleman who was claiming the barony of Chandos. I was told he had published a volume of poems early in life, and was fond of genealogy. He talked but little; and what he did say was rather in violent bursts, as if he wanted self-possession. He was said not to be popular in his own neighbourhood in consequence of a satirical novel which was attributed to him, and of which I forget the name. I could not at all judge whether he had any pretensions to talent or literature; he looked shy, cold, and proud. He was rather a tall man, carelessly dressed, with dark looks, principally of an abstracted and melancholy cast. I was half-affronted with him, and much inclined to play off some of my sarcasms upon him; but one of Mr. Carter's daughters, a lively, clever, sagacious girl, saw the tone I was about to take, and prayed me to forbear, as he was morbid, and her father would be particularly hurt at any incivility to him. However, I confess I came away with a dislike to him. I heard the most contradictory characters of him in the neighbourhood. He had long been at war with a fox-hunting baronet, his next neighbour, who had much influence among the squires. I could not learn that he had any acquaintance with Miss Carter, the poetess, though he seemed intimate with the nephew, who praised him: on the other hand, he was abused by a Mr. Philpot, a neighbouring clergyman, who would not give credit to his literary acquirements. He was said to be careless in money matters, and grossly cheated by all who had the management of his affairs. There seemed to be no literature in the neighbourhood: the squires and parsons were a very low set.

I went to visit the ruins of the house at Northborne, near Deal, where Sir Edwyn Sandys, author of Europæ Speculum, and brother of George Sandys the poet, lived. I saw his monument in the church.

The estate then belonged to Mr. Hannam, a farmer. It is a wretched open, chalky, downy, country.

Sometimes I dined at the literary dinners of the great booksellers in London: there I met occasionally most of the popular authors; there was little Tommy Moore, and Sir Walter Scott, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Dr. Burney, and Wordsworth, and D'Israeli, and Lodge, and Sharon Turner, and William Coxe the historian, and John Aikin, and Charles Butler, and Samuel Butler of Shrewsbury, and the late Mr. Rennie the engineer, and Jemmy Boswell the son, and Dibdin the bibliographer, and Mr. Wrangham, and many more. As most of them are living, I forbear, from delicacy, to draw their portraits.

I hope I shall not be accused of nationality when I declare that Burke was, in all respects, by far the most extraordinary man I ever met. Brilliant and inimitable as was his genius, his heart and moral feeling were as excellent. Inexhaustible in knowledge; unapproachable in splendour of thought and illustration, with a sagacity of wisdom which almost seemed like inspiration; he was then, and still continues, the object of my ceaseless admiration and idolatry. I spent many days with him at Beaconsfield, where every thing was simple, virtuous, hospitable, and kind. There were particular topics of politics on which, as every one knows, he was passionate: but with the visions of evil, which his prophetic eye had before him, who could be otherwise?

Nothing but Burke's good nature could make him endure a friendship for so dull a man as Malone, who was a mere tasteless pioneer, without a single strong faculty of the mind. He had also a petty, jealous, envious disposition; conscious of his own littleness, and having the low design to take advantage of monopolizing rare books, for the purpose of picking exclusive knowledge out of them.

He and George Steevens were amusing contrasts; he was all lead, and Steevens was all quicksilver. The malignity of Steevens was diabolical; he delighted in mischief, and in disseminating secret poison. He played a clever but most ill-natured trick on poor Gough the antiquary, who was another instance what humble faculties may gain distinction, and be useful in the laborious task of compilation and grubbing among the forgotten masses of dead literature. He was as dull in his conversation as in his books; deaf, and looked like an old-fashioned hosier, in his tie-wig, displaying stockings behind a counter! I think I have heard that he was subject to epileptic fits. His Sepulchral Monuments is a useful work, but his edition of Camden's Britannia was miserably done. By that excellent old man, John Nichols the printer, he was cheered to go on with his expensive and toilsome undertakings.

My friend, the late Sir James Bland Burges, had a *cacoëthes scribendi*, and poured out technical verses with extraordinary facility. He was a gentlemanly man; tall, fair, and of regular delicate features; but vain, talkative, and without depth.

I knew well the late Lord Auckland, a man distinguished as a diplomatist, and who raised himself to a peerage; but of light, feeble talents—the vainest of creatures—and insufferably conceited. There is a curious letter of Burke's to him when he sent Burke one of his pamphlets, which ought to have made him shrink into the earth from the mild but unendurable contempt which it expresses. When

a young man at the Bar, commencing his attendance at the Durham Sessions, on the receipt of a brief he went from London post the whole way with four horses. His sister married Dr. Moore, a pompous empty man, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who was son of a butcher at Gloucester. He was tutor in the Marlborough family, and was rewarded for having the manliness to refuse the offered hand of the old Duchess. Through this connexion Lord Auckland was brought into Parliament for Woodstock, to which he gradually owed his political elevation. In the American war he was sent, with Lord Carlisle, to that country with conciliatory terms. Lord Carlisle himself was a coxcomb, but a man of some genius; a little too factitious and fineered. Lord Carlisle had not a great mind.

THE NEW TORY GUIDE.—LETTER I.

ULTRA POPINJAY, ESQ., M.P., TO HIS UNCLE BARNABAS.

DEAR UNCLE,—I took all the oaths yesternight,
For Newcastle's borough so close and so tight;
George Dawson escorted me up to the chair,
And whisper'd how happy he felt I was there;
For the mob, and the Whigs, and the crew of the Press,
Had bother'd his high blood with feverish distress.
Not brother-law's coolness could give back its tone;
He felt the true glory of England had flown,
If Cumberland's Duke, my Lord Kenyon, and Co.,
Had not, pious Orangemen, thwarted the blow,
By prayers of the very first water and worth,
Which none but true saints could have ever put forth;
While Perceval proffer'd a fast, to crush down
The Whiggery and Cholera gaining 'pon town;
And in flush of his own honest feeling and grace,
In St. Stephen's once more gave polemics a place.

This confab was ended, and back to my seat
I return'd a full member,—forms and oaths all complete.
I don't think I shall venture to speak for this session,
Because I've not yet of my rhetoric possession;
And my vote (for our interest) will tell just as well
As the vote of our champion Charles Wetherell.
O had I his gift of a deluge of speech,
To the Ark of the Commons I 'd stick like a leech;
I 'd for forty days pour down words, still unspent,
And drown all the Whigs in the Parliament.
There's a metaphor uncle—you see I begin,
As a senator should do, nor mind thick or thin!

Of course I 've no hope of a place just now,
But the Whigs cannot long in the Treasury bow;
They must soon bow out, for George Dawson is sure
No Premier can rule without sinecure,
Or pension, or tit-bit, just to make play
For their friends in the honest old *bon-bon* way.
While Inglis from Oxford declares England blest
With " things as they have been," and thinks them the best:
Well tutor'd no doubt by the wise doctors there,
Whose wigs, wit, and wisdom, are first-rate and rare.
Snug places, snug pensions, snug jobs, and snug livings,
Snug boroughs, snug voters, snug patrons, snug givings:

O these are the blessings of " things that have been,"
O these are the good things that soon will be seen,
When we govern supreme, King, Parliament, steeple,
And instruct in the true path of wisdom the people,
Who, blinking like owls in the glare of the sun,
By ignorance discarding are nearly undone!
But here I must break off awhile, my dear nunkey,
For Lord —— has just sent me a note by a flunkey,
Requesting I 'd go with him this very day,
And he 'd take me to call on Lord Winchelsea;
And thence to his friend an ex-chancellor's hall,
Where I fear, saving law, we 'll get nothing at all;
For sucklings like me, come to Parliament age,
Must political milk take from Parliament sage,
Whom experience has blest with that wisdom commanding,
Which by policy taught passes all understanding.

Past five—I 'm return'd from the calls of the day;
I 'm delighted and pleased with my primary essay.
First we call'd on Lord Winchelsea, close to Pall Mall;
His lordship was out, where—no one could tell;
I surmised, but remember I speak with a doubt,
That his lordship was studying the fathers—" not out."
How religious he is, all the world must confess,
He 'd make a good bishop or prebend " I guess."
The truth I declare, and 'tis much to our glory,
A Whig is six times less of saint than a Tory.
From his lordship's we went to a funny old prig,
Whose visage was Loyola's own in a wig.
From him we 'd kind words, and were offer'd a seat,
But, though it was lunch-time, got nothing to eat.
He welcomed a youth of my talent and parts,
Hoped I ne'er should be tempted by Radical arts,
Appeal'd to his Maker, and wept all the while,
If he had not done all that he could for this Isle,—
Stood staunchly and firm to resist innovation,
And implored for coercion to rein up the nation,
From foolishly trying to mend its affairs;
The people, he said, were all mad as March hares.
He gave me advice in tone earnest but low,
And oftentime told me his judgment was slow,
But always was surer; that still he would say,
Our grandmothers' wisdom beat that of to-day;
That their pickles were made in a strict conservation,
Preserved, if need be, with cold steel and depletion;
In statutes and penalties, cages and jails,
Till obedience was fix'd beyond hopes or appeals.
These things, and far more, he avow'd with a sigh,
While the tear sympathetic ran down from his eye,
As he mourn'd his dear friend Londonderry, no more,
A statesman the world ne'er saw equall'd before,—
So honest, so eloquent, true to his friend:—
" Young man," said he, " rival him e'en in his end;
Some day he will find his true station in story,
A statesman transcendant, in heart and soul Tory!"
I was moved, and determined to study his creed,
And follow a statesman so just in each deed,
So wise, so ingenious, in all State-inventions,
That he always went wrong with the purest intentions
And true to his nature in reason's own spite,
In his blunders he generally chanced to be right.

I then took my leave, and it boots not to say
What statesmen I call'd on, who think our own way;
That next week I shall dine at Duke Newark's, and there
Hope to meet all our friends, and see how things are.
If the Whigs we may hope to unseat not in vain,
And England restore to her glory again.
Our course t' other night, when with Planta I dined,
I learn'd, for we talk'd of the thing as we *wined*.
First a moderate Reform—six towns to have members
Bran new, thus Reform will go out in its embers,—
Keep the House as it is with some twelve legislators,
Who will, no doubt, be grateful to us their creators.
Then we 'll issue a million or two of pound notes,
Just to let people see how prosperity floats
When we take the helm. Next to Ireland send
Ten thousand fresh troops the true faith to defend,
By demanding the tithe from the cottagers there;
They refusing, to place them *sus. coll.* in the air.
Thus the one true religion and Protestant sway
Will shine forth again *à la Castlereagh*.
Next the Press we will curb by new laws *à la Scarlet*,
Whom the Whigs in their rage call a renegade varlet:
He was not to blame, my dear nunkey, sure not!
The lawyers must go where there 's most to be got.
We talk'd of more things—but I must not tell all:
The morn came with a speech from Charles Wetherell,
That began just at ten, full of sense, hard words, fun,—
What a wonderful creature he is!—But I 've done.
Do not mention a word of the dinner or talk,
Lest the Whigs, Heav'n confound them, our stratagems baulk.
I'll only just tell, I heard Perceval say
He 'd bespoken his fish for the coming fast-day:
When Croker advised him at Fishmongers' Hall,
For two days preceding to buy it up all;
Thus his friends he might serve while he hallowed the nation,
And starve out the Whigs with the King's Proclamation.
I will write you more soon in a lengthier way;
Your most dutiful,

ULTRA POPINJAY.

P.S. Duke Newark (I shudder, dear Sir, while I write,)
Was nearly blown off from a gun t' other night.
His house he had fortified inside and out
With mortars, gin, guns, ramparts, brandy, and stout;
A garrison ready for quarters and pay,
To snore all the night and to drink all the day;
For his cellars were open'd their courage to keep,
As high as old Nelson's awake or asleep.
Not an old woman ventured a *reconnoissance;*
Not a wandering donkey approach'd it by chance,
But bang went a twenty-four pounder to kill
(Had they known how to aim it) with hearty good will.
Per jure de vino one day for his weal,
They shot at their master, so rampant their zeal.
The wags 'mongst the Whigs, who are brutes to the bone,
Say the fellows mistook him for donkey or crone.

EXECUTIONS IN ENGLAND.

The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis.—GAY, *Beggar's Opera.*

ENGLAND has long been the favourite retreat of Philosophy. It has not merely to boast of its Newtons, its Lockes, and its Harveys, its Blacks, its Priestlys, and its Davys; it is in fact a nation of philosophers; and its people, as Cobbett has designated them, are a "most thinking people." The tree is known by its fruit; and the fruit of the philosophy-plant, says an ancient, is the knowledge of "how to die." It is not very surprising, therefore, that the English are so famous *in articulo mortis;* and that whether they die hard, die game, or, as Addison said, "die like a Christian," —whether they die in bed, in battle, or in the air, the meanest fellow among them is a model of heroism, and a shining light, and example, to all the world. Amidst excellence so universal it may appear invidious to give the palm to any particular body; but if we were compelled to specify a class of British moribunds, as more admirable than their neighbours for the grace and decorum of their last exit, we must, in common justice, assign the highest rank in this particular to the collegiates of Newgate. The most paltry candidate for patibulary honours scorns to be less composed than Socrates after his poison-cup, or to meet his fate with less firmness than the martyrs of old; while the very women are fully as much occupied with the manner, as the matter, of their last moments, and are as anxious to fall decently, as if they were Roman matrons. This is doubtless a legitimate subject of boast to the people of these realms; and one of our earliest law authorities has, I believe, spoken of the hardihood of English malefactors in terms of unqualified praise. It certainly does tell well for the national courage, and must have a striking tendency to make our continental neighbours consider us with becoming awe and respect.

But it is not so much in the lofty contempt of death exhibited by the hardened, as in the more modern composure, or rather satisfaction, of our sanctified criminals, that this national superiority becomes triumphantly evident. No matter how dissolute may have been their lives, of how deep a die may have been their offences, they go "rejoicing on their way" to the gallows with an assured conviction that it is only a short stage to heaven; and they make as edifying an end, as if they had done nothing through a long life, but read and meditate the art of holy living and dying. It may perhaps be said that Englishmen universally lay claim to a high tone of religious feeling; and that from the statesman, who pursues "English interests" with fire and sword to put down atheism and Jacobinism, and makes fallacious treaties under the sanction of "the most holy and undivided Trinity," downwards to the aforesaid criminals, all of them have established a reputation of doing evil under the most pious and sanctimonious forms. But when the deplorable ignorance is considered of that class, whom fate and a Draconic penal code have predestined to the gallows,—when we reflect upon the want of all moral and religious principle, with which for the most part they enter the dock, it must be acknowledged that the suddenness and the per-

fection of their spiritual resignation, during the short interval that usually occurs between their departure from that confessional, and the plenary absolution they receive from the hangman, is nothing less than marvellous! If we are to believe the statements of the parties themselves, (and we are bound to credit whatever a man says when he knows he is dying,[1]) the day of execution is "the happiest day of their lives;" and we are therefore impelled to conclude that the rope is your only euthanasia, and the white nightcap the surest passport to eternal happiness. Divines, it is true, have instructed us, that the operations of Providence are inscrutable, and that there is no foreknowledge of the quarters from which grace may come: but if a man of mere plain sense were to form a conjecture on the subject, he would hardly look to an act of penal criminality as the penultimate step to election, or search for the "chosen vessels of the Lord" among those more familiarly known by the appellation of "Newgate birds." So however it seems to be: when a man is unfortunate enough to pass through life respectably, so as to avoid coming into contact with the patibulary branch of his Majesty's executive, the odds are that he goes out of the world without the positive assurance of his future destiny. Either through an excessive confidence in "the filthy rags of his good works," or perhaps for the want of that invigorating shock derived from the candid statements of the legal gentleman in the black cap, the uncondemned of this world are too often prevented from making due inquiry into the state of their spiritual affairs. But the moment a man has passed from the hands of the judge into those of the sheriff, he becomes a subject worthy of especial illumination, is rapidly brought to "a sense of his awful situation;" and, mistaking his repentance of having placed himself in a hangable predicament for repentance of the crime, he is easily exalted to an intoxicating certainty as to the result, snaps his fingers at the devil, embraces the hangman, and departs for another world as satisfied with himself as Mr. Croker leaves the House of Commons after having received a sound dressing from Mr. Stanley. It is truly wonderful how the force of such examples is resisted, and how any mortal can rise from the perusal of such edifying scenes, without a determination of incontinently qualifying for heaven by the commission of a capital felony.

To speak seriously, however, on a serious occasion, if the spirit of the penal code should seem to indicate that Englishmen think a frequent exhibition of the law in all its terrors is necessary for the maintenance of order in society, their practices in all that concerns the execution of its bloody sentences are not the less calculated to divest death of its terrors, and to diminish to the uttermost the force and efficacy of example. The publicity which is given by police reports, by law intelligence, by the details of preparation for death, and the awful exhibition itself, instead of being turned to an wholesome account, are all conducted as if for the express purpose of elevating the condemned into heroes, of perverting the moral sympathies of the public, and making the victims of justice more atten-

[1] There is too much reason to fear that our criminals frequently die with a lie in their mouths. The Burkers, for instance, persisted in denying the murder of the Italian boy to the last.

tive to the part they are to perform in the eyes of the spectators, than to the atrocity of the offence for which they suffer. The English unfortunately love cant in their hearts; and their affectionate pastors and masters have ever taken good care to give them enough of it for their money; while the caterers for the public press, who, "living to please must please to live," are not a whit behind-hand in the liberality of their doses of the same drug. The whole administration of the law is made subservient to this purpose; and from the judge's hypocrisy in passing of the sentence, to the final practical joke of illustrating that passage of the burial service which declares that "in the midst of life we are in death," by making it the signal for pulling the bolts of the platform, and launching the criminal into eternity,—every step of the process is marked by some barefaced piece of cant calculated to defeat the ends of justice, and to convert the most solemn of social tragedies into broad farce. Whenever, more especially, it happens that there is something extraordinary and striking in the case, whether it be the atrocity of the crime or its novelty, or the rank and circumstances of the criminal, public curiosity becomes inflamed, and the event is employed to the advantage of all sorts of persons, who live by popular excitement. The scene of the offence is made an exhibition, and immense crowds flock to indulge their morbid feelings (as in the recent case of the Burkers) by gazing on the spot, and, as it were, by enacting the whole transaction over again in their minds, with the aid of scenery and decorations; and to purchase at large prices relics of the locale or the properties of the offenders; as if, instead of being deserving of the speediest oblivion, the horrible event were worthy of being held in perpetual memory. In the mean time, the windows commanding the scene of execution are let out, like the boxes of a theatre; the transaction itself (as in the case of Thurtell) is brought out in a melodrame; and the newspaper reporters absolutely haunt the criminal and besiege the jail, in order that not the smallest of his words or actions may be suffered to escape unnoticed; and last, not least, the priesthood speculate largely on his conversion, as a striking and notorious occasion for proving the strength of their persuasive powers, and displaying the irresistible nature of the doctrines they declare. A maudlin interest for the offender is thus developed. Folks think and talk of nothing else, till the death of the culprit puts an end to the nine-days' wonder. The heinousness of his offences is lost in the paleness of his penitent countenance, or in the dramatic details of his rather cool, as well as minute, confession. The patience of his resignation, the fervour of his devotions, even the decent solemnity of the mourning-suit in which he attends the condemned sermon, (another piece of "unreal mockery," as it is conducted under the public eye,) are all matters of breakfast-table delight when they are served up in the columns of the morning papers; and the agonizing leave-taking with a wife and children is food for half the lack-a-daisicality of half the town. As the time draws near for the execution, every effort is made by all sorts of people to get a sight of the law's victim, and to be admitted into the press-room, and witness the last struggles of human weakness at the moment of death. It is not very long since this mummery was carried to a pitch of absurdity, which language wants the

power to characterize. Day after day the papers were filled with the minutest details of what passed around the condemned, retailed with an emphasis that would have been exaggerated, even had it respected the death-bed of genius, virtue, or patriotism. Every thing the wretched man ate and drank, and every word that fell from his lips, were made matter of comment; even the circumstance of his giving his barber half-a-crown, (plundered by-the-bye from the widow and the orphan,) because it was the last time he should need that functionary's assistance, was not omitted. The condemned, it appears, had a wife and also a mistress, and this was made matter of sentimental interest; and it was a subject of edification to see how he turned for alternate consolation from love to religion, and from religion to love. This in itself was all natural enough. Scenes like these are quite in keeping with the position of the criminal; and as far as respects the protagonist, such weaknesses are entitled to every indulgence. It is the publicity which is given to them, that stamps them with ridicule and invests them with a mischievous tendency. It is not to be forgotten that these disgusting *tableaux*, served up sessions after sessions, (with only some occasional abridgement during the prevalence of long-winded parliamentary debates,) and illustrated with wood-cuts in the weekly papers, are the substitutes for novels and new plays among those classes which cannot afford to bid for such expensive pleasures. Together with the burlesque reports of police transactions, narrated in the senseless jargon of the thieves' dialect, they form the favourite reading of the little as well as the great vulgar, and alone support the sale of more than one publication. Now it is notorious, that when the public mind is powerfully affected by the occurrence of any striking and unusual crime, there arises in individuals a strange and inexplicable propensity to imitation, so that such instances rarely remain barren and single. But omitting this consideration, it is impossible to imagine any combination more likely to deprave the moral feeling of the uninstructed, to give them a false estimate of criminal actions, and to familiarize them with those pains and penalties with which society feels itself called upon to environ the graver offences. The factitious interest thus given to the felon reduces the terror of example to a minimum, and dispels the holy horror with which every well-regulated mind should contemplate both the crime and its punishment.

If necessity make it lawful for society to maintain the interests of justice at the expense of life, humanity, no less than wisdom, requires that the execution should be turned to the greatest account of example. It is not sufficient that the sentence should be deemed an act of public vengeance; the horror of the infliction should be balanced by a corresponding feeling of horror of the act for which the victim suffers; and, above all, he should not be placed in the light of a stage-player performing for the amusement of the public, in order that he may be applauded or hissed, according as he acts his part well or ill in the public estimation. An execution loses all its effect, if the offender is led to the gallows with the pity, rather than the execration, of the spectators. On this account the exaggerated reports of the spiritual assurance of sufferers are eminently

mischievous. It may be perhaps humane to pre-occupy the wretch who is already dead to this world, with the prospect of another and a better existence, and it is certainly the duty of a Christian minister to prepare him to meet the account to which he is about so suddenly to be called; but it is more than problematical whether any laudable end, political or religious, is obtained by persuading a grievous offender that his salvation is assured by a mere ritual act, and that a long train of actions, contrary both to divine and human law, is, after all, very indifferent to his future prospects in the world to come: yet even if such views be judged scripturally correct, or it be deemed a necessary mercy to administer a spiritual opiate in so desperate and agonizing an occasion, still there is not any useful purpose to be derived from an ostentatious display of such swaggering: if in the execution, death be thus stripped of all its terrors, the infliction is superfluous; if the criminal is really regenerated to a new moral existence, and has received the plenary forgiveness of Heaven, to withhold from him the pardon of his fellow-man is alike barbarous and presumptuous. With every respect, however, for religious liberty, we will venture to assert that such coarse and familiar assumption of certainty, regarding the divine dispensations, is a flagrant outrage on common sense, converting the most serious and solemn function of religion into a jest; and though religious liberty consists in allowing every man to teach as much of his own creed as he pleases and can get others to credit, yet it does not require that the law should permit the uncalled-for intervention of any in the business of a public infliction, to the perversion of the moral feeling of the public, to the fostering of fanaticism, and to the propagation of degrading notions of divine providence. Lawyers would fain make it a current dogma, that perjury in a court of justice is, "in Heaven's chancery," an irremissible sin; and they will only admit the testimony of those who believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. But where would be the required sanction of this belief, if the public at large gave credit to the boasted efficacy of a faith unfruitful of corresponding works? To draw a steady line between an humble confidence in divine mercy, and this saucy security of conscience, may be difficult; but assuredly some care is requisite to avoid the open exhibition of a brutal murderer suddenly converted by a clerical legerdemain into a saint and a martyr. The act of juridically taking away life is, in itself, unfitted for exposure in the naked glare of day; to give it its maximum of effect, it should be surrounded with mystery and a vague horror: but then publicity, on the other hand, is essential to the general security of the subject, while the act of death requires to be seen by the public in order to be felt by it. The conciliation of these opposing interests is not perfectly attainable, and the difficulty goes far towards establishing the unfitness of capital punishment; at all events the frequency of executions strips their infliction of the greater portion of their moral influence. In the larger number of instances, all right-thinking persons, gentle and simple, regard them but as legal murders; and the victim dies amidst the clamours of the indignant spectators: even when this is not the case, the spectacle is viewed too much as a matter of course, and is followed as an idle amuse-

ment, or the means of obtaining a transient emotion. This frequency of infliction contributes largely to the public levity in running after executions, which has stamped on the English character the charge of cold bloodedness and barbarity. The greatest reverence, it has been said, is due to the purity of childhood; and in all that concerns the administration of justice the people are as yet in perpetual childhood. The influence of a false estimate of the greater crimes extends over the entire field of morality, and tends directly to the multiplication of minor offences, while the too frequent spectacle of capital punishments hardens the hearts of the mob, and predisposes them to sanguinary outbreakings. In every point of view in which the subject can be regarded, it is pregnant with important consequences; and if the people should really gain a voice in the management of their own concerns, it is to be hoped that among the earliest exertions of their will may be the revision of the penal code, and the redemption of natural justice from the sophistries and temporizings of ignorant and prejudiced legislators: in the mean time those who exert an influence on public opinion may do something towards allaying the morbid feelings with which capital executions are followed, by discouraging and reprobating those practices which administer to their taste. We are not among those who approve of legislation for every petty occasion, nor are we aware that it would be possible by direct enactment to prevent the absurdities above denounced; but we are quite sure that if the leading journals agreed, in rigorous compliance with public duty to abstain from all publications of what passes in a prison, that may tend to create a mischievous excitement, and would second the great ends of justice instead of thwarting them, common sense and common decency would be less generally shocked on these awful dispensations. But then—such details will sell an edition!

STATE OF TRADE IN THE METROPOLIS.

EVERY one who has any thing to do with the expenses of an establishment must have noticed the change which has taken place within the last few years in the state of the retail trade of London in respect to the condition of shopkeepers, and to the manner in which they conduct their business;—every one who is not either too high or too low on Fortune's wheel to be interested in that domestic branch of economics called shopping, will do well to mark this change. The notice which we are about to take of the difference between the past and the present states of the retail trade of London is ostensibly, and, in the first place, certainly, in the interest of the public—the buyers or customers, whose old and ordinary maxims of thrift are not calculated in the present altered state of things to effect the end proposed, which they formerly effected; viz. to avoid exorbitant profits and unreasonable charges, and to lay out their money to a fair advantage. To tradesmen themselves these remarks may possibly be of some service; such at least is our wish and intention. Formerly, that is, until the last few years, the tradesmen and shopkeepers of London might be broadly divided into two classes; the first and superior class, distinguished by the regular and honourable principles on which they conducted their dealings; on

whom the buyer might depend, without personal care and inspection, in respect to the quality, price, &c. of the articles purchased, and that no indirect advantages would be taken of him. The second, or inferior, class, less regular in their dealing, pretending to undersell, and often in reality underselling the former, but requiring a sharp look-out on the part of the customer in respect to price, quality, &c. In the former case, it was understood that a somewhat higher price was paid as an equivalent for the neutral points and debateable advantages between seller and buyer; in the latter, you became the antagonist of the tradesman in the arena of his shop or warehouse, and battled with him about price and quality, for the prize of a cheap article on the one hand, and of something of over-reaching on the other. The former, or superior, class above noticed assume to themselves in a distinctive way the epithet "respectable;" we will not stop to examine with what degree of positive or comparative fairness, remarking only that the word, thus used, has acquired, whatever it had originally, a technical sense: it does not imply any positive want of respectability in the other class, but merely serves to distinguish those whose customers are for the most part of the upper ranks of society, whose dealings are extensive in articles of a superior quality. It is with this class that we have chiefly now to do, the other being in a much less degree effected by the causes which we are about to notice.

The progress of the change from the state of things which we have thus briefly described, to the present and actual state of shopkeeping tactics, has been gradual, and operating for many years, though chiefly and increasingly felt in the course of the last five or six. It will serve distinctness perhaps, if we begin by noticing the causes which have obviously produced the change which we are about to notice, before proceeding to describe the present state of things which are their results. The great feature of the present times is pecuniary distress: the great bulk of the community find their incomes greatly reduced within the last few years. The only exception to this remark are those whose property and incomes are in money; such as fundholders, mortgagees, &c. It would lead us too far from the line of our present subject to trace this state of things to its remote causes; the more proximate and direct antecedent of these disastrous consequences is, obviously, the great increase in the relative value of money, or, what is a correlative position, the great reduction in the money price of every species of property and produce. The effects of this are remarkable enough; the number of persons who have been reduced from affluence, or the different grades of competence, to indigence or to utter destitution, within the short period of ten years, has been very great. The history of this country, or perhaps of any other, furnishes no parallel to it from such a cause—nothing that at all approaches to it: thousands, tens, aye hundreds of thousands of individuals, many of them utterly helpless and enervated by long and confident ease and luxury, have suffered the slow, protracted, piecemeal torture of passing from the comforts of life to poverty; many "steeped to the very lips,"—poverty in a country and climate like England! where not only "beef and a sea-coal fire," but where Port wine and Turkey carpets are little less than necessaries of life. Santa Maria! the thing is shudderingly pic-

turesque, and we wonder that some poet of the "Horrid" does not take up the subject in preference to such bagatelles as deluges and pestilences: but we are digressing; we will therefore return to our direct subject, narrowing our views within the limits of the effects of this general distress upon the upper class of shopkeepers at the west or fashionable division of this great metropolis. Thus—the main dependence of this class of tradesmen has always been on the upper classes of society, who for the most part derive their incomes from land and houses, also from mines, the Colonies, &c.: they are not engaged in trade, but are the passive recipients of the products of these sources of wealth, and in a very few instances are connected with that potent and now almost paramount class—the monied interest, (the former lean kine, who are now eating up the fat kine of the landed and other classes,) into whose lap Fortune and currency-bills have poured sudden and unexpected wealth. The great majority then of the customers of the upper class of tradesmen are greatly reduced in income, or utterly impoverished. The effect on the tradesman is indirect and immediate: he suffers firstly by a decreased sale, a falling off in the demand for his goods; secondly, and more fatally, by inability to obtain payment of his bills, and by actual losses or bad debts, as he calls them; thirdly, and perhaps still more ruinously in many cases, by the deterioration and reduced value of his stock in trade. These three causes have operated lately on the poor retail-trader in a degree completely ruinous, and of which there is no equal example: all have not suffered equally however, but, as may perhaps be stated generally, in a converse proportion, as the article in which they deal is of prime and daily necessity. The dealers in articles of the higher orders of convenience, of luxury, or of mere taste and *vertu*, are those who have (in about this ascending scale) suffered most; their stock has a more conventional value—can be more easily dispensed with. Men pinched, and short in money-matters, begin the work of retrenchment by doing without articles of mere ornament and luxury; they look at a picture, a diamond snuff-box, or a fine hunter, a long while before they offer the cash for them; which is required for the payment of rent and taxes, or the grocer's bill, that is if they have common prudence and the usual indisposition for the *grating* alternative of private lodgings in Tooke's Court, or the somewhat *gênant* accommodations of those more public establishments the Bench or the Fleet.

The effects on the tradesman of the two first sources of loss—the falling off of his sale and his losses or bad debts—are easily imagined and understood, but the wholesale ruin produced by the lessened value of his stock may perhaps require a little illustration: let us take not an exaggerated or extreme case, but a medium one. The bookseller and publisher may perhaps be cited as this average case, though our feelings and habitudes rather incline us to place books in the class of the wants of existence, than of that of mere luxuries. How often, some ten or fifteen years ago, have we walked through the spacious rooms and warehouses of a thriving bookseller, the shelves piled with many thousand volumes of rare and valuable works, and asked the owner, as much perhaps to gratify his allowable pride as our own curiosity, the number of his volumes, and the value of so large a stock! The answer has often been £50,000, or a

still larger sum. "Ah, then you are a rich man, Mr. ——." "Softly, good Sir," would reply the complacent bibliopole; "I am content to reckon myself worth the half of this sum, for before I can call all these books my own, I must pay outstanding claims on their account to about half the amount. What then—I have still a balance of £25,000 in my favour, which ought perhaps to satisfy the desires of a moderate man like myself." Visit the man now, walk through the same rooms and warehouses piled as before with choice and standard works, but speak not to him about their price or amount; mark his dejected look, and you will see that all is not right, and that he is no longer the rich and prosperous bookseller of ten years ago. "What!" you may say, "has he been prodigal or imprudent?" Not a jot; the man was never more thrifty and industrious, but the class who were his customers are become poorer, he sells few books, and has many debts which he cannot get in: these, however, would not have ruined him, but his stock—the source of all his honest pride, and the object of his affections—has fallen in value full fifty per cent., in fact has only a nominal value; his books are, without a pun, literally unsaleable, the man is insolvent. Thus it is with thousands, who were a few years ago opulent tradesmen; the ground is sinking under them, and the whole edifice of their prosperity is disappearing, they hardly know why or how: their former wealth and success seems to them like a flattering dream, from which they are awakened, and they find themselves on the threshold of the jail or the workhouse. Printsellers, a branch of trade kindred to and closely connected with the above, have suffered in this manner, and in a still greater degree. We heard a very competent judge of the value of this kind of property, i. e. copper-plate and other engravings, state that a certain stock, which ten or fifteen years ago was valued at £50,000, would not at the present moment realize £5000. What then must have been the reduction in the value of property consisting of articles of mere luxury, taste, or *virtu?* These brief facts and examples may be sufficient perhaps to give a generally accurate notion of the actual state of a large part of the higher class of tradesmen at the west end of the metropolis; it is indeed deplorably bad, and deserving of the deepest commiseration; for be it remembered that they are for the most part involved in expensive establishments, from which they can in no considerable degree escape: true they can give up their country-houses at Maida Hill or Bayswater, take their daughters from expensive boarding-schools, and employ their delicate fingers in the lighter parts of their own businesses, instead of cutting out card-racks and painting work-boxes; but can they avoid the high rent of their showy shops, King's taxes, and parish-rates—charges which formerly were scarce felt, but are now taking the bread out of their mouths and sinking them quietly into the gulf of insolvency? This process of ruin has been and is still going on with increasing effect, on this luckless class of men, to an extent and degree that must soon make it a national concern; for from this wide and important circle, ruin spreads to an infinitely greater circle of servants, artisans, and dependants, like that produced by a stone thrown into a lake on its surface.

This is a brief, but we believe accurate, sketch of the actual state of a large part of this class of tradesmen residing at the genteel end,

or *beau quartier*, of this vast metropolis. The second class of tradesmen have been, as already stated, much less affected by the wide-spreading poverty of the times. Dealing for the most part in articles of prime necessity and current sale, with smaller stocks and few book-debts, they have in general floated unhurt over the rocks and shallows, where the receding tide of public prosperity has left their bulkier brethren stranded and swamped. Here it may be asked, "Could prudence or skill do nothing to avert from the trader the evils we have been describing; and also, what has been actually done by him in the way of precaution and remedy?" The answer to this question will bring us to, and in part involve, the point which we at setting out (though indeed we seem to have forgotten it) stated to be the chief object of this article, viz. the benefit of the public—the consumers, in the useful art of laying out money to advantage,—that is, to a fair advantage; for we hate haggling, and have a contempt for the man who would go about to deprive the "labourer of his hire," or the shopkeeper of his reasonable profit. To think that any class of men should not expect the future to be like the past, or by mere reasoning, *à priori*, to shape their conduct to altering circumstances and coming events, is to know very little of human nature. No one, therefore, ought to be surprised that this state of things has come upon the sufferers totally unexpectedly; and that no one anticipating the effects of peace, and of legislative tampering with the currency, had "put his house in order" to meet the approaching evils;—in fact, they were for a long time quite at a loss as to the cause, or the probable duration, of the calamities under which they were labouring. If, indeed, they had understood these points, they might certainly have foreseen and evaded, in some degree, the consequences, and, by cutting away and close-reefing, have rode out the storm; that is, by a prompt and entire change of system, and adopting one adapted to the present times, by selling off old stocks at reduced prices and at the first loss,—selling for ready money, or giving credit very sparingly, for a small profit. This is the system which the altered state of things requires, and which circumstances will force upon the tradesman sooner or later: those who hesitate will be lost and swept away, and their places supplied by others who will have sense enough to adopt it. What, however, has been and is their actual conduct under these arduous circumstances and changes? They have clung, and are clinging as much as possible, to the old system; or rather, vainly attempting to apply it to the present state of things. They continue to charge, in many cases, the old prices, although the articles in which they deal are fallen, on the average, thirty to forty per cent.; catching at the profit of the moment, regardless of the future, and making the most of the stray customer whom chance or ignorance brings into their clutches. They give credit pretty indiscriminately, charging high prices to all to counterbalance the bad debts which on this plan they are sure to incur; that is, making the good pay for the bad. This method of conducting business is now pretty much practised, and by tradesmen who would be much shocked at being deprived of their badge—the epithet "respectable:" it is ruinous to themselves, dishonest to the best part of their customers, and beneficial only to the worst, i. e. the unprincipled part of them. Much of this is even apparent and

on the surface; you cannot enter their shops and look at their goods, without a feeling coming over you that you are entrapped; the very door seems to fly back of itself, and fasten on a spring-lock to prevent your retreat, though it opened readily enough to admit you. If you do not find the article you want, and show symptoms of getting out again, the *avide* attention of the shopman is changed into alarm; and private signals, no doubt, are made by him, for a more adroit one is sure to make his appearance. If he does not succeed, the master or mistress come forward, and try their powers and influence: all your remarks on the price or quality of the article are met by *counter*-arguments from three or four active and voluble antagonists, who seem resolved not to let you escape, willy-nilly, without a purchase; in short, you are fairly hustled and jabbered into buying something, which perhaps you do not like or cannot afford. If, however, by a physical effort you make your way through them, and get unscathed into the street again, chagrin and disappointment are depicted on their countenances, and their eyes follow you as those of an angler do the wily trout or strong jack who has got off his hook, and is swimming away unhurt down the stream again. What then in this state of things is the policy of the buyer; and what are the chief precepts of shopping economics adapted to these *bizarre* circumstances? We will merely suggest two or three rules, which we have practised ourselves, and found useful and necessary in this way. In the first place and generally deal for ready money or what is equivalent to it; for if "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry," credit, which is a kind of borrowing, does no less to trade: the shopkeeper never thinks he can lay on enough profit to make up for the risk and delay of trusting. Avoid those shopkeepers who give indiscriminate trust; they are either fools, or make it up in some way or other—in either case it is better to have nothing to do with them. When the article is not of current and well-known value, state plainly to the dealer, before he fixes his price, that you intend, before concluding the purchase, to compare his article and price with those of other dealers, but that you will give him the preference on equal terms: he cannot complain of this, and will in most cases affix so reasonable a price to insure your return, that you will seldom have much trouble in the way of further inquiry to be convinced of it. When the articles are of a current price and quality, as those of the grocer, oilman, &c., until you are satisfied that you have found a fair and proper shopkeeper, deal alternately with two, or, what is much the same thing, divide your order into two or more equal parts, and, sending them to different shops, compare the results. By these and similar precautions, we think it is not overstating the matter to say that £800 will produce the same results as £1000 laid out with less judicious management, and all this without haggling or running about after advertizing or *soi-disant* cheap shops: though these are not altogether to be suspected or passed over, they are one of the signs of the times, and the first shoots of the new and more economical system of dealing and general frugality, which will infallibly grow out of these impoverished and reforming times.

K.

THE PAST YEAR.

THEY go, they go, they pass away!—
Hours bear us on their wings
To where in night and mystery
End mortal wanderings.
I am not weary of this scene,
Although its ways to me
Have rough and care-worn ever been—
I am content to be.

Life hath its whisperings of joy
Amid the darkest hours,
As in the desert of annoy
Spring solitary flowers;
I am prepared to wait my time,
Though but a useless weed,
However dark the doom, or way,
That is for me decreed.

Such course is best—but I am sad
While years thus fleet away,
And times when I was young and glad
Are thronging memory,
And voices heard in parted days,
Whose music on the soul
Falls like a vault's dim window rays
Upon a buried pall.

I hear them in the winds at eve,
That rustle Autumn woods,—
I hear them on the ocean wave,—
I hear them in the floods;—
Whence come they?—Spirits of the air
They wait upon the heart;
Enshrining recollections there,
Death can alone dispart—

Holding communings from afar
On shores where all have rest,
Or in some bright remoter star—
The Eden of the blest,
Where fancy furls her sunny wings
Amid bright isles of bliss,
And many a lovely vision brings
Of worlds more fair than this.

Then why regret the buried time?
Who'd live life o'er again,
The self-same scene from childhood's prime?—
Too deep would be the pain.
Poor weary pilgrims, let us say,
Our toilsome journey run,
Grateful, resign'd, howe'er the way,—
"Father, thy will be done!"

A.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND HER TITHES.

Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova,
Malvagia, che dal fiume, e dalle ghiande,
Per l' altru' impoverir se' ricca e grande;
Poi che di mal oprar tanto ti giova;
Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande;
De vin serva, di letti, e di vivande,
In cui lussuria fa l' ultima prova.
Per la camere tue fanciulle e vecchi
Vanno trescando, e Belzebub in mezzo
Co' mantici, e col foco, e con gli specchi.
Gia non foste nudrita in prime al rezzo;
Ma nuda al vento, e scalza fra li steocchi;
Or vivi si, ch' a Dio ne venga il leggo.

PETRARCH, *Sonetto* XIV.

FROM what baleful and polluted source did the Protestant Church derive the right, which she is exercising in Ireland, of coercing the people into the exaction of what she impiously calls her dues, stripping the sick and the dead of their scanty rags, aggravating the horrors of periodical fevers and famine, and swelling the cup of vulgar misery till it overflows in butchery and riot? Let us see her warrant for the transactions of Bally-truckle, Newtou Barry, Castle Pollard, and Knocktopher. "To the law and the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." War for tithes! Civil war for the benefit of the Church! Are regiments of dragoons to be called out to sabre the people in defence of religion and "Church-property?" How would the imprisoned legions yell with mirth and triumph in the nethermost abyss, as the souls of the slain were hurried from such an Aceldama to meet the awful gaze of eternal justice! Were ever the hearts and understandings of men ensnared to a more absolute perdition, than where the Government, on pretences of public safety, can lend its sword to this monstrous fury, in favour of men pretending to follow the steps of Him who made Peter put up his weapon, though drawn to preserve his master's life and freedom? "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness."—"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn away the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless."

If the country and its rulers be not given up to the most incurable hypocrisy that ever disgraced a sinking state, these atrocities must have a speedy, resolute, and unsparing cure. There is no time to lose; Government must indulge in no more tampering with the clergy. Their power and riches are equally forfeited—and devoted to the appeasing the violated rights of nature and the offended spirit of religion. Let the nation reflect on its duties, and consider the crimes which we have warranted and have to atone for. Sanctitimony and bloodshed! God's holy ministry fed by the spoils of the tithe-sword! Here is a subject for Perceval's fast-day, if clerical mummery could stand in the place of our wickedness and

[1] Concluded from page 228.

debasement, and tempt the return of honour and justice to " a seed of evil doers, and children that are corrupters."

But to our task:—where got the Church her title to the bread of a starving people, and how does she derive her warrant, lately put forth from her cave in Albemarle Street with an air and echo portending " malice and all uncharitableness," fitter for the Trophonian pit than the voice and mien of Christian priests claiming an equal possession with the owner in all the lands of England and Ireland? Why not Scotland, and the islands beyond? The Son of Man " had not where to lay his head." Listen to the procurators of his " spouse:" the Bull of Borgia, which bestowed America upon the crown of Spain, has not a more startling and impious effrontery:—" The Protestant clergy are part owners in the land.—The Roman Catholics, who are bound to pay them their legal dues, accepted not by compulsion, but voluntarily, the obligations and advantages of proprietors or tenants.—The laws which laid upon the soil the support of the Church thus warned all who possessed or occupied it of the conditions they must observe."

Nothing can move us to wonder at men who are capable of a contempt so superb and swollen of the primary obligations either of law or religion. It was after the fourth century, when the Church set itself about establishing the claim for tithes, now upon pretences of secular gratitude for spiritual services done, now upon divine precept and the example of the Jewish Church, now upon compulsory laws obtained from princes steeped in crimes which Paganism would have held as wholly unpardonable, and now upon persuasion backed by the roaring ordinance of public councils and the decrees of schools. Among other pigments to colour their right, for which they searched heaven and earth, and also hell, (if St. Augustine is right in his belief that the gods of the old world, from whose worship the practice of tithe was originally derived, were devils, wandering about by sufferance of the Most High, " seeking whom they might devour,") was a fabled beast in Africa, who divided its prey into eleven parts, and, having eaten ten, left the other " as a kind of first-fruit or tithe." Let us consider the eternal vigilance of the Church in enlarging the borders of her temporal wealth and authority; and how, from the unpromising and barren soil of fasting and abstinence, and a formal renouncement of every thing belonging to this life, she has, in all Christian countries, acquired what she deems a lawful and inalienable interest in one full tenth of the gross produce of the earth, and all that it contains; and then we may bear with a more calm and perhaps a more effectual contempt her insolence at this time, which is destined to be her hour of detection and divorce, as it is manifested in the same dark and ill-inspired oracles. Hard by the passages which we have cited, the reader will find her advocates formally disowning the good-will and favour of the laity, as it is enjoyed by some of the clergy of the Irish Roman Catholic Church; and admitting, with an unabashed forehead, that the Protestant Church is to rely on her possessions and the authority of the magistrate, not on her estimation by the flock, not on her usefulness to the country, not even on the performances of her mouth-piety, garnishing all with reasons for permanently establishing the Insurrection Act in Ireland, which

in blunt English is the law of the sword—and all for the sake of tithe. They do not rebuke, or in any way disown the proposition, while they insidiously saddle their Roman Catholic rivals with its exasperating impertinence, but cant most whiningly upon "the duty by which he who tills God's earth is bound to render the appointed acknowledgment of his blessing," and against "the iniquity of diverting to profane uses a sacred fund."[1] "Appointed acknowledgment!" So that, eighteen hundred years after the Atonement, which was to change religion from the wasteful and degrading sacrifices of the old altars to the worship of the true God,—

> —— who does prefer before all temples
> The upright heart and pure,—

we have the logic of the belly,—the greedy-stomached homilies by which the priests of Isis and Zoroaster, of Jove, and Hercules, and Diana, and Apollo, and Bacchus, juggled their fellow-countrymen out of the tenths to feed the rabble of Olympus. "Appointed acknowledgment!" By whom appointed? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Again; "he who tills God's earth—" Very just; nothing more becoming than gratitude: but to whom is the acknowledgment due? To God:—he does not want the tenth sheaf, the tenth pig, or the tenth calf, any more than he wants the tenth shilling of a courtesan's hire! He will not starve, though tithe should lose its sancto-secular power of encumbering and disordering the whole frame of society, and all its varied actions and functions! Lucian makes Jupiter complain of a certain people who had deserted his temple in favour of that of Esculapius; and bitterly the thunder-bearer laments the loss of the savoury steam of those offerings by which he had been partly fed. The minatory bodements put forth to protect the tithe, now that the harvest is ripe for the sickle of reform, are scarcely less ridiculous; assuredly they are not more dignified, nor less sordid. The excuses, too, rendered on behalf of the medical god, might very well stand as an answer to the case set up in the Review before quoted, of an endowment by the ancestor to establish an infirmary, and the necessity laid on the heir to keep it up.

Tithes are neither medicine nor doctrine; they move in no way to the advancement of piety, or even of good morals. They constitute a practical infraction of Christianity, and provoke its self-scourging precept against the reverend claimants. "Physician! heal thyself." Your minds are full of all forbidden desires and longings: in that pretended Zion the vices are reduced, as to their proper centre, under specious titles of holiness; your pomp appears under the name of Church decorum; your ambition is falsely called an anxiety for the preservation of orderly government; your love of simple tyranny takes the semblance of zeal for the public interests; courtly adulation has there founded her palace. You sneer most self-approvingly at the blind impulses of the popular mind, while your own actions are the very tares of error. You have shamelessly converted the poverty of the Apostles to dignities and sumptuous palaces. Time was that the clergy were reverenced for the sanctity of

[1] Quarterly Review, No. XCII. p. 437.

their lives; but now you declare it to be the end and object of your ministry to raise respect by worldly rule and greatness, and admit that nothing else can make you enjoy reverence with the people. Religion wails over you as she did in olden times, when she said "I was wont to have wooden chalices and golden priests in my service; but now, wooden priests and golden chalices." Princes and rulers make passionate vows to you; why do you not repel them? When they threaten the malice of the secular arm in favour of the Church, why do you not rebuke them, and refer to the legions of angels which are at her command? Instead of which, you threaten Government with subversion, and all the order of the State with overthrow, unless they will yield, as yield they do, to your vehement and furious cupidity for gold and power. And when you are seen unchristianizing the Church, by gaining over the vindictive arms of the civil Government to your prohibited gratifications, are you not afraid that the cup of abuse and desolation which your elder sister of Rome has been doomed to quaff, after having mortally dosed her lovers and her victims, may be prepared again for your lips, when "the Bridegroom comes like a thief in the night," and finds his bride the Church wallowing in luxury, stained with the blood of his people, and calling in her rage for laws of great terror, cruelty, and injustice? Perchance may be repeated, to her astonished hearing, the menaces threatened to the two Assyrian sisters by Ezekiel; in one of whom Petrarch detected the figure of the Roman Church:—

> Fondata in casta ed umil povertate,
> Contra tuoi fondatori alzi la corna,
> Putta sfacciata! E dov' hai posto spene?
> Negli adulteri tuoi, nelle mal nate
> Ricchezze tante? Oi, Constantin non torna,
> Ma tolza il mondo tristo, che 'l sostene.
>
> PETRARCH, *Sonetto* XVI.

> Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
> 'Gainst them that feed thee dost thou lift thy horn,
> Impudent wretch! Where hast thou placed thy hope?
> In thy adulterers or thy new-got wealth?
> Another Constantine comes not in haste,
> But look for one to rid the world thou burden'st.

But the Protestant Church justifies her claims, as her elder sister did, "by the law." What law? Certainly not the law of God. She has made a patchwork of rules and doctrines out of the Levitical law, the custom of the imperial tribute, and the general customs of the heathen superstitions,—very unlike the garment that was without seam. To the last we have referred before. The Levitical law is, if possible, a more unhallowed plea, since Christianity was sent to destroy expiation by sacrifices, when "one was made a sacrifice for all." The tithes paid to the Levites were always used ceremonially before being consumed; and the better opinion was, that they were only due as sacrifices. Joseph Scaliger inquired of a Jew, what his nation would do in the affair of tithes, if the Temple should be rebuilt. The answer was, that to build it again were to no purpose, because they had no lawful priesthood; there being not one of

them that can prove himself a Levite. But, above all, the tithes were in lieu of a division of land, and fed the whole tribe,—namely, one-twelfth of the nation. This would be idle reasoning, had not the Church revived, and improved upon, all the pretences which a vitiated and corrupt hierarchy invented to prop the cause of tithe, from its first transition into the possession of the Church, out of the outcast deities of the Pantheon,—the grand lazar and pest-house of the heathen divinities. The authority of the Levitical law fails her totally; not so the devotion of Rhodope, and the oracle which encouraged the piety of the Crotonians and Locrians, by assuring them that the victory in the impending battle would be won by excess in vows rather than in valour. But her faith in temporals is exceeding great, and spreads like a grain of mustard-seed.

Selden is said to have expressed his wonder that the clergy would seek a title *jure divino* to tithes, while the common law furnished them with one which, in most instances, could be traced higher than the possession of a landed estate, and that ought to suffice them. This was a mere opinion as to their prudence—"On this hint they spake." Swift pushed the expression a point further, by saying "they had as good a right." Lord Eldon gave it another push: and now the clerical commentators have got the stone to the top of the hill,—and statesmen and lawyers are afraid to call their lands their own in any other sense than the Church chooses to allow them. Of a truth, they have saved to themselves all rights and advantages that ever the Roman Church got, or the Roman empire lost. Their kingdom is not *of* this world; it is the world itself,—if this be law. We see, in all this, footsteps traceable like those which Daniel pointed out to Cyrus in the temple of Bel; nor are we without strong resemblances of the devouring cormorancy of that east-country god, and the vexed and angry spirit of his associate the Dragon. Had we not good Church authority to the contrary, we might be led to suspect that the history was removed by the Church into the Apocrypha on account of its inconvenient allusion, "its most unsavoury similies."

No claim can be more repulsive than one set forth in the terms before cited for the English Protestant Church; she can have no title accruing before Henry VIII., all beyond must go to the credit of her predecessor: that undoubtedly was large enough, because it was given in an age darkened by grosser superstition than was contained among the politer nations of the old world, in the worship of Bacchus and other false representations of the power and goodness of the Creator, which have come down to us among the fragments of the old religions. But no country has ever allowed an equal right to enforce the law of tithe with that which establishes the right to the possession of lands; it is not in the nature of things that it should be so. The law of their establishment is derived from the Church in her spiritual capacity, and established by human government, which is constantly fluctuating in such matters: the aids lent her to enforce her claim are an indulgence, which of itself shows the precariousness of her original title. The first vows of tithe were voluntary, and wholly at the discretion of the giver as to the object. The historians of the times have not failed to notice the foul and

scandalous greediness with which the clergy hunted this game, when once started. The Emperor Julian has made memorable the assiduity of the priests, even at that early period, in persuading dying communicants to leave something to the Church; and Gianone, after Father Paul, gives us to understand that they were not particular as to the sources from whence it came, nor the families that were to be stripped to enrich her.

They had successfully eluded the Roman law, by which no persons were permitted to give, or bequeath by will, real estates to any college, society, or corporation, nor these to accept them, without the approbation of the senate or the prince. As to money, long before that period those acquisitions were so considerable that they are attributed by the more sober historians as the cause of most of the persecutions brought upon the Church from the death of Commodus, till the religion became the law of the empire. The collections, which from the time of the Apostles had been made for and divided among all the faithful, with an especial regard to the poor and the stranger, (insomuch that the Church of Antioch at one time fed three thousand mouths,) began, from the pride and laziness of the priests, to be appropriated. "Not contented with a subsistence in common, the clergy began to affect living separate in houses of their own, and to have each their allowance paid in money daily or monthly, or for a larger time; but the disorders ended not here, for the bishops, ceasing to make the usual distribution to the poor, reserved them to their own use. Thus enriched with the spoils of the Church, and giving themselves up to all the methods of increasing them, even to usury itself, they quite abandoned the doctrine of Christ." This is the dry and formal conclusion of a zealous ecclesiastic, and the most acute legist and statesman of his age. St. Cyprian lamented this condition of affairs in his time, and concluded that God permitted the great persecution under Decius, to purge his Church from corruption. "Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more." Her thirst for wealth, much more than her faith, made her triumph over all difficulties; her larders were enlarged in the midst of her worst sufferings; and indeed the State seems to have had more trouble in saving its people and their possessions from her pious clutches, than she herself encountered from the animosity of the State, notwithstanding her pathetic appeal to the early martyrs, upon whose sufferings and merits she relies to justify her possessions and temporal authority, which she holds, as Father Paul declares, by the abandonment of the doctrine of Christ. In the year 370, an ordinance was published which forbad churchmen to frequent the houses of widows and orphans, or to receive any gifts by will or donation from women, immediately or by any third hand; which ordinance was approved by St. Jerome as a remedy of a corruption which had taken too deep root among the clergy. "Another novelty contributing greatly to their wealth was introduced at this time: it had been prohibited by the ancient canons to accept any donations or legacies from divers kinds of public sinners; such as sacrilegious persons, courtesans, and those who were at variance with their own brothers. But all these difficulties were entirely removed, and all gifts, from what hand

soever they came, were indifferently received. And it is evident in practice, that the greatest part of the legacies and donations bestowed upon the Church are owing to the bounty of infamous and public women, or of people who are gratifying that way their own particular quarrels with their relations."

The piety of the communicants took advantage of the growing troubles of the empire, to bestow real or immoveable estates on her, which were all confiscated in 302 by Diocletian and Maximian, except in France; there Constantius Chlorus, who governed, hindered the decree from being executed: eight years after, Maxentius restored all her possessions: a little while after, she found the same favour from "Constantine and Licinius having granted free exercise of religion to the Christians, and allowed congregations of the clergy, which in Greek were called churches, made them also capable of acquiring fixed revenues throughout the empire, with an exemption from personal services." So that, with respect to her temporals, they were the fatal cause of those debaucheries by which she was distinguished almost as soon as she was known to the heathen world at large; and the distinction between the word Church, as significant of a congregation of the faithful, according to the pattern of Christ and the Twelve, and the same word as significant of a body of men deeply versed in those mysteries by which the priests of all former religions drew to themselves a large proportion, but never so large as these, of all the goods of the earth, in recompense for appeasing the malice of the infernal, and propitiating the favour of the superior gods, is as ancient as that fatal adoption by which Constantine made her a coheiress in the succession of the Imperial Crown. It was the retrospect of the varied infamies brought upon the faith, the turbulence and distraction introduced into all the Christian States, the pride and malice of the priests towards one another, the corruptions of doctrine and unscriptural ceremonies transferred from the heathen to the Christian temples to blind the reason of the multitude and enrich the priests, the use of bribery, fraud, violence, even to steel and poison, in effecting the chief spiritual promotions, the prostitution of the means so acquired to the wickedest purposes, that filled the mind of the great Italian with a holy and zealous regret, and spread over his poem that abundance of reproachful allusions to the sottishness of princes, and the wanton luxury of the red-robed harlot, whom he describes as mingling their unhallowed embraces, and made him recur to it as the source of all "spiritual wickedness in high places:"—

> Ahi! Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
> Non la tua conversion, ma quelle dote
> Che da te prese il primo ricco Patre!
> *Dell' Inferno*, Canto XIX.

> Ah Constantine! of how much ill was cause,
> Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
> That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

Now for the reason of this lament. "From this time till the year 963, during the space of eighty years, wherein Italy laboured under the extremest confusions, as well in the civil government as ecclesiastical, especially in the Papacy, we must not expect to find

any traces or form of good government in the Church, but a mere chaos of impieties, and a general preparative and forerunner of the miserable revolutions and disorders which followed. Popes were then excommunicated by their successors, and their acts broken and annulled, not excepting the very administration of the sacraments: six popes were driven out and dethroned by those who aspired to their places; two Popes put to death; and Pope Stephen VIII. wounded in the face with so much deformity, that he never after appeared in public. Theodora, a famous courtesan, by the interest and faction she had then in Rome, got her professed lover chosen Pope, who was called John X. John XI. was chosen Pope at the age of twenty years, being the bastard of another Pope dead eighteen years before."

It may cause surprise to see any allusion to times so monstrous and actions so abominable, especially as our Church professes to be reformed and restored to something like her original purity: but it is her own fault if, looking through the vista of the past, we confuse her with the tribes of wicked hirelings who made God's house "a den of thieves." She will persist in an ancient, traditional, and scriptural title to tithes, as old at least as any man's title to his estate. If she insists on perpetuity and unbroken succession, she must derive it through these channels of corruption and bloodshed; and then she need not content herself with so juvenile and defective a charter as that which is left to her by St. Paul,—"if we sow unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we reap your carnal things?" She can go higher than the Nativity—she can show a divine right from Bacchus, in whose honour the drama of Athens was first instituted, to the expense of which one-tenth was awarded by that pious democracy. She may go on to show how virtuously they resisted Demosthenes, when he wished most sacrilegiously to divert that tribute from "sacred to profane uses," by using it in the Macedonian war. Then there is the sacred example of the Athenian cooks, who saved a tithe of the victuals for their ever-hungering gods. She may go further, and prove,—as the old temples had them in one way or another, and Apollo, who was the most wealthy god of his family, was actually called *Decatephoros*, "tithe-crowned,"—that tithes and religion are coeval, and that religion will expire with tithes. This is an unavoidable conclusion, put according to the best manner of the schools, and warranted by the fact. "No tithe—no religion," is to the full as true as "no bishop—no king," if qualified by the right title of the worship. The religion of Christ cannot cease—it still lives somewhere: but the tithe of the English Protestant Church is proof against her house being its habitation. Let any one ask himself, if a right derived from such times and such a Church government as is before described,—amidst the wildest and darkest struggles between rival powers, then only first subsiding into order, and as frequently driven back into the tides of anarchy by the bellowing winds that blew, at the pleasure of Rome's bishop, from the caverns of the Seven Hills, so that Europe, with all her priests and princes, resembled a forest of wild beasts abandoned to the rage of all the greedy passions,—could be held at this day of such unalterable authority, that the nation must perish rather than modify the terrible evils of

the Church. This is the claim now made for her; and it is grounded on authorities chiefly drawn from those wholly atrocious periods, or others of even a worse character as it regards our own islands. The first gift of tithes here comes from a Saxon robber, who could not write, and marked the sign of the cross, very usefully for all his illiterate countrymen, who remain in the same state of ignorance at this day: he did it to expiate a grievous, treacherous, and unpardonable murder of one whom he had invited to his kingdom to marry his daughter. The indecencies and impertinences to which the clergy had recourse, in pushing forward this claim to its present seven-headed and ten-horned strength, constituted the practice into a proverb of the time, to describe a discourse diverted from its first object—"vertere sermonem ad decimas." They placed all Christian perfection in that one merit of paying tithes. Not contented with predial tithes, to which they would have been confined by any adoption of the Levitical law, (which confined the rights of that tribe to one-tenth of the increase, instead of any portion of land, which they were forbidden to hold,) they demanded tithe of every man's trade and industry, not excepting that of hunting and the soldier's pay. People may think that these things are forgotten and out of use;—the longest memory known is that of a priesthood. Some of the pagans traced the possession of tithe to the feast given to Hercules—"the appointed acknowledgement" of the Quarterly Review—for recovering the cattle from Cacus; some of them to Priapus, to whom Juno awarded a tenth of spoils of war for teaching Mars to dance. Their successors find it running as far back as the Saxon invasions. They have not quite quitted their claim to personal tithes: their remembrance lives in the Easter offerings, which are held by law to be a commutation of them. As to the soldiery, they do not directly contribute a tenth; probably the mutiny in the army of Camillus, and the peril of Rome being lost to the Gauls in consequence of his rashly vowing tithe of the spoils of a conquered city to Apollo, has furnished a salutary hint to leave the soldiery in a state of untithed reprobation, rather than meddle with their souls' welfare. But even they are not altogether left out; in peace they obtain their spiritual food on easy terms at the next parish church or chapel. During the war they were frequently accommodated with a drum-head sermon, for which they were put under a moderate contribution that made it both easy and pleasant to them.

It was not till the year 1175 that the Church proceeded to censures to enforce the payment of tithes of mills, fisheries, hay, wool, and bees, and ordered that the tithes of every thing should be paid before the charges in gathering the fruits should be deducted. In 1195 came excommunication for non-payment of tithe of wine, grain, fruits, trees, cattle, gardens, merchandises, soldier's pay, hunting, and windmills; this by the decretals of the popes, and in this country by a particular decretal of Innocent III., date 1200, confirming the Council of Lateran. But the Canonists went further, affirming that the poor who beg about the streets are obliged to pay the tenth of all the alms, and common women likewise a part of their infamous gains. This was not Christ, but Belial. The funds that fed the Apostolic Church, both hearers and ministers, were supplied from a different fountain, and went to a different purpose—"Sell all that thou hast,

and give to the poor:" yet here we stand, affronting the message of salvation, the character and conversation of Jesus and his disciples, looking on, while their pretended successors, possessed of the charitable donations of continuing ages, gorged with the very means trusted to them to protect the poor, have taken the field to fight with mortal weapons against their flocks; Ministers of the Crown and half the Upper House cheering them on with a greater defiance of all justice, divine or human, than ever was admitted into the code of civilized nations.

We had before said that a tithe-war had commenced in Ireland: while penning this, the Minister and the Chancellor of Ireland have declared it in form. They avow that the additional troops are there, to enforce the rights of the clergy, and maintain the law at all hazards. This is an abdication of all the rational functions of Government. It may be the law that Ireland shall be tithed to the division of the last potato, and that the people of Ireland shall perish, rather than one jot or tittle of the law shall fail. But this is the law of a divinity, whose business is perpetual war and malice against Him who bade Peter "feed his sheep;" it is a law issuing from "the wisdom beneath, earthly, sensual, and devilish;" it is a law of unrighteousness and multiplied hypocrisy; it is a law of sanctimony and rapine; it is a law more cruel and impious than that which was passed to ensnare Daniel—"at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up; and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." This was law perfectly good and binding in Babylon, as much so as that brewing of lay and ecclesiastic corruption, which the priests of the reformed religion and the government have prepared to gratify the pride of the Church as the wages of her prostitution. The furnace is there and the fire. Who is to be cast into it? The Irish people? No; the spirit of reason and humanity is among them, and the flames will play harmlessly upon them, so as to justify the worship of the true God from the blood-spilling pollutions which stand in its place. Does Lord Grey know that the tithe-war of Ireland has cost thousands of lives in the last thirty years? When he talks of persevering in it, one cannot but look up, expecting the fire from heaven which is to consume the altars and the false prophets of the homicide religion.

The tithe will cease in Ireland. But it is not enough that the mischief should end: the fortifications raised by law to secure the clergy from the siege of justice and reason must be wholly demolished; except Acts of Parliament of their own contriving, and some judgments of most profligate corruption given from the tribunals, and they are without any proper sanction. To appeal to Christianity is out of the question; every one of its dispensations breathes comfort and support to those "that labour and are heavy-laden." If ever the Deity was manifested in a particular manner to our suffering race, it was in the compassionate precepts of the gospel. What then has made the administration of religion so to differ, as to present a worse spectacle of greedy superstition, than in the voluntary devotion of their lives by the heroes of the old world, as a sacrifice to the infernal gods?

Plainly, the corruption of religion, which brings with it mouth-honour for the Deity, heart-burning and ill-will among men, and unreproved hypocrisy among both priests and people. The pretence of ecclesiastic law will hardly be insisted on, though the Reviewer before cited is not backward in forcing upon Doctor Doyle a belief in the divinity of tithes, because forsooth the Council of Trent, the proceedings of which, public and private, cannot be rendered into any English fit to be uttered before any audience, decreed that "tithes were due to God." If this be their idea of orthodox obedience, the Doctor will have little to fear, though Cambridge and Oxford should unite to baffle him. They might have learned from Pascal, that not even the decrees of a public council, which is the highest authority known in the Church, can bind, except in matters of faith. Coke expressly says, following out the doctrines of his Roman Catholic predecessors, that the decree of the Council of Lateran, afterwards enforced by the decretal of Innocent III., (though by the way he declares that he has looked through the decrees of that council and can find nothing of the kind there,) was only allowed to be binding, inasmuch as it was just and reasonable. The tithe then was created by the law of the land, and not the law Christian. There is no law of this country which is not alterable by the power which established it, because "the law of reason is above the common law, as the common law is above the statute-law." The law which admitted the epistle of Innocent III. has, in fact, been altered,—we need not say in whose favour. Where he claims the tithe for the officiating minister, he also forbids him to take money for the duties he renders to his flock in marriages, christenings, prayers for the dead, or on any other accounts; in recompense of which duties he claims for the parson the full payment of tithes. "Oh! but the Reformation has come since;" so it has, and with it it has brought settled fees for the ministry of religious offices, an utter bereavement of the poor of the funds which were provided chiefly for their use, the right of saddling the congregation with the repairs of the church, which were also chargeable on the same fund, and some scores of wicked judgments given in the last century, which have revived claims of tithe before dormant for ages, in many cases restoring the parson to his primitive tithes, though possessed of the glebes for which tithes had been formerly commuted, giving one tithe by custom, and another *de jure*, out of the same land, extending the custom by implication to things not titheable (very few the reader may be sure) *de jure*. By these and the like atrocities the property of the Church has gained upon the laity more than two annual millions in the last fifty years, to say nothing of the improvements in her income by the enlargements of cultivation. Well may she be prepared to fight for possessions, when her priests exceed the proudest princes of the earth in the enjoyments of idleness and luxury. The crime is not new; something of the sort must have happened to rouse the rebuke of Jeremiah—"For the sins of her prophets and the iniquities of her priests have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her: they have wandered as blind men in the streets; they have polluted themselves with blood, so that men would not touch their garments."

DIALOGUES OF THE DECK.—No. II.

THE MARCH-O'-MIND, OR, INTELLECT AFLOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE TAR."

(Scene—*A Group, around the Galley of a Frigate.*)

"WELL! I'm blest if *I* knows: but I knows *this*—there's no great meanin' in a matter as has to be back'd by length o' *larwin'*.—Rest my word on it, it's no more nor a muddy matter—there's never no seein' the bottom o' the bus'ness.—Moreover, a meanin's a meanin, and, if *more's* meant, why then,—it's a reglar-built double-deceiver, and mischief's sure,—*sure* to be uppermost!"

"In course, Jim," responded a talkative topman; and here the reader is informed that prudential motives suggest the necessity of suppressing the *Sir-names* of all the leading interlocutors of the galley group.—In times like these, the *Black-List* is felt to be a ticklish thing; and no one knows it better than *Jack*.

"In course, Jim—in course, bo!—a strait-for'ard manly meanin' 'ill stand alone—stand the tug o' truth, as stiff as a steeple.—But look here, Jim—look here, bo!—a lawyer's *lip* 'oud turn, ay, turn six-water-grog into mother's milk—once ship the coachman's wig—once clap on his clargyman's gown, and then, (that's if he sees you're afeard to face him,) then, stand clear of his well-paid prate.—Take him in trim, close-haul'd on his best pint,—*wrongin'*, you know, a reglar *right*, *then*, see how he'll work to wind'ard o' truth—fore-reach 'pon reason, and creep, aye, creep, for all the world, like a Mugian clipper, in the very wind's-eye of the longest law—"

"Right, Bob—right, bo!" interrupted a restless auditor, impatient to support his shipmate's assertion—"and see how he'll pick and pilfer the *sense* out o' every strand—throw it aside out o' sight—work-up unwillin' words into reglar junk, and clinch the whole consarn by convartin' strong sense, and stronger proof, into rascally twicelaid or rotten rumbolin'—"

"Well done, Bill!—go it, Bob!" bellowed a bye-stander, rubbing his hands with delight—"Why, the pair on ye seems to sarve 'em out!"

"Sarve 'em out!—not half as much as the fellors desarve.—We knows 'em well—doesn't we, Bob?—'Twas never for nothin' *we* comed across their hawse."

"You may say that, Bill.—*We'd* enough of their saucy sneerin' *lip*.—Long as I can sup my swizzle, I'll never, no, never forget that infarnal rascally trial—"

"Bob," interrupted Bill, "Bob, d' ye 'members the little short-arm'd, bandy-legg'd beggar wi' the grizzly wig—the chap wi' the copper-colour'd phiz,—or to come more nearer the mark, wi' the brass breakin' out thro' his greasy mug?"

"Remember him!—do I remember 'Billingsgate Bet?' But, see here,—and, I doesn't care where I says it,—they're the sauciest set, (I doesn't say *all*—for it must be a precious bad trade as hasn't its *good* as well as its bad)—but I says your Old-Bailey birds, and the likes o' they, are the sauciest sneerin' set,—the biggest bullies,

and the most barefaced fellows as ever larnt,—larnt the trade o' tormentin' man. — Look at one on 'em"—continued the Cicero of the circle,—"one on 'em, swearin' in an opposite witness—watch his mug, an you'll see, ay, as clear as the livin' light, the mischief brewin' in his bitter brain.—See how he'll fasten his ferrit eye on a poor unprotected petticoat,—a forlorn helpless girl, half terrified out of her life, an' ready to fall in a faint at the *dirty* doubt the fellow contrives to throw in his overhaul lurking look.—Watch—when the clerk claps the Bible, the book of God, into her tremblin', troubled hand,—watch *then* his double-faced phiz, when he hears her told (and perhaps himself repeats the same) to swear to the truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but the truth, at the very identical time the fellow's intent on confusin' the cretur,—takin' her aback —, capsizing her credit, and causin' the poor innocent soul to *trip* on the truth in spite of herself—I, once, could 'ave shied my shoe——"

"Hilloa!—hilloa! my hearty;" interrupted a tall, brawny, broad-shouldered forecastle-man, catching the excited orator in the very act of suiting the action to the word—"no shyin' o' shoes *here*, Mister Bob!—Recollect you're not among lawyers *now:* tho' I must say——"

"What d' ye say?" hastily returned the heated orator, snatching from the delicate digits of the tall tar his long-quartered, 'long-painted,' canvass slipper—

"What does I say?—Why, I says, I grants you speaks no more nor the truth, naked, nat'ral, and bared to the bone:—but I must say, must *indeed*, Bob—that to me, its a reglar-built pauler,[1] how a fellor like you,—a fellor as hates, and ought too, to hate a lawyer worse, ay, nor even a Jew,—can now, now tarn to, to copy his prate, and use his very dientical lip and lingo.—Why, you talks as large, and comes the *Dick*[2] as fast an' as fine, as if, by Joe, you'd a-reglarly a-shipped the wig!"—

"*I* talk like a lawyer!—why, Sam, by your own showin', I speaks the *truth*, naked, nat'ral, and bared to the bone."

"Han'somely, bo!—han'somely.—Why, Bob, you has a fellor afore he's fairly down.—If you comes it in this here fashun, I'm blest but you'll pass for a reglar-built Bencher.—But just try back for a bend—take out the grind, and, you'll find it comes to *this*, and never no more—If *lip* sometimes weathers on *law*—why, it tells on the one tack as well as the t'other.—A fellor, we'll say, falls sick; well!—he goes to the doctor,—he can't do better.—But, then on t'other tack, 'sposin' he gets into debt,—gets pinn'd—gets in limbo or gets in the clink—who does he look to *then?*—who gets him his clearance?—who, to be sure, but a reglar-built lawyer?—so, steady a bit, bo!—right your helm—fair-play's a jewel—a trade's a trade—have bakers, have butchers—*Jack Ketch* must thrive as well as another.—Then, on t'other tack—how's a lawyer to deal with a rogue—or treat a ruffin?"

"How?—why the same way he does with a timid man, or modest woman—bully and badger till all's blue.—But, no,—he knows a trick worth two on it—he knows a hard-hearted ready

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[1] *Pauler*, a puzzle. [2] *Dick*, dictionary.

rascal will serve him out, and give him more than his own.—No, no, he won't grapple with his match—*not* he——I once see'd a light-finger'd chap floor a reg'lar *lipper* like smoke and oakum.—The pickpocket, as was only a witness, stands the badgerin', at first, better than a well-baited bear;—at last, the light-finger'd lad opens his fire, and pours on the prater a double-shotted Billingsgate broadside as soon lowers the lawyer's lip:—'till, findin' he was fairly floor'd, and goin' to looard as fast as a haystack adrift, he loses his temper—turns to a snivellin', and prays an' 'plores the judge on the bench to grant him protection!"

"*Protection!*—why *he* more nor another?—why more nor a *better* man?" indignantly exclaimed a sitter hitherto silent on the subject in debate.—"I wouldn't grant, no, not *one* on 'em one; nor does I see why as lawyers shou'dn't be *prest* as well as the other lubberly grass-combin' beggars they us'd to pin in the war."

"*Protection!*—why, Joe, we're on opposite tacks—I doesn't *mean*, man, a *press* protection."

"Oh! I axes your pardon;—but still, Bob, there's never no makin' more of a thing nor it is—a protection's a *protection* all the world over.—Howsomever, strike out again—strike out, my son."

"But come, come," interposed the original mover of the original question—"come, I say—I say, we've taken a precious, precious wide yaw[1] from our course—What's the meanin' on it?—I axes *afore* for that—I wants no more nor the real, reglar-built meanin' o' the matter—'*March-o'-Mind!*'—*March-o'-Mind!*—I'm blest if it isn't a thoro'-bred pauler,—isn't it, Joe?"

"Why, at first sight, Jim,—at first sight," returned the interrogated tar, assuming all the air and consequence of oracular authority,—"at first sight, 'twould sartinly seem as much; but I thinks I can clear the kile,—I thinks I *has* it.—You see, Jim, this here March-o'-Mind—(*that's* the word isn't it?)—well, this here March-o'-Mind means, you see,—yes, it *must*,—means, you see, when a chap—a chap's a *mind to march*, he may!"

"Oh! that's it, is't?—Well, in course, Tom, in course you ought to know best:—but *I* knows this—*I've* never no mind to *march*.—I knows when I've a good berth—a good barkey and meets with good usage.—I knows more too,—I knows my sarvitude time will tell at a *time* when I neither can sarve myself or Sal.—Talk o' the Marchan'-sarvus—What d'ye get in it now?—Small wages and worse wittels, for precious hard wearin'-out work—Get hurt in the hold, fall from aloft, fractur your pate, or catch a West-Ingy fever, who *then's* to cure you?—a groggy skipper, or a greasy cook?—No, no, a good man as knows well his work, and knows how to respect himself—mind! I says *himself*—for if a man won't respect *himself*, where's the fellor as will?—Yes, yes, let a man but respect himself, obey his officers, and keep from *lip* and lickor, and he need never, no never, shy a King's ship, or, in any way, dread a man-o'-war.—The man as desarves the *name* o' man is sure, *sure* to be treated *like* a man,—and sure, in the end, to meet wi' reward."

"Well done our side o' the house!—well done, Jim!" vociferated the tall tar, accompanying the compliment with a heavy open-

[1] *Yaw*, a digression.

handed slap on his messmate's shoulder.—"And, moreover, Jim, you knows *well*, the very chaps as sneer an' snarl 'bout the cruelty o' the *cat*, and the likes o' that 'ere shore-goin' lubberly trash, are only your piebald parlimin'-praters,—chaps as are sore an' savage at seein' seamen *contented*—'stid of growlin' and dissatisfied like their sulky selves.—And yet, yet these very same hippercrocodile varmins as pretend to pity, and feel, so much, as they tarm it, 'for their *fellor-creturs*,' are always the first, the very *first* to cut down an' dock a poor fellor-cretur's hard-earn'd pay, or to try an' knock off the harder-earn'd pension his king and country allows him to keep the little *life* that's left from leakage——"

"That's *you*, Sam," ejaculated the last interlocutor.—"You says no more nor the truth—seamen are not dissatisfied, nor yet discontented one way or t'other—we knows the revarse,—an' all on us know the best berth a seaman, or seafarin'-man, can find is 'board of a high-keltered, crack, man-o'-war—a ship as makes every man know his work—every man do his duty, an' *no* man a morsel more."

"Where's the man as denies it, Jim?"

"No one, as *I* knows:—but where's the man, as can tell me—tell *me* as a man, the real meanin' o' this mysty matter:—where's *that* man—where's *that* man, Tom?" reiterated the truly perplexed inquirer of a question, which had already betrayed the disputants into those long irrelevant digressions peculiar to seamen in debate.

"Where's the man?—why, here, *here* he is," cried an elderly tar, pointing to a fellow-forecastle-man who had just 'taken up a close-order station' in the centre of the seated circle.—"Here's the man as 'ill soon come to the marrow o' the matter.—I say, Ned, *you*, as knows summit o' summit, and knows what's what, better nor most,—in course, you can take the thund'ring tho'roput[1] out o' this precious mess.—Here's Jim here, jamm'd like Jackson, hard up in a clinch, an' can never get no one to clear the kile, or give him the real dientical meanin' o' this here new-lanch'd lubberly phrase, as seems to puzzle us more afloat, nor even the long-headed fellors ashore."

"What! ye means the *March-o'-Mind?*"

"That's *you*, Ned—you *has* it—that's the ticket, bo."

"Then I can tell ye, Tom," returned the now welcome interpreter to the puzzled party—"I can tell ye, it means no more nor *this*—Prate!—prate!—prate!—gab!—gab!—gab!—Pretendin' to know, and do every thing better than the *best* o' your betters—a likin' to lay down the law—to deal in *lip*—to use long-winded words 'thout knowin' a word o' their meanin'—to pour over newspapers, as far oft'ner *mean* more mischief nor type would tell—to prate in a pot-house—to talk large and larn'd over your pipe and lickor—to growl like a landsman, an' rig like a lubber—to sham a small smatt'rin' of every trade, and to never know *nothin'* o' your *own*.—An' d—— it—to clinch the whole—to end your days, and die like a dog in a ditch, for darin', darin' to dabble out o' your depth."

"Hurrah!—Well done, Ned!—I know'd you was the fellor as 'ould soon give us the English o' the matter."

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[1] To disentangle.

"Ay, ay, Tom: but Ned has given us more nor *one* meanin', you know—*I* wants the *one* real, reglar-built meanin' o' the matter; for, as I said afore, it must be a double deceiver, as means more nor the *one* identical thing."

"Well, Jim," returned the interpreter, "you has your choice,—take any *one* o' the few I gave ye. I've only given you the standin' part of a few o' the meanins as stand for the phrase.—But, I can tell ye *this*—there's more mischief in the *thing* nor people thinks."

"Well, isn't that exactly—*exactly* what *I* says?"

"To be sure, Jim—to be sure it is. Why, I was lately paid off from a ship-sloop-o'-war (I'll keep her name to myself, for I doesn't like to disgrace a craft as desarves the name of a clipper); but I was lately paid off from a craft, as was all as one as a floatin' parlimint-house. There never was gather'd together such a beggarly bunch of pratin' pollytishins. There was the captain o' the main-top, as took in the '*Times*' as reglar, ay, as he took his daily allowance.—Let the ship go where she would, the newspaper reg'larly followed the fellor.—'Stead of lookin' after his top, an' the likes o' that, he was always skulkin' below, pourin' over papers, or, as was mostly his favourite fashun, readin' out loud to a large lazy set of haddock-mouth'd listners, the whole o' the parlimint-palaver as was cramm'd chock o' block in every column o' the '*Times*.'—In as many minutes, he'd make as many remarks as 'ou'd fill a Liner's log for a month. There he'd lay down the law—say, if *he* was prime minister, *he'd* do *this*—that the First Lord o' the Admirallity ought to do *that*;—if *he* was First Lord, *he'd* know *well* what to do——"

"Well," interrupted the long forecastle-man, "I only wishes *I* was the *First* Lord—*I* knows *well* what *I'd* do."

"What?" asked an inquisitive topman.

"*What?*—why, take care o' myself for *life*—*make* myself *cook* o' the Callydony."[1]

"Well, you might do worse nor that.—But, bless your heart," continued '*knowing Ned*'—(for here the cognomen cannot be considered a '*breach* of privilege')—"but, bless your heart, this *March-o'-Mind* was reg'larly playin' the devil afloat.—Fellors 'oud cut such capers—thoughts comed into their heads as never was know'd afore.—Them as was spliced, reg'larly *twice* a week, (days we didn't wash below,) must send off to their lovin' ribs long lubberly letters, criss'd and cross'd fore-an'-aft, and athaut-ships, for all the world like the square meshes of a splinter-nettin'; an' if they didn't reg'larly receive by return o' post—for they all had their stated days, an' look'd for letters from the cryin' craft, as reg'larly as they did for pipin' to dinner—you'd see the poor devils the whole day long pinin' below, an' doin' far worse, neglectin' their duty on deck. But *that* wasn't all——I 'members one day fittin' out in Hamoaze—the chief boson's-mate, as one, 'oud suppose, ought to know more o' the sarvus.—Well! this chap, as was long in the doctor's list, comes aft to the first-leaftennant, and clappin' on a mug o' mis'ry, axes for *two* days' *liberty* ashore.—'*Ashore!*' says the first-leaftennant, thinkin' the man was mad—an' well he might

[1] *Caledonia*, first-rater.

—'a man in the *doctor's* list ax for liberty *ashore!*—why, my man,' says the first-leaftennant, 'this is comin' it *strong* indeed!' —'I thought,' says the boson's-mate,—'I thought, Sir,' says he, 'you didn't *divine* my drift!'—'*Oh!* I axes your pardon,' says the first-leaftennant, opening a frolicksome fire on the fellow—'I axes your pardon—pray explain i' you please.'—'Well, Sir,' says Pipes, as stiff as a sulky soger, —'it seems, Sir,' says he,—'that's, it seems so to *me*—when a man's unwell, it becomes,' says he—'becomes no more nor his duty to recover his health as *fast* as he can—the sarvus,' says he—'the sarvus demands it.—So, Sir,' says Pipes, 'as I'm terribly troubled with the roomatis, an', as I well knows from 'sperience, there's never no other way to cure me, I wants,' says he, 'with your parmission—*two* days' liberty *ashore* to take—take a dozen or two *warm-baths*.'—I'm blest, if the first-leaftennant didn't nearly drop down on the deck in a fit o' laughin'."

"An' well he might: but I say, Ned, did he get the liberty?"

"To be sure he did.—The first-leaftennant cou'dn't, for the life on him, find it in his good-natur'd heart to refuse the fellow: but, bless you, that's a trifle to some o' their rigs.—We'd another boson's-mate, a smart fellow too, in his way; but he liked his beer. Whenever the fellow went ashore, he always came back to the ship as drunk as a lord: he used to say, 'twas the only time as ever he *indulged* in lickor: howsomever, as soon as he sobered, an' came to himself, down he'd dive to the doctor, sayin'—sayin'—(let's see *what* was the word?)—ay, I has it—sayin' he was fairly *criplis*—that's crippl'd, you know, and beggin' the doctor to give him a cool *Sally-lion*[1] draught—one o' your *sober*-water dozes—to ease the pain in his splittin' pate.—It's as true as I'm sittin' here. Well, there's two touches o' your *March-o'-Mind*—now here's strike out for a third."

"Go it, Ned! go it, bo!" was the general cry.—"Well, you must know, this same captain o' the main-top—this same identical chap as took in the '*Times*,' was one o' your fiddle-faddle fancy-men wi' the women—a terrible chap for sayin' a-soft things, an' dealin' in that delicate lip, as you know, as most ladies like. Well, I 'members one time, a-layin in K——e harbour, when two or three o' the petty officers' wives as went to sea in the ship were all ashore but the *one*, an' she was the *she*-gunner's-mate—well, this here Vaux[2]—(for that was the fellow's name, an', moreover, he used to boast an' brag as *he* was the *first* o' the family)—well, this here Vaux took a terrible likin' to this *she*-gunner's-mate,—an' *she*, sartinly, a likin' for *he*.—She used to say 'he said *such* things,—so *nice* a man—so pretty spoken,—so good-natured,—so good a scholard,—an' so *so* sober an' *steady* a man,' she'd say, shyin' a leerin' look at her husband, as much as to say—'that's *more* nor I can say o' *you*, Mister Tom.——Well, every one seed as Vaux and Sal were on more nor talkin' tarms: he used to write her varses, send her Valentines, an' amuse her mind by readin' out to her all the robb'ries, murders, an' crim-cons as appear'd in the '*Times*.'"

"*Crim* cons!—*What* the devil are they?"

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[1] This is literally true.

[2] This man's name may be found in the books of the ship in question.

"Why, it's a *China* word, I b'lieve; but it means no more nor runnin' away wi' another man's wife."

"What!—a messmate's?"

"No, no, she wasn't a messmate—there was just a berth atwixt 'em. Howsomever, Tom, (the gunner's-mate, you know) smells a rat, an' says, one morn, comin' up to Vaux, as he catches him a-larnin' Sal to sing, an' tippin' her one o' his Valentine varses—'I say, young fellow,' says Tom, snatching the paper out o' the fellow's fist,—'I say, I've a *score* to settle wi' *you*.'——'A score!' says Vaux,—'what for?'——'Don't mind him,' says Sal, leavin' Tom an' the captin-o'-the-top to side it out.—'What *for?*' says Tom, seein' Sal leavin' the berth, for he didn't want her to know he was bent on a breeze—'Make for the bay,'[1] says Tom, 'an' I'll soon let you know—we'll *soon* see who's the most right to sing with Sal or write her varses.'—'I tell ye what it 'tis,' says Vaux, comin' the gemmen's gammon—'I tell ye what it 'tis—I'm never the man as you takes me to be—I'm not a-goin','—says he, 'to make a Fives-court man o' myself, an' fist it out like a bullyin' bla'guard—if it's honourable.'—(Mind the fellow's impudence talking of *honour* in the very same breath he was tryin' to undermine the poor man's happiness!) —'If it's *honourable* satisfaction,' says he—'honourable satisfaction you wants, say the word, an' *I'm* your man whenever you chooses your time.'—Well, this, you know, was a reglar-built pauler to Tom, as thought to settle the score in the reglar way, and to side it out below in the bay.—So no more was said for a time—'twas just six-bells in the forenoon watch.—Well, howsomever, it happens that *very* same afternoon watch the small-arm'd men was exercised an' fired at a mark,—an', just as all was over, the men ordered to clean their muskets, an' the gun-room officers divin' down to their dinners,—I'm blest i' the midshipman o' the watch didn't catch poor Tom an' the varmint Vaux in the very identical act o' poppin a' one-another with a pair o' ship's muskets.—Tom took his stand on the folksel, an' the right-*honourable* Mister Varmint Vaux in front o' the poop, levellin' at his shipmate's life after tryin' all his soft, sinnavatin' ways to weather him out of his wife.—Tom's musket was cramm'd to the muzzle with more nor twenty balls, in case, as he afterwards said, the first eighteen or nineteen should miss his man.—Well! now—what d' ye think o' that?[2]—there's a *third* touch o' the *March-o'-Mind*—an' I hasn't done with *half* of it yet." W.N.G.

(*To be continued.*)

OSWALD THE BLIGHTED—A TALE OF AYRSHIRE.

In my early manhood I am led to note the most remarkable passages of my life. My age little exceeds twenty-three years, yet already have I a strong sense of the flight and the ravages of dark-handed time. The revolutions wrought in my own estate and condition, even within the lapse of these few late years, are marvellous to myself. I am not what I was. Not less altered is the current of my every-day conduct and manners from that of my early youth, than are the lineaments of my countenance, or the contour of my frame.—But to my story:—

My father died when I was five years old; and therefore of him I can have little to tell from my own recollections. One particular transaction

[1] *Bay.*—The reader is not to suppose the nethermost depths of the Bay of Biscay to be here alluded to. The *bay* of a ship means the foremast part on the 'tween-decks.

[2] This occurrence happened on board a ship now in commission.

descriptive of his behaviour to me, that greatly endears his memory in my heart, is, however, freshly and minutely remembered; nor shall it ever depart but with my reason or my life. A few days before his last illness, which was short, he took me into the garden after a heavy shower of snow, and there, in the strength of his love, playfully tempted me to a mimic fight with snow-balls. Oh! soft were those he threw; most careful and gentle the blows. Then the loud laugh he set up, to see me waxing hot in the encounter, was a hearty delightful utterance of overflowing joy. At length he allowed me to become victor; but as I closed upon him, still in battle, he took me up into his arms, and almost smothered me with caresses, his eyes filling with parental tears, which in his exultation he could not stem.

On my father's death, Learigg, one of the richest farms in my native parish, descended to me. But my mother, who long survived him, was a far more valuable residue and inheritance. It would be tiresome to a stranger, were I to tell all that I feel is due to her excellencies. Suffice it to say, that to a judgment originally firm, and affections intensely tender, she possessed the best habits assiduously studied and cherished. The character of her mind was forcibly indicated by the style of her sway over her dependants, which was gained entirely by the dignity of kindliness. I often observed that it was by striving to deserve her approbation that they earned their own.

But it was towards me, her fatherless boy, that the power of her nature and character had full display. Who could compute the amount of her parental love—that inextinguishable triumphant love? It was deep and pure and sacred as that of a seraph. Endless were the expedients, infinite the modes, by which it wrought. She caressed, it seemed to me, as none ever could do. She was my first and best, and most enduring, friend. There was no falsehood, no treachery, in her love. And was she not my earliest instructor?—I cannot tell when or how—yet surely none but she taught me the amazing truth, "There is a God!"

How oft by the ingle, at the woodbined window, or on the green footpath by a pretty flower-bed, when, with my hands upon her lap, I knelt beside her, has she declared the things of highest moment to man! She would tell, in mellow accents not unmingled with sighs,—(for a subdued melancholy, ever after my father's death, dwelt with her, that sent home to my heart the inculcated truths with double emphasis,)—that all must die, and live again;—that at the last day, my father, and she herself, and I, in spite of my fancies about hiding me at that dread period, should have to come forth from our graves at the summons of the trump;—that those who did evil, and died impenitent, should be wicked and miserable for ever and ever; but that those that were good and pious should, to all eternity, be growing greater, happier, and more glorious.

Thrice blessed may she be!—Immortal happiness to my mother! who told me of the angels, whose youth fadeth not; who are the heralds of God; with whom the good are for ever to dwell and to be likened. More illustrious glory and joy be to her, who first told me of him who died that sinners might live! What themes are these!—Does their mighty and melting power not come best from a mother's lips?—Yes; and if ever a parent hung over a child with looks of yearning love, it was mine, at these seasons; and if ever a child watched and greedily treasured a parent's every expression, with eyes fixed and full of glistening earnestness, it was the writer of these lines, when in the hallowed presence of his mother's priesthood. It seemed that at those times I mysteriously gained a closer union with the fountain of my blood: I followed all her gestures with a corresponding exactness; all her emphases with an echoing precision. Oh! how she would exclaim, "My child! my child!—of such is the kingdom of heaven; and holy mothers shall join them there, never to be separated."

At no time was I a very intractable child; nor particularly refractory: yet a heavy load of painful remembrances presses me, of offences committed directly against my mother, from my earliest years downwards. Alas! how many have slipped from that record! At present, however, I shall not waste words by attempting any general description of my natural character, of my innate and original predominating propensities; but at once proceed to give facts, and describe events which will more clearly exhibit the truth, than any laboured description. Nor need I descend to any late period of my history, when searching for an index with which to decipher me.

In my tenth year, my mother forbade me, with more than her usual peremptoriness, going near a deep pool of water where I wished to plant some fishing-lines. The authority appeared to me to be unnecessarily exerted, and I was determined to disobey it. She had ordered me to my lesson, and was keeping a watch over me. At the same time, though I held my face to my book, I preserved silence; I was sulky, and studying to retaliate evil. Thus employed, the very wicked thought was suggested, that my most complete revenge would be satisfied, could I make her believe I was lost or drowned by the first opportunity that occurred for an escape from her thraldom. But it was of a piece with my purpose, that I planned how to drop a hint, which would, as soon as I was missed, direct her mind to the worst conjectures; therefore, at length, I announced, and, as I persuaded myself, it was with magnanimity, "Ye'll rue this afore the morn, and seek me at the deep pool." How very faulty, it may be said, must my training have been ere I durst utter such a threat in the hearing of my parent! But this was the first instance of such rebellion; therefore she arose and left me in disorder, no doubt to gather composure, after such an alarming disclosure of temper, and to consider what was best to be done.

Now, as soon as left, I very cunningly managed to conceal myself under her bed. Nor was it long ere she sought for me throughout the house; but she found me not; and then she cried to the servants to help her in her search. Wild hurry immediately commenced as they ran to and fro, as between life and death; some to the pond, others to fearful precipices, which abound in the neighbourhood. Again and again my mother returned with such a frail hope as was sickening, to search the house, or to see if I had chanced to cast up, whilst it was deserted by all. I marked her groans as she passed me in my hiding place. I could have touched the hem of her garment; yet all the while my vile heart stood out, and would not allow me but to utter, "I am here!" Matchless villany!—The same spirit in manhood would fly out into conspiracies and covert assassinations. I was in a cowardly manner deliberately and perseveringly, with unprovoked wantonness, breaking my mother's heart. Her bitter wail of "Oh, my child! my son!" was heard by me with an adder ear; for I spoke not, I stirred not, to loosen her from her despair.

Four long hours did I thus wring my parent's bosom with ruffian grasp. But I was not at ease in my revenge. I felt that a frightful power bound me down: my heart was conscious of being in league with Satan against the life of my mother. I was full of horrors; and remorse stung me deeper every moment as the fiendish spirit held on. Nevertheless I stood out; I would not yield either to save her, or to unfetter my own soul.

Who knows how hard the obduracy of my heart might have grown, had not a signal expression of Heaven's displeasure been an overmatch for my revenge! It was as the domestics had all given up their search, to attend my mother, who was in fits, in the very apartment where I was concealed, that a piercing pain shot thrice through my frame, which made me cry and scream for that very being to help me, whom I had been so

cruelly destroying. This brought her instantly to herself; anger, pity, and love filled her breast; her face reddened, then grew pale: she wrung her hands woefully; and at last, when seeing me well and in some one's keeping, said, "I do this day know that I am a widow."

Very shortly before this I had recovered from a protracted illness, during which she had been my unwearied nurse. None could lay my troubled head upon that bed under which I had hidden myself so softly as she; no hand thrill me, amid my raving, with intelligence, but her's; no other voice still my clamour. All this, instead of exhausting her patient love, only bound me more endearingly to her heart. Yet after all this, and against that very mother, I levelled a deadly and malignant blow.

It must have been from an overpowering conviction that after this event she often said—"So long as he was an infant, my griefs and fears were light on his account; but now I see him hastening on by plain steps to something greater,—to whatever is to be good or evil in his doom; and now I can in part understand what a parent feels, when it has to be said of a son, 'I wish he never had been born.'" The dark omen found in the principles of my rebellion, together with extreme anxiety for my dearest interests, and the pensive melancholy that was habitual to her, worked so upon her imagination, as frequently to give her up to a foreboding spirit and visions where gloom and disaster prevailed. Was her foresight of my doom on earth wise, or only guided by an erring and over-sensitive nature? Let the story I now am telling present the answer. It is by this time an ascertained point: the clue has been unrolled that bound up my doom while here below.

But was my mother's heart alienated from me because of vile behaviour towards her? It is not wise to presume so. The occasions of sorrow and joy between parent and child are so interwoven as to afford the most affecting views of their reciprocal love. One can easily conceive how a short-lived estrangement of devoted hearts may be followed by an attachment of redoubled power, and by a reconciliation cemented by finer materials, than could have cause or scope under an unruffled and uniform course of sentiments: like bodies that naturally adhere, sunder them for a moment, and next they come together with greater force, and cling closer than before they were sundered.

Under my parent's tuition I made at an early age considerable progress as a scholar. She had time, taste, and capacity for the office of teacher. I learned quickly to read the simpler narratives of the Bible, and to understand them as I read. As my years increased, so did my learning. Amongst my mother's favourite books were Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Wodrow's History of the Kirk of Scotland, and Robinson Crusoe; all of which I was in the habit of pondering. Controversial works on knotty points of religious faith she sedulously kept from me during my unripe years; often however giving me an outline of what she herself knew of them, closing the glance with a statement of her own persuasions, which on all important matters were agreeable to the standard of the national church. On these occasions I was an apt, because an eager, scholar; and my enjoyment was also great, for I felt myself to be gathering that which was worthy the capacity of the human mind.

My mother had a taste for whatever was elegant or noble. Persons of her order do not deal in bombastic description when they speak of their finest and highest emotions, but abide by plain and sententious words. Though therefore she seldom expatiated over her delights, when beholding, for instance, the beauties of external nature, I know that her eye and her heart were intensely alive to them. Often have I seen her enraptured by the splendours of scenery, and carried away by the beauties of pastoral poetry. It was a favourite exercise with her in kindly weather and at soft hours, to traverse the wide fields, generally alone, or only ac-

companied by old Trusty, who in his advanced years failed not to frolic with the skirts of her dress in the simplicity of his good will.

But of all seasons she gloried chiefly in the Sabbath-day. It was not a weariness to her, but a day of elevated devotion and commemoration. I shall not take it upon me to speak of the principal duties of this solemn portion of the week; but I may declare that her soul oft soared to the Mount with the same emotions as did that of the sweet singer of Israel, when he sang;—as she walked by the blooming hedge of hawthorn, on a pasture of gowans, of a summer Sabbath morn;—when the larks were springing to heaven, all the while pouring forth with redundant richness their stirring notes;—when the sun was gloriously bright, and all proclaiming it to be the bridal of the earth and sky;—when the chime of the distant village bell led the heart to think of the day's coming solemnities. Nor less at eventide after the services of the temple had closed, was she wont to worship in silence and alone in the fields, when disturbed by no ruder visitant than the falling dew, the humming bee, or some peaceful creature repairing to its rest. These indeed are the seasons for the close intercourse of spirits; and so long as they are held sacred in Scotland, shall that land be a chosen heritage.

After my father's death our farm was managed, under the superintendence of my mother, by an experienced and steady servant, Robin Turner. When he entered upon this office he was past the age for trifling or folly; yet he was a man of no uncommon talents, unless his own estimate of himself as a ploughman be excepted, and a style of drollery in his manners and conversation, which I cannot well describe: it was such however as to make him an entertaining companion. I have often supposed that Robin's peculiar humour was most palpable when he was least studious of it; and that his knack lay in the unusual position or use of a familiar word. Sometimes indeed the contortions of his visage were all the comedy; and sometimes it was merely the discordant pitch of his voice as respected the key maintained by those with whom he conversed, or in the inequality and irregularity of his own articulation and emphasis. After all perhaps the thing was chiefly, that no one could anticipate the effect produced could come from such a quarter.

Robin was one of those rare men that would rather wrong themselves than their employers. He there got good wages, yet he ever had been and would be a poor man; for he could not contrive to keep his "sair won fee" from his needy and rapacious relatives, who were numerous and thriftless. They beset him like harpies, whenever his wages were drawing near to be due, or, as he termed the period, "when the cow was about to ca'." No advice given by his real friends, no previous ill usage from his connexions, could steel his heart to their appeal. To every remonstrance from the one class or application from the other, his uniform answer was, "Wi' deed—nae doubt—what can a body do?—bluid is thicker than water."

Robin was to me a true friend, and most indulgent. It was on his knee that in the long winter nights, when I was a boy, I was rocked asleep. Throughout the day he was my principal associate. My early pastimes and employments were working along with him, when I used such puny instruments as suited my strength, being always in imitation of his tools and implements. Gawdy toys are not called for to engage children; if pains be taken to employ them in a manner commensurate with their capabilities, their health and taste may be more successfully cultivated by expedients that encourage useful exercise than by unmeaning trifles. I delighted more in what I could do with my little spade in the field, than I could have done in the most costly gewgaws on the richest carpet. To my post along with Robin I would repair; I would hurry when he was in haste, and relax when he breathed: therefore often receiving his hearty

commendation that I was cut out for a tiller of the ground, and would yet be a famous husbandman.

Robin no doubt had his weak points. When speaking of any operation about the farm, he would put himself forward as the head-piece, uniformly giving much pith to the sound of the pronoun I, to denote his eminency; or if he deigned at all to take in a coadjutor, he preferred my mother, and would say, "Me and the gude wife." He therefore very early earned the title of the "Learigg Factor;" and though applied sarcastically, he was ever flattered by the sound of it. On the whole, however, he bore his dignity very meekly; and there was something touching in his importance, when it came to be understood that he never expected nor meant to have another home:—"Me and our gude wife do fu' weel thegither, and she wunna do without me."

The factor's most troublesome peculiarity was a pertinacious adherence to old-fashioned ways, however absurd or unprofitable. If the matter in hand had only been treated after a particular style when he was young, that was the same thing as perfection in his sight. He would not flatly contradict higher authority; but, after all, he would either take his own way, or give himself vast inconvenience attempting to accommodate discordant systems. His implements and his seasons for particular things were antiquated. Talk to him for instance of a two-horse plough, and he would provoke an earnest and enlightened farmer. "Your twa horse anes! feckless things! let me atwish Queen Ann's stilts (so he termed the unwieldy wooden machine he patronized), wi' auld Nancy afore and twa Lanrick cowts in the trees, an' ye'll hear how we gang thro' spritty furs, stanes, and bent snoring. I'll uphaud wi' sic like to turn ower the Trongate o' Glasgow frae ae end till the tither, as clean as ony clay rigg. And then the corn that comes after is corn, strang and lang, like what grew in my young days. Our Scotch worthies kent o nought better than a unicorn teem, as the auld sang tells:—

> I saw three patricks in a plough,
> Sae weel as they seem'd to draw man!
> Robin-red-breast, he bore the gaud,
> And of him they stood great awe man."

When describing such an important person as Robert Turner was on our establishment, Old Nancy the mare must not be forgotten. She was the first steed I ever rode, the mother of several gallant ones, the actor of all work, and at length aged in our service: but it is as our factor's associate and friend that she should be commemorated. She followed him and loved him as a dog may be seen to do its master. When in the cart her relative position to him was to keep close behind, where without a halter she doucely conducted herself, stepping, with her nose at each advance popping as it were into his coat-pocket. He would say, as they proceeded thus, "Nansock, is thou coming?" and she would push forward and show herself, which was as much as answering, "I am aside you, Robin;" then he would approvingly add, "Weel, weel, Nancy, lass, thou's a clever hizzy;" and thus a very kindly dialogue would be carried on. When she was unyoked and at greater freedom, something more comical still would be enacted by them. He would "chick—chick," give an untoward leap, and utter an uncouth sound, merely to tempt her to similar exploits, which indeed for a mare she excelled at; for even in her grey old age, she would take up the frolic, snort, kick, and give various other intimations of merriment as if to outdo Robin. But at his words again,—"there now, Nancy, poor brute beast!" she would compose herself, and take her fitting place.

It pleases me to linger over the character and doings even of Nancy the mare; for on one occasion, very memorable with me, she was the means of saving my life, and this by the exercise of what had the appearance of

wonderful sagacity. It was during the busy season of spring, just when our ploughing was finished, and all in readiness for seed-sowing, at midday, and one of the most genial, our expectations were on tiptoe, all within and without exhilarating. Robin in particular was exalted in spirit, and with linen sheet artfully knotted, so as to form a capacious bag, boasting to be secure without the aid of needle and thread, was holding anxious consultation with my mother regarding the necessary operations about to be entered on; and, as he was wont to do, was repeating some sage maxims of old standing. He declared, "Wi' deed we maun just do, as aforetime we hae done: this is the auld folks' earliest tid for sawing, after a', the ordained season for the same."

During this discourse he was striding back and forward somewhat ostentatiously, as if to prove how his armour sat, delighted greatly no doubt to find himself once again decked with the snow-white robe that was consecrated to this single office, and which no one but he had of late years worn. The bright and dazzling sun lent the fair linen a sort of glory, which Robin could not but partly appropriate to himself. In homely phrase he gave utterance to his manly feelings thus:—"I care na for mason parades and mason aprons: but I tak' delight in observing the husbandman wi' his big belly o' corn, pacing soberly alang his ain riggs, serious, thoughtfu', and happy; casting frae him, in a manner that teaches hope and trust, the seed that is to set forth in due season food for man and for beast. This is nae bairn's work, but manfu' doing: its nae foolish occupation, that a man of years and sense can be ashamed o' next morning, and fear to ask a blessing on; but it is in a religious way serving him who hath promised the harvest as surely as the seed-time." But by the close of such generalities, dismay and disaster were within a hair-breadth of us; for as one person was throwing a sackful of seed-corn over staid Nancy's back, the other pair of steeds stood at the stable-door, coupled and ready to be put to the torturing harrow; and I adventuring to hold them, next proceeded to mount the hand horse. Boys would be men, but in nothing are more forward than in the managing of horses. The animal is so noble that, there is pride to be gratified in governing him, pleasure in associating with him.

Alas! I mounted, but at the same moment both of the horses started as if with one accord, affrighted by the unusual attire and parade of the sower; betaking themselves at the instant to a gallop, which became more furious as the white-robed champion sprang forward to overtake and arrest them. There was a small inclosure before them, for which they made, whilst I held with all my might by collar and by mane. At first I was not indeed put quite to my wit's end: but when they suddenly turned a corner to enter the inclosure, almost floundering themselves in the hasty wheel, I had one glance of the fearful predicament in which I was, and remember to this hour my exclamation to have been, "I shall fall, I shall be killed!" And fall I did: horrible to think! I fell between the yoked horses, that even grew more furious in their self-affright; and there I hung, entangled among the coupling harness, without the power or the will to extricate myself, for I was soon senseless.

Twice around the small field they galloped madly, my mother and the servants being the petrified spectators of the whole affair; getting glimpses of me as of a bundle of rags, dangling between the annoyed brutes. Once my mother, I have been told, ran frantically to catch the horses, crying, "I hope he is not in torture, but clean dead." And one brought from the house a loaded gun, with the intent of shooting them; but as he was taking his aim, she turned and wrested it from him violently, uttering, as with a last effort, "Ye'll kill him, and miss them." Robin about the same moment said, "I see him fa'in' piece by piece; let us hide ourselves, and leave all to God." At that instant too Nancy, that had hitherto kept her position, as if unconscious of what was passing, turned her eye

to the dreadful scene, then neighed repeatedly and loudly, which brought the infuriated animals to her side, by an irresistible authority. There they halted, all blown, and bearing me still between them, though apparently lifeless. I was extricated however, and carried within, wounded and broken dreadfully; but after several weeks of dangerous illness I began to recover, and at length grew strong.

What a scene of horrors had I passed through! and to no one surely ought it to have appeared more appalling than to me; nor ought my escape to have called forth the wondering gratitude of any one half so much as mine. Sometimes indeed, long after my recovery, have I had very vivid conceptions of what I owed to Heaven for my preservation; but it was my mother who took up, with something like adequate impressions, the lessons enforced by the frightful catastrophe. Perhaps the ordinary course of twenty years had not before this so deeply wrought on her heart the apprehension of Heaven's mercy: but henceforward that divine attribute became the theme of her profoundest contemplation and most earnest homage. Some have erected pillars of stone to commemorate their wonderful escapes by flood and field; but I never could cease to look upon her as a nobler and richer monument recording my deliverance.

But dark thoughts that gathered a deeper gloom the longer I lived, pervaded my mother's prognostications regarding me. She would say,—"This is his second recovery; twice have I despaired of ever seeing him again; he is still very young;" and then she would be led away by melancholy conjectures, endeavouring to penetrate futurity. It was not that she was superstitious; but she took things as they appeared to be predicting themselves. When therefore the same sort of sad abstractions were so often in operation over her mind, she came to yield to them only such a place as they claimed. Her dread however that some greater evil was awaiting me, or crime to be perpetrated through my agency, amounted not to such a pitch as to bring over her entire credence. Her belief and fears were also often diverted; nor were they ever so impending as to cause immediate certainty, nor ever so thoroughly established as to admit of a clear exposition; so that while the dark impression was vaguely defined, and her reliance on Heaven direct and strong, she was not uniformly unhappy, though certainly in general pensive when regarding my prospects. My hopes however were buoyant and glittering: her depression might sometimes communicate itself to my spirit; but I was young, I had no prevailing dread of the future, was strongly self-assured, believing that the world was fair before me, through which no doubt I would easily guide my steps.

By the time my wounds were healed, and fresh young health had the mastery of all infirmities, my twelfth year was completed. In the course of the months that passed whilst I was recovering, my person rapidly grew, as well as my mind, and I began to discover, with a nicety and tenderness never before employed or experienced, that I was some one. I was a young laird; and the title, when applied to me by the servants, would fill my heart as with a new infusion of life, which might also be plainly observed by any one who looked at me, for then each pulsation of the bestirred blood gave a higher elevation to my very head; and I would strut among the domestics with a freedom and a confidence, that might have passed for parts of genuine and high-born dignity.

It gives rise to many curious fancies when I mingle with the crowding multitude, and conjecture freely what is the effect and amount of adventitious circumstances over the appearance and character of the different individuals that may catch my eye. What, for instance, might such and such a one have been if born in a palace and to be a king? What if the sun-burned ploughman or the brawny smith had been princes? The simpering sempstress or bustling housewife queens or duchesses? But

pride is soon fostered, and high rank easily usurped, compared with sterling merit, and fools are clothed with but a little brief authority. Yet in the aggregate, things perhaps work best as they hitherto have done; and let us not rashly denounce that order of manners and those modes of distinction that lead a man to understand what he himself is, and to be jealous of rights obtained by long prescription.

It is not difficult for a farmer's son, born and bred in a rural district, to enumerate all his early acquaintances, and to calculate the influence which individuals of them have had over his nature; and thus with some degree of accuracy to ascertain by what gradations he gained that character which distinguishes him, when he has arrived at the full stature of man. At the close of my tenth year (for I must return to some particulars passed over in the last chapter) I went beyond the members of our own house, and made an inroad, so to speak, upon mankind, by forming a very intimate friendship with the family of Mr. Sommerville of Templeton, our nearest neighbour.

No people enjoy more favourable opportunities of cultivating good neighbourhood than those whose residences are divided as Templeton and Learigg are, being separated by a fine stripe of land on either bank of the Breakwater, a stream which graces those parts. Such an intervening space prevents a too frequent intercourse, without proving a barrier to those well-timed visits of business and of pleasure, that are the best bonds of society. It is not traversed by those little jealousies and intrigues to which families are exposed, who are severed only by the thickness of a wall; for there is no house, however well regulated, that can endure to have all its ways scanned in the manner that another may do that is closely joined.

There is in the kind of medium that is spread out between farmers that which naturally fosters the kindly affections of those who have to pass through it. In towns the passenger has to encounter all the annoyances of dust, jostling, squalid poverty, and bold unblushing vice, that make the heart to loathe. But in crossing the cultured field, under the bland influence of summer, or the bracing keen breeze of winter, the fresh earth, the green crops, the harmless creatures around and above, must meet some welcoming sentiments in the sternest or most unthinking, some things that must chase from the bosom the corroding cares, and the fierce demons that congregate there, as David's harp charmed the dark-souled king of Israel.

Between the Sommervilles and us there grew up the most perfect intimacy and neighbourly feelings. In such matters as fell within the farming department, the best offices were interchanged. In precarious weather, for example in hay-making season, the frankly volunteered help, which was as cheerfully accepted as it was proffered, the entire disregard as to which of the parties was in arrear with similar acts, the willing hand that old and young lent, the laughter that all indulged, the sportiveness that all encouraged, were things that ever brought into closer alliance the good neighbours of Templeton and Learigg. Oh! simple, natural, and tender life! on all these occasions I ever gathered friends, and rose in my goodwill to men.

Again, in our homely visits of pleasure, when parents and children repaired to the hospitable neighbour, how pure the joy that all tasted! Mothers with rustling silks, daughters with snow-white frocks, and boys with shining faces and Sunday dresses, would gladly meet, for such occasions were not very frequent, but always well selected, all being aware that their society was longed for; high expectation and chaste delighting love filling every bosom. Our watch-dog himself would without flattery welcome the Sommervilles: his friendship was never fitful. Then the mothers would look so matronly and well; one might have presumed that they never had known sorrow. Who that had a heart would ever plant

wrinkles in their brows! The father too, garrulous and jocose, would forget the burden of his cares, deal out lessons from the storehouse of his own experience, and declare that his greatest comforts were his wife and his children. But what a world of hope, joy, and generous love, encircled the youngsters! when their only regret was that night approached so rapidly, and who would not have the hour told as it waxed late.

Mr. Sommerville had two daughters and one son, George, who was of my age, a delicate boy, and blind from his birth. It is usual to say that the blind have compensations granted by Heaven for the want of sight, by extraordinary endowments in some other branch of their nature; this certainly held true in George, in the wonderful powers of his voice and ear, and the dove-like loveliness of his affections. When a little boy, he would with linnet voice disport himself in its wild playfulness, at the same time thrilling and melting every auditor by his exquisite execution. The ease with which he became a proficient on the German flute and on the violin, proved what may be accomplished by a genius when all his energies are without distraction set upon a favourite pursuit.

Indeed from the first glance a stranger might have of blind George, the highest and most accurate estimate was likely to be formed of his nature; there was so much about him of that which is most beautiful and gratefully beheld in humanity. His figure was slender and finely modelled, his gestures natural and graceful, his mouth so perfectly formed as to be the suitable organ of his most melodious voice. In short, in spite of his lustreless eyes, one fondly dwelt on his countenance; for besides all these enumerated attractions, every thing he said and did indicated the most tasteful sentiments, the quickest apprehension, and the gentlest spirit. His hold upon one's admiration was however never so strong as when watched in his solitary and thoughtful moods; for then motionless as Grecian statue he would remain, the light that illumined his visage from within declaring that he revelled among things unseen on earth, and that he was gladdened by an ethereal intelligence.

I was his chosen comrade. Each of us from the first loved the other as David and Jonathan did. I not only led him to pleasant places, often indeed carrying him, but I read to him whatever pleased myself, teaching him all I knew. It might truly be said of us that we loved and understood alike. For my part, there was such delight in our intercourse, as was a great reward for all my pains; and on his side there was such happiness and sustained gratitude, as proclaimed to me that he was blessed also. There was that in him to win a savage to love; that in me to abide by a vow of eternal friendship.

On the brink of the Breakwater that divided our farms, George often tarried for my coming to meet at eve after my school hours. The track which he had to follow to that spot was thus so well beaten, that he could by himself proceed along it, with unerring security, to the very last turf that hung over the stream. How often have I watched him traversing this path alone! when, being beforehand of him, and by way of frolic, I would cross to his side of the water, and step off the way as he came on, that I might agreeably surprise him. It was worth one's while thus to contemplate him; for he might be seen holding an earnest converse with the things around him. The path was bordered with welcome monitors: he would pause to handle the limber willow, the fragile stalk, the silken blade, the crystal streamlet, and then ejaculate, "Lovely nature! perfect beauty! divine riches! Oh! that Oswald were now at hand!" But turning to my announcement of myself, the silver notes of his matchless voice would be surpassed by the power of the benignity that beamed in his face, as it had been that of a seraph.

It was in our joint society that my parent chiefly delighted. She loved George as a son, only of later birth than I, saying of him, "He is more like to what I have conceived of an angel than any one I ever saw."

Whether in winter by the fire-side, or on summer days among the fields, her pleasure was to be near us. Oft, as mothers best can do, would she question him engagingly of his welfare. He complained of headaches, and her solacing speech and solicitude ever bore respect to his destitution and frailty,—"I was longing to see you, George;" and then as I walked away with him, our arms entwined, and dialogue engrossing, her lingering eyes proudly followed us with sweetest approval.

Near the termination of my attendance at the parish school, my intercourse with George was considerably abridged, through an increasing partiality for the society of a new acquaintance, Tom Richards. He was the natural son of a Scotch gentleman, a West Indian planter, and had been my fellow in the Latin class for a twelvemonth. He was a lad of colour; a circumstance which at first set my mind to work strangely with the idea, that, by his mother's side, he must have at no remote period descended of a heathen. Therefore I was most curious to learn the peculiarities of his nature, attributing to him properties very unlike the truth; for, as it will afterwards appear, though his skin was dark, his language strangely accentuated, and his dress outlandish, he had no other than the feelings and temper of many of a fairer face, and a colder clime.

His manners were at first prepossessing or rather plausible; and there attached to him much of that off-hand cleverness, which travelling and a knowledge of different countries and customs must ever promote. The inequality of his personal appearance, when compared with his dextrous ingenuity, was wonderous in the eyes of his schoolmaster, for he was little and puny. He could not merely throw a spear and other sorts of Indian weapons of war, but he fashioned them with his own hands, and taught us to imitate him. No doubt there belonged to him some evidences of an age much beyond what his stature and his own assurances admitted; but then these might be peculiar to boys of his nation. The truth is however that he was five years my senior, and had gained the full height of his person, as well as of his mind, it may also be said, ere I knew him; for he was stunted and cross-grained in both, cunningly and viciously twisted. These reflections were the result, it is to be understood, of discoveries of a much later date than the one my narrative now regards.

Such was my new companion. Yet it was impossible that I could forget George, though Tom was busy to alienate me from my first friendship: and this in spite of all his entertaining smartness was what prevented me from yielding him my unbounded confidence. The happiness I had tasted with George could never be forgotten, and was still often renewed: it was of that order that is imperishable as the tablets of the heart. But my new associate's accomplishments and pursuits, though vastly more vulgar, were more active, for which every youth not physically debarred, had a department of taste; and therefore I chose Tom's society very frequently, and to an extent that was incompatible with my constancy with George.

Sometimes I brought my two comrades together; but there was little community of sentiment between them, and some jealousy. Nor did my mother encourage my conduct. She approved not of my new associate: she pitied him because he was without a parent's guardianship; but she disliked the history of his birth. She gave him credit for the propriety of his professed opinions; but could not help observing the levity of his heart when he referred to the most impressive things. She knew as yet of nothing flagrant in his course of life; but she was shocked at the freedom with which he spoke of the gross manners of others. She therefore cautioned me strongly regarding him; and appeared to anticipate that affliction for herself, injury to George, and disaster to me, were in store through the foreigner. Nor was part of her foreboding long unful-

filled; for on my leaving school Tom played off a very serious trick to the great danger of George. It is not easy to discover his motive for doing so; though perhaps jealousy, a fiendish viciousness, and a vile love of mischief for the sake of adventure and excitement, all combined.

The Breakwater which divided our farms, over which there was no bridge in our vicinity, was of course sometimes so swollen that I could not conveniently cross it to join George; yet we were never far divided, for we would stand on the opposite banks,—talk, laugh, and speculate, excited by the flow of the turgid flood, that so rarely and slightly severed us. George's footing at those times was uniformly on the same turf, to which he would come, guided by the beaten path, with the assurance and precision that some of the blind are masters of when without a conductor.

One evening just as he stepped on the familiar turf which overhung the water, that was greatly swollen by late rains, the treacherous footing gave way, and launched him in a moment into the unconscious element. Tom Richards, who was well aware of our meeting-place, had stolen thither and undermined the turf, leaving it frailly supported, so that it broke down with the first step that pressed it.

All this flashed upon my mind with great accuracy and rapidity as I saw George fall; for I had come to the opposite bank just in time to perceive the damage done to his wonted standing-place, and also to get a glimpse of the skulking miscreant, who endeavoured to hide himself in a neighbouring thicket. It was the deed of a few minutes my saving and succouring the blind one, who was floundering in the flood. When I laid him on the bank, he could not at first speak, and I only said, "I see the enemy who hath done this;" then I ran to him in his hiding-place with the fury of a lion, and at one blow felled him to the ground, next savagely trampling on him. Never before had I in passion lifted my hand against any one; but now my arms had an unwonted strength, that felt too great for my command. Fain would I that he had stood up, to let them have their way; nor would I, it yet seems to me, have cared a straw though he had held a loaded pistol in each hand. But rise he did not; so I, giant-like, threw him into the rolling breakwater that was close by, there to cool and to revive.

But, oh! poor George, whose heart was loosened by the time I returned to him! He wept aloud, and inquired who had done him wrong. The explanation was soon given. "I will not curse him," he meekly replied, "but judgment will follow him who layeth snares and diggeth pits for the feet of the blind."

Never had I entrusted my most precious confidence to the foreigner; an unaccountable distrust had ever withheld me. But in the single deed which I have now detailed against him, there was such malignity as made him hateful, and proclaimed him to be of the vilest of the human race. "Such are the crimes," said I, "that the vengeful in our land study to perpetrate, and I shall hereafter avoid him, as I would Satan."

But I clung to George with redoubled tenderness, and not without self-reproach. I strove and resolved for ever to strive to surpass myself in my devoted friendship. As I led him with my heart palpably beating in unison with his, swelling with the generosities, and glorying in the triumphs of exuberant benevolence and love, better things than words enraptured us; an early, unbroken, and exhaustless flame of heavenly affections filled and circled us. Did not our hearts burn within us, as we talked and walked together to my mother's house?

(*To be continued.*)

THE GENERAL FAST.

AN ODE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE ULTRA-TORY SAINTS.

"Etre fidèle à quelques pratiques inutiles, et infidèle aux vrais devoirs de l'homme; faire certaines prières, et garder ses vices; jeûner, mais haïr, cabaler, persécuter,—voilà sa religion."—A FRENCH AUTHOR.

YES, fast and pray! pour ashes on your heads;
Ashes enough you 've pour'd upon the poor,
And usher'd in gaunt fast beneath their sheds,
Till fainting nature can endure no more!

Yes, rend your garments! as our hearts you 've rent
With hope delay'd, and mockery, and wrong;
Humbled in dust,—to which you 've millions bent,—
Weep for one day:—you 've made us weep too long.

For one day cease to plunder and oppress,
For one day feel and own that ye are men;
Your long career of trait'rous sins confess,
Repent the past, and then—begin again!

Yet ask not us to join the solemn rite;
Have we not fasted through the live-long year?
And Heav'n is wearied from the dawn till night,
With ceaseless prayers, such as—you should fear.

Think of the frantic mother's cry for bread,
Think of the workless father's mute despair;
These are but prayers for vengeance on his head,
Who riots in their spoil, and will not spare.

The people's cry goes up to Heaven for peace,
And you spread wide the ravages of strife,
For God's "good-will to man,"—yet do ye cease
To turn to hate and death the words of life?

The cry goes up for justice in the land,—
Your laws, unequal, are all penn'd in blood;
When did the lowly feel your helping hand
Put forth to stay oppression's whelming flood?

The cry goes up for plenty; but you tax
The poor man's morsel to enhance your rents;
"Lay heavy burdens" on the people's backs,
Divide their wealth, and mock their discontents.

Woe, woe, to you, ye hypocrites!—what gift
Has Heaven vouchsafed to earth, but ye have made
Its sweet all bitterness; with fraudful shift
Converting trusted duties to a trade?

Woe to you, hypocrites! for ever worse
When most you boast your virtues before men;
Religion's self by you becomes a curse,
The Christian's temple 's made a robber's den.

Plunder 's your end; your means are tears and blood,
The sword, the gibbet, slavery's galling chain;
The public safety is—your private good;
Order— submission, "godliness—great gain."

Woe to you, hypocrites!—ye murd'rous Cains!
Where is your brother Abel?—where are they
The countless victims on the thousand plains,
Where ye have help'd the vulture to his prey?

Where are the sons of Erin, whom ye slew,
When standing for their freedom?—they who sank
'Midst famine and disease, or, panting, drew
Their last breath in the prison's noisome dank?

Where are the Christian brethren, by your work
Ensnared and slaughter'd upon Parga's strand?
Where they, whom Miguel, bloodier than the Turk,
Butcher'd, while you cheer'd on th' usurping band?

These are your deeds;—then ask not us to pay
Your scorning ritual-service, and blaspheme
With hollow lip. Nay, tremble when we pray;
Our words are other than you idly deem.

We pray for strength to gird us for the fight,
To save our children from the tyrant's spoil,
For courage to assert the freeman's right,
And drive corruption from our native soil.

We pray for wisdom, virtue, valour, all
That trembling boroughmongers fear and hate:
Then think, if Heaven, in mercy, hear our call,
How prompt, how fearful were your coming fate!

M.

IS THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA IN LONDON?

In order to answer the question which heads this article, devoted to the consideration of the present agitated point, it is necessary shortly to review the principal circumstances which have occurred during the preceding month. Individual opinions are so much divided upon this subject, that the sentiments of any author derive value only from the facts of the case. It is now no time to enter into critical disputations upon the Indian cholera, or to argue abstract questions, when, to say the least of it, the enemy may be working amongst us, and gain an ascendancy before the public mind is settled as to the question of its presence and identity.

As the matter now stands, the central Board of Health have advised the Government of the occurrence of between forty and fifty cases of the same character as those which have been treated in Sunderland, Newcastle, Gateshead, &c., and are now in the two great cities of Scotland: these cases moreover have been declared by the same authority to resemble the cholera of Russia and Germany, and all of them united to bear a close affinity to that of Asia. Whatever diversity of opinions therefore may prevail, no dispassionate mind can reasonably doubt the propriety of such precautionary measures as are adopted for the public safety. Let the disease be called what it may, be it considered as contagious or not, we have at least a virulent and rapid disorder spreading in the North, and threatening to do so in London,—a disorder which has proved fatal to more than half of the patients labouring under it in Limehouse, Southwark, and Lambeth, although it has scarcely as yet assumed the spreading

character of an epidemic, in the strict meaning of that term. It is no extraordinary presumption upon such grounds to assume the necessity of active measures of precaution; and while these are steadily pursued, let the press contend the matter as it chooses, and settle the debateable points in its own way; although such a consummation seems to be farther off than ever, and will probably be left to our posterity to determine, when the present race of disputants shall be for ever silenced.

According to our predictions, although sooner than anticipated, that mysterious influence under which the epidemic is generated hovers over the Thames, and has produced some cases which, if not absolutely pestilential and infectious, are certainly very nearly allied to cases of this description.

On the present occasion, of at least questionable and suspicious danger, the term by which the disease is known appears to be more than ever objectionable, as calculated to mislead, and as the source of the greater part of the discordance of opinion. The subject has evidently been embarrassed throughout by the unhappy term of "cholera;" and it is a matter of surprise how such a term came to be applied to it, unless it be that the leading features of the case were originally overlooked, and those symptoms regarded as characterising the disease which are secondary and casual, and which are somewhat analogous to those of cholera. The cholera long known in India and in this country, a disordered state of the *viscera* prevalent at seasons, and arising from solar heat and indigestible food, with an irritable state of the bowels, is a very different disease to what is now termed epidemic, spasmodic, or Indian cholera, although in some respects there is a similitude. But the great leading sign of the epidemic in question is that peculiar state of the blood and circulating powers technically called *asphyxia*, in which the whole system destined to support and nourish the body is paralysed, while the sentient system remains active; the vital functions of the different organs are suspended, secretions universally become arrested, and the respiratory and circulating forces are rendered powerless, the patient lying in a state similar to that of hybernating animals, as the dormouse, &c. in winter; the blood of the veins is clogged and thick, black, and appearing like pitch to the eye, and treacle to the touch, and without its ordinary combination of watery fluid; the bile is scanty and vitiated, and the fluid that ought to dissolve the solid portion of the blood, to render it capable of circulation, is poured into the intestines, and discharged in the form of rice-water or whey; the blood therefore scarcely moves through the vessels, the pulse ceases at the wrist, and the heart beats feebly under the hand. The natural consequence of this state of *asphyxy* is a rapid diminution of animal heat: the tongue, usually warm and florid, is cold and pale, and the skin cold and flabby, with a sunk glassy eye, contracted features, and wild anxious gaze: the efforts to speak are ineffective, excepting in a low whisper, although the words are all pronounced, in consequence of the patient's inability to transmit the necessary volumes of air through the windpipe, as a feeble infant in vain tries to inflate a wind instrument requiring the utmost labour of the chest to produce full sounds. These are the marked features of the disease, and not the diarrhœa, vomiting, and spasms attendant

more or less; and the deep indigo blueness of the body is merely the result of the impeded stream of the almost coagulated blood clogging up the vessels. Had the disease been termed *asphyxia Indica*, it would never have been confounded with cholera, which, as in many cases of a spasmodic tendency, is sometimes attended with paleness and blue lips, &c. The symptoms of cholera being so many efforts to expel vitiated and indigestible matter, are in the epidemic merely secondary, and effects rather than causes; while in cholera they may be said to constitute the disease, the peculiar state of the blood, and circulation described above, being wanting. The blood, by some cause unknown, has apparently imbibed some morbific germs, which, being incubated, give rise to this train of phenomena, and render the vital fluid unfit for the purposes of life. Certain gases absorbed produce similar effects: the experiment of dividing the eighth pair of nerves on each side of the neck in an animal leads to very similar results, and on examination after death the appearances within are very similar also. Several vegetable poisons are likewise attended with effects greatly analogous to those of the spasmodic cholera.

When the hybernating animal, or animals whose blood is poisoned so as to assume a state of *asphyxy*, are exposed to the action of heat and other stimuli, the blood gradually regains its fluidity, respiration is quickened, the circulation is roused, and the vital powers again leap into life and activity. Will any practical physician say that he has seen such cases arise spontaneously in this country, or brought about by irregular diet, &c.? Our experience has not been very limited, and no such cases have been noticed by us, until three were recently observed in the parish of Lambeth, which, if they wanted all the most virulent symptoms in their most aggravated form, were too well marked to confound them with common cholera. Sufficient was observed in the different stages in which these cases presented themselves to recognise the clear and distinct descriptions given by Sir W. Russell and Dr. Barry in their official reports of what they noticed in Russia. Neither common cholera, nor typhus, nor any other known disease, presents to our views any prototype of this malady; and we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that it is a new form of disease, however modified it may be in this country, a form of a similar type to that which prevailed in India as a desolating epidemic. But whether it be derived physically and continuously from the Indian epidemic is another question; for aught we know to the contrary, it may or may not be so derived. It may possibly arise from a peculiar atmospheric influence in persons predisposed, and the disease become elaborated in the constitution from casual exciting causes. What we contend for is, that we possess sufficient evidence to show a chain of connexion with a terrible epidemic, sufficient to warrant, and to demand imperatively, the utmost vigilance and caution on the part of the conservators of the public health. Notwithstanding the inconveniences of quarantine regulations, were they neglected in the present crisis altogether, impeachment ought to follow ministers, should the disease break out with such desolating violence as at Riga and elsewhere upon the Continent. Yet are there many who advise such conduct, and who boldly declaim against the actual existence and danger of such a disease within the bills of mortality; but such ignorant ravings are

the results of prejudice, self-interested motives, or vanity. Not satisfied with honourable, intelligent, and experienced men having been appointed to advise the Government and caution the public, they petition Parliament for their removal, and their places to be supplied by such as are more likely to act upon their narrow-minded policy. Enough has transpired in the parish meetings to show the absolute necessity of the interference of the legislature, or measures of public utility and safety would be thwarted, and the arrangements of the inspectors embarrassed, while their measures being steadily carried into effect, danger is warded off, disease repelled, the evils of poverty lightened, and the causes of the late panic removed very greatly. The public may rest assured that there are no grounds for that nervous fear which so generally prevailed of late amongst all classes. Experience shows that space and good air, the comforts of clothing and warmth, and regular supplies of wholesome diet, afford powerful means of baffling the disease; hence the more fortunate members of society, those who are in comfortable circumstances, are generally, if not entirely, free from the danger of infection. The small, close, damp, and confined habitations of the poor and destitute are the chief abodes of the cholera; and the drunken and the profligate, the weak and unhealthy, the ill-fed and ill-clothed, are the miserable victims of this malady, having not sufficient constitutional stamina to resist the invasion of the epidemic. In this country therefore especially, united with the superior skill and science of the medical profession, we may reasonably hope, by counteracting such predisposing causes, to baffle the disease successfully; while the measures adopted, and the means at hand, will evidently serve the general purpose of arresting the spread of all epidemics dependent upon debility of constitution, from poverty and its concomitant circumstances.

The facts commonly collected do not distinctly show the disease in question to be contagious, although Sir W. Russell and others are disposed to hold a contrary opinion. It is however quite clear that a certain degree of infection arises from the bodies of patients labouring under the disease in its genuine form, an infection evidently disposed to spread through certain extents of the atmosphere, especially about rivers and canals; and wherever the disease exists, even in a very moderate degree, there exists also a very suspicious state of the air. A man of drunken lie-about habits lately died in the Borough of the true symptoms of the epidemic, and it had been ascertained that he had been visiting in Limehouse, where the disease first appeared. Many such instances are recorded of the northern towns. It is moreover a fact, that medical attendants much exposed to the air around cholera patients frequently experience a tingling in the hands and feet, diarrhœa, a disposition to cramps and giddiness; but not being influenced by predisposing causes, they escape the disease. Several medical men have however fallen in India, Russia, &c. while surrounded by cholera patients, the intensity of the poison being there perhaps much greater than in our variable climate.

Although bodily contact be not necessary to its propagation, yet the disease is evidently communicated by man to man, from the emanations arising from the diseased person conveyed to another susceptible of their influence; while at the same time we have no

evidence of the morbific germs being conveyed in articles of clothing, merchandise, &c.; and of course, the more accumulated the patients are in a given space, the more intense will be the poisonous quality of the air.

When we affirm that the disease assumes a form new to us, we do not mean to infer that it never existed in this country before. There is reason to believe that older writers have described the same disease, which has been dormant for many years, like the plague: but, whether this be true or not, the general points for which we contend are unaffected by it. We advocate those measures which experience has shown are calculated to subdue, and declaim against the mischievous doctrine of confounding the disease with common bilious cholera, diarrhœa, or typhus. We have heard a respectable physician declare his belief that a frequent dish among the dispensary class of patients, boiled pork and savoy greens, will frequently produce as complete a case as those classed with the epidemic cholera, and that he sees no difference between the alleged cases of epidemic and those of his dispensary practice. We suspect, however, that a little less prejudiced examination of spasmodic cholera cases in their true state of *asphyxy* will ultimately convince him of his error: neither boiled pork nor savoy greens, though sufficiently unwholesome to act as an exciting cause, are sufficient to produce rapid and prolonged *asphyxy*.

That the disease will appear among but a small proportion of the population is not improbable; but when we see how it has spread abroad, how it leaves one place and travels to another in this country, there can be as little doubt of its disposition to spread more generally. If the public feel more disposed to consider it lightly than before it appeared on our shores, the cause of such a change is to be traced to the exaggerated alarm which almost every one felt, and which was ever greater than necessary. Our countrymen have always been disposed to run into extremes, and so at one time fear was at its highest pitch; and now, because the whole population is not infected and one-third destroyed, they affect to ridicule the notion of an epidemic that has confined its ravages to a few thousands, and exhibits the most terrible symptoms.

Let those who advocate the general identity of cholera recollect that there are scarcely two diseases incident to humanity that do not possess some symptoms in common, while the leading characteristic signs are distinct. Were it otherwise, the pathologist would have no difficulties to encounter in ascertaining the disease at any time, and he would find as much facility as the naturalist who arranges the object of his science in regular classes and species. The well-fed and well-clothed among the higher orders may yet hug themselves in their security against infection, even admitting that the disease be infectious and distinct from common cholera, on account of its anti-aristocratic character; but if St. James's were exposed to its ravages as much as St. Giles's or Whitechapel, the prevalent tone of confidence would probably be converted into the note of despair; the Parliament would, as in the reign of Charles II., be again removed to Oxford; and, although the numbers of victims might not be increased, no measures would then be deemed too strong, no restrictions too binding, no fears too well founded; and the Government and the Board of Health would be supplicated to redouble their

ardour and watchfulness, rather than petitioned to abandon all thought or care about an epidemic fondly supposed by many not to exist; or to possess, if it do exist, no specific or infectious properties.

If the history of the cholera morbus be well examined, not from the occasional flights of fancy issued by the press, but from page 89 to 116 of the "Official Reports" made to Government by Drs. Russell and Barry, together with the preceding documents, it will be found that the disease often commenced by the appearance of a few solitary cases for some time, until these had continued with variable intensity, when a general spread took place. Would it not therefore be the very height of folly and culpability to neglect the first indications? The recent alarm may indeed subside for a time, possibly altogether, but even such events are not sufficiently stable to warrant a conclusion that the disease never existed, much less to afford a pretext for relaxing the present watchful discipline in any way, but as regards the commercial interests of the country, which the continued absence of the epidemic may justify, until it again threatens to break out.

We are sorry the press is busied in advocating the absurdity of acting upon the principle of the epidemic having taken root in London, and in endeavouring to supplant those who possess the full confidence of Government; but the most ridiculous reports are disseminated of the salaries and other expenses allowed. It was currently reported the other day that one of the inspectors of districts was to receive twenty pounds a day, the same allowance as that of Dr. Daun! This appeared in the newspapers also. Upon inquiry, however, it turned out that the former respectable and talented physician received the pay of his former military commission, seven shillings and sixpence a day! while the latter meritorious officer had his reward still in prospective! The closest scrutiny into the measures of the council will show that nothing bordering upon the jobbing system is allowed: on the contrary, they have been rather niggardly in rewarding. Yet has no one called upon for his services refused to come forward and plunge into the recesses of the disease. The whole time of the board and inspectors is actively engaged in devising and executing plans for the prevention and treatment of the epidemic; and scarcely is the alarm of its presence in London excited, when measures are in a state of forwardness to quell it.

All concealment is prevented, and the fair reports of cases insisted upon and secured. The efforts of jobbers are counteracted, and the measures of the inspectors legalized. To those who are desirous of studying the disease every facility is afforded; and the poor, often obstinate and perverse, are obliged to admit the domiciliary visits of recognised authorities, although it is optional whether their sick inmates shall be attended to at home, or removed to the cholera hospitals, erected or established in buildings in every parish.

In adverting to the allowance of medical officers employed, their present low rate of pay can scarcely be considered as justly adequate to their time and services, should the disease rage violently; but the parishes in which they act ought to make up the difference. Mr. Kennedy, who has written upon cholera, and is now about to produce another volume on the same subject, received six guineas a day from the collieries; and his exertions were so far successful that the mortality among his numerous patients was unusually small.

From the little we have seen personally of the disease, it evidently requires constant watching and attention, in order to vary the treatment with the rapid changes of the symptoms. We have found medical men actively engaged with cases, the greater part of the night and day, and we feel convinced that the fatality of the disease very greatly depends upon the most constant watching and active treatment.

With respect to the treatment of the disease, it is not our purpose to speak so much medically, as to address ourselves to the public, who still labour under false notions on the subject. The question is frequently asked—how do you treat cholera? Now the first invasion of its symptoms requires one method, the collapse another, the reaction a third, and the occasional presence of coma a fourth; and these can only be modified advantageously by a judicious and experienced practitioner, and upon scientific principles. The remedies useful in one stage may be injurious in another, and some treatment, such as bleeding, for example, requires its unavoidable effects to be counteracted by stimulants. The object of bleeding is to set the clogged vessels free; while strong stimuli must be employed to rouse the circulating and respiratory forces into action, and to re-excite animal heat. Re-action may also require to be met by bleeding; and diarrhœa, so necessary to be checked in the outset, may require to be slightly brought on in the state of re-action and recovery. The hot air and baths of every kind are considered by many as useless, if not injurious, and the regular set list of cholera remedies and preventives both useless and injurious. Where no medical aid is at hand, the first remedies should be an emetic of two tea-spoonfuls of mustard flour and two table-spoonfuls of common salt in four ounces of warm water; and the operation may be followed by hot brandy and water with ginger, and laudanum at intervals, the body being kept in a hot and dry bed, and the head exposed to a free current of good air, rubbed with hot flannels, and poultices of mustard applied to the feet, stomach, and spine. Good soup, mulled wine, &c. may be administered occasionally.

Children run through the disease very rapidly, and are apt in about twelve hours to get into a state of coma, or insensibility, requiring leeches, and cold lotion or ice to the head, and means calculated to restore the suspended animation. We have seen the blood drawn by leeches in this stage, and it was black, pitchy, and thick, without water.

This short and imperfect notice may suffice to afford a popular notion of the nature and treatment of the disease, the object of which is to impress our readers with the fact, that in every point of view the disease is a peculiar one, and, although perhaps much modified in this country, is of the same type as that which ravaged India, and which should be termed as 'asphyxia Indica,' if it be intended to designate the nature of the disease, rather than its secondary signs and symptoms, which may be confounded with those of a different malady.

In conclusion, we repeat our firm belief, from actual inspection, that the disease now exists in London, without pretending to account for its appearance. We greatly suspect that it will increase. We have no doubt of its spreading through the medium of the atmosphere,

and is so conveyed from man to man; while we feel equally convinced that it may be baffled by means in our power, and that persons in comfortable circumstances are generally exempt from its attacks, so long as they are not debilitated by irregular habits, habitual excesses, improper dieting, exposure to damp and cold, and looseness of bowels. Under such predisposing causes any one may be conceived liable to the disease, who is placed within the sphere of its morbific germs, but more especially those who dwell in the abodes of poverty and privation. In the absence therefore of a specific remedy for the disease, or a positive preventive, it is consolatory to know that we possess the means of baffling the epidemic, and of arresting its spread, while methods of treatment are also known, which, vigorously and judiciously managed under favourable circumstances, promise pretty general success. And such points we consider of far more real importance than the speculative doctrines entertained as to its origin, and relation to that dreadful malady which raged in our Indian possessions. And much should we have rejoiced if the disease, so well marked, had never been named '*cholera*,' as it has tended to embarrass our pathological views, and to generate perplexity and doubts, where all ought to be unanimity and concord, directed to one great end, the accomplishment of which would confer lasting honour upon the profession, to whom the public are taught to look for wisdom, knowledge, and science.

M.

BENEDICTION ON CHILDREN.

IMPROMPTU.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Imps, that hold your daily revels
Round the windows of my bower,
Would that Hell's ten thousand devils
Had you in their clutch this hour!

Screaming, yelling little nasties,
Would that Ogres down their maw
Had you cramm'd in Christmas pasties,
That would make ye hold your jaw.

Saucy imps, stew'd down to jelly,
Ye would make a sauce most rare;
Or with pudding in each belly,
Rival roasted pig or hare.

Sweeter than the flesh of these is,
Would be yours, young human *bores*;
All with apples at your noses,
Would I saw you dish'd by scores!

Herod slaughter'd harmless sucklings,
Not with tongues like yours to vex;
Were he here, ye Devil's ducklings,
I would bid him wring your necks.

A GOOD STORY OF A GLASGOW TAILOR.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I SING the deeds of Francis Anderson,
Tailor in Glasgow; one who had his name
Conferr'd in perilous times, when reverend pastors,
Driven to the wilds, were glad, at dead of night,
Their sacred duties to perform. Even then,
In a deep dell, somewhere about the source
Of Douglas Water, was this Frank baptised,
About the cock-crow of a winter morning;
And there too was he bless'd most fervently,
With pious hands laid on his infant head;
With prayer, and praise, and holy vow sincere,
Breathed through the tears of wretchedness and dread,
For the last remnant of a suffering race:
And that these prayers and holy vows were heard
In heaven, and there accepted, all may judge
Who read this simple and most truthful tale.

Frank was a tailor. True, he *was* a tailor,
But 'twas no act of his. One he revered
And loved chose for him. Then it him behoved
To make the most of this his honest craft;
And so he did. It was a joy to see
With what avidity he plied his task!
With long gray-paper tape, stitch'd here and there,
He took the measurement of man or boy
With infinite adroitness. The plump grocer,
The round fat baillie, or the solid justice,
Men that retain'd no shape of aught on earth
Save of a dumpling; ev'n of these he could
Mete out the huge dimensions most acutely,
Seasoning the time with much of pleasant wit.

No sooner this was done than went the scissors
Alongst the board, rap rap! with fearless sweep,
In such a way, that customers grew pale
At the deray wrought in their precious web,
Where all the carding, spinning, weaving, dying,
And glossing of its rich and curious texture,
Went smash before this ruthless tailor's shears!
While prospect there was none that all the shreds,
Squares, oblongs, triangles, and semi-circles,
Swept from the board like rubbish, evermore
Could rise in likeness of a Sunday coat,
Vest, spatterdash, or inexpressible!

There lay our hero's art. The things came forth
Handsome and elegant; in every part
Most suitable and good: men's hearts rejoiced
In full proportion with their dread before.
'Twas thus Frank rose to fame, and, what was more,
To very fair-won and abundant wealth.

But I must hurry on, though loth I am
His love tale to pass over. The fond sighs
And ardent glowings of a tailor's heart,
How I would love to sing! But most of all
The suit rejected, and the pangs supreme;
When she, he loved so well—of whom he spoke
Early and late with raptures of delight—

Of whom he dream'd—of whom he mention made
In all his prayers,—with a saucy sneer
Said, "Who would wed a tailor?" On my word
I have no patience with that Paisley jilt!
What could she mean? A tailor!—what's a tailor?
Hath not a tailor bones, thews, nerves, and sinews?
A soul and body framed like other men's,
And better framed than most? Ay, I have seen
A tailor conqueror in many a field
Of manly sports. Witness that wondrous wight,
So much admired by Professor Wilson,
The flying tailor of the Vale of Ettrick.
And more,—I see no business in our land
By half so useful, cleanly, and genteel;
Nor one to which the half of all our sex
So deeply are indebted for fair shapes
And graces of the person. This I mean
Exclusive of the dandies; for in truth
Tailors are their creators. Take away
What these impart, and what have we behind?

These, and a thousand other trivial things,
That would tell prettily in verse like mine,
I must pass over, simply to relate
One great event, that mark'd our hero's life.

The fashions changed, and business by degrees
Stole from his grasp. Idle he could not be.
He made clothes without end, and these he sold
Or changed with others—haply some half-worn,
Some more than half, with here and there a piece
Neatly inserted, quite unknown to man
Save him that did it; others scarcely touch'd,
With the new gloss upon them. Clothes he had
For all ranks and degrees of men: for hind,
For meagre student, drover, poet, clerk,
Or country parson. Frank had never tried
A business paid so well; but having noted
That most of his were country customers,
And his house overflowing with the goods,
So precious in their sight, he took a jaunt
Among the villages with some horse loads
Of clothes, all trim, and cheap beyond conception.
Then there was stripping, pricing, trying on,
With buttoning, and turning round. To wells
And ponds they ran, themselves to view;
To shabby looking-glass in barber's shop;
And ev'n the broad round button served for one.
Frank found the villagers all herds of boors:
He left them gentlemen. Load after load,
Hoard after hoard, he sold; and every one
Of fair report a ready credit found—
Hind, shepherd, artisan—till the next term.

Of course, when term-time came, then Frank went round,
Not with his loads, but as a gentleman,
With good black coat and worsted stocking boots,
Bridle and saddle, on a stiff pack-horse,
Like country parson. Then his pockets were
Quite fill'd to overflowing. Still the man
Reposed his trust in Heaven, and never bore
Offensive weapon. But one night he dream'd

He saw his martyr'd father in a shroud,
Which well Frank knew was not bestow'd on him
At his unhousel'd death and chestless tomb.
Frank joy'd at sight of his beloved sire,
Forgetful that the grave divided them,
And made great efforts to express delight;
But a strange stiffness of the vocal member,
That fill'd his mouth as with a boil'd potato,
Prevented him; at which he shed salt tears,
And whined and whimper'd very piteously.

The spectre beckon'd silence, and began:
"My son, thou know'st the evils that we bore
From the accursed red coats. O, my son,
Beware of that dire race, for they are men
Who have no fear of God before their eyes—
Nor man—nor devil! Seest thou yon tall ruffian,
With epaulets of gold, that yonder sits
Swigging his glass, and cursing fearfully?
Of all men in the world, I pray, my son,
Beware of yon! He 's going straight to hell—
At least he looks for nothing else; and yet
See how he quaffs, and swears, and raps the board,
And talks of wars, of women, and of blood,
As if the world were made for him alone.
Beware of him, if death thou wouldst avoid,
And loss of riches, which thou valuest more
Than well becomes a Christian's estimate."

Frank shudder'd to the very core at sight
Of such a headlong and confounded rascal;
But word he could not fathom. Then the spirit
Withdrew, shaking its head and lifted hands,
Still pointing at the ruthless reprobate,
And left our hero bathed in a cold sweat.

Some time thereafter, months, or days, or years,
I cannot tell, as Frank was homeward bound,
Laden with riches, at a hostel famed
He lighted on this very officer,
Sitting in the same guise, quaffing his drink,
Swearing the self-same oaths which Frank had heard
Sworn in his dream. Gods! how the tailor's heart
Began to quake! Was this same night to be
His last on earth? It was a serious thought,
And yet a fact of which he had no doubt:
His sainted father could not him mislead,
Or come from Paradise to tell a lie.

He saw his sword, and felt as if the edge
Of that portentous weapon were already
A quivering at his heart! It had a curve
Of such a dangerous cast, that at one stroke
Of the gigantic ruffian who it wore,
'Twould sever a tailor into equal halves,
A moiety falling down to either side;
Ay—that more easily than a tailor's shears
Divide a soldier's sleeve. "Good e'en to you, Sir;
How far to-night?" the soldier keenly ask'd.
"I mean for Hamilton," the tailor said.
"Well, we shall go together. Thither I
Am likewise bound express." Frank's heart grew cold!

He pray'd an inward prayer; but thankful word
He utter'd not to such a kindly proffer.

" Ay—it must come to pass! The awful word 's
Spoke from a world of spirits! Still it is
My duty to preserve this humble life
While in my power." This Frank said to himself.
The glass went round—the soldier laugh'd, and swore,
And talk'd of wars, of women, and of blood,
As if the world were made for him alone.
At length he drain'd a mighty cup, and said,
" Well, friend, then shall we ride?" Frank's mouth grew dry,
His tongue clave to the roof, his eyes were glazed.
At length he lisped forth—" 'Tis deadly dark,
And we are comfortable here. I think
I'll rather stay."—" Well, be it so, good Sir;
I'll stay with you. Come, d—— it, let us have
Some jollification! I approve the man
That sticks close by his liquor and his friend!—
Come, lay aside these cursed whiggish looks,
And let 's be merry. I perceive your doublet
Is better lined with this world's pelf than mine.
No matter—mine will last me over night.
Then pledge me frankly."—" Thank you, honour'd Sir,
I've a poor stomach—drink o'ersets it quite."

The soldier swore, and to the landlord turn'd
With swinging boisterous tale. Frank slipp'd away—
Paid all the liquor—order'd forth his horse:
But as he mounted, the good ostler said,
(These hostel men are very honest folks,)
" Sir, there were two men here, and they were asking
In most particular way for you. I think
You best had be content and stay all night."

Frank saw his drift. He saw the combination
To have his life and money. Yet he gave
The man a groat—a mighty guerdon then;
Thank'd him—mounted his horse, and took the road
Faster than ever tailor rode before—
Even not excepting him that rode to Brentford.

He gallop'd on for miles. But, oh! his steed
Was jaded, and could not keep pace by half
With his desires; 'till, in a lonely dell,
He heard a voice behind him—a " Hilloa!"
That sounded to him like the knell of death.
He spurr'd in vain! Tramp—tramp! and plash for plash!
The officer's huge horse came on behind!
Alongside soon he came: his sword was drawn,
And heaved above his shoulder; while his wrath
Roar'd like a torrent—" Faith, I have you now!
Elude me if you can! This will not do.
No—this is not the place. Come on—come on."
Then turning half around, he urged the tailor
By ev'ry epithet he could invent
Of base and horrid import. As for Frank,
His heart was turn'd to lead; his soul had sunk
Into his stocking boots. He spoke no word,
Or, if he did, he knew not what he said,
Expecting ev'ry breath to be his last.

The soldier whistled on; and whiles he sung,
And whiles he swore; then would he d—— the tailor,
And eke the tailor's horse. Then canter fast,
To make the tailor speed. He had more sense!
Whene'er the soldier spurr'd, the tailor paus'd,
Glad to be quit of him on any terms.
At length, upon a wild and lonely height,
He quite lost sight of him, and could not tell
Which way he vanish'd. Then the tailor paused
And let his horse eat grass; hoping thereby
To wear the patience of the officer
Out past endurance; and get quit of him.
He look'd—he listen'd; nought of him he heard
Or saw: his heart then leap'd for joy,
And he thank'd Heaven for such a happy riddance.
Alas! who can his destiny forego?
For the next moment, ere he was aware,
An unseen hand had griped him by the throat,
And pull'd him down. He offer'd no resistance,
But "Murder!" call'd out, with vociferous breath.
Two villains held him down: one throttled him;
The other had begun, from pockets cramm'd
T' extract the well-earn'd store. Another squeak
Of "Murder!" issued from the tailor's mouth,
When, lo! a well-known and much-dreaded voice
Bray'd in the tailor's ear—"Murder, you craven!
And who the devil dares to murder you.
And Captain Morris here?" Then at one stroke
He clove the robber's skull; the other fired,
Wounding the captain's steed. But the next moment
The villain spurn'd in death. The soldier then,
Seizing the tailor by the throat, exclaim'd—
"Shout murder, Sir!—Cry murder! murder! murder!
As loud as you can bawl, if you would shun
The fate of those that lie beside your feet."
The tailor roar'd out "Murder!" till the rocks,
The solid hills, yea, and the virgin trees,
That since the birth of time had never yielded
Their fair forms to engrafture; every one
Of these, I say, shriek'd forth in agony,
As if 'twere giving birth unto a tailor.

Anon there came two horsemen at full speed,
Crying, "Have you down the tailor? Have you all?"
"Yes all," the soldier said, but kept conceal'd
Between the horses. Quick the robbers lighted,
And flew upon their prey. Pop went the one,
And then the other, sooner, and withal,
As easily as one could say, Jack Robson!
Frank turn'd into a statue: such a waste
Of human life he never had beheld
Since York had baited, and a Clavers ran.

"Come, Sir," then said the soldier, "let us see
How these flesh'd blood-hounds have come on of late
Upon your Scottish roads." The tailor pray'd,
Begg'd, and adjured; but all that he could say
Could not restrain that reckless captain's hand.
He found ten silver watches, two of gold;
And three all cover'd o'er with motley shells;
With gold and silver more than he could count,
In purses great and small. Then did he mount

The tailor on the best of all the horses,
And bade him ride with him for death or life.

Gods! how they scour'd the strath!—the tailor now
Always the foremost man. At Hamilton
They 're safely housed at last, right sore fatigued
And cover'd o'er with blood. They tried to reckon
Their booty; but in vain, it was so huge;
And there were coins of England, France and Spain,
Of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man.
The captain kept the watches cased in gold,
And some broad pieces of that precious metal;
And then, despite the tailor's warm entreaties,
The rest he hurl'd into Frank's groaning bags;
Thirteen good watches, silver, gold, and copper,
And other coins of metal nondescript,
A perfect hoard of treasure. Frank told not
How that his father's spirit had misled him;
But frankly did confess that all his dread
Was of the captain and the fawning ostler.

"Why, Sir," the captain said, "you paid my drink.
I like a man that frankly pays his shot.
So does the ostler; for he came to me,
And says, 'Sir, honest Anderson is gone,
And far o'er muckle siller in his pouch
For sic a night; and I am sair mista'en
If he is not waylaid and murder'd,
Or robb'd at least, for there were two men here
Asking for him in most particular way;
And then two others came and ask'd for these.
Bad-looking chaps! and, if no man protect him,
He'll never see the morn.'

"I swore an oath
That whoso murder'd my old entertainer
Should do it o'er my breast. I follow'd straight,
And saved your property, if not your life.
I have dispatches from our gracious sovereign
Unto the duke, and all is safe with us;
I answer for the whole. Meantime, farewell!
But ne'er again suspect an English officer.
We love the plunder of an enemy's camp,
Or conquer'd city; these we count our right;
But rob one of our own dear countrymen!
The thing 's impossible! Honour 's our badge,
The very gem for which we toil and wake,
And wear out life in stern solicitude;
And for an honest simple man like you,
There is not one of us who would not risk
His life at any hour. Again, farewell!
And think of Captain Morris as a friend."

The tailor did so. All his life thereafter
He boasted of the English officer
As the first hero ever born of woman;
So brave, disinterested, and downright!
But still the revelation made to him
By his loved father's spirit in his dream
Remain'd a puzzle. Till his dying day
He ne'er could fathom it, or solve the mystery,
Except by this, that *dreams are aye contrairy.*

CHOLERA.[1]

MR. EDITOR,—In the controversy now raging with so much violence in the medical profession, and to the settlement of which in a decided and satisfactory manner the public mind is directed with the most intense anxiety, too much importance certainly has been all along attached to the point, whether or not the disease prevalent in the metropolis and the North of England be identical with that seen in Poland, in Russia, and well known in India; because, even if this question were made out beyond the shadow of doubt, it proves but little, and certainly can give no useful or important information.

The question which ought to be asked, and the one which is of most paramount importance, because on it must principally hinge the measures of the Government, and the opinions and practice of medical men, is this—not whether it be the same disease met with in India and on the Continent, but whether the epidemic at present prevailing in the Borough and in the North be really a new disease or only an aggravated form of that cholera so admirably described by Sydenham, Morton, Heberden, and other medical authors, and with which most English practitioners are familiar, although generally, it must be allowed, only prevailing in a mild and sporadic form.

Now who are the judges best qualified to decide this very important question?—not those who have passed all their professional life in India, the navy, or the army, (and this is said with every respect for gentlemen of high character and reputation,) but practitioners who are conversant with the diseases of the poor of London, with their habits of life, their constitutions, and the epidemics occurring amongst them. Unquestionably medical men who have for a long series of years gained experience by visiting the cellars, the garrets of St. Giles's, of Westminster, and the Borough; these surely are most competent to decide so important a question.

In future therefore, when any severe case of cholera said to be spasmodic or Asiatic occurs, instead of sending gentlemen who have seen the disease in other countries, and who are, it is allowed, most estimable and competent in their own department, the most experienced practitioners of London ought assuredly to be directed to inquire into and to give their opinion whether the disease be really a *novæ pestis* of an unheard of or unusually contagious character, or if it be only a severe and more fatal form of the cholera already known in England.

Suppose an individual has got his leg broken, or labours under a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs, it advances the knowledge of the physician or surgeon but little, and cannot contribute to the cure of the disease nor allay the anxiety of the patient or his friends, to be told that the affection of his lungs or the broken limb have the same symptoms as cases seen in India or in Russia: the point of any utility to learn is, whether the inflammation be of a new character or not, as on this must depend the opinion to be given, and the treatment to be pursued.

As to the much disputed point of the contagious or non-contagious character of cholera, the conviction of its not being communicated by one individual to another is daily gaining ground: and most of those who have examined into the subject with an unprejudiced mind, seem convinced that it is not in any way contagious; but that the propagation of the disease depends upon atmospheric causes as well as local, and that these influences acting upon bodies otherwise debilitated and living in ill-ventilated and filthy habitations, who are poorly fed and worse clothed, only produce food for the disease; in short, that contagion has nothing whatever to do with the malady. In this opinion nearly all the practitioners in Southwark who have treated the reported cases of cholera coincide, and this is

[1] "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" We must leave our readers to settle the differences between cholera and anti-cholera.

further supported by many physicians and surgeons who have likewise visited these patients; nay, some, who formerly were violent contagionists, have now turned completely round, and declare themselves anti-contagionists. The public should therefore be tranquillized, at least it should feel less alarm about cholera on knowing these sentiments, given by a physician who has inquired into the subject. A. B.

THE FREE.

DOWN with the slave!—
Be he subject, be he king,—
From lands that Volga's waters lave,
To Guadalquiver's verdant spring
And the Tiber's yellow wave—
Down with the slave!

Strike them in dust!—
All who would enchain the mind,
All who by their will alone—
Free thought's foes—would rule mankind:
DARE YOU—and the deed is done—
Strike them in dust!

All minions base—
Panders to despotic kings,
Baring the red arm of war
Underneath Oppression's wings—
Freemen, strike them near and far—
All minions base!

Up, each free land!—
If OPINION'S WAR must come,
Better lead and give the word,
Leave your loves, your friends, your home,
If the tyrants *will* the sword—
Up, each free land!

Give them their prayer,
Since they must their wolves array,
Let them the combat try;
Who would fear for Freedom's day,
With her chivalry?—
Give them their prayer!

Free nations join!
The hurricane is near,
Despots league to trample you,
Join ye sword and spear,
Hand to hand your bond renew—
Free nations join!

Hie to the field!
There'll be blood and spoil—
Years of baffled hope to flee,
Yet your glorious toil,
Shall at last triumphant be—
Hie to the field!

Their's be the crime!
Their's who, weak and vain,
Would with links of slavery
Thought and you enchain,
Hating most of all "The Free:"
Their's be the crime!

A.

THE METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION—TORYISM—REFORM.

THE Reform Bill crept on in the House of Commons until the middle of March, the Whigs bringing their clauses forward one by one, and the Tories prolonging the time of passing the Commons as much as possible. From the 17th of January, when Parliament re-assembled after the recess, there was little to relieve the dull uniformity of the scene. Lord Ashley's cry of "craven," in the expectation of failing in a committee sitting upon the merits of his election in Dorset, — an election which cost him so much, and sunk so deeply into the purses of his friends, — was an early incident after the House met. However, his Lordship has since found he was too early with his "discretion." The Tithe Question came next, and then we saw the sameness of the proceedings varied a little by Croker and cholera, finance and fasting, Perceval and privilege. The Duke of Wellington took the liberty of reading the King a lecture on behalf of the anti-reformers at a levee; and Lord Londonderry (like the animal in the fable, the "Times" says, that tried to imitate the spaniel,) followed the example with an address from some Irish apprentice-boys, who, the King remarked, were "very *young* advisers." The consequence was, a different arrangement respecting such addresses in future.

A longer and more weary time of captious objection, tedious refutation, and division upon clause after clause, was never put forth to try the patience of a country suffering from a variety of evils. The factious opposition of the Tories can never be forgotten. The love of place, and familiarity with power, had grown so much into a habit with them, that they clung to every hue of hope, and cast longing lingering glances at the Treasury, to re-invigorate themselves after every discomfiting division. Imagination arrayed around them an army of post-expectants and hungry relations, who opened their mouths to be fed; and they persevered day after day in urging their claims, nay, we might almost suppose rights, to the exclusive disposal of the fortunes of the State, and of the property of their countrymen. All who oppose them they stigmatize among themselves as "Whigs" and "Republicans," as if, in the self-conceit and arrogance of their ideas, Whigs and Republicans were not their equals. We are sick of this confidence of *exclusive* wisdom and excellence on the part of the Tories: it is the very breath and language of the despotic part of the European Courts, with which their long intercourse while in power contaminated them. Toryism is, after all, but a milder form of

Jacobitism: it is the cloak for arbitrary measures, and for all which is inimical to public liberty and to the best interests of the human race. Is a noble people like the Poles struggling for its freedom—the spirit of Toryism sees in it a revolt against what it denominates legitimate authority—their term for despotic power. Have France or Belgium obtained constitutional governments—they are made the subject of endless sneers, and the butt at which uncompromising hostility may shoot its arrows. The United States are branded with their blackest aversion; but the power and prosperity of that mighty empire is a bugbear to Toryism, especially when the debt of the young country is paid off by its economy and resources; while the burdens of England are past all redemption, accumulated in Tory wars for Tory objects, and swollen by Tory extravagance and the hungry craving of its dependents. On the other hand, the defenders of every petty despot, sullied by crimes and reeking from the wrecks of suffering humanity, are the out-and-out Tories. The Spanish butcher who first entraps his victims and then destroys them wants no advocate in their ranks. Don Miguel, the most wretched of usurpers, impotent as cruel, cowardly as stultified, finds a ready friend in an Ultra-Tory. My Lord Aberdeen sympathizes with the exemplary virtues of the Portuguese satrap, and feels his heart beat responsive to the discontents of the Dutch King, whose own stupidity and folly cost him half his dominions. This same personification of Ultra-Toryism, (for we should not be just if we numbered the Tories generally with the Ultras or Serviles of their party,)—this same personification has no objection to see despotic Austria, the blight of northern Italy, overrun the south also; but any other power interfering to prevent such a career of usurpation is stigmatized by this first of all statesmen, this Mazarine of Britain, in his views, if not in talent, as an outrage on Europe! Why? because the power which thus stepped in to prevent interference and ultimate subjugation was a *free* power. Here is the secret of the Noble Lord's discontent. Austria is a legitimate *despotism*,—she may act as she pleases; and when she has been made acquainted that if a second time she march her troops into neutral territories in which the people, worn down by the worst government in the world, ruled by the tools of priests, by banditti, and by the dregs of human nature, until their evils become unbearable,—when we say the people attempt to remedy these evils in their own country, and without foreign interference, and a second time Austria does march her troops in to rivet yet stronger the intolerable yoke under which the people labour, the French fulfil their promise, and say, "We will not interfere if you do not; but if you do, we will also—the people as well as the oppressor shall have a friend." For this the Noble Lord stigmatizes France, and calls Ministers to account. The policy of that Noble Lord is to truckle to despotism every where; to take the side of the strong against the weak,—the enslaved against the free,—the spirit of the groping past against modern improvement and clear-sightedness. Not one generous impulse towards human freedom gleams through the tangible blackness of darkness which envelopes the Noble Lord's political system. By what freak of fortune his Lordship was ever pushed out of his *dilettanti* sphere into the arena of political life, we know not; but we do know that it would never have happened except under

a system of Toryism, in which accident both elevates and qualifies to the most important posts—an Aberdeen for a Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a Londonderry for a diplomatist!

For too long a period the principles of Toryism have thus operated and caused innumerable mischiefs to mankind. Their object is self—exclusive self. Toryism never acknowledges the people in the pursuit of its own aggrandisement. Even treaties made with a free people have been violated to gratify foreign despotisms. In Foreign States the name of an Englishman is held in disrepute for breaches of faith which our ancestors would have perished sooner than commit. Odium is heaped upon England for manifold breaches of positive engagements on the part of her rulers. Here and there a European despot, whose sympathies find so ready an asylum in the bosom of Tory ministers, may be found to applaud; but whole nations deplore. The horror of the cant term "revolutionary" among the Tories is but partial. When revolutions sow the seeds of popular freedom, they are to be execrated—when to place a crown on Don Miguel or Nicholas, they are to be tolerated or applauded.

We have not forgotten, if they have, that the liberties enjoyed by England are owing to the Whigs and not to them. We have not forgotten that the efforts of the Tories have in all time been directed to their self-aggrandisement, forgetting the people—that they have uniformly been the forgers of shackles for public liberty, and have brought this nation into a state of debt and pauperism from which it will be a long period ere she can (if she ever will be able) raise herself again. And wherefore did they do all this? Why, to put down principles which have ever since been gaining strength;—to put down the French Revolution, the principles of which they have seen triumph; and to dictate to Foreign States their mode of government. Lavish in the abuse of the enormous resources upon which they were enabled to draw, they lived upon the present time, nor regarded how the future was to be provided for;—the "chapter of accidents" was their creed, and any delusion that served their purpose was their argument of defence. We have not forgotten, when we hear the Tories affect to make Whigs or Republicans a term of reproach, that it is not what we think of ourselves that makes our character with the world. What the world thinks of Toryism we need not inquire: it is getting worn out; it is fast following witchcraft and sorcery to an existence of pure negation. What a history does it present from the mad commencement of the American War, which terminated in defeat and disaster, in an additional debt of £100,000,000, and the loss of an empire—(a war begun and carried on to establish the doctrine—that "to tax themselves belongs not to the people taxed;") to the conclusion of a war waged against French principles, and marked for years by the defeat of allies, an additional debt of £580,000,000, and, despite the unexpected fall of their enemy, the triumph of those very Anti-Tory principles all over the world. Such is a brief history of the rule of the Tories for sixty years; during which time they placed their friends in every office in which they could thrust them, and created 325 Peers out of a house of 420, among whom were upstart bankers, Irish-borough adventurers, some of whom deserved any thing rather than

elevation of such a kind—witness the Irish Union Lords. By this means they inoculated one branch of the legislative body with the vices of Toryism so strongly, that measures of popular benefit cannot now be carried through the Lords, though King and people demand them. In these things the Whigs had no hand. These things constitute, with £6,000,000 of poor-rates, the peculiar glory of Tory management, while a considerable portion of one of the legislative bodies is for ever in opposition to that of King and people.

The foreign policy of the Whigs should be more decidedly that of the people. Close alliances with Free States should be their avowed system of policy. Not that offence should be given to arbitrary governments; but that by drawing closer the alliance with Free States, those principles which are strengthening daily and hourly—those principles which the Tories expended 1000,000,000 of treasure, hundreds of thousands of lives, and twenty years of war to put down in vain—those principles which all opposition has but made shoot more vigorously—may cease to agitate the world; for, founded on right reason, and being just to man, they will increase the sum of human happiness. Free States are the strongest and are therefore the best allies. States in which free principles are consolidated will be the most pacific. If such States are charged by their enemies with turbulence in their infancy—if sneered at by the advocates of arbitrary power, and placed in contrast with the peace reigning in States where "paternal despotism" watches every countenance, and keeps in check every whisper—to whom is this want of domestic peace attributable, but to the intrigues of the foes of freedom at home and abroad—but to the seeds of dissension assiduously sown, wherever their growth is possible? We have heard of a man who put intoxicating draughts into his wife's drink, and then held her up as a brute: something in the same way in France, the Carlists are for ever troubling the State, and their allies—the Ultras in England—hold up the tumults they cause as the fruit of free principles. Principles which are good in themselves must ultimately put down all opposition; the "conservation" of things that have been, merely because they "have been," is a doctrine based on the most ridiculous fatuity.

But then, what "has been" has "worked well." This is the most absurd of positions. It is because Toryism has *not* worked well, that it is now in disgrace. Not even Sir Robert Inglis, the most profound of its advocates, can prove the position. The doctrine of the conservation of Toryism confers on its supporters two qualities of some service in the world, in a degree unmatched even by the redoubtable Edward Irving—finesse and effrontery: the first, in covering the self-interest of the thing; the second, in proclaiming as a patriotic principle that which is merely a personal one.

The system to be "conserved" has "worked well!"—let the National Debt speak; let our extended pauperism speak; let misruled Ireland speak; let the state of crime, the colonial governments, the Genoese, the Parguinotes, speak; let the Acts of Parliament repressive of the liberty of the subject, to put down all grumblings at Tory misrule, speak; let the depreciated currency speak, and the Bank Restriction; let the prodigality of Tory Ministers speak. It is in vain, after the custom of the Opposition, to

charge these things on others. These were not the work of the Whigs, whatever may be the errors charged upon them; the Whigs, for years, in vain tried to stem the torrent of mischief: but these are precious things for "conservation." O let us keep them in our hearts' core! let us cherish them!—but be it in recollection to show what we should most avoid.

"Oh, but at least one-half of it is owing to the Whigs; see Ireland and the tithes!" responds some half-fledged Tory, who curls his lip with complacency at the notable discovery which he fancies he has made. This is all futile. Tory Ministers had their three several warnings, but in despite of them they preferred their favourite "conservation." For one hundred and fifty years, tithes caused mischief enough in Ireland, and complaint enough. The national religion of Ireland, as it is called, and that of Jesus Christ, they, the Tories, suffered (in their love of "conservation") the Irish people to discover had no connexion. They found one a religion of humility and poverty,—of self-denial and charity,—of hope hereafter and of a pure philosophy,—of a belief in this world's vanity and a trust in the promises of immortality: they found the other an exhibition of pride and wealth,—of indulgence and self-aggrandisement,—of earthly enjoyment and of epicurean indulgence,—of mundane pomp in purple and fine linen, and a trust in political intrigue and ministerial patronage. They asked, "And is it for this that the poor cotter's labour and capital, barely enough to support life,—he of a totally different religious faith,—are thus burdened?" They reflected on its injustice, and they resisted. The resistance began among the poorer sufferers, and spread higher to those who had more to be tithed, and where tithes were not perhaps any hardship at all. Now why did the Tories not move in advance of the people, and prevent matters getting to such a height? They knew it in 1830; and, as we have before observed, for one hundred years it had been a forced levy—why did they not then remedy it? Why, because their doctrine was that of "conservation:" nor time, nor circumstance, according to them, were to operate any more changes. To this doctrine the Duke of Wellington, who had innovated by conceding the Catholic Question, was now riveted by his re-union with the Ultra-Tories, who would drive four-in-hand through the flame of a newly-opened volcano, if the old jog-trot road formerly lay that way:—no beetles so blind, no asses so obstinate!

It is unfortunate for the Whigs that they have never come into power but when the Tories have run the nation into some awkward scrape. The Tories go to work in the way of a steeple-chace, trusting to chance that they do not break their necks; and when "brought up," as the sailors say, by a broad ditch or a wide brook they can neither leap nor swim, they jump off and leave the jaded steed to the Whigs. They then turn round, and charge upon their opponents all the consequences of their own wrong-headedness. This we see exemplified every day Parliament meets; and we wonder at the unblushing countenances they put on at the time they do it.

The Tories upon the Reform Question, to give them their due, have relaxed no effort to restore themselves by the discomfiture of their adversaries. A letter is said to have been lately written by Lord Harrowby, having a character marked by the Jesuitism which

is so worthy of the cause it was penned to support. The last Reform Bill was thrown out by the insulting motion, "That the Bill be rejected." This cannot be forgotten: the amendment forced upon the mover has not made the country forget it;—it never can be forgotten while Old England exists;—her Commons and her people were too deeply wounded ever to forget it, if they fulfil the Christian duty of forgiving the party who so bearded them. It was then observed by the veriest tyro in politics, "Why did not the Lords get it into their Committee, and cut the claws of this lion-like Bill into an incapacity of scratching the delicate skin of Toryism?" Why did they not, having such a majority, secure their places and pensions, their boroughs, and other jewels of Toryism?—yes, why did they not do this? Why, it is to be presumed that in the intoxication of numerical strength, or in the delirium of assured victory, they determined, whatever were the consequences, to show off their scorn, and to let the King and kingdom see the undaunted bearing of the 199 holders of hereditary wisdom, and how little they cared for the two other branches of the Legislature, or the 24,000,000 who looked on. This mode, which recurred to every tyro, of ruining the Bill in Committee, only flashed upon Lord Harrowby after six months' cogitation, and his Lordship recommends trial to be made of it. He exclaims, *Eureka!* and the whole hive of Conservators are set a-buzzing on the affair. The Archbishop of Armagh puts up window-shutters[1] at once, to prepare for the worst, in the way of letting John Bull know how a Beresford Bishop means to personify an apostle of legislation. Lord Wharncliffe runs about to entreat of those obdurate Ultras, who look like millstones to all sympathy, that the experiment may be tried. Lord Doodle is for no terms at all with people who attack his borough-property; while Lord Noodle thinks terms should not be made with a Bill which will make the House of Commons independent of the control of his own branch of the Legislature, and that the admission of such a Bill into a Committee is like the Mosaical touching of an unclean thing. How can they hold up their heads to their friends the Carlists, or to the fraternal countenances of Esterhazy, Lieven, Zea Bermudez, or Don Miguel, with whom they have such a unity of feeling, if they suffer the popular branch of the Legislature to come between "the wind and their nobility?" How can they hope to support that superiority which tells so well for their family connexions, if they pass the Bill and retain the least objectionable parts. The "Conservative Club"—(by-the-bye, political clubs have been denounced most unsparingly for years, by the Tories, weekly, daily, and hourly)—meets to debate the matter:—

> — in their own dimensions like themselves,
> The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
> In close recess and secret conclave sit:—

Croker, Dawson, Bankes, and other Cherubim, with the Seraphic Lords—the Molochs and Belials,—the Dagons, and Baalims, and Balaams, of Toryism. There they settle their mode of resistance to the Reform Bill, and exclaim, "Evil, be thou our good!" We shall hear no more now, we trust, of the Palais-Royal Clubs, or of Political Union Clubs, since Conservative Clubs are set going. It

[1] Actually true.

will puzzle the shrewdest member of them all to define why, if one be good, another should not be equally so.

The Conservatives brag and boast of their means of defeating the Bill; and Mr. Croker, on one of the clauses, has entered a protest in the Journals, which, if its length be a virtue, will go down to posterity as one of the most valuable documents that Tory literature or Tory eloquence will leave behind it. We have assertion, declamation, hole-picking, vituperating, but no rational proof why that which is constitutionally the popular branch of the Government, being corrupt, should not be restored to its original intention. Had the borough-dealers been able to prove they returned the wisest and best men to Parliament, they might have had a better reason for continuing their unconstitutional practices, but they never even dared to hint they did so; the contrary is glaringly evident. They did as all shopkeepers do, they turned as much profit as they could for their goods in one shape or another. If we talk with a Tory on the subject, we hear a Reform in Parliament answered by dissertations on the "incendiarism" abroad, on the prevailing "scepticism and immorality," on the decay of "respect for rank," on the "dangers of the Church," and much of the same sort of nonsense, as if the supporters of Reform (i. e. the King; 158 Peers, out of 357; the House of Commons; and the People, were not—instead of a minute fraction of the wealth, intellect, or population, of the country,—a vast majority of the whole; —as if the Tory faction were the salt of the land, no incendiarism among them; all pious, moral, disinterested people; the political and moral and religious elect. The truth is, that avowedly or secretly as many men of immoral lives, sceptics and what not, swell their ranks, as those of any other class of individuals opposed to them; and all their cant of this kind is grossly superfluous and Pharisaical.

After we had written the above, we found that the Duke of Newcastle, who left his house and cause to be defended by the *ultima ratio* of tyrants, has since called to his aid the *ultima ratio* of subjects. His Grace has stooped to enlist the democratic invention of the Press in his defence. We greet him, and honour him for this anti-aristocratical display of spirit, and are glad to find that even his Grace "to this must come at last." The Duke confesses his "inaptitude" for the task, and we thank him, because it saves us the irksome task of pointing it out to the reader. He informs us, that the very circumstance of the "manufacturers" of the Bill being the present Ministers, might have convinced us of the measure being good for nothing—that they are mere Brummagems at State affairs, and by inference that the practical wisdom of the Duke's own party was alone equal to such a task. His Grace tells us that the Bill is a "vain conceit," an "ill-executed counterfeit;" which granted, we imagine will still be found of too pure metal for his Grace's use, even in those places where he now does what he will with his own. The "Old English Constitution" will be ruined by it, thinks the noble writer;—we reply, so much the better, if the essence of that Constitution be what his Grace and party imagine it to be; namely, borough nomineeship, bribery, and sale of franchise as property. The Duke is so stinted for grounds of attack on

the Bill that will keep clear of wounding his cause, that he affects to make the injury it will occasion to popular rights one great objection to the measure, while in reality his Grace's real objection is to the extension of the popular franchise. This is good logic. A "reckless Ministry and packed Parliament" are doing this dreadful mischief to the country. Excellent, Master Duke Shallow! a "packed Parliament," with borough nomineeship in full force and the noble Duke's wise men of Gotham—his delegates for his poor, sainted, chartered boroughs in full roar against the Bill, like so many bull-calves. Really, if such be the case, as it undeniably is, we can only infer that so openly, glaringly corrupt and abhorrent to the people of this country and to all honest men had the borough-conservation system become, that even the majority of a House of Commons so long constituted under it could support that system no longer. It stunk in their nostrils, notwithstanding the Duke and his wise men take it for a sweet-smelling odour; but the trade in the perfume had a profit attached to it for them, which corrected its unsavouriness. We deny, flatly and directly, the unworthy insinuation, or something worse, that the Whigs have spared their own borough property, and fling it back to Clumber or Lumber-Hall, (whichever it be,) despite the pattereroes that bristle the windows there, and the garrison of "serving-men," who drink ale, and fearlessly gaze on gunpowder, in its owner's behalf—we fling it back with scorn. The Whigs have honourably and nobly sacrificed all views of interest in the matter, and they possess enough property of the kind to make its resignation a severe sacrifice. They have flung it, however, upon the altar of their country. The charge, therefore, not only reflects discredit upon the borough-corruption "conservator" who makes it, but it shows how he is driven for matter of impeachment of the conduct and designs of the friends of the Bill. His Grace had far better try pure imagination, or hunt for friendly hints to strengthen his cause in the pages of Sir John Mandeville, when he writes again. Where any one is conscious of the badness of the cause he wishes to defend, it is wonderful how little able he is to cover that consciousness by the exertions of his reasoning powers, though a hundred times a more able writer than his Grace.

The third reading of the Reform Bill was fixed for the 20th ult. Lord John Russell moved to that effect. Lord Mahon rose on the question being put. The only novelty in his Lordship's speech was the discovery that the Bill, as Falstaff says of sherris-sack, "hath a two-fold operation,"—it impeaches the past and punishes the future. A most potent Bill indeed, my Lord,—verily an almost omnipotent Bill, to arraign our grandsires of King James's days, and punish Englishmen of the reign of William V. The second thing his Lordship discovered was, that the people would be satisfied with a less extensive disfranchisement: thus his Lordship would only do right as far as he was forced, he would not regard the justice of the question at all—he would have the King, ministers, and people compromise, as some bankers have done, with a class of gentry who shall be nameless, and take a part, leaving the rogues the remainder! Admirable, my Lord; the equity, the justice of the case is nothing. As little as possible of borough-spoliation is to be conceded, because

there exists a close connexion between large estates and close boroughs that the Russells and Cavendishes will find too late. "No man should be more honest than necessity forces him:"—his Lordship's speech should have that motto. We think the Russells and Cavendishes, who have property of so great an amount at stake, nobly supporting such a Bill, is a security that it is not so fearful a thing but that those with property infinitely less in amount might trust their loyalty. These noble Whig houses, however, do not want places or pensions; and to these gentle stimulants of Tory zeal they being indifferent, can neither see so far nor quite so correctly as those to whom they are weighty matters of consideration. The seconder of the motion was Sir John Malcolm, who objected to sweeping away borough-dealing, because India could not be governed without it—England must consequently suffer, that the territory of the East-India Company may continue to be misruled. Of the venerable seconder's logic we need say no more. Sir R. H. Inglis followed in the order of opposition precedence as the member for a Tory University, concentrating all its erudition, literary and political. His objections were, to speak vulgarly, "his old ones new revived." The Honourable Baronet discovered, it is true, one fallacy of the Whigs in their arguments for the Bill; namely, that the nabob of Arcot only sent four members to Parliament instead of twenty, which Sir Henry says some one had asserted to be the number the said Mahommedan returned. Now it was no more than just, since an English company of merchants filched, or humbugged, or bayonetted, legitimate Asiatic princes out of their lawful dominions, that the Nabobs should buy up members of Parliament to represent them or their provinces —what was there unjustifiable in it! Sir Henry learnt too, we hope not from Oxford, that 7,314 persons are easier made "guzzledowns" of, than a mayor, eight aldermen, and twenty-four common council. Shade of Sir William Curtis, arise—listen, Gog and Magog from Guildhall—listen to this most monstrous of all absurdities that ever passed human lips! Listen, Bristolian corporation, whose Epicurean orgies were broken in upon lately in so unseemly a way—was Sir Henry right or wrong? Why did not Alderman Sir C. Wetherell of Bristol, who had only time to "sigh and look, and look and sigh again," at the late Bristol feast—why did he not set Sir Henry right? To the latter we must exclaim,

How green are you and fresh in this old world!

Sir Henry told the House too, that the tides at Calais were of the same level as those at Dover. However, we will overlook this, as it was said tropically; he is no pilot—that is clear. Thus closed all the novelty Sir Henry could produce against the Bill. Mr. Pemberton said, we should upset the Crown and Constitution. Mr. Croker, in an eloquent speech, talked of revolution, of soon having a directory, of the national debt, of cholera, and then referred to a revolution to support his own argument; he quoted Gibbon, Swift, and others, to amuse the House, and then finished by a touch of the tragic from Gray, sounding from the lips of the Honourable Gentleman very like Hamlet's soliloquy from Liston: yet it touched the simple hearts of his friends, who cheered him as he called the Bill "the

sanguine cloud," which, raised by the Ministry—the "impious men" —"quenched the orb of day;" that is, the sun of borough-trafficking, which, now temporarily obscured, would "to-morrow" repair its "*golden* flood," to the joy of the borough-owners and traders in seats no doubt. The genius of burlesque could "no further go!" Thus ended the speech of the Tory leader of opposition, as far as oratory is concerned, in the lower House. Thus set their *orb*—giving them "token of a goodly day to-morrow." Lord Valletort followed, but said nothing novel, which was not his Lordship's fault, for the subject would not admit of it; and the *omnibus rebus* method of debate adopted by Mr. Croker and Sir C. Wetherell hardly suited a young nobleman of more contracted knowledge than those veterans in the science of killing time, who in procrastination "waste their lights in vain, like lamps by day."

The second night's debate was opened by Mr. Trevor, who had little to say on the Bill, and that little very little to the purpose. Sir J. Brydges spoke tropically of the sun of England setting on the rising of the Bill. Mr. Pigott objected to some parts of the Bill. Mr. Mackinnon made the only reasonable objection to a portion of the Bill which appeared during the evening's debate by any opposition member; it referred to the diminution of the representatives of England and Wales to the extent of thirteen. The honourable gentleman went into the question in a most eloquent speech, in which he quoted Mr. Pitt in favour of his opinion. We think Ministers were bound to adopt all useful hints from their opponents: we abhor the party-spirit which forbids this. The Tories are as estimable persons in private life, as any other class of subjects; we attack not characters or men, but measures and principles which we believe pernicious. Mr. Mackinnon's objections, we think, would have done better for consideration in the Committee. The Bill will enable those who are qualified, to exercise their franchise freely and honestly, and not by word of command: the voters will be fully qualified to judge of the individual whom they vote for; and God forbid they should not be free, instead of being driven like cattle to the hustings. We hate mob-law, as much as any can do; but we would not suffer the rights of any individual, however lowly, to be contravened. There are none of the inferior class who will have the power of voting, if the Bill passes, who are not much more respectable than the pot-wallopers in many of the most notorious existing boroughs; persons who have no habitations at all, save temporary ones for forty days, to boil the pot provided by any man who chooses to risk an election in a favourite mode, according to the Tories, of the *true* Constitution. Sir R. Vyvyan's speech was a thorough-going out-and-outer in Ultra-Toryism. He was followed by Sir Charles Wetherell's *omnibus*, crammed full of all sorts of passengers as usual. He assailed the making new Peers, and censured those who had been made—repeating names, and getting cheered from his backers, as those of Panmure, Dinorben, Poltimore, and Brougham, were announced; why we cannot tell, unless it were because these Noble Lords were supposed to be of too intellectual a *calibre* for moving with the Tory Peers; or was it, that their names sounded strange! Yet De Roos, Dufferin, Meldrum,

and Cholmondeley, are somewhat less symphonious. Sir Charles then treated the House with an olio, composed of grooms, stable-forks, peers, pitchforks, paupers, the "Times," James II., the Bill of Rights, Lord Oxford, the Edinburgh Review, Charles X., the French, Ancona, the Protestant Church, the Bishops, the Pope, Casimir Perier, the Ganges, the Tyne, his Majesty's Ministers, and, lastly, the Reform Bill,—all mingled in delicious rhetorical confusion. In one thing we agree with him, that if Ministers make Peers to pass the Bill, they will do wrong, not on the ground Sir Charles maintained they would do so, but because by the old British Constitution there is not the slightest occasion for it. Let the Crown do it; let the Tories have the *old* Constitution; and let the country be saved.

The second day's debate was closed by a speech from Mr. Perceval, on the vigil before the Fast, who neither rational, "full nor fasting," again played Irving in the House. Croker was tragic, for lack of argument, against the Bill; Wetherell comic; Inglis learned; but Perceval attacked it with God's judgments — pronouncing the curse of God upon the Bill — declared himself speaking from God, and prophesying God's judgments, because the name of God, though not omitted in the Scotch Bill, had been omitted in the English. He pronounced his own Fast of no use; said the Church was a female with a naughty name; and ran on in a rhapsody that only terminated by an incident preventing his continuing his speech. He then sat down like the exhausted Pythoness, all foam and fury; he had continued probably until this time, had he been let alone. Irving had evidently inoculated him; and the second day's opposition to the Reform Bill closed thus, with the most nonsensical, wild, and strange address, ever delivered in the House of Commons—an apt picture and *résumé* of the arguments and speechifyings against the Bill. The debate on the additional members for the metropolis, showed most the cloven-foot of Toryism. The party who objected to it well knew, that there was most knowledge and most independence among the metropolitan residents; and these were precisely what they wished not to bring into future operation, though the most reasonable arguments for granting a representation.

We must now follow the Bill to its close in the Commons. On the 22nd ult., the House divided,—355 for, and 239 against the Bill. Ministers had thus a majority of 116 in favour of the Bill, being seven more in their favour than on the division in 1831. Upwards of 20 Members who have formerly voted for the Bill were absent, while only eight of those who had voted against it were not in their places. Thus 594 Members were present, thirteen paired off, making 620 Members. The Members known to vote for the Reform Bill, present and not present, may be stated at 376, those against it 247. We are therefore safe in stating the friends of the Bill in the House of Commons to have a clear majority of 129, supposing the sentiments of nine Members not to be known. This, according to his Grace of Newcastle and the conservators is a "packed Parliament." Can these gentry be so ignorant as not to know that the "public," the "mob," the "swinish multitude," the "Whigs, Republicans, and Radicals," have eyes to see—that the said ignoble posse of about

24,000,000, and their "packed Parliament," will neither suffer the "conservation" of rotten boroughs, nor be tricked out of their constitutional rights. Parliaments which gave a majority to Tory Ministers were according to the true Constitution—never packed, but always independent, as old George Rose would have sworn. This "packed Parliament" has worked well, we maintain, for those "who worked ill."

The debate presented little of novelty at the close. Mr. Stewart took an extract from Hume, and delivered it for a speech. The extract related to the division of sundry property by the Long Parliament. Its connexion with the Bill was as close as that of Old Sarum with the moon. Sir G. Rose declared that the increase of knowledge was no ground for securing the return of men of intellect to Parliament. Sir Edward Sugden spoke as much in earnest against the Bill as when he fulminated against the Catholic Question in all his wonted fixedness of principle, his invincible sincerity. Lord Porchester talked of a bribed rabble, of standing-orders, gave a sneer at Lord Chatham, and a prophecy of the "sealing" of British destiny, as dull as his own verse. Sir Robert Peel delivered a most singular address, in the course of which he ventured on some strange assertions. He who had supported the corruption in East Retford by refusing its disfranchisement, would now admit a moderate Reform. The Bill arose out of an "ambition to cut capers in imitation of the harlequins of France; Reform was not the spontaneous growth of this country." Bravo! Sir Robert, what will you advance next? Lord Porchester had just before set Sir Robert right, if he had listened to him on this point. For sixty years Reform has again and again been mooted. We begin to think Sir Robert's talents have been overvalued, after his recent speech. He attacked the middle classes of society in England, which all the world has hitherto deemed the salt of the nation—the wisest, most discreet, most loyal, and thinking part—the sterling portion—the purer part of the mixture—neither the froth nor the dregs, and such deemed by Sir Robert until he found that his absolute wisdom failed before that very class, and then it was a natural consequence that it should be vituperated. The Press was lashed as well, and the speech concluded with a prophecy of horrible imaginings. Like Mr. Perceval, Sir Robert turned to the apostle of Regent Square for a model, yet foretold any thing but a millennium. We have not noticed the ministerial speakers, because we should only repeat over again the thousand-and-one arguments which prove the necessity of the Bill. Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Stanley were the principal speakers on the last day of the debate.

Thus the Bill passed the Lower House on its way to the Lords, where its reception is all gloom and uncertainty. We trust it is not, to use the style of Sir C. Wetherell, like Christian just entering the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." We hope that Lord Grey has not abated one jot of his past averments, or of that proud determined spirit for which he has been heretofore so honourably distinguished. The eyes of the world are upon the result.

O.

HISTORICAL SCENES.—No. I.

BY MISS MITFORD.

CROMWELL URGING THE JUDGES OF CHARLES THE FIRST TO SIGN THE WARRANT FOR HIS EXECUTION.

[For the better comprehension of the ensuing scene, it should be remembered that, after the Trial of Charles I., many of the Judges were seized with a panic, and refused to sign the Warrant for his death, and that it was with great difficulty that Cromwell and the more resolute members of the High Court of Justice could obtain the necessary document to carry the sentence into execution. The part that Cromwell, especially, played on this occasion is, the writer believes, almost literally such as she has attempted to describe. Colonel Downes had shown much hesitation at the trial, was throughout an object of suspicion to the sterner Judges, and only at last induced to affix his signature by the threat of sequestration. The circumstances respecting Ingoldsby (Cromwell's relation), Tichburne, and Marten, are also historically true.—Vide the Defences in the Trials of the Regicides.]

SCENE—*The Painted Chamber.*

Bradshaw, Lord President; Cook, the Solicitor for the Commons; Harrison; Downes; Tichburne; Marten; Ingoldsby, and other Judges.

Harrison.—Be ye all smit with palsy? Hang your arms
Dead at your sides, that ye refuse to sign
The Warrant? Be ye turn'd Idolaters?—
Rank worshippers of Baal?
Bradshaw.—They refuse not.
Marten.—They parley, Sir;—they dally;—they delay.
Cook.—The wiser if they did. 'Twere vantage ground,
The keen axe swinging o'er his head, to treat
With your great prisoner.
Harrison.—Treat! Was yonder trial
A mummery, a stage-play, a farce? O blind
And stubborn generation!
Downes.—The whole people
Are struck with awe and pity. Each man's cheek
Is pale; each woman's eye is wet; each child
Lifts up its little hands as to implore
Mercy for the poor King.
Harrison.—Captivity
And bondage will o'ertake them! They fall off
Like the revolted tribes! Egyptian bondage!

Enter Cromwell.

Cromwell.—Wherefore so loud, good Colonel? Sirs, I shame
To have held ye waiting here. A sudden cause,
I pray ye believe it urgent, hinder'd me.
Where is the Warrant?—Have ye left a space
For my poor name?
Marten.—Thou wilt find room enow.
There!
Cromwell.—What! unsigned? Harrison! He came hither
To crave your signatures.
Harrison.—I did my message;
But these Philistines——
Cromwell.—Do ye shame to set
Your names to your own deeds? Did ye not pass
This solemn sentence in the face of day,
Before the arraigned King, the shouting people,
The Majesty of Heaven?
Tichburne.—Thou dost mistake us.
Cromwell.—I crave your pardon, Sirs; I deem'd ye were
The Judges, the King's Judges, the elect
Of England, chosen by her godly Commons
As wisest, boldest, best. I did mistake ye.

Downes.—Listen, ere thou accuse us.
Marten.—Listen!—sign;
And we will listen, though your pleaded reason
Outlast Hugh Peter's sermon.
Downes.—Hear me first.
Cromwell.—Well!
Downes.—We have here Commissioners from Scotland
Praying our mercy on the King.
Cromwell.—They gave him
Into our hands.
Harrison.—And they are answer'd, Sir.
Thou know'st that Cromwell singly put them down
As they had been young babes.
Downes.—The Pensionary—
Cromwell.—Pshaw!
Downes.—Hath sent pressing missives: embassies
From every court are on the seas; and Charles
Proffers great terms.
Marten.—Have we not all?
Cook.—But he
Will give a fair security, a large
And general amnesty; so are we freed
From fear of after reckoning.
Cromwell.—Master Cook,
No wonder that a lawyer pleads to-day
Against his cause of yesterday,—if fee'd
To the height. But thou art not of us. Thy part
Is o'er.
Marten.—He will give large securities!
For what?
Downes.—The general safety, and our own.
Marten.—Safety! say liberty! Securities!
Marry large promises! An ye will trust,
Ye may be earls and marquesses, and portion
This pretty islet, England, as a manor
Amongst ye. Shame ye not to think a bribe
Might win your souls from freedom?
Harrison.—From the Lord!
Would ye desert His people?—Sell for gain
His cause?
Cromwell.—Hush! hush! None thinketh to forsake
The cause.
Tichburne.—Let Bradshaw sign. What need more names
Than the Lord President's?
Bradshaw.—I am ready, Sirs,
An ye will follow me. The instrument
Were else illegal. When ye are prepared,
Speak.
Cromwell.—My good Masters, ye remember me
Of a passage in my boyhood.
(*Then apart to Harrison and Bradshaw*) Deem me not
A light unmeaning trifler. Recollect
How Nathan spake to David.—(*Then aloud*)—Being a child,
Nutting with other imps in the old copse
At Hinchinbrooke, we saw across a wide
But shallow stream, one overhanging hazel,
Whose lissome stalks were weigh'd by the rich fruitage
Almost into the water. As we stood
Eyeing the tempting boughs, a shining nut
Fell from its socket, dimpling wide around
The dark clear mirror. At that sight, one bold
And hardy urchin, with myself, no less

In those young days a daring wight, at once
Plunged in the sparkling rivulet. It rose
Above our ancles; to our knees; half up
Our thighs: and my scared comrade in the midst
Of the stream turn'd roaring back, and gain'd the bank,
Nutless and wet, amidst the shouting scoffs
Of the small people.
Bradshaw.—And thou?
Cromwell.—Why I bore
My course right on, and gain'd the spoil. Sirs, we
Have plunged knee-deep in the waters, are midway
The stream:—will ye turn now, and leave the fruit
Ungather'd, recreants? or hold boldly on
And win the holy prize of freedom? Give me
The Warrant.—(*Signs*.)—So! Methinks an it were not
Over-ambitious, and that's a sin,
My homely name should stand alone to this
Most righteous scroll. Follow who list! I've left
A space for the Lord President.
Bradshaw.—I'll fill it
With an unworthy name.—(*Signs*.)
Cromwell.—Now swell the roll,
My Masters! Whither goest thou, Marten? None
Shall stir till he hath signed. Thou, a ripe scholar,
Not write thy name! I can write mine i' the dark;
And oft with my sword-point have traced on air
The viewless characters, in the long hour
Before the joy of battle. Shut thine eyes,
And write thy name! Any where! See!—
(*Marking Marten's cheek with a pen*.)
Nay, Marten,
Stand still!—See! see! how fair and clerkly! Yet
This parchment is the smoother.
Marten.—Hold thee sure,
I'll pay thee, general.
Tichburne.—Why he hath mark'd thee
Like a fresh-ruddled sheep.
Marten.—I'll pay thee.
Cromwell.—Sign.
Marten.—Willingly, joyfully. (*Signs*.)
Cromwell.—Why so? Where goes
Our zealous alderman? I deem'd to see
His name the first.
Bradshaw.—He fears the city's safety,
Full, as he says, of the King's friends.
Cromwell—He fears!
They be bold men who fearlessly do own
Their fears. I dare not. Fear! Sir, didst thou come
By water hither?
Tichburne.—No.
Cromwell.—And didst thou meet
No soldiers on thy way?
Tichburne.—Many. The streets
Are swarming with them.
Cromwell.—Were they silent?
Tichburne.—No.
They call'd aloud for execution.
Cromwell.—Say
For justice and for execution. Marry,
My bold dragoons know not the new State-trick

To separate the words. Well! are not they
A nearer fear? Sign boldly.—(*He signs.*)

Cromwell, Marten, and Downes advance to the front.

Marten.—They flock fast.
Cromwell.—'Tis time; for plots are weaving round about us
Like spider's nets in autumn. But this morning
I swept one web away. Lord Broghill—[1]
Marten.—What!
Hath he been here?
Downes.—Is he discovered?
Cromwell.—Sir,
I have a slow-hound's scent to track a traitor.
He 's found, and he 's despatched.
Downes.—How?
Marten.—Where?
Cromwell.—To Ireland,
With a Commission 'gainst the rebels. 'Tis
An honest soldier who deserves to fight
For the good cause. He but mistook his side—
The Queen beguiled him, and the knightly sound
Of loyalty. But 'tis an honest soldier;
He will prove faithful.
Marten.—How didst win him?
Cromwell.—How?
A word of praise, a thought of fear. How do men
Win traitors? Hark-ye, Downes! Lord Broghill left
A list of the King's friends amongst us here;
Grave seeming Roundheads, bold and zealous soldiers,
High officers—I marvel not ye look
Distrustfully—one of renown, a colonel,
A judge too! Downes, hast thou sign'd yonder Warrant?
Marten.—What was the plan?
Cromwell.—Go sign, I say.—The plan?
A sudden rescue, to o'erpower the guard.
Ha, Ingoldsby—(*Seizing Ingoldsby, and going with him to the table*)
Nay, man, if thou be question'd
Some dozen years hence, say that I forced thee; swear
Thy wicked kinsman held thy hand.—Ay, now
The blank is nobly filled, and bravely. Now
I know ye once again, the pious Judges—
The elect and godly of the land. Ay, all
Their names are here.
Bradshaw.—The deed is incomplete,
It hath no date.
Cromwell.—Ha! well reminded! Write
The Thirtieth.
Downes.—To-morrow? That were sudden.
Cromwell.—Why so we must be. There be plots astir,
And speed is our best safety.—Thou hast signed.
Is not thy name amongst us? I must haste
To overtake the hour. 'Tis still unseal'd,—
Add thou my signet, Bradshaw. [*Exit Cromwell.*
Tichburne.—What intends
The General?
Bradshaw.—Question not of that. A taper!
Your seals, my Lords Commissioners!—your seals!

[1] This incident is antedated.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY,[1]

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

I SHALL not attempt to preserve chronological order in my Recollections.

I remember the affecting account which my mother gave me of James Annesley, the son of Lord Altham, whom his uncle Richard, who by his unparalleled wickedness succeeded to the Earldom of Anglesey, trepanned, put on board a ship, and sold as a slave in the West Indies. After some years he made his case known to Admiral Vernon, then on that station, and got back to England. He brought his actions of ejectment in the Irish Courts for the estates, and obtained a verdict; but the uncle, holding the purse, brought writs of error: and this unhappy kidnapped heir died without obtaining possession—leaving no issue male. I have a faint recollection that I once saw him, on a visit to my mother, when I was a boy. Old Gifford the attorney, father of the late very eloquent Alderman Gifford of Dublin, had been brought from Devonshire as the Earl's solicitor, but turned round upon him at the trial, and proved that he had employed him to prosecute the nephew for murder, grounded on his having shot a highwayman on Bagshot Heath. One of the judges on these ejectment causes was Baron Mounteney, formerly of King's College, Cambridge, the learned editor of Demosthenes. Annesley was a poor, heart-broken man, wrinkled, and emaciated with suffering. He left some daughters in great misery, who claimed and assumed the rank of an earl's children. I must admit that it was a strange family, though I speak of my mother's blood,—ever since the time that the first Peer dropped a stool on Lord Strafford's gouty toe at Dublin Castle. Even my mother had some of the family eccentricities. Perhaps I inherit a few of them.

I knew well my relation the late Frank Annesley, of Reading, at last Master of Downing College. He was somewhat of a prig, and a most consummate jobber, for he was very poor. He had been busy all his life in the Reading elections, and at one time was in great danger of prosecutions under the bribery laws. I think he took the part of the Aldworths, who have changed their name to Neville, and got a peerage by the title of Braybrooke,—having some Court-influence by marriage with a sister of Lord Grenville, whose family in the last half century have received so many favours from the Crown. The patent was first granted nominally to the late Sir John Griffin Griffin, to whom was allowed the title of Lord Howard of Walden, and to whom Mr. Aldworth Neville was in some remote way allied.

The character of my mind, the habits of my country, my native vivacity and talkativeness, have always thrown me into varied society; and I have especially sought literary society, though I suspect that my name has been very little known, even where my height has made my figure conspicuous.

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[1] Continued from page 274.

One of the most pleasing literary females I have ever met with was Jane Porter; and when I first knew her, she was beautiful. She did not seem much to love literature, — it was "not her will that consented." She had introduced a plain little woman, strange, pedantic, and vain in her person and manners, though of some ability, as it is said—since deceased—a Miss Benger, who for a short time was a popular writer. I, who had been admitted to the table and had been an inmate of the house of Mrs. Montagu—a most polished courtier as well as a celebrated wit, did not think much of the splendour or intelligence of this society.

Nothing was so delightful as Mrs. Montagu's hospitable house at Sandleford, near Newbury. There I met Beattie, Hannah More, the Bishop of Derry, Mrs. Garrick, Lord Harcourt, Primate Robinson, Lord Harrowby, old Lord Sandwich, the Pointz's, old Lady Spencer, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Camden, the Margravine of Anspach, Bishop Porteus, Mrs. Chapone, Dr. Mounsey, Herbert Croft, Burke, Lord Stanhope, De Calonne, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Morton Pitt, Lady Hesketh, Petit Andrews, Lord Falmouth, Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Boscawen, the late Duke of Beaufort, Mrs. Scott, (author of "Life of D'Aubigné,") while Woodhouse the poet acted as butler, and, listening to the conversation, thought himself superior to them all! The Bishop of Derry was attended by a Catholic priest, and laughed at all religion. Looking at the Primate's bust, he cried—"There he is, shaking his metropolitan head at us!" He said—"One man fights for honour—another for revenge—an Irishman fights for the sake of fighting!" Mrs. Montagu observed of this noble Bishop and Peer—(for she did not love him, as she had a great affection for his mother, whom he had used very ill,) "How extraordinary—this man is visiting every part of England, except where he ought to find most attraction—the residence of his wife and family!"

When I was at Bath, I visited a good deal at the house of Mr. Melmoth, the author of "Fitzosborne's Letters," where I often met Archdeacon Coxe, who, I must confess, appeared a very great coxcomb. I also met there Hamilton of Painshill, then living in the Upper Crescent of Bath, who had a beautiful collection of pictures. I often also met Anstey of the Bath Guide, but not at Melmoth's: he was a bitter, satirical man,—disagreeable to every body: he was a plain, middle-sized, stout, sour-looking personage, and was always disliked, even at college.

At Bath, one day as I was walking with a party on the North Parade in a tremendously high wind, three persons passed us, and at the instant the hat of the younger lady blew off. A gentleman who was with us picked it up, and I never shall forget the smile she gave him on returning her thanks; it was so heavenly! The gentleman observed, "It was like a vision from the sky!" On my asking who it was—he replied, "Who can it be but Mrs. Sheridan?"

Sir Thomas Lawrence was then a boy, about the age of sixteen: he was handsome and lively, and beginning to attract notice as a phenomenon. His father had retired from business, and was then living in Alfred Street.

Old Mrs. Bowdler, the co-heir of Sir Bruce Cotton, was then living there with her family. She was a very clever woman, held in high estimation, and considered the mother of Bath.

Old Graves of Claverton, the Spiritual Quixote, used to walk frequently down to Bath. A portrait of him, a great likeness, was given in Phillips's Public Characters.

At that time Pratt (Courteney Melmoth) kept a circulating library in Milsom Street. Then immense quantities of my countrymen were there—nobility as well as others; among the rest, the beautiful Miss Gray, afterwards married to Sir William Manners, now Lord Huntingtower: she was as amiable as beautiful, and a poetess into the bargain.

Lady Herries was there, wife of Sir Robert Herries, sister of the present Admiral Sir Edward Foote, K.B.: she was a pretty woman —a *blue stocking*—but somewhat affected. I paid her more attention than her husband, who was many years her senior in age, liked.

I remember that a person was there, who seemed to haunt me like a ghost in other parts of Europe; and I once met him even at Constantinople. He was a very dark man, who generally wore the most melancholy countenance I ever saw; but now and then it was lighted up by an extraordinary and most winning smile. He had not a large acquaintance, but had gained the notice of a few respectable people. His quiet attention to ladies made him rather a favourite with them. He bore the name of Fawsley; but I never considered that to be his real name; I had some reason to suppose that his true name was Lewarre or Warre. I am quite convinced that he was an Irishman by birth, though he strenuously denied it. He appeared to me to have some frightful weight upon his spirits. He could not endure any one's steady look; and, as he had the reputation of a good shot and expert swordsman, a frown on his part turned away any one's observance. I noticed the *penchant* taken for him by a lady of high rank, which, if he encouraged, he did it with great caution and reserve: it seemed to me that his affections had been already deeply engaged. He was not in want of money; and he was well acquainted with the characters of all the Courts of Europe. He wore about his neck the miniature of a beautiful female, which he seldom suffered to be seen. I suspected that Burke, with whom he was intimate, knew who he was. He was a great linguist, and was supposed to have given Burke much information. A Neapolitan lady followed him to England; and he is supposed to have fallen on the part of the Neapolitan revolutionary army in 1821, in an engagement with the Austrians. A few months before that, I had encountered him at Rome. He had made an acquaintance with the late Sir Mark Sykes, to whom he pointed out many bibliographical curiosities. He was very intimate with old Torlonia, the banker. The dowager Lady Ellenborough made some efforts to be acquainted with him, but unsuccessfully.

I saw Rogers at Naples, but we were not upon speaking terms: I had never been introduced to him. The celebrated Lady Charlemont, of whose beauty Lord Byron speaks so much, was there: she had then a son,—a lively good-natured young man. I well knew Lord Charlemont's father, as well as Mr. Hardy, who wrote his Life. But I shall reserve what I have to say about Italy for another occasion. Rogers has described most of the scenery accurately and

happily. I have indulged myself with the purchase of his highly-embellished poem, though a dear one.

I remember that Capel Lofft wrote to me before he came abroad, to ask my advice on many parts of his journey. I knew him to be so eccentric in his manners and habits, that I had great difficulty to answer him: I thought it was too late in life to give him either much pleasure or instruction. With great industry, great acquirement, excellent intentions, and something like genius, he was a wrong-headed man; and there was no certainty in his taste, his erudition, his law, or his philosophy: sometimes he was very crude, and he was full of mental crotchets. His uncle, Mr. Capel of Troston, the laborious editor of Shakspeare, was a remote branch of the noble family of the Earls of Essex; of which Mr. Lofft, though a liberal, was very proud. He had quitted the Bar for the magistracy; but, being removed from the magistracy for some benevolent but ill-timed interference, again returned to the provincial Bar. Arthur Young was his correspondent, but I am not aware that they were intimate; Young had but few purely literary friends: his manners were as rural as his works; but he was a useful statist: he was industrious, though not select; and could now and then write eloquently. More than sixty years ago he foresaw the evils to which the poor-laws in England were tending! If they are hereafter introduced into my own country, I trust they will be accompanied by numerous modifications.

I have a small estate in the county of Waterford, but I have no acquaintance with the rich family who take their title from that county. I do not know whether, through the Annesleys, I may not be distantly related to them. As none of them have a literary turn, they do not think my acquaintance any honour or pleasure. One of the daughters of the old Marquis has married an Englishman, whom they bring into Parliament, but whom, though I have seen, I have never spoken to. As he has a *triste* countenance and none of the Irish vivacity, I have sometimes wondered how this alliance took place: but the newspapers often inform us that the gentleman's country-house is full of these Irish visitors; so I suppose he is a favourite with them all. We true Strongbowians like more vivacity and hilarity.

I once held for two years a company in a certain militia, and was then quartered in a maritime county which I will not name. About two miles from the town was a cottage, the fragment of an ancient mansion, with a walled garden, occupied by a fruiterer who supplied our market. I often met the old man, with his long grey locks, which almost covered his face: he had a look extraordinarily venerable, and even handsome. He was a man of few words, but I thought I perceived something of a Scotch accent in his voice: he said he was a Welshman by birth, but had once been a private for some years in a Scotch regiment. He was an expert gardener and exceedingly industrious, raising every thing with his own hand. An old woman attended him, whom he called his wife, and a little girl about fifteen, whom he represented as his granddaughter. He went by the common name of Jones, and was between seventy and eighty years old. It was very difficult to get entry within the walls of his

garden: there were outer borders fenced by hedges also cultivated. His dress was of the coarsest materials, but always neat. The road from his cottage to the town lay principally on the high cliffs above the sea. He had the reputation of being a smuggler, but no proof of it ever came out.

The girl was now seldom seen; but the neighbours spoke of her as having often attended her grandfather to market till within the last two or three years. The old man had a dejected look, and seldom joined in conversation with his companions. He was called "the old Presbyterian," and was let to go his own way. One day I was accompanying some of my brother-officers on a jaunt, when two of our madcaps in a curricle, with restive horses, ran against the old man's cart, overturned it, and left him for dead. I staid to pick him up, and called the assistance of two rustics to bear him to his cottage. On that occasion I, for the first time, saw his granddaughter; and any thing more beautiful and gentle I never beheld. She had the dress of a cottager, but almost the manners of high birth.

I had but one person in the regiment to whom I dared entrust this secret,—a young man of rank, and of very generous and pure principles, but somewhat romantic and inflammable. I would never permit him to attend me in any visit to the cottage; but his curiosity was raised, and he contrived to get a sight of the girl. He of course fell violently in love with her, and suffered his principles to yield to his passion: he offered her any terms to be his companion, but he said her pride was still higher than her beauty, though her affection for him soon became very strong; for he was both handsome and of delightful manners. All this happened while the old man lay ill and almost insensible. He contrived at last to carry her off in an open boat, meaning to reach France; but they, with the crew, were all lost in a storm. He was the last male heir to an ancient English peerage. The shock killed the old man, after lingering for a few weeks. I often visited his bed-side; and, in his dying moments, discovered that he was the old Scotch Earl of ——, who had been attainted in the Rebellion of 1745, and supposed to have died on the Continent soon after; and this beautiful and unfortunate girl would have been heir to that high honour but for the attainder. The old man lies buried, under his assumed name, in the churchyard of ——, with a simple head-stone, of which I myself was at the expense. I wrote to his Scotch relatives, and put them in possession of the few papers which he left. One of them now keeps a small village shop in Scotland.

When I was encamped at Shornecliffe, under Sir John Moore, I remember seeing, at Folkstone, old Hastings, a hoveler or fisherman, whom they stated to be entitled to the Earldom of Huntingdon, but whose right I afterwards found to be posterior to the branch which have now established their claim, though his descent was unquestionable. As I am myself descended, by undeniable evidence, in the male line, from one of the Conqueror's most powerful Barons, Johannes Monoculus, (ancestor also of the Lacys, Earls of Lincoln,) I have a great prejudice in favour of ancient and noble birth.

I cannot say so much for my maternal ancestors, the Annesleys, though they pretend to great antiquity. By-the-bye, I think I re-

member Julia Donovan, Lord Anglesey's widow, who re-married Mr. Talbot; from which marriage the present Countess of Shrewsbury is descended. She was the mother of the old Lord Valentia, whose disputed legitimacy forms a curious story, and who was declared legitimate by the Irish House of Lords, and illegitimate by the English House. He was created Earl of Mountnorris.

When we were at Shornecliffe, we used to intrude sometimes a little more than we could justify upon the neighbouring covers. There was a Mr. P., a stuttering, hasty little man, very tenacious of his game, with whom we got into several broils; as well as a Mr. B. and a Mr. D., who were still nearer to us. They were all mere country squires of an ordinary cast, to whose inurbane threats we did not pay much attention. Sir John Moore was altogether respected; but he was somewhat too much of a martinet.

I think it was about this time that Campbell's inimitable "Stanzas on Hohenlinden" were circulated amongst us. Short as they were, they at once stamped him as of the highest class of poets.

Walking by the sea at Shornecliffe in 1805 at noon, when all was still, we suddenly heard faint distant sounds, which we afterwards imagined were the dying echoes of Trafalgar! We had some of the finest regiments in the service encamped with us—the Fourth, the Forty-third, and the Ninety-second (Moore's own regiment).

Brockman's fox-hounds began to hunt before the camps broke up, but I was too heavy to find a horse strong enough to carry me in that hilly country: I was not only above the height of six feet, but very muscular and bony.

A Mr. John Brydges, who had been a colonel of the Romney Cavalry, (some of which regiment I had known in Ireland in 1797 and 1798,) was considered one of the best riders in the field. As he lived somewhere in that neighbourhood, he knew the country well. Though he was tall, being thin and meagre he did not overweight his horse. I have been told that this is the same person who is now M. P. for Armagh; but I think it is a mistake. About this time a Scotch Colonel, Mackenzie, belonging to one of our regiments, ran away with a Miss Andrews, the daughter and heiress of a rich tanner at Hythe, very much to every one's surprise.

I rode over, one day, to Mr. Finch Hatton's, at Eastwell Park, to inquire about the story of Richard Plantagenet, the pretended son of King Richard III., said to have been buried there; but I could make nothing of it. I did not find much literature in the neighbourhood. The only person who concerned himself about these things was Mr. Brydges of Denton, with whom I was not acquainted, and who had the character of being a shy, reserved man, inaccessible to strangers. Some of his neighbours were open-mouthed against him, on the accusation of having rendered their characters ridiculous in a novel. I did not think that my having met him once at Mr. Carter's, at Deal, would justify my calling on him. I used sometimes to pass his house, which stood on the great road from Folkstone to Canterbury,—an old-fashioned Elizabethan mansion, in a valley, with the small parish-church at its side. I hear it is now pulled down.

I love society, but I am subject to fits of melancholy; and I once shut myself up in a fisherman's hut for a year together. I was weary of it at last; but I had many days, and even weeks, of magnificent

pleasure. There I wrote a political pamphlet on a temporary topic, which is forgotten now, but of which three large editions were sold in a month. It had three great attractions,—it was factious, personal, and piquant. It made Canning furious: he did not know the author, but he introduced a tirade against it in one of his speeches in the House of Commons. The bookseller made much profit by it: I received nothing from him; indeed he knew not whence it came. I do not remember any thing which gave me greater satisfaction than the success of this pamphlet. I am not apt to think well of my own capacity, but this gave me a confidence in myself. We endeavour to persuade ourselves that when the multitude does not approve of what we write, it is their bad taste; but there is a sort of certainty in success, which gives a calmer satisfaction. I was aware, however, that part of the success of this *brochure* was factitious and accidental.

I used to talk much with French Lawrence about the tactics by which the public appetite might be hit. When he first disappeared from Oxford, and came to London a literary adventurer, he was employed as a partisan of the Whigs, and of all the manœuvres of the Coalition, under the direction of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. His *jeux d'esprit* and squibs in the public journals were innumerable,—often happy, sometimes beautiful, sometimes dull, and even tedious. With immense information and high talent, he afterwards turned out a prolix and somniferous speaker in the House. The number of anecdotes which he told me of the transient machinery of politics would make volumes: they have many of them faded from my memory, and many are too bitter and pungent to individuals to be put into print. Lawrence had the person of a great overgrown excrescence or bear. He had a passion for music. All his friends loved him, and considered him a man of principle and honour. I once met, at his chambers in the Temple, a young visitor from Oxford, of whom he spoke very highly as having just gained Oxford prizes, and who, I believe, was of the same college with him. This distinguished person has since risen to the summit of his profession, and is now Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and a peer by the title of Lord Tenterden. I also met there another of his fellow-collegians, a great Grecian, then chaplain to Barrington, Bishop of Durham,—now himself Bishop of Salisbury. At the house of this Prelate's brother in the Strand, we met Dr. Parr, Dr. White, Dr. Gabriel, Lawrence, and others, three or four times at supper. John Burgess was not a literary man himself, but made his fortune as an active tradesman. It is much to the honour of Lord Sidmouth that, on becoming Premier, he instantly promoted to the episcopal bench two brother Wykehamists, of eminent reputation for scolarship,—Huntingford and Burgess.

The year I passed by the sea-side, I studied all its aspects. When afterwards, therefore, Charlotte Smith put forth in one of her small volumes (I think "Rural Walks") her little ode called "Sea-Studies," I was delighted with it. It is not true that there is a sameness in sea-prospects; the hues of the ocean are as various as those of the skies. I was on a southern coast; I could not have borne the north winds. Not far distant inland were the remains of an ancient forest: two or three deserted mansions, retaining the relics of feudal grandeur, were within the reach of my walks. I amused

myself in part with the topography of the neighbourhood, and collected all the antiquities,—the manorial history, the church monuments, the heraldry, and the pedigrees. I wrote them out in a beautiful folio; and as I can draw and colour, and especially like painting coats of arms and writing tables of genealogy, it is a splendid volume. When I die, I mean to bequeath it to the British Museum. I once showed it to the late Sir Isaac Heard, who endeavoured to wheedle me out of it: when he was unsuccessful in this, he offered me a hundred guineas for it on the part of the Heralds' College. That old man, then verging towards ninety, was the most cunning creature I ever met with: he was a great gossip,—a babbler, but not so foolish as he appeared to be; part of his babble was affected, to get out secrets. He governed the Heralds' College by a petty diplomacy, rather than by direct power. The College was split into as many parties as there were members; and he made them, through the medium of these divisions, subservient to his own ends. I cannot trouble the public with the history of the cabals of that little relic of the Court of Star-Chamber, which has come to my knowledge on good authority; in which Sir Isaac was even outdone by his late successor. Finding the character of the people, I have never entered my pedigree at that College. I once dined in company with Mr. Lodge, who seemed to have great historical knowledge; but I did not sit near him, and we were not introduced. One of my friends whispered to me, that he was the only gentleman of the College. He had rather a quaint manner, but seemed to be very droll.

Every old family in the neighbourhood I speak of became extinct before the close of the seventeenth century, except one, of which the last male, having fallen into poverty, was actually hanged for a highway robbery about the year 1744. His sister married a poor shepherd, whose son, then in a village poor-house and nearly ninety, I had more than one long conversation with, and whose memory was good, and information amusing, as he had heard much of all the neighbouring families of gentry from his mother. He gave me a curious history of the true rise of a nobleman's family thereabouts, now flourishing; by which clues I verified some parts of his statements. The grandfather was the son of a scullion in a peer's house, and was himself taken as footboy; and, having been taught to write, was removed to the office of a rascally attorney of that district. There he inveigled himself into indentures of clerkship, and on some election business got recommended to Mr. Pitt, who gradually promoted him to high offices, which ended in a peerage, and the purchase, by usurious loans and mortgages, of the nobleman's estate to whose grandfather his father had been scullion. The story told by the present peer is, that the scullion was in truth a natural son of that family; in which there is not a word of truth: and he has obtained the King's license to (what he calls) "resume" that name and those arms, and is now held out to the world as possessing the ancient inheritance of a venerable house: he even uses all the old quarterings of that house.

As I have been an ubiquitarian, constantly moving, I once passed a winter at Hereford, and thence went to see Mr. Payne Knight's seat at Downton. It is a whimsical place, with some natural beau-

ties, but it altogether disappointed me. The absurd idea of throwing down a little bit of rock-stone in the middle of a mowed lawn to give it the inequality of nature, and the dining-room closed in by all but a sky-light (if I recollect) that the feasters may not have their attention withdrawn from the luxuries of the table, disgust a simple taste. Mr. Knight is said to have been a voluptuary, exceedingly free in his opinions; and his conversations did not help to purify the mind of Lady Oxford. His verses are dull, and are every where deficient in the leading characteristics of poetry.

My friend, Judge Johnson of the Irish Bench, whom Lord Redesdale, when Chancellor of Ireland, prosecuted for a libel, and got convicted, in consequence of which he was obliged to retire, was the most acute man I ever knew. The libel was published in Cobbett's Register, and turned the Noble Lord into high ridicule; and as his Lordship was of a vindictive nature, vain, proud, and conceited, he pursued his enemy with the fiercest animosity. Dull, laborious, and technical, without sagacity or judgment, the Irish vivacity was hateful to him. He got into a theological dispute with Lord Fingal, in which he was completely foiled.

There are far more male descendants of the old Anglo-Norman nobility among the Irish Strongbowians than in England; some of them now in a very mean condition. We have Devereux's without number, De Burghs, Lacys, Veseys, Mortimers, Courtenays, Hastings's, Mowbrays, Fitzosbornes, Neviles, Bigots, Staffords, Veres, Audleys, Beauchamps, Bourchiers, Bohuns, Stanleys, Percys, Talbots, Berkelys, Ogles, Grays, Poles, &c. &c. Many of these have curious traditions and pedigrees among them; some of which are true, others fictitious and imaginary. Sir William Betham would do well to collect as many as he can, not as authenticated pedigrees, but as curious memorials.

The head branches of my family remain in Northumberland, but all connexion with them has been broken off for centuries. I have the deed of grant of a small estate, *temp.* Henry II., which describes the parentage of my ancestor: he married one of the De Burghs, who was a cousin, and two of the Lacys are witnesses to the deed. My arms are the same as those of the first Earl of Lincoln of that name, viz. quarterly, or and gules, over all a bend sable; to which my branch have always added, on the bend, three annulets. I once saw Sir Thomas Clavering at Paris;—all likeness is worn out: he married a French lady. I knew a little of his son in the Fourteenth Dragoons, an amiable young man, since dead. Every one remembers the beautiful eloge of Burke on old General Clavering, who had the command in India. I believe his son General Clavering, who married the Duke of Argyle's sister, is still living.

William Gifford applied to me some years ago to write a particular article on Irish Affairs for the Quarterly Review. I wrote it with much piquancy; but it was too liberal for his Tory principles, and he would not insert it. I attributed it partly to the interference of Canning or Frere; my predictions have since turned out too true. I was intimate with Emmet, who had the most heroic heart I ever knew, and of whom I spoke more favourably than Gifford approved. I did not tell some things I knew about Curran, in respect for his daughter, whose grief for Emmet brought her to

an early grave, though she was forced into marriage with another—a nephew of Lord Fitzwilliam. Emmet suffered by the justice of the laws of the kingdom; but still he was a patriot, and meant nothing but the good of his miserably governed country.

I met William Combe several times when he was upwards of eighty years old; he had then been many years living within the rules of the King's-Bench. His auto-biography is lost, or not forthcoming: nothing could have been so curious for the surprising variety of his adventures. He was a man of great talent and genius, and numerous acquirements: his Diaboliad, Diabolady, and First of April had an immense run about 1778: I well remember their coming out. His fictitious letters of his friend Thomas Lord Lyttelton were generally received as genuine. I did not perceive any thing pre-eminent in his conversation; he was a plain man, of a middle size, and a round face, somewhat marked with the small-pox. He wrote as a profession all sorts of anonymous things, and gained from the booksellers about £800 a-year: latterly his Dr. Syntax had a considerable sale.

I remember little Dunning, at the moment Lord Lansdowne elevated him to the peerage by the title of Lord Ashburton, strutting up the Middle Temple Hall to the Benchers' table with his little bandy legs, the bone protuberant before, and singularly ugly face! He was a man of unequalled acuteness of talent, a patriot, and a generous honourable-minded man—but of extreme vanity and ambition, and, to show the inconsistency of the human character, ridiculously conceited of his person, and always looking at himself in the glass. He was a *bon vivant;* and having married Miss Baring, an old maid, about the time of obtaining his honour, had a son whose illness, he being of extremely delicate health, affected him so much as to contribute to his own death at a middle age: the peerage is already extinct; such is the vanity of human wishes. Dunning was the son of an attorney at Ashburton, and the Barings carried on a retail trade at Exeter.

Some characteristic anecdotes of Lord Thurlow have just been inserted in the Times, (February, 1832,) extracted from the Law Magazine. General Samuel Browne married the eldest daughter of Lord Thurlow by Mrs. Brown; and Lord Saltoun another daughter, since dead; Mr. Conyngham the third daughter.

Wedderburn was a man always in pecuniary distress: he is said to have gambled; and there are even reports that he had sometimes executions in his house when chancellor. He was a diminutive, meagre man, and, when his little small-featured face peeped out of his great wig, had a mean appearance. He was a perfect sophist, plausible, and able, but never sound: no one gave him credit for firm and fixed principles—either political or moral. He was habitually a Tory, but his interest led him latterly to act with the Whigs: he never recovered in the public mind Churchill's satirical character of him.

Old Lord Camden, the patriotic chancellor, was living at this time,—a mild man, but not bright; yet so fond of novels that he could read all the trash of a circulating library.

I was slightly acquainted with the late Lord Gifford, who had a most extraordinary rise, and died a young man. He was son of a

shopkeeper at Exeter, born in the same house where Lord Chancellor King was born, and brought up in the office of a country attorney. It might not be doubted that his talents were great, to emerge from such a condition to posts so high; but we know that fortuitous circumstances contribute as much as merit to a rise in the law. Lord Eldon designed him for his successor: he had no appearance of pre-eminent ability. His person was not above the middle size—common and vulgar.

It is no imputation on Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, to say that he was the son of a little manufacturer in a country town—I believe Bedford, and that he was brought up a pupil to an architect (Soane, if I recollect): I remember him in that situation. He was the great opponent in Parliament to the Vice-Chancellor's Bill, and then was appointed the first Vice-Chancellor. He has an analytical head of extraordinary powers: every one knows his person—that his manners are finical, and that he has the vanity of assorting with high company.

The late Sir Anthony Hart, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was a West Indian by birth. In early life he was a man of pleasure, and always a man of expense. No one, when he commenced the profession, ever supposed that he would pursue it successfully. He must have possessed great talents, for to the last it was a good deal guess-work; he could not even see to read his briefs, and gathered the *gît* of the case, as it went on, by the arguments of his opponents: he was a large black man with a West Indian face. I often formed one of his mess in the Temple Hall, about fifty years ago: Sargeant Onslow formed another, an octogenarian, who I am told is now nearly blind. He was an incessant and rambling talker — a thing too well known to be dwelt upon: it is forty years since I set my eyes on him.

There was an extraordinary man of that day, a very eminent conveyancer—Fearne, who wrote on contingent remainders; a man of eccentric habits, of whom a very curious memoir was given in the European Magazine thirty or forty years ago: I did not know him.

This puts me in mind of Charles Butler, one of the most amiable, accomplished, and able men I have ever known; his Reminiscences are familiar to all readers of memoirs. I have often met him at public meetings, but never in private society; he probably therefore does not recollect me.

The late Charles Warren, the Welsh Judge, (son of the celebrated physician,) I knew well; he was a good Westminster scholar—quick and pungent, but too much given to sarcasm, and idle and irregular in his habits. Latterly he lost his spirits, and died of disappointed ambition: he had a hurried, inarticulate manner of speaking. He was much employed in election causes before the Commons: his temper was quick, but not of permanent ill-nature.

Baron Bolland will scarcely recollect me, but I could recall my person to him by a whimsical rencontre on the Home Circuit. Let him tax his memory to recollect a man as tall and stout as himself, in a pleasant examination about twenty years ago, where the whole Court was kept in a roar of laughter for nearly a quarter of an hour. I think it was old squab fat Sergeant Runnington who was on the

other side, but I am not sure; perhaps he had at that time retired from the Bar. I remember well that Sergeant Best, now Lord Wynford, was also there, but not employed in that cause; also the late Mr. Marryatt, brother to a merchant who represented Sandwich many years in Parliament; and Mr. Gurney, still living, who engrossed many briefs. Mr. Berens was one of the juniors, who I am told has now retired from the profession, having come to the inheritance of a large fortune. I remember his father, a Dutch merchant; and his brother's widow—a coarse fat woman, who re-married a Mr. Blackburn of the City, not the Lancashire Blackburne. I think Mr. Manning of Combe Bank was then attending either as a witness or upon the grand jury, of which the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, a plain country gentleman, was foreman.

KNOWLEDGE.

Ye banded despots, who have sworn to stifle Freedom's light,
Go, and command the sun's bright noon to be the noon of night!
There is a spirit walking earth
Shall fill you with dismay;
A noble champion now has birth,
Heir of prophetic day—
A champion who shall mar your aim,
His infancy too strong to tame,
Glowing with Freedom's lofty flame—
'Tis he shall dim your ray.

A seraph wing'd, a radiant shape of Heaven's own glorious mould,
His beauty striking tyrants pale, his locks of burning gold—
'Tis he—'tis Knowledge! he 'll o'erturn
The Babels of crown'd slaves,
And place in Fame's eternal urn
The ashes from all graves;
Of men slain in the glorious cause,
Of equal rights, and equal laws,
Who 've bled to win a world's applause
In battles, dungeons, *grèves.*

Let Nicholas' Calmuck hordes prowl west from the inclement north,
Let Prussian serfs, and Austrian Croats, in myriads issue forth;
The bands of freedom mock their frown,
They quail not at their might;
Mountain and valley, castle, town,
In one great cause unite:
Beacons shall rise, the scythe and flail
Aid sword and carbine to assail
Men who would make the earth a jail,—
God's world a loathsome sight.

O England, thou art free of these, and be thou ever free!
I could not bear that despot's chain should clank, my home, round thee!
Had I a thousand lives to give,
A thousand realms my own,
I'd yield them that thou free might'st live,
If only thou alone.
Hail, Knowledge, hail! thy reign proclaim,
Entwined with British William's name;
Cast feudal ignorance into flame,
Be lord of realm and throne!

Ω.

SCIENTIFIC LETTERS TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER IV.

ON THE BLOOD.

If a plant or an animal be pricked with the finest needle, a juice exudes from the puncture in whatever part it is made. This fluid is the source of the whole structure of the body, and is destined for its nourishment and support; containing within itself, either suspended or dissolved, the elements of all the solids and fluids of the corporeal system. In plants we term this fluid *sap*, and in animals *blood*. The ancients seem to have been very early acquainted with the fact that the blood circulates through the body in vessels, but they knew not in what manner the circulation was accomplished. This knowledge was reserved for the seventeenth century; and the honour of so important a discovery belongs to the memory of our countryman Dr. Harvey.

The blood-vessels run in so complex and fine a net-work, that the unassisted eye cannot detect their ultimate ramifications, which are only to be seen through a magnifier. The fluid they convey is evidently of the first importance; for if any part be deprived of its due supply, it dies and becomes detached from the sound portions of the body; and if the larger vessels generally be emptied, insensibility comes on very quickly, and the being does not recover from the swoon.

The free and constant circulation of the blood is, therefore, necessary to animal life. Life is also influenced by the condition of the blood; in order to understand which, some account of its composition must be given.

The food on which man and animals exist is the direct source of the blood. It undergoes several transformations before it becomes blood; the first of which is in the mouth, the second in the stomach, the third in the small intestines, and the fourth in the lungs, between which and the intestines it becomes mixed with the refuse blood of the body returning from the round of the circulation. The gradual change which is thus wrought is termed the assimilation of the blood, which is finally effected by respiration.

As the blood passes round the body and through every organ, nourishing in its passage all the different textures, and producing the various solids and fluids by the vital process of secretion, its good and wholesome qualities become expended, and it returns from every circuit of the body in an impoverished state, unfit for the purposes of life, until, having united with the influx of new nourishment, it goes back to the lungs to be regenerated by the influence of the atmospheric air, to which it is there freely exposed. Without this perpetual circulation, life could not go on; nor can health be long maintained without the renewal of the blood by sustenance, and its complete exposure to pure atmospheric air by the full and proper play of the lungs.

The circulating apparatus consists of an engine upon the principle of a forcing-pump, and a variety of elastic tubes or pipes. These are the heart and blood-vessels; the latter being divided into two

distinct sets,—arteries and veins. The arteries convey the pure blood, received from the lungs by the heart, all over the body; and the veins return the circulated blood to the heart again, whence it is transmitted to the lungs. For this double reception and transmission, a double heart is provided; so that on one side (the left) the arterial blood, and on the other (the right) the venous blood, is received and transmitted.

The arteries are so called, because the ancients supposed them to carry air or animal spirits, since they always found them empty: and Harvey was the first to explain the cause of their emptiness, showing that the blood passed through in waves or jets, impelled by the pulsations of the heart; so that, when the heart ceases to beat, the arteries are no longer filled: whereas, in the veins, the impulses of the heart are not felt, and the column of returning blood moves slowly on towards the right side of the heart in a gentle and equable stream, aided by other causes, some of which are allied to the mechanical principle of the sucking-pump.

If the web of a live frog be brought within the field of a microscope, the blood is seen circulating through the arteries and veins; and then it appears not as one entire uniform mass, but as composed of myriads of minute globules, each distinctly revolving upon its own axis as it passes along, and changing its form as if endowed with powers of spontaneous motion. By placing a drop of blood upon a piece of glass under a microscope, these globules are distinctly seen; and they have been described by philosophers as semi-transparent, with a slight pit in the centre. Some have denied their globular form, and likened them to trenchers or Yorkshire cakes. Their dimensions appear to vary from a six-thousandth to a four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter; perhaps the average may be about a five-thousandth. These minute bodies are contained in a pale straw-coloured fluid, and the crimson hue of the blood rests entirely with them: and upon minute examination it has been found that the coverings of the particles alone contain the colouring principle; for when these are washed off, the particles appear to be pellucid and colourless, and float instead of swimming in the straw-coloured fluid. They are likewise found to have lost about one-third of their diameter, and to have assumed a more spherical shape.

The particles of the blood differ in size in some animals, when compared together. In the skate they are larger than usual, and more oval; but in the blood of the elephant and the mouse they are equal in size, and not beyond the usual dimensions. The colouring principle of the capsules has been examined, and found to be a peculiar animal substance, uniting readily with some neutral salts and forming a dye. It was supposed that iron produces the red colour; but this substance is found elsewhere in the system.

Thus blood is a pale straw-coloured fluid, containing innumerable particles of a specific form and diameter, slightly varying, having an independent motion of their own, and covered with capsules, in which reside the colouring matter that imparts to the blood its peculiar characteristic brilliancy,—which warms the paleness of the flesh, and excites the glow of health and vigour in the frame.

We may now examine the chemical nature of the blood, as it is

observed when drawn from a blood-vessel and received into a basin, and allowed to settle. We find, by this examination, that it possesses properties of a peculiar kind. In the first place, it begins to coagulate almost immediately as it is drawn off from the living body. A thin pellicle instantly collects upon its surface, and then the entire mass separates gradually into two distinct parts; one of which is a thick gelatinous substance, and the other a limpid fluid, in which the jelly floats. At the beginning of these changes, Fahrenheit's thermometer immersed in the blood indicates a temperature of 98°; and the blood is more or less viscid as the constitution is in a healthy or unhealthy state at the time. We also notice the rising of a vapour from the surface, which is produced by a hot fluid being surrounded by a colder medium. Three or four minutes elapse before this spontaneous coagulation commences, and it is usually finished in about seven minutes, when the clot is found to be one-third heavier than the fluid portion around it.

There is no fluid but the blood, excepting chyle (which is food in an advanced stage towards sanguification) and lymph (which is blood without the colouring matter), that coagulates spontaneously. The other animal fluids require heat, or chemical agents. The process is apparently connected with life in some mysterious manner, for the phenomena which attend it are unlike those of other fluids when heated and suffered to rest in the cool. The clot, or coagulum, puts on much the appearance of a damson cheese, and is equally firm and tenacious, and it yields to pressure like an elastic body. If exposed some time to a running stream of water, its colour flies, and it becomes of a pale straw tint, exhibiting the reticulated appearance of fibrous textures. This effect is produced by stirring the blood about before it settles. The deposit thus washed of its colouring matter proves to be a most important constituent portion, or proximate principle, of the blood, and which is termed *fibrin*. In the properties of this substance we find some clue to an explanation of the peculiarity of sanguineous coagulation. In tracing fibrinous matter, for example, we can notice its progress from the chyle in which it first appears, to the flesh or muscle of the body; evincing that vital property of contractility in every stage, which regulates the production of the clot and the contractions of the proper muscles alike. While the chyle, the blood, and the lymph, flow through the living vessels, this fibrin is in a state of solution, and requires rest to allow of its separation, when the energy with which the coagulum contracts determines its firmness and tenacity: and, in this curious change which blood at rest undergoes, we cannot avoid observing the near analogy it bears to the physical phenomena of crystallization, although the one is dependent upon vital, and the other upon chemical, attraction.

When the fibrin of the blood is washed into clean white shreds, as we may wash a piece of beef or mutton, the only perceptible difference is in the arrangement of the fibres. In the muscular flesh they are all straight and parallel to each other, whereas in the coagula of blood, lymph, and chyle, the fibrin is disposed irregularly. Ultimately, when the fibres of each are examined and dissected to the utmost, we observe by the help of a microscope that

each consists of a row of globules like beads strung together, and that each single particle resembles the globules of the blood. The solids may be generally so resolved, and this globular appearance is supposed to be the ultimate structure of organized matter, or the primary state of organization.

The subject of the life of the blood has been one of very frequent discussion in former days, when the distinction between the two states of existence, the vegetative and the sensitive, were not so well understood as at present. That the blood possesses and is actuated by living properties cannot be doubted — properties which appear to be introduced into it during the mysterious process of digestion and assimilation. The species of vitality with which the blood is endowed is that which belongs to living action in its simplest form — the organic, spontaneous, and unconscious, wholly independent of sensibility and nervous action. The following passage by Moses clearly shows that the vitality of the blood was admitted in the Sacred Writings: "But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." Thus the science of our own days but confirms this inference conveyed by the great Levitical lawgiver in the book of Genesis.

It has been formerly pointed out in what manner living animals differ from common matter; and one of the peculiarities of animal existence was stated to be the destruction of their frames by the separation of any of their component parts, excepting among the lowest beings, in which the structure is uniform and simple; so the blood flowing through living vessels is just as much organized as the fleshy fibres of the muscles and the bone which it feeds; and to a certain time after its removal from the body it retains its vitality, just as the muscles of the limbs do after amputation, or the heart when it is plucked from a recently killed animal. But the clot being produced by an effort of vital contraction, the physical influence of the air soon gets the mastery of the separated blood, and it then yields to the force of chemical attraction, and decomposes gradually, the tenacious fibrin losing its vitality last, but ultimately dissolving into air.

I have stated that coagulation requires about seven minutes for its completion. It must however be understood that several circumstances retard or accelerate coagulation, according to the disposition of the air around and other concomitants, as it must be in all mixed phenomena where vital and physical laws co-operate together. I need not here particularize these variations, as they cannot afford sufficient interest to the general reader.

One circumstance however may be important to be known regarding the fluidity of the blood, which we see congeals as soon as it is at rest. It is quite evident that animal heat of a certain degree is necessary to this fluidity; thus the blood of fish remains fluid while all around the animal is frozen, from the resistance which vitality offers to physical laws. When however the animal functions cease, the surrounding media refrigerate bodies more or less rapidly in proportion to the thermometric temperature; therefore coagulation within the body is always retarded, and occurs most rapidly when the air is coldest. Thus animals that hybernate, like the

dormouse for example, and sleep away the winter months in a state of perfect rest, have a very sluggish circulation during this period, and a low temperature of the blood, which accordingly acquires almost a semi-degree of coagulation.

Every thing which is disposed to lower the animal heat and depress the vital powers tends to facilitate coagulation. Thus excessive issue of blood brings with it its own remedy; and in cases of bleeding spontaneously, we take blood artificially to arrest the waste of the vital stream, for it is by the formation of coagula or clots that the further issue becomes stopped. Thus every means of refrigeration at hand should also be employed in cases of the rupture of blood-vessels; such as a cool current of air, ice, cold water, nitre, &c.; and the body should be kept perfectly quiet. Such is the process of coagulation, and the nature and properties of the clot or fibrin. Let us now turn attention to the serous fluid in which the clot swims.

The specific gravity of serum is nearly that of water; it is almost equally transparent, much more adhesive, and of a saline flavour. Vegetable blues immersed in it are converted into green, showing an alkaline predominance; but in rheumatic fever the blue changes into red, which indicates a prevalence of acid. This fluid holds several salts in solution, such as the muriate and phosphate of soda, &c. There being no fibrinous matter, serum does not undergo spontaneous coagulation; but when exposed to a temperature of 160° of Fahrenheit's thermometer it coagulates into a firm white jelly, such as the white of a well-boiled egg: but this deposit is wholly unorganized, and possesses none of the properties detailed in the history of the fibrinous portion of the blood. When exposed to a slight heat the coagulated serum becomes diaphanous. Serum is coagulable by acids, alcohol, metallic salts, tanning matter, and electricity, as well as heat. The serum contains albumen, but not gelatin.

FORTY-TWO.

I'm forty-two this very day,—
Which makes me any thing but gay,
For life seems running the wrong way
At forty-two.

Last night, I humm'd the Sinner's Psalm
With quite a penitential qualm,
Which "drops of brandy" cannot calm
At forty-two:—

To-day, I feel that I have been
A sad old scoundrel, but I mean
To wash my hands and conscience clean
By fifty-two;—

Wipe off the sins I was inclined to,
By virtues I have now a mind to,
And all the lures of vice be blind to,
Though nice and new.

I carp at life—am non-content;
Yet when I think I've not been sent
To Australasia's continent,
Though forty-two;

That Spring (or Winter)[1] never bang'd me;
That Law's long Chanc'ry claws ne'er fang'd me;
And not a Judge has yet *once* hang'd me,
Though forty-two,

I really have no right to mumble,
And make a mouth at Fate, nor grumble:—
Here then begins my being humble,
At forty-two.

Yet things there are, that mix with life,
One quarrels with as with a wife,
And love them too, and love the strife,
At forty-two:—

It stirs one's bile, which does it good,
And agitates the lazy blood,
Which else would bake like summer mud,
At forty-two.

My patience pouts at politics,
And all the other *ticks* and tricks,
For which I care not pennies six
At forty-two.

Things I was wont to sigh and wheeze at,
I smile at now, and sometimes sneeze at;
And some that warm'd me once, I freeze at,
At forty-two.

Eyes which *could* set my heart on fire,
And raise its life-insurance higher,
I look on now with a desire
(At forty-two)

Not more than 20° Fahrenheit;—
I scarcely feel my pulses beat,
And if they do, 'tis "The Retreat,"
At forty-two.

Virtue, and all that sort of thing,
Pulls down my fancy from the wing,
And will not let me say or sing
At forty-two,

The Tom-Moore canzonettas sung
When head and heart and soul were young;
They stick like birdlime to my tongue
At forty-two.

All that I thought of woman's eyes,
And raved about those earthly skies,
When Love made me astronomize
At twenty-two,

I treat hard-heartedly, and huff
As scarcely worth a pinch of snuff,—
In short, I set it down as stuff
At forty-two.

[1] Not the respectable Seasons so named, but Winter the boxer, who rejoices in the alias of Spring, and under that gentler appellation has often proved "a hard Winter" to his antagonists.

I am, and it becomes me, staid,—
Would like to love, but am afraid,—
I want that passion ready made
At forty-two.

And yet I sometimes swear I'll marry,
But Prudence says, "You'd better tarry;
A wife might play with you Lord Harry
At forty-two."

She might, and might not—there's no telling;
And then I muse on Miss Llewellyn,
Who lives right opposite my dwelling
At "LII."

Kept by Miss "FURBELOW, *from* FLINT'S:"—
I used to think she gave me hints,
Whilst spreading out the tapes and chintz
At "LII."

But I found out 'twas Mr. Podger,
Our sanctimonious first-floor lodger,
Who used each evening to dodge her,
(*He's* thirty-two,)

On whom she smiled as smile she can,—
A mighty small smart sort of man,
As ever flutter'd round a fan
For thirty-two.

Yet I gaze on her, when I dare—
Love the curl'd tendrils, her own hair;
But more of fear than hope is there
At forty-two.

I think of husbands (young) hen-peck'd,
And kept in bondage most abject:—
What other fate could *I* expect
At forty-two?

And yet I love Miss Llewy much;—
But with an ardour rather Dutch,
I ask myself,—my love is such,—
"Would she keep well my household hutch
At twenty-two

Make me a thrifty, tender Vrow?
Smooth off the wrinkles from my brow,
And raise my spirits which are low
At forty-two?

Is she profound in pot and pan?
In pastry a good artisan?
If she is these, why I'm her man,
Though forty-two!"

But halt!—by Prudence I am beckon'd.—
I am (though on the Roll not reckon'd)
One of the "gallant Forty-second."

C. W.

OSWALD THE BLIGHTED—A TALE OF AYRSHIRE.[1]

THERE is a mediate space about our sixteenth and eighteenth years for transformation of mind and transition of pursuits. We are passing from puerility to manhood; it may be called the neutral ground between the heedlessness of children and the thoughtfulness of men. The green and soft seedling has changed to grow a stately and hardened tree that must stand many a shock. It was in my sixteenth year that for the first time I left my home, or had ever been one night from under my paternal roof. My mother wished that I should pursue my education at college, and accordingly to Glasgow I was sent. It is presumed that her heart was set on having me educated for the church, and trained to habits of thinking, and among the good and venerable men that such a profession would necessarily connect me with. Her judgment however is to be questioned, when she confided in the presumptions now given; for she should have borne in mind that I was too much subject to momentary impulses to enable any one to calculate upon what I would or would not do in any circumstances. But it is needless to say more on this matter, for I went to college only one session. I was in that short time satisfied that it is of such young men cities generally make victims; and I take credit to myself for having determined never again to encounter the temptations and the vices that stalk in broad daylight within every large town.

In apartments adjacent to mine, a young gentleman of the name of Pearson lodged, who in the course of that winter took out his degree as a physician. We became very soon acquainted, and at length I was frequently his guest, till he was seized by a dangerous illness which for weeks confined him. After he began to recover he again had me to visit him as formerly. One evening whilst we sat on the same couch, his manner I fancied was more abstracted than it had ever been;—and he regarded me with earnestness and affection. Not knowing what to think of this I was mute, and next thought it becoming to withdraw. But he said, "No, not yet, I have something to tell you about myself;—it is that I may do you good:—you are in need of the lesson my case holds out; it is therefore that I bespeak your attention,—listen!—

"At your age my father sent me to this university. I had been brought up with the utmost care; and he being a minister in our established church, as you know, it is to be supposed that my training was excellent. In truth, at that age I was a lad of great promise, spotless and amiable. But what am I now? what have five years seen of me?—I shall enumerate a few of the more prominent passages of those years.

"At the very outset of my college life, I found that the mere bustle of the great world, as it here appears, confused my moral apprehensions; that its turmoil and noisy trifling blunted my sensibilities; that its glare dazzled: I was intoxicated, and fell in very soon with its practices. At the very first I was sensible of the revolution that was threatened in my sentiments,—of the blight that had set in: and the plainest evidence of this revolution and blight was that the Sabbath day speedily lost its sanctity and demands over me. Perhaps it never had been more than the poetry of that day's meek solemnity that affected me; but even this died away: the hours of it from morning till night were idled away; they were heavy; they came to be more than lost and hated; for when their remembered tenderness upbraided me with thoughts of home-bred scenes, I hastened to deafen and darken conscience by giving reins to wicked suggestions.

"One error leads to another. I had recourse to crooked schemes to keep my people at home ignorant of many of my doings. When I was

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[1] Continued from page 317.

with them, I conformed to all their pious observances, for I dreaded my parents more than God. Once, on returning to town after a short visit to them, my conscience challenged me as I sought my bed without the form even of devotion, which whilst with them I had kept up, and pronounced me a hypocrite. But I responded, 'No!—I am not a swearer,—I am even called pious,—and am jeered by my chief companion, who is a minister's son too, for being religious.—I know that my heart is tender and warm;—I would die for my parents or my sisters.'—And upon this I watered my pillow with affectionate tears; my conscience was laid; I had found a soporific, and my next steps were more deliberate and decided.

"My associates were the good-hearted, in other words the most thoughtless young men. Flattery has ever easily gulled me; and my pride was lofty when they chanced to call me the best of fellows. At tavern parties, 'put Pearson in the chair' would make a hero of me for the night. Saturday night was our principal season for revel: my tale would then, as chairman, be the lewdest, my song the most luscious, my toast the latest. Was it strange then that while but a stripling I should awaken on a Sabbath morning in strange lodgings? 'Is that elderly woman my mother, and are these young ladies my sisters?' was the first question put by my bewildered heart, as I gazed on a family of females that surrounded my bed. Oh no!—and such a self-loathing turned upon me when I came to comprehend my situation, as to excite the solicitude even of my abandoned attendants.

"Ere long again, the hurry of business, the gay and reeling world, my infatuated reliance on weak resolves, obliterated the past, and drove me from my guard against the future. I fell again and again, till my memory failed to keep an accurate record, and till my vicious habits were as a portion of my original nature. No longer needed I the poison of the cup to misuse my reason. For years now, all the incentives to my besetting sin have lurked night and day in my own heart. I have ceased to resolve on amendment; it is only adding mockery to hardihood of transgression: nor shall I, as I have cause to believe, be sooner able to crawl out of this chamber, than I will be on my way to the haunts of profligacy;—the dog and the sow again."

"Say not so, Mr. Pearson," exclaimed I, "you see your danger, and you feel regret and fear: in moral diseases we are in a fair way of cure when we have a just apprehension of our condition." "Yes," he replied, "I regret, but I do not repent; I believe and tremble. At present it is so, when the power of temptation is not upon me, and that of punishment presses; but stop till sound health be mine, and you may soon behold how voluntary bondage and inveterate habit controul me;—listen!—

"One summer afternoon, two years ago, I sauntered along the streets to keep an appointment with a beautiful girl of the town. It was on Sabbath and during church hours;—the city was quiet, the day inviting, and I sympathized with many gentle fancies. I almost felt assured that I loved the holiness of the Sabbath, whilst I was making for the girl's lodgings.—In the course of my stay with her, she told me that she had some pretty things to show, which had been presented her by a friend; and that the sight of them had made her very good, as she hoped they would make me. 'They are prints,—and what think you of that one, Pearson?' But—dreadful to mention—what was it but a representation of the Saviour on the Cross! I shuddered horribly. 'Alas! Pearson, my dear Pearson!' she cried; 'what is the matter?—it is but a picture of ——.' Here she pronounced broadly the holy name. 'Silence! you fiend; hell must be our doom!' was my woful answer. 'Be not angry then with me,' thus she continued, to appease me; 'I meant

you no offence, my dear Pearson, nor do I understand how I gave any; but if it be that picture, I'll burn it,'—at the same moment suiting the action to the word.—I am no Roman Catholic, but I hurried from that apartment, as if it had been in sulphurous flames, inhabited by demons.

"The night by this time had darkened down, and I tried to enter my lodgings unseen; but my landlady was anxiously waiting to hand me a letter, which went thus:—'My dear Boy, your mother is no more: she was suddenly taken ill, and died this day at three o'clock. The gain is hers, the lesson and the loss are ours. Your presence here is anxiously looked for by your loving and bereft father.' And three o'clock was the very hour in which I repaired to the wanton's abode."

"It is an appalling story," said I to Mr. Pearson: but he heard me not, for he had swooned away, overcome by his emotions. He was an elegant young man; long sickness had wasted his frame to a delicate form, and lent his countenance, as he lay in his death-like exhaustion, that pale and interesting appearance that one naturally associates with the picture of virtue. It cost me, as I watched him in his motionless condition, a painful argument and recurrence to his tale, ere I would be persuaded that he was not a pure angelic being. But when he revived to be torn by convulsive and involuntary struggling, images of a terrific nature took hold on my imagination, which I tremble to remember. When his turbulence fell away, he again proceeded—

"In a few hours after the receipt of my father's letter, I was with him. He received me, as also did my sisters, with a fondness that was dreadful to my heart. They hastened to conduct me to my mother's corpse; but I fain would have stood back; 'Oh! do come forward, brother,' said my youngest sister; 'your name was the last word spoken by her, and this must be your last look.' We were now in the death chamber; and with dizzied head and smiting knees I saw them lift the napkin from the colourless face; then it was I drew near. It was still and placid, but either my vision was in error, or her brow for one moment changed into a frown. 'Take me away,' whispered I, 'for I am in need of repose.'

"But it was neither sleep nor rest I desired; it was to be alone. And no sooner was I by myself, than I wrote down these words as a solemn and perpetual record prayer and vow:—'Almighty Father and Judge! if thou seest that I am to go on in sin as heretofore, in spite of the awful warning sent by my mother's death, slay me now, ere I rise from this spot, before my cup be filled with deadlier sins. But if thou sparest me, I am resolved as for life and eternity, and as I now bind myself, to be thine and thine only, so help me God.'—I subscribed my prayer and covenant; I doubted not my sincerity; I was persuaded of my repentance; my heart was comforted; and I returned to the bosom of the family to soothe my sisters.

"My mother's dust was consigned to kindred dust, and again I settled in the city. The first gush of my sorrow had passed away, and left me clothed with a composed and comely thoughtfulness,—a soothing melancholy,—an interesting serenity that steadily brooded over the past, and fondly hoped for the future. I avoided associating unnecessarily with my former companions, and affected a sentimental turn. At eve I sought for solitary places, and wandered about the romantic suburbs.

"One sunny tranquil evening as I returned to the city after a philosophic walk on the banks of the Clyde, a female unexpectedly addressed me whose entire appearance and manners were striking. It was at once evident that she was one of that frail and wretched number who are not merely outcasts from virtue, but in most cases beyond the reach of recovery. Every person knows how promptly their character is discovered. It is not that they are always meanly, tawdrily, or immodestly

attired; nor that youthful bloom has altogether faded: but it is because feminine delicacy, and the dignity of conscious purity, necessarily defy counterfeiting; for the look of affected coyness is as unlike the retiring modesty of chastity, as the wanton leer is the undaunted brow of innocence. 'Sir,' said she, with a melodious English accent that finely becomes a lovely woman, 'I crave your charity; my misery is extreme. This morning found me intent on self-destruction: something has prevented me for once, whether to endure greater wretchedness I know not; but I am starving of hunger.' There never was a man who could have turned away from the appeal of this girl, whose whole address was attractive and touching.

"She could not be more than twenty years of age, and her features were still those of a young girl,—playful, guileless, and winning, in spite of the ravages of guilt, grief, and deprivation. Her dress had been rich, though plain, and all about her indicated superior station. She said that as my bounty had far exceeded her expectations or her immediate necessity, she would give me the only recompense in her power—an account of herself. 'My father is a wealthy mercer in London; I am his second daughter: his eldest is the wife of a man of distinction, in whose house I was exposed to very gay society. It was there I became the object of a young gentleman's attentions, whose outside was more fascinating than his principles were honourable. He enticed and misled me; you behold the wreck of what I was.

"'I was driven from my father's house: had my mother been alive, matters might have been managed better; but she was gone, and I had only my seducer to look to. With him accordingly I lived in the metropolis, as the better sort of my class do. I had lost the peace and strength of a direct mind; all my hopes were driven in; all my fears of future punishment were adrift: yet there are no words by which I can measure the amount or the kind of misery that tore my soul. Oh! if men knew what has been the desolation wrought in the mind of the vilest daughter of infamy, whose drunken and bloated levity, whose unblushing nakedness in our loathsome streets sickens the heart of the stoutest,—they would weep, and labour as for life to win that one from sin and hell; they would pity her and not be angry. But my seducer sought not to do me good; and I lived with him, though most miserable all the while.

"'But judge what that misery must have turned to, when abandoned even by that protector. Was I to fall a victim to every one who prowled the streets for such as had been deceived and are an easy prey? What could I do but follow after him? He had repaired to this city; hither I came, and here I found him. At the first he threatened to kill me; but I pleaded for my life, and he relented, and again we lived together. A few days ago he sought occasion to accuse me with infidelity to him, and left me—I believe for ever. My clothes have all been disposed of, save those I wear; I am in arrear with my landlady; I have not tasted food since yesterday morning; and nothing but death from famine or my own hand seemed to await me, when you were sent to save me.'

"Some comfort had already reached her heart;—the prospect of a little longer life coming back upon her woegone spirits and unsustained soul could not but be welcomed by one so young and fond of hope. The rose blushed fuller in her cheeks; she became positively charming. I could not resist her power; I offered her my arm; I guided her to an abode; I persuaded myself that I was her friend and acting a meritorious part. But I never failed thereafter to visit her daily. She was my English Eliza, and I made her assurance of eternal punishment doubly sure. Nay, I have slain all my own hopes; I have been a suicide of my own soul; I tore to a hundred pieces my recorded prayer and vow; I scattered it one night, when conscience knelled me, to the

winds:—yet I may live for fifty years ere I pass the limits of man's life. In that time I must labour to cheat myself out of an assurance of my foreboding and certain judgment. But never, never, will I repent." "Oh, Sir! I beseech you," cried I, "to take counsel of your father; let him know the distractions and the diseases of your soul."—"My father!" ejaculated he; "leave me, leave me, Oswald, for this time."

"Shall Pearson's story terrify me from the city?" I asked myself as soon as I left him;—"is it not his own weakness and wickedness that wrong him? I shall never be so mad. Shall I bid adieu to the city that holds my little Mary, whom I love, though I never told her of it? Impossible! and impossible that I should ever injure her! Pearson's was always an illicit love; mine is pure as it is strong: and this evening I shall go to Mary, and tell her I love her; I'll swear my honour to her; and I'll repeat Pearson's story that I may strengthen my vows; I'll not come back till I convince her that I would die for her, rather than see any evil assail her fair fame or her precious life."—Thus I spoke—I, the doomed.

Mary was a tradesman's daughter I often met at my landlady's, of virgin seventeen, of surpassing ——. Tush! Why should I rave about beauty and virtues?—The evening I confessed to her my ardent love preceded immediately and exactly my birthday, which was in genial Spring. That birthday was also my seventeenth: and as the weather was fine, and the session at college nearly closed, my classmates Home and Barclay were to join me in an excursion down the gallant Clyde; for we were excellent fresh-water sailors. I knew they were to have their sweethearts with them; and I meant to invite my Mary, with her mother's leave. But first I resolved to declare my love, for that was the principal matter.

Just as I had settled on all this, Mary gave my landlady a hasty call, and I escorted her home. I shall never forget that beautiful evening of inspiring Spring. George's Square was almost deserted; the timid doves had possession of the streets, unscared; the warbling of the mavis in the enclosed shrubbery was as clear and undisturbed as in a sequestered grove; the blaze of the sun, about to stoop behind the highland hills, pierced and threw back the gathering fogs that congregated around his disc, turning them into mighty folds of glorious drapery: he for a few minutes saluted the stately walls, that faced him, with an unparalleled magnificence, such as might be supposed to be shed abroad by a sea of molten or burnished gold. It was now that I told my love, it was now that I looked it; and it was now that Mary confessed hers to me. But when I invited her to join in the celebration of my birthday on the morrow, she said Nay!—for her mother was a widow, and had given her consent to a worthy man of affluence, for him to woo her, and he bargained that she should never keep company or walk with me. "Nonsense!" quoth I; "Mary, you will keep my company, and walk with me;—and I shall walk with none but you;—what say you, Mary?" "I shall say as you say, if you please, Oswald," was her guileless and maidenly reply. "And you'll with us to-morrow, my Mary?" said I again; and she blessed me anew with these short words, "I will, Oswald."

Our party of tripled pairs was astir and away by an early hour in the morning;—that is the time for lively joy. The weather had been remarkably fine, and the day promised to be sultry; but at that prime hour the fresh-scented grass and bracing breeze put mettle in the rowers, and we skimmed the Clyde at a fine rate. By-and-bye, as the business of men called, the river came to be spotted with ferry-boats and small craft. We moored our skiff; we sprung into the labyrinth woods; we scampered and huzza'd to tempt Echo from her hiding-place; we strove at doggerel rhymes. Nor were the expectancies of that long and lovely day unful-

filled, as we basked in the sun and told of our boundless purposes of generous love.

Ere the curtains of eve closed around us, and while yet the sun was dancing his millions of rays on the bosom of the majestic Clyde, we returned to our boat again, to take advantage of the flow of the tide. Songs and glees were now our business, and never did voices harmonize better than Barclay's and Home's in "All's Well!" Their music stole along the rippling waters, till coy Echo sent back the notes from either shore with redoubled tenderness, that swelled the bosom with rapture. They sung with a freedom and confidence, as if feeling that none but spirits heard. The helm had been entrusted to my care; but, lost in delight, I steered unskilfully against a much larger bark. There was alarm in our boat, and a rush made to one side, that made it tumble us into the merciless current. Then there was shriek upon shriek, and yells, and bubbling cries; but all were rescued, save my Mary: her feeble strength was nothing against the swallowing deep, that in a few minutes smoothed the trouble of its waters over her, and rolled on as before. Once more I saw her lovely and delicate body when she was picked up, but it was not Mary: the spirit had fled,—Mary was not there. True, when buried, I took, as it were, a never-to-be-withdrawn gaze at the spot where again she shall come forth alive. Her grave is within the shadow of St. Mungo's Cathedral: "But," said I, "at the last day, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the works of man shall dissolve; then Mary shall live for evermore."

"The world's fu' o' trials and affliction," said Mrs. Arthur, my landlady, "and ye shouldna let yoursel be a'thegither destroyed by dear Mary's death. If ye live lang, Mr. Oswald, ye'll hae mae trials, and may-be mair reason to blame yoursel for having a han' in bringing them on. I hope, however, that Mary's death may be bless'd to you. It's a great mercy when our trials hae this issue: the stout heart o' man, in particular, needs something to saften it; and it is weel when that tak's place in youth. There's a hantle odds atween your early conduct and mine."

But before repeating Mrs. Arthur's story of herself, I shall mention some particulars descriptive of her appearance and character; for she was worthy of notice. She had that something about her that at once created respect,—that made me feel I could have chosen her for an aunt. Her features were regular, and rather lady-like than vulgar; her eyes were of a fine hazel colour, nor had they lost their lustre; and when she spoke, it was in a plain but genteel Scottish dialect that becomes a matron well. Even her articulation was so firm as to indicate a corresponding accuracy of judgment. Over all, an equal and contented temper bore sway.

Mrs. Arthur patronized the spinning-wheel. She said: "I like it better than sittin' idle: it's a wark for gentle and semple; mairbetoken it is a Scottish art of ancient times, that nane o' modern invention hae a right to be compared to; nane o' them are sae settin' hamely and thrifty. What is their needle trade, I wad like to hear! Indeed, ye may ken that by the face and the figure o' them that bide by it. In my early days, auld and young wrought at the spinning-wheel; and sic sonsie queans I hae ne'er seen sinsyne. My auld maister, Dr. Baxter, worthy man! said, he thought aye o' the picture o' Virtue when he saw me at the wheel, and that its very birr smoothed the conversation."

One night, soon after Mary's untimely death, as I sat by my landlady in her orderly kitchen, she condoled with me most considerately by comparing her own early trials and conduct with mine; which led her to give me the following particulars:—"There's a hantle odds atween your case and mine, Mr. Oswald," she solemnly said, as she arrested her wheel and turned more directly towards me. The fire was giving but a feeble

light, and I made to stir it; but she interjected—"I wad rather not; it is bright eneugh for what I hae to tell."

"Though I say it mysel that shouldna say it," quoth Mrs. Arthur, "I was in my young days as smart a lass, and as miekle thought o', as mony. I was aye in genteel service, and a canty weel-featured lass was I then. Mr. Oswald, it is ane o' the pleasantest sights in the warld,—that of a tidy, blythe, and braw young woman, wha has a bonny house to tak' care o', wha kens her wark, and wha mak's conscience of it. It does my heart gude to see sic like in her way to the market, say on a fine simmer forenoon, wi' her white apron just as frae the mangle, her basket and damask towel elegantly on her arm, her smart cap settin' aff her bloomy cheeks, her new bed-gown sae jimp, and, like her waist, her shinin' shoon makin' you look twice to her neat feet. Something of a' this was I, when I was in my teens. Few were sae cheerfu'; nane could laugh wi' better gude will, or sing wi' louder glee: and then I was called mensfu', mannerly, modest, and managin'; and auld and young loved Betty Arthur.

"I was just ane-and-twenty,—that's better than forty years ago,—when I entered into the service of ane o' the ministers o' this city, the worthy Dr. Baxter. He was a widower by this time, and weel advanced in life. He had three nice young leddies for doughters, and Willie, a darling son. The minister was unco gude to me; the misses made me amaist their companion; and Willie grew owerfond o' me. It was during my third half-year's service that I had to break the term, and leave them; for my shame couldna be langer hidden.

"Miekle had I thought o' mysel; but what was I now? Nae langer was Betty Arthur the same thing. What was to become o' me? my bawbees grew scant; I was na in a way to mak' it better: I had a dear little infant to nurse; my acquaintance look'd down on me; and, warst of ony, my conscience was never at peace. Weel do I ken that ae wicked deed may cause sorrow and misery for mony a day to come, and alter ane for a' her after-life.

"Willie, puir chiel! courted me, he declared solemnly, for marriage; and I doubtna, had I behaved mysel, he might hae ta'en me. But at best it wad hae been an ill-assorted match; and now it couldna be thought he was to respect ane that had sae far forgotten hersel. I was mair to blame than him, and gude couldna come o' my folly and sin. The wrath of heaven against me was very visible; for it was sae ordered that my bonny baby should be ta'en frae me afore she was a year auld.

"Wee Betty never kent ony thing about her birth: but that matters little; and it's a great comfort for me to believe that those who die in infancy are to be hereafter happy. But wasna it an unco cruel and witless style o' speaking for my cousins to say, It was weel she was awa? Never since I hae been a mother, have I said the like words about ony human being. Oh! I ken what it is to have been a mother, and then to be childless! I ken what it is to yearn over ane's ain smiling infant, though uncertain, mony a time, where my next meal was to come frae! I ken what it was to bend ower the same innocent wee thing, when on my knee she was in her death-throes, and next when she was dead! Lang after my friens forgot to speak about her, hae I lain from night till morning, lamenting and thinking about my bonny Betsy. Sometimes I thought had her birth been mair honourable I wad hae grieved less.

"But mony a thing fell out, and lang after the death o' my bairn, that keep'd my sorrow and my remorse for my evil-doings fresh and strong. First of a', the gude auld minister died, wha thought himsel disgraced, and wha was sairly disappointed about me; for, whilst he was instructing me and hoping favourably, I became a snare to his only, his darling son. We had brought his grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave. Waes me! how soon after was that family scattered! The young leddies were without a head: twa o' them made foolish marriages; the ither died o' a decline.

They are a' gane now. And Willie, puir chiel! gaed frae ae thing to anither, till he was obliged to flee the country; and at length it was rumoured that he had come to an ignominious end in foreign parts. These and other things were fa'in' out and smitin' me to the heart every now and then. Mr. Oswald, ane may kill anither wi' the sharpness o' sorrow as surely as wi' the sword; and we may ruin them we like best, by misplaced love.

"In the course o' forty years, nae doubt, the wounds o' my heart couldna be sae green as at the first: but it 's no lang since they were a' opened up to bleed sairly; for ae stormy gloamin', when I was at my wheel as I am now, a weather-beaten and shabbily dressed man came to the door, pretending to be in search o' lodgings. As soon as he was shown in, he inquired if my name was Betty Arthur. 'It is Mrs. Arthur,' answered I; for you maun understan', Mr. Oswald, that it is decent for ane at my years, who lets lodgings, to tak' the title o' Mrs., though a single woman a' her days. 'Were you at one time a servant to Dr. Baxter?' said he again. We looked hard at ane anither; our recollections gathered apace: we embraced wi' the same emotions; we cried thegither like children, or rather as we did when last we had parted. It was Willie himsel. 'Betty Arthur!' and 'Willie Baxter!' were named thegither ower and ower again. 'But name me not so,' said he; 'I am an unknown man now. I must never be known as Baxter; that name is infamous: call me Rupert.'

"Why need I add more, Mr. Oswald? Let me just mention further, that I sought out in my neighbourhood suitable lodgings for him, where I supported him ever after sae lang as he lived; but that was but three months. When he was on his death-bed, I tended him as if he had been my husband; and though I never told who he was while he was alive, yet never did I ca' him Rupert. He was first kent by me as Willie Baxter, and my bairn's name was after him."

"What a mystery is human life!" said I; "and what terrible things abound in the world, especially in your cities! The history of every one of you is a tragedy. I shall no longer remain among you; I shall never after this night spend another within the sound of St. Mungo's bell."

Accordingly, on the following day I departed for home, accompanied by Mr. Pearson, who approved warmly of my determination of turning my views entirely to a rural life. I had pressingly urged him to spend a few weeks with me in the country for the sake of his more speedy recovery, and where he might more firmly fortify his mind against the temptations of the city. I comforted myself with the purposes of good I planned and had in store for him; and can it now be said that I was doomed to hasten his final ruin?

Pearson's recovery was rapid when with me at home; nor did the vigour of his body increase more amazingly than did the energies of his spirit. He was all life,—a bold enthusiast in whatever he set his mind on. He purchased a horse, and called it Nimrod, that he might outstrip the hack Sulky that I often hired. One day, when the fox-hounds were in our neighbourhood, we joined the chase, and strove keenly who should be first in at the death. We had a hard run hereaway and thereaway; but were both at length thrown out, and far from the hounds. "I know the country," said I to Pearson, "let me guide you to the field of sport." So we held on neck and girth, till checked by a stiff high hedge. I took the cautious course suggested by a gate a little way off; but he dashed fearlessly against the thorns, where for a little he stuck like a scarecrow, minus his courser, who had bolted through from below him. "Nimrod! Nimrod!" cried he; and the wise brute stood near till he was again mounted; and off again he went a few yards ahead of me; for caution made me lag, as we were in the neighbourhood of old coal-pits, of which I warned Pearson. But at the very instant that in reply he shouted a curse of reckless defiance and hardihood, Nimrod stood stone-still, as if

shot dead; the sight of one of them, which was ready to receive him at the next spring, making the dumb creature recoil with instinctive horror. Alas! the only glimpse I ever again had of the rider was when, with his heels uppermost, he was flung over Nimrod's head, and pitched with tremendous force into the yawning fearful heugh.

I did not murder Pearson!—I did not! Had I any hand in his violent death? O woful day! I wish I had not been at the chase: I wish I had not striven with him. I lament that ever I invited him to my home. "Fearful!" said I: "Pearson's soul can never die; he is somewhere now:—where?"

The young are elastic: a twelvemonth after the catastrophes so nearly affecting me as the sudden and violent deaths of Mary and Pearson, my lament was becoming more measured, and my heart reconciled to my lot. I enjoyed the healing power of George Sommerville's daily society, and of the farmer's occupations—and there is no course of life so enviable. What is there in the whole range of earthly duties so engaging in the view of the redundant imagination of youth, as the preparing and watching for the crops that are to reward his labours? There is an expansive style of things in all such operations—a free and graceful scope, admirably adapted to the greedy, florid, and excursive fancy of juvenile minds, which nothing in nature can so fully furnish; even the prettily trimmed garden is tame, compared with the broad field covered with the waving crops, or speckled with ruminating cattle—that field which is fenced with yellow furze, far-scenting hawthorn, and stately elms.

George and I were on the confines of matured manhood, and full of oracular youth; adventuring to speculate much on that hidden history which we were to fulfil, and seldom questioning the accuracy of the lines chalked out by our hopes and resolves. Buoyant youth revelled in the bliss that was yet to be ours in this world, lavished magnificent purposes, and proclaimed for us a lifetime long and renowned. To be sure the want of sight narrowed the field of his activities, but he therefore pursued to higher points those things in which he was enabled to be exercised. His musical taste appeared to be without scope,—his social affections could never be exhausted,—his understanding could meet no limits to soaring speculation. For myself again I may claim credit for having a disposition naturally given to moralize; which propensity had been fed by the woes in my lot already described. We talked much of the character and the destinies of our race;—we marvelled at the flagitiousness of men;—we had schemes of reform for the universe—almost Utopian; and theories concerning moral good and evil, special providence, free-will, and fate, that drowned us in their mysterious and darkened depths. O the circuits of illimitable fancy, that in youth runs riot with every thing!

Often did we beguile the whole of eventide by earnest discourse on the passing and ordinary events in domestic life. Nor were those seasons the least engrossing when we were both silent—engaged with our silent meditations. No word being whispered—no communication between us, save what the sense that we were together gave out: things nameless, yet affecting, since he leant upon me for succour, and I knew I withheld it not from the friendliest one.

Our servant-maid Peggy was a cheerful, susceptible, and spirited girl; she had been wooed whilst with us by a ploughman, who, after winning her heart, cast her off—mocking her virtuous love. Upon this she ceased to smile and bloom as she had once done. Our worthy man Robin Turner was a well-meaning, but a clumsy, sympathizer, and thought it for Peggy's good to rally her out of her depression: "Gie nae heed to ca'f love, my woman; I see ye are sair fash'd wi' that trouble." "Ye are a' wrang, Robin," answered she one day, when he was more than usually merciless with his banter; "a body canna aye be singin' and

dancin', Robin; our mistress does na like it." "Of course," quoth he again; "but Peggy lass, ye are no like yoursel howsomever." There now —hear to him," replied she; "a body maun grow aulder and uglier, Robin, ye ken by yousel." And on this she with affected glee danced Cockuddie,—snapping her fingers, and singing, as he afterwards averred, "with a' her birr." But the attempt to drown the bitterness of her soul by such means was too much for her strength to carry her through; her laughter turned into weeping, and she had to cling to the floor. "Puir lass! what's wrang now?" asked commiserating Robin, which helped to beset her with another tide of tenderness and sorrow, and to make her sob out, — "It must be told; I like Ned, and hate mysel for liking him."

It is doubtful whether Robin ever felt the tender passion: be this as it may, he looked most comical, and whistled in a way that said as plainly as any whistle could,—"Is this the haill matter?—Ye maun thole, woman—thole awee, woman!" But she despondingly answered,—"It is past tholing now;" then buried her face between her hands, and wept louder than before. Robin instantly caught a dark and an illiberal thought; and, staring at her accusingly, ejaculated,—"Can it be?—Is it possible? —I wadna hae believed it o' Peggy Gardiner." The insuendo at once smote her apprehension, which made her shrink with a loathing that gave a stronger assurance of her innocency than any asseveration could,—even bringing tears of joy into Robin's eyes, and also of sorrow for his rash and indelicate insinuation. But it did good; for it roused her to that dignified assertion of her character and spirit, which in tender woman is sometimes so heroic as to conquer herself; and she banished from her bosom for ever all regard for the ploughman, earning at the time the admiration of a far worthier man who dwelt in our neighbourhood. Upon this slender common-place theme George and I philosophized: we denounced the selfishness of man in many a lofty and indignant speech; we celebrated the majesty of virtue; and, like novices, legislated for the world.

We often walked among the romantic scenes of my native parish, and his imaginations kept pace with my descriptions of surrounding beauties. Our school was such a spanning amphitheatre, as towering and bounding hills dropped in an Arcadian plain must ever form. The parish stretches as the segment of a circle, and binds a great portion of the most magnificent bay of the sea on the western coast of Scotland, and the extensive group of high hills is on the very margin of the bay. For the most part these ascend from the champaign country gradually, and after many beautiful and fantastic undulations: sometimes, however, they shoot up as an abrupt rampart of grey rocks, particularly bold towards the ocean, frowning across it with overhanging brows, whilst with every surge it lashes their base.

Among the tops of these hills there are some strange straightforward gaps, extending from one side of the group to the other, as if they had been riven by an earthquake, so that when wandering in this upland world, one may every here and there catch a glimpse of the rich adjacent plain, and fondly scan it in distant perspective through these avenues. A few tastefully planted cottages or huts are among these hills, in one of which the illimitable ocean appears to be within a headlong leap of its threshold; but three paces retired — the marvellous expanse of waters and the world of activity are altogether shut out of view.

Our parish-church, surrounded by some hundred and fifty neat houses, is on the plain, within the embrace of two fine swelling hills that shelter it: and to sentinel all access to the community, a castle, now in ruins, but at one time the abode of kings, rears its huge walls. It is bare and awful in its desertion, but the spirit of peace is around, and the petted sheep of the villagers browse within its shadow. The vestiges of encampments of older time are also in this vicinity—when barbarous tribes

sought to enslave our warlike ancestors, but in vain. Their works are levelled, and there is none to make afraid where they boasted.

The beauty of my native parish belongs chiefly to the quarter where Learigg lies, which claims a part of a branch that springs from the main group of hills as with a sportive humour. This branch may be likened to a man's arm extended from the body: at first it is a huge shoulder, then a proportioned elbow in the course of its stretch, terminating in an outstretched hand on the banks of the Breakwater; the divided and lessening ridges, into which the prodigious limb latterly runs, representing fingers. Down the valleys, between the separated ridges, from lakes above, and secret fountains and many an oozing marsh—little brawling brooks continually steal, leap, and race, till they congregate in the Breakwater, whence they hasten to the sea, in which, like an eternal storehouse, they are swallowed up.

It is near the termination of this sweeping branch where Learigg House is pitched, in one of the sweetest of the valleys; and when one looks at it from the superior heights, it would seem that a family of romantic taste had first rested there. In an adjacent valley is an ancient burying-ground, though distant nearly a mile from the parish-church; and no doubt a chapel had once been an appendage at this hallowed spot, as the lands called Templeton suggest. The tourist is often in Scotland arrested by the tombs of our ancestors amid bleak moors, the austere solemnity of the spot according with very lofty sentiments; but here the field of graves, where men of renown have been laid, is in a fertile glen, sheltered too by luxuriant trees and sweet-smelling evergreens, which form a softer sort of solemnity for the pensive. But enough of general description of rural scenery—let me to man.

High among the hills, now outlined, there dwelt a wretched young man whom George and I sometimes visited. His hut was rude and mean, erected in a rocky fissure at the highest point of a long ascending glen. The crevice was of such a form as to make three sides of the dwelling; he had therefore only a front to build, and a covering to furnish. There were separate sheds for a donkey, a sheep, and a few pigs, close by. The only convenient access to this man's abode was round the base of one of the large hills that flanked the village; and this was very circuitous even before beginning to ascend the winding glen where he had fixed himself. There was however one other mode of approach from the village by a much shorter line to the elf-like hut, and this was straight up the precipitous battlement of rocks presented all around by the flanking hills. Such a course was only possibly taken by threading through shrubs and twisted roots, and by the inequalities in the granite itself, that resembled the steps of a perpendicular ladder or stair.

Now the man who dwelt far from all other families, as in an eyry, followed the humble calling of a basket-maker; and whenever occasion required, he took to the short line of gaining the village down and up the face of the rocks. He was the only person who adopted this tract for convenience; and it came to be so familiar to him, that in the darkest night he would make his way there as securely as at noon-day. It was a curious route, and therefore, though his real name was John Watters, he seldom got other than "Jock o' the Catcraig."

Jock was descended of worthless people: he had been by profession a collier, but a smuggler in reality; leading such a life as soon brought him to a stand, for in a fierce encounter with excisemen he stabbed one of them to death. For this he was tried for his life, but the conviction was only for culpable homicide, which subjected him to a punishment of twelvemonths' imprisonment. On his liberation he took to the hills in my native parish, lurking among them to avoid the face of man, for strong emotions of remorse fastened on him. It was shortly before his slaying the exciseman that he had married a girl he ardently loved; and had it not been on her account, he would not have endured life, but have lifted

his hand against himself. But she and he wandered together, till sorrow and many privations so disabled her, that he was obliged to erect his hut among the hills, and to provide for her. His intercourse with people in consequence, and the condition of his sickly mate, served to abate considerably the stern character of his remorse.

He grew at length to be so earnest to make amends for his great offence that he doubly became an object of interest and pity. He exhibited in the course of his traffic no base motives—no nauseating greed—no drunken levity, nor iron stoicism. He came forth reluctantly, and to gather for his afflicted partner, for on his own account he would not depart for many days together from his lone abode. He sometimes betook himself to penances of dreadful character; but he was poorly enlightened, and all his expedients were incapable to procure expiation.

Jock's person was singularly formed;—the trunk of a size quite disproportioned to the great length of his limbs; his head large, with eyes deeply seated beneath the heavy brow; and his feet still more lumpish. Add to these that he seldom shaved, that his garments were the basest rags, and it cannot be doubted that he who saw him once never forgot his appearance. Yet he arrested not unpleasantly the notice of every one who met him; there was a winning cast of mind apparent amid all the forbidding points mentioned. He was harmless and gentle to all but himself; the most faulty part of his conduct being a disposition to foretell fortunes, which however he never practised for gain. And yet was there no apology for him whose soul was habitually clouded and borne down!

On one particular evening, when with George I repaired to visit Jock's glen, and to approach his hut, he came out to us, for he admitted no one into it, and invited us to sit down on a large flat stone that jutted from the sloping ground within twenty yards of his door. He took a deep interest in George, whom he classed with unfortunates, and therefore of his own order. The occasion I refer to is fresh in my memory—it was when he gave us the story of his life, and probably the only narrative of the kind that ever passed his lips: it was the last time too for several years that I visited him, and only a few days before the decease of his poor wife.

Jock entreated of my comrade George, as soon as we had seated ourselves, a favourite song, plaintive and wild. Perhaps melody never accomplished better things than it now did, as it swelled in the loneliness of the echoing glen and fell upon the heart of the woe-worn victim. He had sometimes before shown his gratitude, after listening to a similar performance, by declaring that his poor Isabel was fond of it; sometimes again it appeared to trouble him as with an unwelcome softness, for he deemed it profanity when he sympathized with affections he had so outraged and violated: but this evening he was melted under the charmer's spell, and offered to us the story of his life, which concluded thus:

"I stabbed Quintin Campbell the gauger wi' my lang knife, and he only said in return,—'Man, I wad na hae done that to you;' then he gave up the ghost. Quintin was a braw kind-hearted chiel, but I did for him at one thrust: he was a deep drinker—an awfu' swearer, and had a young wife wi' four sma' bairns, but I gied him neither time to mak' his peace wi' Heaven nor to speak to them. O that he had na died!—that he were living now, though a beggar and a wretch like me; or that I could learn that there is nae judgment to come, and nae hell." Then, after a gasping at utterance,—"it is the slaying of my fellow-creature—the takin' the sacred life of him who had an immortal soul—the cutting him aff frae the place of hope and a' chance of doing better, that tortures me. Nae doubt I see him aft among these hills in the mist, among the woods and rocks; I chase him—I cry after him, but he aye escapes me, for I wad fain learn if he be in torment, and if my life wad serve him: he wunna speak to me, though the words 'Blood—blood!' are never out o' my ears when he is in sight."

The feeble voice of his wife now reached us, gently interceding with him, and saying, "Come in, my man, to your ain Isabel—ye are vexing yoursel and me too." Her request he at once made to obey; but, as he rose, he added, with a hideous expression of countenance. "If ane o' you were now to stab the other, as I did Quintin Campbell, where should the murdered gang, and what would the murderer think o' himsel?" We shuddered an asseveration of "Impossible!" but he said, "Ance I thought the same thing of mysel, but see what I am now." We had no desire to prolong the discussion, and descended the whole length of the glen without exchanging a single word; the things so strongly pressed on our imaginations, especially upon my reflections, usurping all the heart.

Murder was, in its most revolting and guilty colours, represented to my view. I questioned my conscience secretly, What could tempt me to take from a fellow-creature his sweet life? Would it weigh with me to say He is vile and a pest to society? What a victim! Would it, on the other hand, calm accusings to know I was to send a saint to Heaven before his regular course, and thereby save him from persecution here, as well as hastening his immortality and enjoyment hereafter? What a sacrilege!—Are not all God's property?—Is it not dreadful to think of any one but the Creator breaking the golden bowl which he himself fashioned and adorned, and which he alone can make whole again? "And did he indeed conjecture of us that the one might serve the other, as he did Quintin Campbell?" were the first words that burst from my labouring breast. "But I would rather be the slain, George, than be your slayer." "What a fancy!" said he; "are you alarmed by the random and uncalled-for allusion of a distempered mind, as that man's is! If we were to live in fear of this and other possible evils, we should be the most miserable of beings. The great solace among such gloomy fancies is, that with God there is restraining grace and infinite goodness, and that he extends these without measure to all who ask for them."

FLOWERS FOR MARY'S GARLAND.

Και νυν αναλυσαι', ω καστιγητον καρα,
Εκ δακρυων τ' ακελθε— EURIPID. *Orest.*

O THROW thy mourning mantle by,
Mary!
For when thy soft cheek groweth pale,
And thy gleeful feelings fail,
I cannot choose but sigh,
Mary!

My heart is sad with doubts and fears,
Mary!
Down in the violet's breast the bee
Breaketh out its wanton glee;—
I cover up mine ears,
Mary!

The young joy of thine eyes doth pine,
Mary!
I weep not that their golden gleam
Hath faded like a summer dream,
So they be turn'd to mine,
Mary!

R. A. W.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. IX.[1]

We were despatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our army advanced upon Washington; and consequently we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night. We had followed the laudable example set us by the Admiral, and, from constant operations since, were most consummately skilled in the art of house-burning. It is quite a mistake to set fire to a house to windward; it should always be fired on the leeward side,—the air becoming rarefied by the heat, the wind rushes round the corners, and blows the flame into the house; whereas, on the weather side, the wind blows the flame round the angles, and does comparatively very little mischief. My readers may rely upon this interesting information being correct, because we tried the effect on two houses at the same time.

There are times in a man's life when his mind forebodes approaching dangers, and prophesies results: these hints are usually slighted until the mischief has been accomplished, and then conscience steps in and brings back the former warning to our memory. We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed, a house, from the parlour of which we had filched a mahogany table for our berth; we therefore got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess,—to which high situation I had been lately appointed,—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging as a reason, that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the table, as that night he was to be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper; of which however he would not partake, but opening his desk he made all his oldest friends a trifling present: to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, "I have nothing to send home; but my death will be severely felt there." We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which however neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid any thing like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies, (the frigate being placed within about pistol-shot of the shore,) instead of using the boatswain's-mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the Nautilus, I believe, in the

[1] This is the last of these papers, which was promised last month: we take leave of our Sailor in these pages with regret, expecting to see his adventures in the world shortly *after* he got his epaulette, in another form.

Havannah) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead: thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching.

That morning Sir Peter Parker, in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make some remarks upon the rigging at the mizen-top-gallant-mast head, let his gold-laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, "I much fear my head will follow, this evening." From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved: he prepared his will with the purser; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid-de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig. All the boats left the ship at the same moment, and, with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the landing-place. When the gig's keel grated on the sand, and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy; but, instead of walking over the gang-board, he stepped overboard alongside in the water, and walked on shore. The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving necessary orders, diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared as animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. Our troops, consisting of the marines and about one hundred seamen, all having been taught to march in line and countermarch upon occasions, advanced in pretty fair style, and we began to approach our enemies. The advance-guard, under the command of the master-at arms and a youngster, had marched about a quarter of a mile, when they discovered the piquet of the Americans mounted on their horses under a large tree, and apparently all asleep. Instead of sending directly this information to Sir Peter, they thought it wise to approach as near as possible, and, taking deliberate aim, fired at the sleeping guard: although when they fired they were not ten paces from the enemy, yet they contrived to miss horses, riders, and all. The Americans, startled into activity by the unwelcome salute, returned the fire with equal unsuccess, and galloped off into the wood. Here they fired a single pistol; it was answered by one further off; and that again answered at the camp by a field-piece. It was now past a doubt that we were discovered, and a prudent man would have instantly retired. It was the height of madness to advance into the interior of a country we knew nothing about, led by a black guide, who might have been paid to lead us into a snare; surrounded too by woods, through which we had the option to pass in preference to walking through an open field or two, where, owing to the bright moonshine on our polished-barrel musquets, we might be discerned at any distance. In short, we had a host of mischiefs to

counteract, and only one wise mode of proceeding, which we failed to avail ourselves of; namely, a retreat in time. Fate hurried us on to destruction; and after a council of war which path to take, we took the worst of course, and advanced along the open ground, perceptible to our enemies for the above-named reasons, whilst they remained entirely obscured, by the woods, from our sight. We continued our ill-fated march, but suddenly halted at the approach of a single horseman, who, having arrived close to our men, called out, "Well now, that's odd enough! I calculate I have made a mistake and got amongst the Britishers." "Who are you?" asked Sir Peter. "Why, I expect I'm nobody on the face of the earth." He was a man about eighteen stone and a colonel of the militia. He was instantly dismounted, placed under the guardianship of one of the gunner's crew, and ultimately met a very cruel death, which will be related hereafter. Sir Peter Parker mounted the steed, and, turning round to his army, gave the word, "Battalion, advance!" Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed in the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands: he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. After passing through a small village, we came to some hurdles, where Sir Peter dismounted, and the guide asked if he preferred being led through the woods in the rear of the enemy, or to advance by the open ground in front of their camp. Even now, had we been blessed with one single ray of common reason, we should have retreated; but no, relentless Fate still interfered. Here we had the certainty that our enemies were prepared, were five times more numerous than ourselves,—had the advantage of local knowledge, field-pieces, cavalry, and riflemen; whilst we had not more than eighty men armed with musquets, the rest being provided with boarding-pikes and cutlasses. We had four men who formed a rocket brigade; but the man who carried the rocket-staffs was the first killed, and therefore that brigade was of no possible use. It was determined to advance in face of the enemy, and once more the word to march was heard along the line. Had the cavalry attacked us as we crossed the hurdles, our defeat would have been easy and our fate inevitable. We had to pass along a road in the wood, broad enough for about five men to march abreast; and we were in the centre of this pass when the enemy's riflemen opened fire within about four paces of our men. The fire was rapid and well-directed, and consequently destructive. Sir Peter sounded the charge, and we suddenly emerged into an open field divided by a road, and perfectly surrounded by a thick wood. It was a gentle ascent, on the summit of which the enemy had planted five field-pieces, which formed their centre; their five hundred men were equally divided on the flanks. As the fire was too hot and too well-directed to allow us to continue in the road, the marines under Sir Peter Parker, Lieutenant Pearce (who afterwards died in Africa), the veteran Banyan, and the second-lieutenant, Poe, struck off to the right; whilst the blue-jackets under Lieutenant Crease advanced on the left side of the field. As the marines fired rapidly, the whole force of the enemy was drawn to oppose us; and we advanced at double

quick time in the hopes of closing with our foes; but they retreated slowly, as we advanced, towards the wood in their rear: at last they made a halt, and we heard the officers cheering their men to stand firm. Pocock, a midshipman, who never felt any indication of fear since he was born, rushed in the front of our rank, and challenged the officer; not certainly in the most courtly manner, for he damned him for a chattering monkey who would be the first to run away. To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage; his Turkish sabre sparkled in the moonlight as he waved it over his head, and his continual cry of "Forward! forward!" resounded amidst the firing: but now his voice failed, and he fell in my arms. The whole animation of the party died when he dropped: the firing on our side ceased, and we surrounded our wounded Captain. His only words were these:—"I fear they have done for me. Pearce, you had better retreat; for the boats are far distant." In vain we asked where he was wounded; for he was unable to speak, and had fainted. On lifting him on the marines' shoulders, six of whom carried him off the field, Pocock, who had assisted, and who had placed his hands under the knees of the Captain, remarked that the dew was very heavy, for the Captain was wet through; and on holding his hands to the moonlight, he discovered the dampness to proceed from blood. It was instantly proposed to strip Sir Peter on the spot; and had this been done, he might have been saved: a buck-shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. A pocket-handkerchief and a ramrod, in the absence of a tourniquet, would have stopped the blood; but no, we had little time for reason, for we had manifested a most determined opposition to that goddess throughout the whole affair. In the mean time we began our retreat, the other division of our party having long before taken their departure: they had advanced up the left side of the field, and then edged into the woods, through which they wandered at random, ultimately however arriving opposite the ships and embarking. No sooner had we recrossed the hurdles above mentioned, when the sound of cavalry was heard on our left, clattering along the road; our force at that moment amounting to only sixteen men, and both marine officers wounded. Pocock had not escaped; a shot had struck him in that place where Hudibras whimsically places honour: and Pearce and myself were the only two untouched. The grass was as high as our shoulders; and as the infantry were following our retreat, we lay down and allowed them to pass. They edged away to the right, keeping up a continual fire, and ultimately entered the wood through which our blue-jackets had retreated. As the cavalry had broken through the hurdles, and were coming exactly in our direction, we were obliged to remain concealed until they had passed, when we lifted our dead Captain, concealed the musquets from the moonlight, and advanced to the hurdles, keeping them on our left hand. The cavalry, having skirted the field, returned to our side: we were obliged to leap the hurdles, and point the bayonets through the apertures. On they came valiantly enough as soon as they perceived their prey, and our sixteen marines stood as quietly as if the chances were equal: they allowed the troopers to advance within about six yards, when they poured in a well-directed volley, shouting at the same moment. The Inde-

pendent Light-Horse Volunteers of Virginia did not relish this salute: their horses, unaccustomed to such uncouth sounds, stopped short and turned round; some were thrown, some killed, and all for the present perfectly routed. We had not a moment to lose: we again placed our dead Captain on the shoulders of the marines, and, under the direction of Pearce, who was a clever, intelligent, brave, and determined man, recrossed the hurdles, and, leaving them close on our left hand, commenced a quick retreat. His reason for keeping in the high grass was to be as much as possible obscured from the cavalry and the riflemen. Every five minutes we had to relieve the men who carried Sir Peter: not a murmur was heard; every one cheerfully took his turn; and confidence was kept alive from the known bravery of each man, most of whom had been in twenty-eight different engagements together. In this manner we stood eight charges of the cavalry, without the loss of a man on our side. Immediately they were beaten off, we resumed our retreat. Banyan, the marine officer, was shot through both thighs, and was obliged to have two men to assist him: his indomitable courage supported him. In spite of the stiffness occasioned from the wounds, the poignant pain, and the hazardous situation in which we were placed, he gave his orders coolly and distinctly; he leaned against the hurdles at each charge, and cheered his men to stand firmly and act bravely. In short, had merit been rewarded, as it scarcely ever is where the valiant want interest, Banyan ought to have had a memorial of that night affixed to his breast—the star of the brave, and the object of every soldier's ambition. I cannot do him justice,—excepting in writing the truth, which it is not always convenient to place in a dispatch. We arrived at the village through which we had passed in our advance. The women, fearful we might wreak our revenge, stood crying at their doors. No one thought of them: the well was our object; and no dogs after a long run ever approached the cooling stream with half our eagerness. In vain it was whispered that the spring was poisoned, a circumstance we knew to be far from improbable: nature was above all apprehension, and I was the first to place my mouth to the bucket. Talk of nectar!—no man knows the sweetness of water who has not tasted it under severe suffering. We placed Sir Peter on the stone of the well, and after we had uselessly chafed his temples and refreshed ourselves we again proceeded on our retreat. It was now two o'clock in the morning: from eleven we had been engaged in such a severe contest, that out of our eighty men we only mustered sixteen, and two of those wounded. I must confess that, when we departed from the village, I proposed to leave the Captain behind. I conceived it perfect folly to risk our lives for no possible good: he was dead beyond all doubt, and we stood a chance of following his fate if we carried him. A shout of displeasure arose from the men, who swore he never should be left to be buried by strangers. They again resumed their labours, and, after a painful march of an hour, we arrived at the beach, and instinctively walked into the water. To our extreme mortification, the boats were not where we had left them. Pearce questioned me as to their position: this was the only time the Captain had omitted to make me acquainted with any change, and I was consequently unable to give

any satisfactory reply; we therefore resumed our march along the beach towards the frigate. On the right was a high bank, from the summit of which we perceived numerous heads: we were hailed, and gave the answer "Brook Street!"—the countersign was "Forty-four." It was answered, and we found our long-strayed comrades equally gratified to find we were friends. We now laid Sir Peter on a large log of wood: the assistant-surgeon, Mr. Millar, declared him perfectly dead, which I could have sworn to about three hours previous to this declaration. We embarked; and the sorrow of the crew, when they heard the loss they had sustained, baffles my power to paint.

No sooner had we all embarked, and were on the point of committing ourselves to our hammocks, when the drum beat to quarters. We were instantly at our posts, and found that the gun-boats, hearing the firing, had come from Baltimore to amuse us. A single shot dispersed them, and we retired. I was so fatigued that I could not undress myself, but turned in all-standing, as the sailors say.

I promised to mention the death of the American colonel, which I shall do as shortly as possible. When the first charge took place, the gunner's mate led his prisoner away from the firing, and stood by him with a pistol in his hand: he had not been long in that position before a troop of horse came in a full trot in their direction. The gunner's mate, turning to his prisoner, said, "I 'm sorry, my lad, to do it; but I must do it, you know." "Do what?" replied the prisoner. "Why, shoot you, to be sure. Did not you hear the Captain desire me not to let you escape?" "Why, now, I expect you would not shoot me in cool blood; for I calculate you 're a man, although you are a Britisher, I guess." "Here they come!" replied Jack, and shot the colonel through the head; the leading dragoon at that moment cleaving him through the shoulder, and leaving him like a fowl with a wing nearly severed from the trunk.

We sent on shore a flag of truce in the morning. The Americans were aware they had killed the Captain; for they produced his shoe, which had fallen from his foot. They likewise mentioned the death of poor Sands; a grape-shot struck him just above the heart. Nearly all our wounded had died: those who could be removed on board were brought down to us, and the ship resembled a hospital. We left our situation as soon as possible, and joined the Admiral, who appointed Captain Dix to the command of the Menelaus; and the body of Sir Peter Parker was made over to Captain Palmer, of the Hebrus, to be conveyed to Bermuda for interment. This was not easily effected: the men swore they would bury their own Captain, and the Admiral himself came on board to reason them from the absurdity. He then endeavoured to persuade them to hoist the body out immediately: this they respectfully refused, declaring he should not be smuggled out by moonlight. At day-dawn every man mustered at divisions without being ordered, cleanly dressed, and many with black round their arms. The band played the 104th Psalm, the marines walked in front, and that body was borne round the ship, which when living had been the pride of the crew. It was hoisted over the larboard side, when a general low murmur of "God bless him!" was heard; and I solemnly declare I do not believe

there was one dry eye amongst the whole ship's company. Thus died Sir Peter Parker; and this is the only true account ever given of that fatal night. He was a brave, generous, and excellent man; rigid in discipline, firm of purpose, resolute in action; and, notwithstanding his severity, he must have had some excellent qualifications when the seamen he had punished regretted his loss and wept over his coffin. I could give hundreds of anecdotes of this man, which the excitement of the times in which he lived prevented from being appreciated; but there are many of the officers still living who served with him and under his command: to them I could confidently refer. The story of poor Pitt, a midshipman of the Menelaus, who died of water on the brain, would immortalize Sir Peter Parker. Had Pitt been his son, he could not have manifested greater feeling or affection. The sick on board were his peculiar care; and if he made a man do his duty when he was well, he took good care that, when indisposed, they were properly attended and nourished. He will live as long as the English language exists. Lord Byron's beautiful epitaph will hand to posterity the name of Parker.

I could give a very animated description of the battle of Baltimore, and the more amusing attack of Captain Barry on the town of Rappahanock; but I am glad to escape from the Menelaus; for after Sir Peter was killed, the whole discipline, look, activity, and energy of the crew, died also. The accounts of the Peace came to us as we lay blockading an American frigate in Norfolk. The colonel who was entrusted with this amicable message, after conversing with us for some time, looked excessively wise, and made the following sapient remark: "Well, now, I expect it 's very odd; but I calculate you speak the same language as we do!" Upon which one of the midshipmen, a curly-headed impertinent fellow, elongating his visage, answered, "No! do we? How very odd, I calculate!" We sailed from the Chesapeake towards New Orleans shortly afterwards.

It is requisite in this world to know a little of every thing. How many men do we daily meet, who, having the reputation of men of consummate genius, are in reality mere children in the theatre of existence; driven once from their accustomed line, they become little better than stalking specimens of imbecility. Not so your hard-working rugged man, who, accustomed from his cradle to act for himself, and having undergone all the hardships of life, knows by experience how to remedy an evil. In this respect the common Russian peasant is infinitely superior to any of our "march-of-intellect" mechanics; and a sailor, who, Heaven knows! does not repose upon downy couches, or seldom sleeps to any other music but the tramp of the officer over his head, profits by every disaster, and learns from painful experience the necessity of attention and activity. I had been desired to purchase some fresh provisions for our mess at Savannah, and for that purpose accompanied the first-lieutenant in the barge, the ship being at that time anchored off the mouth of the river, about twenty-six miles, more or less, from the town. It happened that the first-lieutenant required more money than he and the purser had brought to pay for the meat purchased for the ship's company, and I was called upon to advance the requisite sum. I

had then twenty-three dollars left, and was in anxious search after turkeys and other good things for my hungry messmates. I was forced to accede to the request, because a request from a first-lieutenant is first-cousin to a positive command; and thus I was divested of twenty dollars, leaving me only three, which three I then did not actually want. During the altercation which invariably ensues between purchaser and vender,—one generally loth to part with, and the other avaricious to touch the money,—one of the men started from the boat, and made free to leave his Majesty's service without permission. The first-lieutenant and myself went in pursuit, and followed the deserter into a store (all shops in America are called stores); but he had been concealed by the American, who "declared to God, and hoped to be burnt alive if he knew any thing of the unfortunate man, who, he made free to expect, was as much a slave as any nigger in a rice plantation." A whole crowd of the free-born Americans followed us into the store, and hooted and howled at us as if we were not in the common execution of our duty. I was cut short in my harangue which I had begun (and which I intended to have continued on the ground that if an apprentice had taken shelter on board the Menelaus, the Americans would have been clamorous had he been withheld,) by the first-lieutenant, who, mustering up a little extra courage, swore he would search the house. No one can well fancy the manifested displeasure which followed this declaration. "Search my house!" said Jonathan, "I calculate you'll do no such thing: I guess you had much better leave that alone, or I expect you will get better than what you bring." This beautiful speech being followed by "Why, I declare to God, these Britishers think to treat us like niggers!"—we were ejected by the mob, and got cuffed for the intrusion; at least I know I was. I followed the first-lieutenant to the boat, and was on the point of embarkation, when he turned and said, "Mr. F., stay on shore, and endeavour to find M'Donald. You must consult the authorities; and take care not to give offence. A boat will be here to-morrow, and you can return in her to the ship." With sorrowful eyes I watched the boat until she turned the first projecting land. I then began to think what course to pursue. As for attempting to seize M'Donald if I found him, I knew it would only be to court a repetition of abuse and blows, already too bountifully lavished. The mob of Jonathans seemed to look at me with consummate contempt; and I could easily discern that I was in a hornet's nest, and likely to be pretty severely stung if I attempted offensive measures. One by one the inquisitive strangers retired to their avocations; and, about half an hour after I lost sight of the boat, I was alone in the same position with eyes rivetted on the point of land which excluded my companions from my view. The wind, which had been fresh in the morning, soon blustered into a gale; the sand of the town, which is disagreeably plentiful, rendered the atmosphere about as thick as a London fog in November: the little waves of the river splashed against the shore, cloud succeeded cloud, and by six o'clock it blew hard enough, to use a seaman's expression, to blow the devil's horns off his head. I sneaked to an inn, and bargained for my supper, bed, and breakfast, for one dollar. Right well I foresaw the necessity

of husbanding, with careful economy, my remaining money. I knew the ship could never ride out the gale, and the morning confirmed my worst forebodings. During the night the frigate had driven from her anchor, and put to sea. Alone, friendless, and almost destitute, without food or raiment, a wandering outcast was I left in the town of Savannah. Instinctively I walked to the place where I last saw our boat: like the mind of an ungrateful man, the wave bore no mark to recall her to my recollection. I turned once more towards the inn, and was immediately accosted by a short, thick-set, open-faced captain of a merchant-ship, who asked me if I would buy his telescope: he declared nothing but the greatest want could compel him to part with his old companion, which had accompanied him through all his voyages. I asked him how much money he had. He answered, "Not a farthing! I have parted with all my traps, and this is the only remaining commodity with which I could raise a penny." I shook hands with my new acquaintance, who I soon learnt to be a prisoner waiting for a passage to England. Misfortune and poverty are great cementers of friendship; and therefore, showing my friend my only remaining two dollars, I offered him one, on condition that we should mutually assist each other. He stared at my liberality: but I always, through life, thought of the old proverb, "Who gives to worth, receives a benefit;" and I knew, stripling as I was, I should require his assistance and protection. He took the dollar, and, looking at me as the tear stole down his rugged, weather-beaten face, said, "Well, blow me but you 're a good-looking fellow, and your heart 's in the right place, by G—! I 'll stick to you as close as your jacket." I felt more relieved by this promise, than if I had doubled my riches.

I had all my life been reckoned one of the best billiard-players in the navy, and it suddenly occurred to me that I might make a few dollars by my science. My new friend started at the proposition, and swore I was going "full sail into the jaws of a shark, who would swallow me, hull, cargo, and all, in a trice." I was, however, resolute; and, disregarding all the hints of my friend, desired him to show me the most frequented table in the town. Thither we went; and on entering I saw two players, each with cigars in their mouths, and one or two ragged rogues looking on. The marker called the game with the usual nasal twang, and the players alternately swore in the most refined American diction, as fortune or bungling play declared against them. I sat in silence by my friend, who now and then gave me wholesome advice not to bet with "those lubberly lascars, who looked as yellow as mulattoes and as thin as herrings." The match was soon over; the winner pocketed some paper cents, and walked out, with a promise of giving revenge to his beaten antagonist in the evening. The loser lingered round the table like Achates at the tomb, and, after venting his spleen in loud curses, and whiffing his cigar with accelerated inspiration, swore "he did not value his adversary's play more than a corn-cob; and that, if fortune had stood neuter, he would have worked him as fine as a coral-snake's skin." This was an opening for me; and I readily consented to his proposition, that his adversary, comparatively speaking, was a perfect bungler. "Now, I expect," said he, "that you

Britishers play this game." "A little," quoth I. "Well, now, I calculate you think you can play; but I guess you can't." "Well," said I, faltering a little, "at any rate I can play as well as you can, and will play you this moment for a dollar." My friend in the corner gave a loud "Whew!" and followed it up with, "Swamped, by Gemini!—done as brown as a nigger, if you're beat!" The Yankee jumped at the proposition; and I, having fished out the only leather-pointed cue in the room, prepared for action. It was proposed to place the stakes in one of the pockets, and with a trembling hand I produced the last farthing I had in the world. The look of my friend was indicative of his feelings; he sat jammed in a corner, his large slouched hat nearly over his eyes, his knees bent up, and his face, which was previously a wholesome mahogany colour, got as yellow as a kite's foot. I knew it was a certainty, providing my fears did not overcome me; I could have given ten points, and still have felt secure: but now, with all I had in the world staked, I felt very differently from other times, when money to any amount could have been instantly procured. My antagonist took the lead, and scored first; at which my friend gave a most audible sigh, and pumped up a loud "Oh!" He underwent as many contortions of countenance as a tragedy-queen, and writhed his short figure about like a snake in pain. My confidence returned after the first two or three hazards; and my adversary, who had got as far as twenty-two, lost the game. My friend gave a sudden "Hurrah!" and called out, "Touch the rhino!" That was no part of my plan: so convinced was I of my superiority, I proposed to double the stakes, which was instantly agreed to, and we began again. In about an hour I had won thirty dollars, and declared myself satisfied. The Yankee shouldered his mace, and swore I should not leave the room. My friend damned him for his impertinent intrusion, asking him at the same time, "Who are you, to stop this gentleman?" "Why, I expect I am a carriage-builder; and I calculate as good a man as any Islander ever born." My friend tripped up his heels, and out we walked as proud as princes.

Having heard that a man-of-war was expected at Wilmington to embark the prisoners, I and my friend, who had got some new rigging over his mast-head, and who looked, when washed and shaved, a very creditable skipper, bent our steps towards Charlestown, and then proceeded onwards to Wilmington. On my arrival there, we contracted for a week's lodging each, washing and feeding included, for three dollars and a half, with brandy-and-water at discretion. Two days afterwards, the Manly, a ten-gun brig, arrived. The prisoners had been collected to the amount of some twenty, all of whom had heard of my sharing my money about eighty times, and all likewise responding to the oft-told tale by acclamations of satisfaction. I was a great favourite, and heard all their misfortunes with an attentive ear and often moist eyes. Some were perfectly ruined by their capture; some drooped at the frown of fortune, whilst others laughed at their calamities as events in life always to be expected, and never half so bad as they appeared. Amongst this group was a Russian, a man of about six feet six in height; a perfect Hercules, and as well-formed as an Apollo. He always took me under his

protection, whilst my old friend followed me with the attachment of Tom Pipes to Peregrine Pickle. The day being fixed for the sailing of the Manly, the prisoners thought it right to give a dinner to the principal inhabitants, in return for the many favours and kindnesses they had received at their hands. I believe I may say, without fear of contradiction, that throughout the War the prisoners were treated with every kindness by their transatlantic foes. The table was amply spread. In America, especially in these parts, the dinner usually consists of good wholesome joints: none of your disguised shoes stewed in beans, as elsewhere. Turkeys, hams, &c. are in profusion: and down we sat, about fifty in number, all resolving to have a pleasant party, expressly excluding all political or national songs. In short, no dinner party ever promised better. We were in the very height of good temper; some at their restoration to liberty; some at the prospect of future smiles from fortune; and some, who had been all their lives buffeting their foes and the waves, at the prospect of a return home to their fathers' firesides, the embraces of their wives, or the affection of their sisters. After dinner, toast upon toast succeeded in rapid regularity: there was no flinching allowed; and, to give Jonathan his due, he seemed by no means disinclined to share the "poison of the nectar'd bowls." A number of songs had been sung, and I had managed to squeak through an innocent ditty. The call was with me, and I selected a very good-looking friendly neighbour, an American, to keep the society awake. He, poor fellow, declared he never sang; he could not sing; in short, none of his family ever remembered to have heard him attempt to sing. His apologies were of no use,—sing he must. He then confessed he only knew a national song, which would only insult his hosts by being repeated. "Oh, nonsense!" quoth I, "we are all too well educated to feel annoyed at an innocent jest." My words were repeated; and Jonathan, clearing his voice and holding up his head like a man, began to sing the famous song of "The Capture of the Guerrier by the Constitution," to the tune of "The Arethusa." The instant he began, a solemn silence ensued: it was the treacherous calm before the hurricane. Each eye was fixed upon the unfortunate warbler; and the veriest fool who ever remarked the sun at noonday might have noticed the gathering clouds upon the faces of the Englishmen. Each verse made the matter worse; and when he came to the last, which I only heard that once, and which I never shall forget,—

When Dacres saw his ship a wreck,
Himself a prisoner on her deck,
His ship's crew in confusion,—
He raised his head, and, sighing, said,
"The God of War to victory led
Brave Hull in the Consfitution!"—

As the last three syllables trembled from his voice, a decanter struck him on the head, and he was sprawling. The Americans instantly rose to resent the injury: the English as quickly forsook their chairs; and in one minute not a glass remained whole. The tables were upset, the plates smashed, and a scene of confusion ensued not easily described. The hostile parties soon closed for a more determined

fight: all the national hatred, which war gives rise to, in a moment was the uppermost feeling. Revenge animated the prisoners; the words had struck deeper than the sword in the hearts of the officers; and some of the Manly's gig's crew, who were waiting for the captain, caught the enthusiasm. No licensed murderers, called more politely warriors, ever closed with foes more resolutely determined to conquer or die. The Americans stoutly maintained their ground, and were beaten down stairs, disputing every step. At the close of the fight the Russian captain had seized a stout Yankee, and, lifting him like a child, threw him head over heels over the banisters: he fell with a tremendous crash, and was instantly borne off by his companions. The fall seemed to startle us into the knowledge of the gross violation of all laws of hospitality of which we had been guilty: we looked like boys detected in a theft, and for the moment we drooped over victory in solemn silence. The deed was done; the Yankee over the stairs: no words could cancel the insult; and therefore, knowing "what cannot be repaired ought never to be lamented," we sat down, and, calling for some brandy-and-water, held a consultation how we should act. Short time had we for deliberation: a shout in the street led us to the window, and there we saw the gathering crowds coming from all quarters and meeting opposite the door. Our first step was to fasten the entrance, and blockade the staircase; and we withstood the furious assaults on our castle with wonderful firmness and intrepidity. The Americans, finding us so strongly fortified, retired in good order about twelve o'clock, leaving only a few black-looking gentlemen to disturb our repose. We retired to bed, with an understanding that, at the slightest noise, we were instantly to muster our forces. It was about one o'clock, when a terrible cry of murder resounded through all our apartments: it was evidently the voice of an Englishman; for Americans, although they have lately published a work purporting to be a true mode of pronouncing English, have a nasal intonation wonderfully discordant to the musical ears of Englishmen. In almost naked nature, we rushed simultaneously into the street: the gig's crew had been attacked, and we found about a thousand Americans heroically pounding four sailors. The impetuous rush of our party checked the operations of the enemy; and, after much firing on their side and fighting on ours, we rescued the crew, and brought two prisoners into our hotel. We instantly assembled a court-martial; and perhaps never was there seen a more ludicrous, and yet a more determined, scene, than occurred at that minute. We were only *en chemise;* the American maids peeping in the room, where we sat round a table, with our prisoners bound: and I, being the youngest, was called upon for my opinion first. I had little to say, excepting a remark upon the cowardly behaviour of our antagonists, who had attacked four innocent men on duty; I therefore adjudged the same criminals to be cobbed—a punishment I will not explain, saving only that a shovel is as good as a besom in some castigations: which being carried unanimously, we forthwith prepared to inflict the sentence upon the culprits. In stripping them,—for I blush to say this operation was requisite,—a pair of pocket-pistols fell from one; they were loaded and primed, and no doubt had been intended for hostile operations:

we therefore deferred the punishment, and handed our captives over to the civil power, from which they were shortly released on the payment of one dollar.

We had now no time to loiter on shore: every walk was attended with danger; and the captain, like a wise man, hastened his departure. We sailed, and arrived at Bermuda as the Menelaus was standing out on her way home. I was instantly taken on board, and in eighteen days was at anchor in Portsmouth. I was shortly removed to the Caledonia, and, having then served my time, passed my examination; and, in consequence of my services, was by return of post promoted to the rank of lieutenant, shipped my epaulette, swore to curse the Pope, and became a commissioned officer. I have often likened this step in the navy to a man who has borne a heavy burthen for six years, and who, nearly breaking down under the load, is suddenly relieved from the oppressive weight. From nobody you become somebody: there is no change like this,—the difference between nonentity and identity. The very day that I received my commission, I was sent in the gig to wait for the captain; being so disgraced in consequence of interfering between two midshipmen, who were fighting on the poop. As it invariably happens, the innocent on board suffers for the guilty; I was disgraced for hindering others from disgracing themselves.

Envy, envy, what a devil art thou! In our berth we had eight midshipmen all past the age of thirty, and all, thanks to weather-beaten countenances, copious potations, and disappointed hopes, looking at least forty. When the news flew round the cockpit that I was promoted, who had only just passed, a loud cry of vengeance was uttered against me. I was scoffed at, and reviled; and why? Because fortune had favoured me. It is true, I looked not more than sixteen; for I was slim and taper-formed. From my youth upwards I had been, and have been, one of those men who never repine over temporary misfortunes: I always bow to the storm, and rise afterwards superior to it. My mind has been elastic throughout my whole life; and if an occasional mishap caused a moment's uneasiness, the sunshine of a light and easy heart dispelled the gloom, and I became instantly blessed with my natural vivacity. Men with such hearts and such minds look always young; the very contentment of the countenance is indicative of youth; and some, who are in reality forty, bear the light mark of the green age of five-and-twenty. Never shall I forget that poor pitiful envy,—the devil in a weak mind: there is his abode; the dingy smoke of his residence clouds and destroys the brain. I offered a feast upon the occasion: the younger midshipmen accepted the invitation; but those who conceived themselves insulted by my promotion, with the pious wish of the devil within them, hoped the dinner might choke me. Hurt at this ungallant answer, I borrowed an epaulette, and the next day appeared amongst the mortified host; one of whom had ordered the boatswain's mate to attend the side for me. I am ashamed to own it, but I felt a moment's gratification when I witnessed the mortification these baby-men endured.

F.

LETTER FROM A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—You are a little severe in your last Number on the subject of Tithes. You seem to forget that the inference you draw—justly, perhaps—of their origin, can have little relation with the present question of the maintenance of those who derive existence from them. However they may have been objectionable in their origin, with that we of the Church of England have nothing to do; it suffices that they have existed since the Reformation, and have been sanctioned by law, and therefore are a legitimate source of revenue to the Clergy until the Legislature shall provide a better; which, if they are bad *ab origine*, the Legislature is bound to do. The subject is naturally one which in England and Ireland must be treated of very differently. I believe with Paley that the religion of the majority should equitably, as it does naturally, constitute the national church: and upon this ground alone I object to the system which has been pursued in Ireland; for there, not one-seventh of the population professes the doctrine of the Church of England. Whole parishes, in which tithes are levied upon the poorest cottager with a severity unknown in England, have not a member of the Church of England within their limits; but they have a church kept in repair at the sole expense of persons of another faith, and a clergyman, for whom an income is levied, who never was within its walls. To levy these tithes the law fails. The cottager, whose whole property may be no more than an iron kettle or two, and a few potatoes, cultivated on his patch of land, together with the half-grown pig to which he looks as the means of paying his rent, is unable to meet the tithe-proctor's demand, and sees his little property seized for four or five shillings, and sold for a eighth part of its value. The evil does not end here; his rent is left unpaid in consequence, and his landlord, or the landlord's agent, turns him out, together with his family, to the mercy of the elements and the horrors of starvation. In Ireland there are no middle classes,—the proud and poor are all; and they have, generally speaking, no sympathy with each other. To such a system of maintenance every conscientious clergyman must object. We are, or ought to be, ministers of peace and charity,—of comfort and consolation. It does unfortunately happen, as I well know, that almost all the parish duty in Ireland, in parishes where duty is performed, is performed by curates,—many of them ornaments to religion, but so badly paid that they can with difficulty keep up their station in society. Now, all pretexts for a pretended necessary splendour in the Church are objectionable. A clergyman has as good a right as any other individual to a comfortable maintenance, in exchange for the duties of his calling; but it is the very foundation-stone of the doctrine he teaches, and of genuine Christianity, that the pomps and vanities of this world are to be nought in his estimation. He is bound to teach his flock that vital Christianity acknowledges nothing of the glare of sordid affluence,—enormous revenues squandered by those who obtain them under the sanction of the faith the disciples of which were fishermen, and who, in the first ages of the Church, possessed no property at all. I confess I feel humiliated to be charged as one among the priests of creeds, who

in all time make wealth and power their objects,—among those whose ministers, in the name of the religion of Christ, have led armies, or, plunging into Court intrigues, made themselves the Wolseys and Richelieus of their day. Time was when bishops found wealth in their hands, that it was their pride to make themselves poor by their charities, and to lay up treasures in heaven: now the rich incomes of pluralists and others in the Church serve to make her too often a mockery to those doctrines that are the basis on which she founds her existence. It is hypocrisy to teach that of which our own practice furnishes an opposite example. I know Ireland, and I know the worth of many of my brethren there, who labour indeed without earthly reward, while they see the disorders around them caused by tithe, and have to bear the odium of causing it. The revenues of the Irish Church are enormous; and they are not shared generally by her working clergy. Here is an evil; and until the sophistry which is so disgraceful shall be done away with—that "such a state of things is necessary, that the Church may be *respectable*," the mischief will not be removed. What are the revenues of the English Church—too disproportionately distributed, perhaps, among the clergy, but still divided among a body who are, as a whole, the most worthy, conscientious, upright, and honourable, of any priesthood that have ever existed—What are the revenues of the English Church to those of Ireland?

I am willing to concede that the members of the Church of England in Ireland amount to 900,000. These have twenty-two bishops, who in rents and fines divide £220,000 per annum,—while twenty-six English bishops, belonging to a Church of 7,000,000 in England and Wales, do not approach that amount. Again, in England, if all the benefices were averaged, they would not be worth more than £300 a year; while in Ireland they average more than £800,—that is, in a country infinitely poorer. Notwithstanding this enormous revenue, until lately the curates were obliged to work for £60 a year, and, I believe, get no more now than £75; and more than two-thirds of all the duty is performed by them. I estimate the income of the benefices of the Irish Church at £1,500,000, or thereabouts.

Now I hold myself a better friend to our Church, and a more useful servant to her best interests, by upholding the truth. I look upon Christianity not as a mean of worldly profit or aggrandisement; and I know many of my brethren who think with me, and who believe, as I do, that the Church has nothing more inimical to her interests than a craving spirit within her, and the system too much pursued of making her subservient to worldly views,—a provision for younger sons of nobles, or any who have no other way besides of obtaining what is called a "genteel" livelihood. Alas! that the sacred office should be so frequently entered into from unhallowed motives!—that the previous initiative of a moral life, of self-denial, of a study of the Fathers of our Church and of the Sacred Book of God itself, should so seldom make the preparatory step to the being enrolled among the ministers of our holy religion! We of the clergy too often suffer contumely, as a body, for the acts of others. We are not to blame for the present state of things in Ireland; nay, many excellent clergymen are sufferers from it: but if the Govern-

ment of the country have suffered evils of the greatest magnitude to go on increasing, and did not remedy them, but they end only by their utter incapacity of continuance, are the clergy to blame?

I deprecate a clerical magistracy, as every individual not wilfully blind to the very pith and heart of a pastor's duties must; but are the clergy to blame for it? There are many of us ambitious of power and too worldly-minded, ready often to swallow the pleasing bait; but is not the Legislature, which does not confine us to spiritual duties, more to be blamed? We are forbidden to look upon the things of this world but as necessaries which may enable us to prepare for a better, by being placed in a state of independence of all worldly care, and thus enabled to look after the spiritual interests of those committed to our charge. We have an awful responsibility to God; and I know not how many of us are to answer it, if we do not weigh the proper bearing of the doctrines of Christianity, regardless of any considerations of custom, expediency, or worldly convenience. In Ireland, disposed to riots and disorders, and where party-spirit is carried to such an excess, it was the most impolitic thing in the world to make clerical magistrates; who, in more instances than one, have headed the military to hunt out the members of unlawful associations. One clergyman, not long ago, fell by a shot from a party on the same errand, fired by mistake. What must the ministers of an opposite creed think of acts so repugnant to the priestly character? I cannot reconcile these duties to the doctrines of our Saviour; my heart revolts at the mention of them. How is he who sits on the bench of justice, and announces the terrors of the law to the trembling criminal,—how is such an one to visit him in his cell, pray with and comfort him, and, laying aside the stern brow of justice, to deal forth words of consolation? This I know is a thing not very likely to occur, from ministers, deemed of a lower grade, being appointed to jails, thus preventing such a dilemma: but I know of no inequality in the Church of Christ; and the bishop is as much bound by his faith, if not by practice, should he have the smallest conscientiousness of the duties of his office, to enter the humblest cell or dwelling to perform his duties, as any of our poorer-paid brethren. I fear we have too much aristocracy in our religion,—a thing which neither our Church nor Christianity sanctions.

With such ideas of a clerical magistracy, I could not read without sorrow and astonishment the speech of the Earl of Wicklow in the House of Lords, on the 8th of March. That Noble Lord and myself differ as widely as the poles are asunder. He has no regard to the denunciation, "That those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword." That Noble Lord, it seems, looks upon Christianity with those who make her name and form only their regard, while her doctrines and practices are far off. Worldly profit is his image of our Church, and the maintenance of her clergy the sole object of her existence! I fear his Lordship is not solitary here: there are many more who would be equally satisfied with his Lordship, at the support of their notions of the Christian faith by "the police and military, as at Tullagh;" nay, would go a step further than his Lordship avows, and place a clergyman who is a magistrate at their head. What a picture of the doctrines of the Founder of our Faith!—what

a fatal blow to our Church!—what a handle for her enemies to assert that she existed but for lucre, and that her name was a sanction for every thing but the Gospel of Peace! Fancy a Clergyman collecting his own income with police and dragoons; a riot ensuing, and lives lost! What a picture of Christianity for neighbouring nations! What a scene in a Christian land! My Lord Wicklow, I would you were repudiated from our Church until you were sensible of your error, and made ample atonement to her insulted dignity for the affront you not only put upon her but upon Christianity itself. I lament to observe his Lordship is not solitary in his views on levying tithes by force. I can only say, as a Christian minister, that I would sooner exist on parish allowance, or by my bodily labour, than live in luxury on an income extorted by a course which obliterates every trace of religion from its practice, and makes the name of Christianity a cover for proceedings which are abhorrent to its nature, and of which no age of the reformed faith furnishes the remotest trace of an example.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will believe, from what I have said, that *all* the Clergy are not friendly to tithes; — that they seek a respectable maintenance only, in exchange for their duties; — that whether tithes came to us from Moses, or were borrowed from the priests of the ancient heathen worship by the first perverters of Christianity, and from them were bequeathed by Ethelwolf to the Roman Catholic Church, whence we inherited them at the Reformation, it is not of the slightest moment. I trust Lord Grey will yet see things in a proper light. The Clergy will be happy to submit to any peaceful adjustment of a dispute which, if preceding Administrations had been in advance of the people, would never have been suffered to reach as far as it has unfortunately done.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A Beneficed Clergyman.

THE SIMPKIN PAPERS.

No. XII.

CHOLERA.—SELF-EDUCATED POETRY.

Dear Simpkin,

A friend of mine in that extensive depository of gold-headed canes—the College of Physicians—has just sent me the annexed document. He was present, said nothing, but took down the dialogue. I put false names, because it would be "too bad" that the real ones should appear.

There is a report current that at a late anti-reform dinner there was an alarm of cholera. A certain duke was attacked with sickness; and Lord Londonderry looked as blue as a washerwoman's blue-bag. Happily nothing came of it—the apprehension was groundless. The blue-stockings are in sad alarm about it. The colourmen keep their indigo and azure of all kinds in distant warehouses;—blue-coats are leaving off;—people are getting out of conceit with the navy;—the Oxford Blues are kept in their barracks, as are the Artillery at Woolwich; and every old woman thanks Heaven we have no blue skies—a species of gratitude she might as well decline showing in this climate at any season. Lastly, I fear the

doctors will look blue if you send to that rascally "Metropolitan" the enclosed paper.

Wishing you may live to die of a more agreeable disease,

I am,

College of Physicians,
March 19, 1832.

Dear Simpkin, yours, &c.
JAMES SPATULA.

A CHOLERA CONSULTATION.

SCENE—*College of Physicians.*

Dr. Castor seated,—deep in thought, his gold-headed cane at his nose.

Enter Dr. Betony.

Dr. Betony.—Good morning, Doctor! any new cases of Cholera?

Dr. Castor.—Two or three:—serious disease!—They are treating it very badly—they are bleeding for it—they are killing the people! I think it's the old London complaint, nothing else, and they have made a mountain of a mole-hill. Madness!—folly!

Dr. Betony.—Nothing like bleeding; reduce, reduce—take plenty of blood—stop the rage of the disease by reduction—promote liquefaction; that is the mode recommended in Dr. C.'s book.

Dr. Castor.—"Dr. C.'s book."—Madness! "*I ne ver re ad a page init, no re ver in tendit,*" as the Latin has it. Can you reduce a unit—diminish an atom—attenuate a skeleton? I think the complaint reduces the patient enough—I shall never bleed. Clear the *primæ viæ*—emulge the passages—irritate the surface—mercury. Avoid cold:—warm flannel, warm bran, warm baths, warm tea, warm brandy, warm water.

Enter Dr. Dill.

Dr. Dill.—Dreadful cases of cholera! Sixteen at Marylebone workhouse all struck down at once—true cholera;—all the right blue colour—saw them myself; administered opii pulveriz. 3iij. camphoræ 3vj. &c. hot bricks, and pitch cataplasms.—Saved all.

Dr. Castor.—It should have been mercury, my dear Doctor; not camphor.

Dr. Betony.—You should have bled, Doctor; 'tis a miracle you saved them.

Enter Dr. Vomito.

Dr. Vomito.—Just come from a case of cholera: a boy who had been ill of diarrhœa for three weeks previously had the audacity to eat two or three cabbages and half a dozen pounds of rusty bacon, caught cholera. I saved him.

All.—By what practice?

Dr. Vomito.—By tartar emetic.

All.—Ah! that is a new treatment.

Dr. Betony.—I 'd have bled.

Dr. Castor.—I 'd have administered mercury.

Dr. Dill.—I 'd have given opium.

Dr. Vomito.—Oh, you must clear the stomach; then, if needful, proceed to the intestines *secundum artem.*

Dr. Betony.—I thought the disease did all that—you should bleed.

Dr. Castor.—Mercury will alone do.

Dr. Dill.—Opium is the college mode—in orthodoxy alone is safety.

Enter Dr. Caustic.

Dr. Caustic.—Why the Marylebone cholera cases are not cholera at all: Dr. Daun admits it. Dr. Russell deserves censure for presuming to in-

troduce them as such. Why, Dr. Dill, "*It is aether an atro phi ora colli casu sed,*" to speak medicinally.

All.— Dr. Dill easily cured them then, no wonder!

Dr. Caustic.—Of what they never had. They were poor girls exposed to a sewer, the nauseous effluvia of which gave them colic—nothing more.

All save Dill.—We thought the mode of restoration to a valetudinarian state, and the diminution of exacerbation, was not to be operated in real cholera by the exercise of the practice which Dr. Dill stated he had pursued. You see, Doctor, you were under a mistake.

Dr. Dill.—I still pursued the right course of treatment for cholera; that is my argument, even if it were colic,—which I deny.

Dr. Caustic.—No cholera: "*sic offa colli casure as i sit here,*" Dr. Swift, de Doctoribus, to quote; that is, you aided the intention of nature in the disease by assisting vomiting and purging: so far that was right.

Dr. Dill.—O, no, my dear Doctor, no—not so mad; my method is the quieting sedative practice. I administer opium largely, because I judge that nature would be quiet if she could. Vomiting and purging are the disease nature would subdue; I stop them at once if I can. If it were colic, and not cholera, it is a very serious disorder. To quote your authority, Dr. Caustic, it is—"*ad ange rus casas ani.*"

Dr. Caustic.—Indefensible practice, Dr. Dill.

All but Dill.—Quite in error, Dr. Dill.

Enter Dr. Phlogistic.

Dr. Phlogistic.—Just quitted a sad case of cholera—a woman eating too freely of pickled salmon. Succeeded in saving her by the stimulating plan; made her swallow 3 oz. oil of turpentine, two pint tumblers of proof spirits, applied a red-hot iron to the spine, blisters to the breast, burning bricks to the feet, Cayenne-pepper to the nose, and phosphorus to the abdomen—operated a perfect cure.

All.—It must have been by miracle, one should think.

Dr. Phlogistic.—Nature indicates stimulants.

Enter Dr. Frigid.

Dr. Frigid.—Any new cases of cholera to day, Gentlemen? they are very scarce I find. I have as yet seen but two, and they cost me a drive of seven or eight miles: one to Rotherhithe, close to a filthy ditch; the other to Battersea, at a nightman's.

All.—By what practice, Doctor? "*canu tellus?*" as Paracelsus has it.

Dr. Frigid.—O, by letting the patients drink cold water as much as they pleased. I put ice to their bodies, and the day being frosty had the windows open; I then evaporated ether upon their skins. The cold system is the thing—heat is destructive.

All.—Astonishing! It might have been fatal.

Dr. Frigid.—My only two cases were not so, "*it is veri certa in.*"

Enter Dr. Sombre.

Dr. Sombre.—Gentlemen, the cholera will be more fatal than the small-pox; I consider its contagious character fully established.

All.—We do not think so.

Dr. Betony.—I think it not at all contagious.

Dr. Castor.—I think it is not epidemic or contagious.

Dr. Dill.—I think it is only partially contagious.

Dr. Vomito.—I think it would be contagious in hot weather.

Dr. Caustic.—It think it is contagious when Fahrenheit is below 32°.

Dr. Phlogistic.—I think it is contagious when the thermometer is above 76°.

Dr. Frigid.—I think it is an epidemic confined to damp, chill, unwholesome sites near rivers.

Dr. Sombre.—I think it is, as I have before observed, not only contagious but capable of being carried in the south-east wind all round the globe and back again.

Enter Dr. Sage from behind a screen.

Dr. Sage.—"Well, Gentlemen, you have left no room for me to start a new opinion on this disease: climate has modified it here, under Divine Providence, and it seems to diminish fast amongst us, so that, as Spring comes on, I trust few cases will be left. That can never be a disease very fatal that takes off so few among the mass of the population; the Plague in 1665 took 50,000 from 500,000:—fear then is groundless. I see the deaths in London are less since cholera has been here than in the corresponding months of the last year. Fearful as the disorder is to the individual—terrible as it is to nature where it occurs, in a national sense I trust it will not prove of moment. Consumption alone kills five or six hundred within the bills of mortality, while the cholera takes off three or four hundred: between seven or eight hundred only have, in the same time, had the disease; of consumption, it is probable, all attacked have died. In the North, out of a range of scattered population exposed to the disease, of two millions and upwards, about 6100 have been attacked, and 1892 died, in six months. Now one in forty is the average perhaps of deaths in the usual course of nature in a year, and in that time would have been 25,000. Among the concentrated population of London the yearly bills of mortality are 26,000 and upwards, and many parishes are out of their limits: in a million and a half of people, in eight or nine weeks we have had only five hundred deaths,—many of them not from cholera at all, though so put down. Let us thank God, and not ourselves, or Mr. Perceval, who recommends starvation where we recommend good living. In this disease you are all right and all wrong, as the constitution of the patient, or the peculiar circumstances of the individual case, may chance to be. We can only aid nature—we cannot cure disease: all your differing modes may be good in differing cases. As to contagion, or non-contagion, I cannot solve that question so easily; one thing, I believe, that it does not affect *our* conduct in the pursuit of *our* duty. Here, Gentlemen, you have the opinions of Simeon Sage, M.D."——(So saying, the doctor walked off, leaving his brethren in mute admiration of his good sense and eloquence, so much of which had not been heard in the college before from the day of its foundation.)

No. XIII.

Dear Simpkin, Riddle Hall, February 1, 1831.

Dick Gosling, my gardener, is turned out a poet. He was detected a day or two since in the green-house in a fit of extraordinary abstraction. He had evidently been writing on a slate placed upon a flower-pot, his eye in "a fine frenzy rolling," when little Emma entered, and said, "Dick Gosling—Dick Gosling!" The poor fellow stirred not, and seemed speechless. The poor child, alarmed, ran out of the house, and calling her brother; they ventured in again together. They found he had come to himself, and brought in the slate, from which I copied the following verses, inscribed to the Horticultural Society. The Latin motto I added. I first thought of sending it to Mr. Southey for his next volume of Uneducated Poets; but then I reflected that delays are dangerous, and that this extraordinary genius might pine away and be lost to the world if suffered to bloom too long unseen. I pray you mark the apposite and felicitous metaphors so connected with simple passion which appear in every stanza. Poets are indeed born, not begotten; I mean not made. In my view this is a wonderful production—but first we will have it:—

THE LOVE-SICK GARDENER.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.—Ovid.

Alas! alas! it is a lass that works me lasting woe,
And does the seeds of mischief in my harrow'd bosom sow;
Where they grow up to loathsome weeds, that rankle round my heart,
To choke the little lily joys that would unseen up-start—
To choke the little lily joys that else would gladly rise,
And peep at those bright sun-flowers—the cruel fair one's eyes!

My Mary, my sweet Rose-Mary, my little Mary-gold,
For my love-apples wormwood gives, and on my warmth looks cold:
All, all is cloud and shade beneath the cypress of her frown,
And the world is one huge watering-pot, my tender hopes to drown!—
The world is one huge watering-pot, on my poor head to play,
And make my woful watery life one long St. Swithin's day!

When I her haughty culture try, and seek return in kind,
She yields me nothing, but declares me "rakishly inclined:"
Spades are no longer trumps with her, nor turn up now with fruit;
And when I urge my suit to her, she says "I do not suit"—
And when I urge my suit to her, she jeers me with, "'Tis strange
Your suit should such a habit be as will admit no change."

She scorns my suit, and says she is no Marigold for me—
(Ah! were that suit a purse-suit, soon a Marry-gold she'd be!)
Yet when I offer to be off, my anger scarcely calm,
She offers me her hand—so sweet as if 'twere rubb'd with balm!
She offers me her hand, but not in earnest to be taken—
No! like her fickle promises, 'tis only to be shaken!

Her lips, twin cherries, bloom and pout, but will no touch abide;
Her face is "Venus' looking-glass," but her heart is "London Pride."
Oh! she the in-carnation is of outward charms all met;
The fairest rose, but ah! with thorns most guardedly beset—
The fairest rose, the richest mint that ever yet was seen—
Mint? Oh if she had been but mine, what a mine she would have been!

My "heart's-ease" cannot ease my heart, nor "thyme" my time help slay;
My hopes, like young buds, take their leaves—but take them quite away—
While I, amid my garden-pots, "stand pottering about"
In a seedy coat, and beard untrimm'd, and hat its crown without;
In a seedy coat, yet half unsewn, though cruelly so-so—
And I turn the depths up of my soul with a long and heavy "ho!"

"All Aloes Day" for me draws near—the bitter time is nigh!
Mary, at thy sweet-William's fate wilt thou not grant a sigh?
Such treatment in the "cup" of life is "mar-jorum" (not "sweet");
I hem in throat 'ere swallowing it, and shudder but to see 't—
I *hem* in throat, and *lock* my arms—and soon (so horror says)
Those fate-fraught words shall link in one, and "hem-lock" end my days!

D. G.

You see there is a vast deal of wit—easy, natural, flowing wit, in this poem. Let me hear your opinion, and whether we should not get a volume out of him and publish. Pray send this specimen to the Metropolitan, or to Blackwood, that we may hear what is thought of it by the public. Miss Sheridan and Mr. Hood have at length met their match in a natural genius. For my own part I think it prodigious. I now enclose you a second specimen, somewhat satirical, but exhibiting the versatility of his talents. He subscribes "Robin Hood"—Quite a child of nature, you see, in his ideas!

TO MISS PUFF.

O COME, Miss Puff, if thee I thus may call,
For some folks think thou 'rt not a-miss at all;
O be not deafer
To my prayer than zephyr;
(I 'm sure thou 'rt more congenial to my soul;)
Blow then my book, my little freighted bark,
On to success, through daylight and through dark,
Despite good sense or criticism's growl,
For thou canst vanquish e'en the critic's howl.

Thou Burlington-Street maid of ready sale,
Lend me thy breath, re-gale me with a gale,
Vouchsafe a new edition to bestow,
Stifle the critic's blow,
Who 'd dare to "blow me up;" I do not like
That kind of blowing, nor the blows that strike:
Then mind what thou 'rt about,
And if I get a blow, O be it a "blow out!"

Miss Puff, be as thou 'rt wont,—all spicy, juicy;
Favour me now, then by-and-bye I 'll sluice ye,
If you 'll be kind,
When I reach port, in something beyond porter—
Perhaps with Madeira or with Teneriffe,
If thou my voyage make swift, my passage shorter
Than bibliopolist can wish it brief,
And when my tankard by thy help is made
Of plate instead of pewter—
Which my muse thinks doth not exactly suit her,
I 'll give thee, dearest Puff, a serenade.

O be propitious! then to thee I 'll rear
A wonder, not on its "hind legs," howe'er,
Upon that favourite spot to thee so dear,
That paradise of all the spots on dryland,—
Thou, dearest, thou know'st where,
Macassar's, Colburn's, Eady's, "Puffin Island!"

Is there not genius here? the personification so exquisite, the metaphor-tropicality of the thing so well kept up!

Ever, my dear Simpkin, yours most sincerely,

G. ST. GEORGE.

BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN.

SIR,—In addressing you on the above subject, it is not my intention to say one word respecting the lately passed Bankruptcy Act, except that whatever its perfections or imperfections may be—its destiny is to act a *post-mortem* part, or after acts of bankruptcy have been committed. What I intend is to show that there is a possibility of bankruptcies being prevented[1] *ab initio* by legislative measures, which would not at all interfere with the existence of the present Act.

My plan, which embraces two propositions, has for its objects the giving greater security to the credit-giver, and the placing upon a firm footing Confidence and Credit—two most essential requisites to the successful pursuit of commerce.

The first proposition is to abolish arrest for debt altogether, which I hope to be able to prove to be not only good in policy, but that it also accords with strict justice.

Incarceration is a punishment and a disgrace: it is so considered in all the different relations of society; and it is measured out to criminals of every description as a punishment.

If misfortunes, arising from occurrences that are totally out of his power to controul, place an unfortunate individual in a situation so as not to be able to pay his debts, he cannot be said to be in the situation of a person who has intentionally violated the law and become a criminal, and therefore to be punished.

A person may be willing, but unable, to pay his debts, or he may be both willing and able to pay, and yet resist the payment upon just and reasonable, or supposed just and reasonable, grounds: surely under such circumstances a person cannot be said to deserve punishment.

According to the maxims of all sound, but particularly of English law, every individual is considered innocent until found guilty, and consequently no one ought to be punished until he is proved to deserve it.

A criminal is first tried before he is punished; but an unfortunate debtor, who is no criminal, is sent to prison, not only without a trial, but at the will and caprice of any one, be he a creditor or not.

A person accused of some unlawful act has the opportunity afforded him of clearing himself within twenty-four hours, and, if successful, is immediately liberated; not so the already miserable debtor,—he must go to prison, or find bail, which is as bad, whether he owes the debt or not, or whether he is able to pay or not.

Therefore upon maxims of law and justice alone, independently of other reasons, a man ought not to be incarcerated for debt, unless it has been proved that he has obtained credit under such pretences that the credit-giver, although he may have used all that caution which a man ought to use, was notwithstanding deceived by them. It is one of the many anomalies of English law, that a man getting into debt with the most barefaced fraudulent intention, if he

[1] If not prevented altogether, their number might be greatly diminished.

has but ingenuity enough, escapes that punishment which the unfortunate but honest-intentioned debtor undergoes.

It may not be out of place to stop here for a moment and to ask, What is the end in view of arresting a debtor? Is it to recover a creditor's claim? Why! it is seldom that creditors in general succeed by such a step — I am not referring to isolated cases. Is it to serve as a warning to others? It has not diminished credit and credit-taking; on the contrary, the number of arrests multiply. What then is the object aimed at? Is it to secure confidence and credit? Nothing can be more fallacious. What! a man risk his property upon the prospect that he can ultimately have the debtor's person!

The creditor's security ought to be the knowledge he has of the individual to whom he intends giving credit,—of his character, and of his means. No man that gives credit thinks that he would be compelled to incarcerate his debtor, for if he had such an idea he would not give credit. It will be said that if a credit-giver is so free from all suspicion, it is the more necessary to protect him. Without stopping to investigate whether it is the business of the legislature, or not, to give such protection,—I answer, provide him with something better to rely upon than the debtor's body. Again, is the object in view to enable the insolvent, by undergoing incarceration, to be relieved from the power of all his creditors? Would it not be better to leave the debtor, under some surveillance of one or more of his creditors, to his free exertions to pay his debts; which, if he is honest, he is sure to do if his mind becomes relieved from the horrible prospect of an incarceration?

If it is humane and politic to relieve the debtor from the power of his creditors, why not deprive the latter at once of that power,—why degrade the unfortunate sufferer first? Could he not be thus relieved without that waste of time, of health, and those expenses which he can ill spare, and without the breaking his spirits?

It is true that not in every case does a creditor make use of the power which the law gives him; but does the law in any other instance trust to the discretion of private individuals, where the liberty and prosperity of the subject may be placed in jeopardy? Then why should it be allowed here;—is there no such a thing as a violent or revengeful creditor?

It happens not often, if ever, that persons, when exercising a power that is given them for their individual benefit, reflect on the consequences likely to follow such an act. The creditor, in making use of his power to arrest his debtor, does not consider that by so doing he increases both his inability and liability to pay, and narrows the prospect of his own claim and those of his creditors being paid at all.

Another anomaly in the English law is, that it actually justifies giving of preferences as to payments in one instance, while it punishes them in others. If a creditor threatens his debtor with an arrest, or actually does arrest him, the latter is justified in giving him a preference, to the evident injury of all his other creditors; but if done from his own free-accord, it is illegal. Now two or three creditors can, by such a process, sweep away the whole of the assets, and leave nothing to the remainder.

A benefit of great value would further be conferred upon mankind by doing away the arrest for debt; namely, it would diminish the number of those harpies, of whom several hundreds are annually let loose upon the public, who feed upon the misery of the unfortunate; and the infatuated creditor who allows himself to be cajoled by them into a prosecution has, after all, to pay their extortions.

My next proposition is:—

To make the publishing of an insolvent's name in the Gazette a punishment for fraudulent practices, and a warning to the public to beware of such a person; and also for not complying with the following regulations.

The history of every person who is ultimately compelled to appear in the Gazette is in most cases the same. When he first finds himself not going on smoothly, as regards money-matters, he flatters himself with the hope of its being only temporary. His feelings of honour and integrity revolt at the very idea of his being in the situation of an insolvent, and he cannot bring himself to believe in the possibility of such a situation as regards himself: even his wonted periodical examination of his affairs is, under such agitated feelings, put off, in order not to encounter the realization of what his reason tells him is the probable cause of his difficulties—namely, insolvency. In order to avoid the catastrophe, he goes on trying to right himself until his materials are nearly exhausted; then despairing, and in order to relieve himself from his agonies of mind, and from his bodily sufferings, occasioned by them, he at lasts consents to become a bankrupt. A timely communication with his creditors,[1] after the first discovery of his difficulties, would have saved the creditors the greatest part of their property, and the debtor the disgrace and the painful reflection of having his name branded as a bankrupt by means of the official Gazette, — a term than which nothing can be more reproachful and humiliating to an upright mind. Perhaps the fear of an arrest may be added to the causes of his not disclosing his situation to his creditors.

A man, if once disgraced by imprisonment, or by his name appearing in the Gazette, is lost to himself: his energies, his confidence in himself, are gone; his high feelings of honour become blunted; all the qualities that give an impulse to his exertions are vanished; he feels himself not the same man: his mind, from the harassing it has undergone in his endeavours to keep his name clear from such a stigma, becomes enervated; he fancies himself an object of reproach in the eyes of every one he meets. As an honest and honourable-minded man, he will give up every thing he possesses to his creditors; and if he has no relation who regards him, or is able to assist him, he is totally lost. For who will assist the fallen man! —least of all, those who have shared his hospitality, or to whom in prosperous times he has shown kindnesses. Witness the numberless persons who perambulate the environs of the Royal Exchange and other places, without decent clothing, without perhaps being capable of procuring a meal; and yet not long ago these very persons were comfortable and easy. Had they not acted honestly, and given every thing up, they would not have become deserted.

[1] Which it is my chief object to make compulsory.

I think I thus satisfactorily show not only the impolicy or uselessness, but also the injustice, of arresting for debt; and likewise the uselessness of the present proceedings in bankruptcy cases. These proceedings are meant to have the effect of protecting the creditor's property in the hands of a debtor, whereas there are daily proofs given of the contrary; and not only that the creditor loses all, but that the bankrupt himself, if he is honest, becomes a pauper.

I therefore suggest the following regulations, or rather outlines of regulations: the details, as it is obvious, are not required here.

But before I state these regulations, it will not be foreign to the matter here treated of to observe that habits of expenditure, which a person has contracted during a period of prosperity, are very seldom discontinued after the means that permitted such habits have ceased. Most people fancy that reducing their expenditure to their present means would lower them in the estimation of those from whom they have hitherto received great marks of respect, and, as they imagined, proofs of friendship. In general they are right; for people now are only regarded according to the outside appearance they are enabled to make: and I think that this propensity to outward show at the expense of others cannot be better operated against than by compelling every person liable to the Bankrupt Laws to be acquainted with his means, and to regulate his expenditure accordingly.

I should therefore propose to compel, by legislative enactments, every person liable to the Bankruptcy Laws to keep regular books; at least in such a manner that a statement of his affairs may with facility be made out from them.

That he should balance his books periodically.

That the moment he finds himself in pecuniary embarrassment, and discovers a deficiency in his means to meet every demand upon him, he is to apply to an official assignee, and lay a statement of his affairs, with a list of his creditors, before him; and from that moment he must abstain, on pain of punishment, from incurring fresh debts, except for necessaries of life, which, when thus contracted, ought all to be paid in full.

That as soon as the official assignee has gone through the statement, he is to give, privately, notice to each of the creditors to meet the insolvent; and, having laid his statement before them, it is to be left to them in what way to settle with the insolvent: and, as the power of arresting would be done away with, and the insolvent has not done any thing deserving of punishment, matters would soon be settled; but care should be taken that the insolvent has a certain portion of the assets allowed him, with which to begin the world again. If he is successful and able, it should be made incumbent upon him to pay his creditors in full; and, for that purpose, power should be given to the official assignee from time to time to inspect his books. Of course, in speaking of what the official assignee is to do, it is meant under the sanction of superior authority.

The advantages to be derived from some such regulations would be,—

First; the insolvent could not, for the purpose of putting off the evil hour, go on wasting his resources, to the great prejudice of his creditors and himself.

Secondly; it would compel every person liable to the Bankruptcy

Laws, not only to keep regular books,—the want, or pretended want, of which has often screened a fraudulent person from being punished, —but it forces him at the same time to balance them periodically, and thus make himself acquainted with the state of his affairs. Not keeping regular books, or such as could with facility supply the means of making out a statement, as also not balancing them periodically without assigning a good reason, should subject him to insertion in the Gazette.

Thirdly; it will establish that wholesome confidence without which no commerce can be carried on: it will secure to the creditor a larger dividend, with the expectation of being ultimately paid in full; and will provide the insolvent with a fund which he can legally possess.

Fourthly; it will accustom people to regulate their expenditure according to their means, by being compelled to look into the state of their affairs oftener than they would otherwise do.

Fifthly; by allowing the insolvent to become, as it were, a partaker in his assets, it will be a stimulus to leave them as large as he possibly can, and will make it unnecessary for him to provide for himself in a clandestine and dishonest manner.

Thus will confidence and credit be fixed, and commerce flourish; people will find a delight in being honest, industrious, and frugal; and honour will again visit the trading interest.

J. F.

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

"Quel est donc l'objet de vos colléges, de vos académies, de tant de fondations savantes? Est-ce de donner le change au peuple, d'altérer sa raison d'avance, de l'empêcher d'aller au vrai? Professeurs de mensonge, est-ce pour abuser, que vous feignez d'instruire? Comme ces brigands qui mettent des fanaux sur les écueils, vous l'éclairez pour le perdre."—Rousseau, *Lettre à M. de Beaumont.*

The quotation which stands at the head of this Paper will suggest to the Englishman a rather long train of facts and reflections, which would serve as a fit introduction to the remarks we are about to commit to paper; and it will spare the inconvenience of a more ample statement, for which due space is wanting. Englishmen of all classes have learnt to distrust the education afforded by public functionaries; and the working classes have gone the length of providing themselves, at their own cost, with such instruction as they feel themselves especially to want. In Ireland, neither the means nor the desire for this last species of education subsist; and the people are mainly dependent for even primary instruction, as for almost every thing else, on the governing caste. It is therefore by so much the more necessary to watch with an appropriate jealousy the quality of the intellectual food which is offered to the people of that country, and to scrutinize the motives by which those are influenced who are charged with its dispensation. To this examination, the questions asked by Rousseau afford a useful clue; and the reader is requested to bear them in mind as he proceeds with the subject.

In any disputed matter, there is nothing like setting the parties to talk, in order to get at the truth. The French jurisprudence,

which is not quite so nice as our own as to its means of investigation, makes the prisoner narrate his own version of the criminal transaction for which he is arrested, and explain the manner in which he has been mixed up with it, and has become an object of suspicion: and it is rare, indeed, that a few questions arising out of his tale do not involve him, if really guilty, in such inextricable contradictions as ultimately lead to a satisfactory conviction. So likewise, from the admissions of political and religious disputants, it is easy, when they have disputed and written their fill, to extract the real object to which they are moved, and to catch a glimpse of that which each party is most anxious to keep out of evidence. Thus it has happened in the current disputes concerning Irish education,—the parties have talked for themselves much and long; and if the people will make use of the light thus afforded, and examine the subject as its importance requires, they will discover that their interests are not precisely the body of Patroclus that has brought on the fray.

The idea of a ministerial interference with popular education in Ireland is not new. From the period of the Reformation, a strong desire was manifested (*then* perhaps not an unreasonable one) of rendering it an instrument for converting Catholics to the State religion. Accordingly, the College of Dublin was founded and opened for the avowed purposes of Protestant education; and every clergyman was bound by oath, on induction into his living, to keep, or cause to be kept, a school—of course Protestant. At a later period, the charter schools were established, and again the Foundling Hospital brought up the children committed to its care exclusively in the Protestant faith. These, and other similar pieces of State machinery, were eventually found to be insufficient for the proposed end. They were, nothwithstanding, suffered to continue in action through a spirit of routine; but the idea lost its novelty; other cares occupied the Government; all further effort to convert was remitted; and for a long series of years the Catholic population were left, as far as education was concerned, to find their way to heaven as best they might. As yet the Saints "were not;" and the stall-fed pluralists of the Establishment of those days troubled their heads very little concerning their parishioners, as long as they continued solvent, and paid their tithes with the desirable punctuality.

In the mean time, the people did the best they could for themselves. Learning was a sort of hereditary taste with them; and so much of it as the hedge schools could dispense was afforded at a sufficiently cheap rate to disseminate it much more widely, than might have been expected from the general circumstances of the country. The Catholic clergy also used their influence, and gave their personal service to the same end. The demand for education, however, was not general, and the supply perhaps was fully equal to it. But in the lapse of time, population and poverty increasing together, such resources became gradually less and less efficient; and the mass of the agricultural classes was almost universally left without even elementary instruction. Coincidently with this change, the people under the goading sense of severe suffering gave way to such persevering acts of violence, and became so inordinately unruly, that all the force of Tory high pressure Government could not restrain

them. The governing classes, thus compelled, began to turn their attention from the means of repression to the causes of discontent; and it required no great examination to discover these causes in a common deficiency both of bodily and of mental nourishment. To supply the former was not an easy matter, to afford the latter was a readier task. The fruits of the earth the Tories coveted for themselves; but they felt little occasion for "sound learning and religious education." Of that they had enough, and to spare; and they set about bestowing the superfluous commodity upon the people, in the hope that it would make them more contentedly bear their privations in the other particular. A cry was accordingly raised that the Irish were poor, because they were idle, profligate, and ignorant; and that they were troublesome because they were poor. Some system of national education was loudly called for; parliamentary commissions of inquiry were appointed, and made their reports; and ultimately the Kildare-Street Society was adopted as the engine through which the blessings of a, b, c, should be bestowed on the starving kerns.

The Kildare-Street Society was in its origin a voluntary association for promoting education, in which the Protestant and biblical parties prevailed almost to the exclusion of Catholics, who might indeed subscribe their money, if they chose to do so, but had no adequate share in the management of affairs. It might seem strange that such an agency should have been selected for educating a Catholic population; but Protestant ascendancy was then the order of the day; and it was not difficult to mystify a Protestant Parliament on this point. In the very outset of this business, it was properly decided that to educate Catholics and Protestants separately was not the happiest means of bringing them up to a manhood of concord and peace. Instruction in common was therefore adopted; and if nothing but the interest of the people had been contemplated in their instruction, nothing could have been easier than to arrange every thing *à l'aimable*, and to the satisfaction of all parties. This, most unfortunately, was not the scope of the Kildare-Street Society, nor perhaps of their employers. Proselytism was the object of the former; and the latter saw in education a principle of passive obedience, and consequently viewed it only in connexion with so much of religious dogma as favours that result. Religion has ever been made to enter as an essential part of education, both by Catholic and Protestant; and both were alike desirous that it should be so considered; but then, how could religious instruction be given in common to two bodies, who hate each other's respective tenets with all the accustomed cordiality of sectarian jealousy? This was the knotty point to settle. It never occurred that primary instruction in reading and writing is no otherwise connected with religion, than it is with any other branch of knowledge,—namely as a means to an end; and that there is no more reason why theology should be taught in the elementary schools, than chemistry or the mathematics. The utility of thus mixing up dogmas with the alphabet is, indeed, so much the less, because theology, unlike law, physic, and the other prime necessaries of life, has its train of functionaries, all highly paid expressly for teaching its doctrine. It never seems to have entered into men's minds, that while the national schoolmasters were flogging "b, a, ba," by the *vis à tergo*, into their little disciples, the Catholic priest would

be urged by his own pecuniary interests, and the Protestant parson by rivalry and shame, to give to their respective flocks adequate religious instruction; and consequently it was determined that every distinct letter should be washed down with a spiritual draught, and that certain professors of the ecclesiastical *materia medica* should be set to compound a mixture that should be equally palatable to both Catholic and Protestant. The fear of God, and the greater outlines of revelation, it is generally imagined, cannot be inculcated too early: and if this were all, no difficulty could have arisen in arranging a text-book such as both sects must approve of; but more than this was intended; and concerning that more, neither party could be satisfied without alarming the other.

"Timeo Danaos" had long been the maxim of the Catholics in all their intercourse with their Protestant masters; and the antecedents of the Kildare-Street Society, before it was adopted as the fountain head of national education, were not calculated to allay this doubting spirit. The Biblical sect had arisen to a considerable head in Ireland, and it found adherents principally among the most extravagant Orangemen. A difficulty therefore arose at starting, which sprang out of the determination of this sect to introduce the indiscriminate reading of the Bible, as a *sine quâ non* into the national schools. Now this practice was so notoriously contrary to the tenets and usages of the Catholic Church, (founded upon reasons which ought to be respected, even when not otherwise satisfactory,) that the very attempt to inforce it was evidence at once of an Hectoring spirit, and of a fanatical zeal for proselytism. It was in vain that the Kildare-Street Society abjured the desire to make the schools an instrument of conversion. The component members of that society had too openly and injudiciously pursued the "New Reformation" in their individual persons, to permit of mistake. The Catholic clergy took the alarm. To surrender the point, was to surrender the whole matter in dispute with the Protestants. They therefore, when foiled in their efforts to prevent the practice, placed the schools under clerical interdiction; their flocks withdrew their children, and the scheme of Parliamentary education was completely stultified and rendered abortive at a blow. In vain did the Government consult the bishops of the two Churches; in vain was a copious and judicious selection from the Scriptures drawn up,[1] which the Catholics on their part agreed to accept: no amicable arrangement was suffered to be completed; and the nation continued to pay large annual sums for a purpose which a little knot of sectarians were thus permitted to defeat.

Thus then did the matter stand till the Whigs came into office; when they immediately proceeded to act in the only way which remained for them to pursue. They appointed a new commission, compounded of more malleable materials than the Kildare-Street Society afforded,—which society they most wisely and judiciously stripped of the grant it had so mismanaged; and things have at length been put in a train, which ought to enable the Government to instruct its subjects of all religious denominations without exciting the fears of any.

[1] By Mr. Blake, the chief remembrancer, a liberal-minded Catholic, much and deservedly trusted by the then Government.

Such being a plain statement of the facts of the case, it is a no less profitable than pleasant amusement, which we recommend to our readers, to go over the sayings and doings of the opponents of the new system, (which is in reality no new system at all, but only an improved attempt to complete the plans which the preceding Ministries had not been able to execute,)—and to collect out of their own mouths the actual motives by which they are instigated, and the little occasion the people of any sect, creed, or party, have to favour their attempts.

The principal averments of intention put forth by the biblicals on this subject are two: first, that they are anxious to instruct the people;—and next, that the people should read the Bible. Now, nothing is more clear than that the Catholics will not receive instruction upon the terms they propose; and consequently, that not learning to read at all, they are not within the most distant probability of ever reading their Bible. The conduct of the biblicals, and their obstinate resistance to the measures of the education commissioners, are therefore in direct contradiction to their own declarations. What then is to be concluded from their proceedings? Why, that they are not really moved by any such motives, but act from an unchristian desire to insult their Catholic brethren, and to persecute with the severest moral torture the dissentients from their own narrow creed. The Catholics may or may not act properly in withholding the Scriptures from the indiscriminate perusal of children;[1] but the biblicals have no more right to force them, directly or indirectly, to violate this their rule, than the Catholics would have to compel the biblicals to observe it in their own persons. The King's subjects of all religious denominations are, or ought to be, equal before the law; and to make the national education, paid for out of the public purse, an instrument of sectarian violence, is an injustice too flagrant to be longer tolerated. But the secret intentions of the opponents of the commissioners are placed still further beyond doubt, by the rage, malignity, and the calumnies with which these meekest of Christians pursue their object. It is not in the interests of religion that the present outcry is raised, but in that of the accursed ascendancy, which has so long been the disgrace and the bane of the British empire. The zeal manifested by the biblical is purely political; and it coincides with hostility to reform very naturally, since both are alike directed to the establishment of the supremacy of the few, and the subjection of the many. The existing clamour for the Bible is meant to oust Lord Grey; it is so understood by the people of Ireland, it is almost openly avowed to be so by the faction. It has nothing in it of a Christian character; it is not even controlled by the dictates of morality, or the usages of civilized warfare. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife are its weapons, and the most scandalous mendacity its favourite figure. It is our wish to speak of all religious professions with respect, but we will not suffer religion to be made a tool without rebuke; and a strong feeling of duty to our readers compels us to assert our conviction that never was truth more knowingly and unblushingly violated, than in the reiterated averment that the new commissioners

[1] The author of this paper once heard a class of little urchins, in a Lancasterian school, conning the story of David and Uriah's wife for a reading lesson!!

are taking the Bible from the hands of the Protestant youth. The fact is not so; nor is there any ground upon which a rational being should so understand it. It is a deliberate, wilful misrepresentation, begotten in party rage, and uttered in a total oblivion of all religious or moral obligation. We do not say that all who utter the cry know it to be false,—we are too well aware how easily men credit what flatters their ruling passion; but that the notion was put forth in malice, and not in credulity, is our solemn belief. Every thing that men could do is done by the commissioners[1] to give the Bible the fairest eventual chance of a general and complete perusal. As Lord Plunkett justly observed in the House, the charge of mutilating the Scriptures is equally unfounded. There is no more mutilation in the selections made for the use of the national schools, than in those of our own Liturgy; and unless the biblicals mean that the scholars should read the whole Bible at once, and nothing but the Bible at all, their assertions are altogether baseless and unworthy of attention. The proceedings at Exeter Hall will have given the English reader some idea of the spirit and temper with which this dispute is conducted in Ireland; and, if we are not mistaken, will satisfy the public that parties so acting have no claim to the respect and forbearance due to honest error. If under the Christian dispensation every man is answerable with his soul's safety for the correctness of his faith, it is high time that such violent and unmeasured interference with the creeds of others should be taken for what it is—an impertinent and unwarrantable intrusion. It is high time that no one sect shall longer be permitted to arrogate to itself a monopoly of truth, and to pass off the worst passions of human nature as a zeal for religion: it is time that men should cease to be taken on their own word for religious, more than for moral, character; and that their Christianity, like their honesty, shall be decided, not by their grimaces, but by their acts.

The biblical intrigue is, however, but a mere episode in the history of Irish education; and it derives its chief importance from its accidental connexion with politics, and as a part of the machinery directed to the defeat of the great imperial question of Reform. The system of instruction adopted by the commissioners, however well suited to the views and objects of the Ministry with whom it originated, seems to us extremely deficient in those particulars of which the Irish require to be most immediately informed. It is a subject well worthy of examination, how far mere literary, moral, and religious instruction can have a sensible influence over a population too poor to buy books, and too much harassed by worldly cares to listen to their teachers, and to "behave like good boys and be quiet," merely because they are told that it is their duty to do so. In the order of social developement, the acquirement of a competent abundance of the means of existence takes precedence of the desire for knowledge. In the denuded and helpless state in which the Irish peasant exists, he has no use for reading and writing; and it is to be presumed that a large portion of the persons

[1] Two days are proposed to be set apart for the separate instruction of Catholics and Protestants in their respective religious faith, besides the Gospel instruction which can be given to them in common on the other days. It will therefore be the fault of the Protestant clergy if their flocks have not the fullest use of the Scriptures. We are really ashamed to dwell upon such palpable truths.

educated at the national schools will soon forget what they have learned, for want of practice. Wealth and ease, by establishing more complex social relations, and increasing the sphere of industry, first originate the necessity for records of transactions, and create a demand for the knowledge of reading and writing, as the means of making and employing them. No nation that has been sorely distressed for the means of subsistence ever made much progress in diffused instruction; and without an improvement in the condition of the people it will be impossible to give them a taste for mere literature.

In breaking through the vicious circle of poverty, ignorance, and crime, in which Irishmen now "move and have their being," the point of attack is by no means an object of indifference. It may be easier to begin with ignorance, in as much as to contend with that requires little pecuniary sacrifice from the governing classes; but to do so is a violation of the order of nature, and there can be but little hope of its ultimate success. To teach with effect the *ingenuas artes quæ non sinunt esse feros*, it is necessary that the scholar should feel a real, substantial, and tangible interest in the results of his labour.

Great and almost marvellous exertions have of late years been made by the Catholic clergy to promote the literary education of their flocks, and the Protestant poor have had the full benefit of the national schools; but the taste for literature has not received a corresponding developement, and education as yet has served only to aliment popular discontent. The overladen ass is only more vicious and unmanageable than before. It puts down its head, and lifts its heels, with such obstinate ferocity, as has forced its lay and clerical proprietors to keep their own proper persons at a most respectful distance. Instead of reading catechisms and learning their duty to "their spiritual pastors and masters," Irishmen will read the "Pilot" and the "Morning Register," the "Warder" and the "Mail," with the various edifying broad sheets which report Mr. O'Connell's "grand speeches," the proceedings of tithe or of Orange meetings, Newtonbarry trials, and the like inflammable matter,—"all for the small charge of one halfpenny." Instead of studying the peaceful arts, they will peruse nothing but party politics; and newspaper writers, in order to live by their press, pepper up to the public taste, and teach that all the national ills proceed from Government alone, that economical views are unworthy of a thought, and that nothing will do substantial good but what would be equivalent to a revolution. Such has hitherto been the result of national education, and such probably it will long continue. For this, however, the Whigs are not to be blamed. The plan, which is essentially a Tory plan, and has all the errors peculiar to parental (?) schemes for keeping the people in perpetual pupillage, is the inheritance, not their choice. Lord Brougham, for instance, must know better than to credit its efficacy. It is not such instruction that he offers to the English poor through the pamphlets of the Useful Knowledge Society; and though he would doubtless feel that those pamphlets would not meet the wants of an Irish population, he

would be equally desirous of affording them the proper instruction they require, if party malice or public prejudice did not stand in the way of his benevolence.

The first lessons of which the Irish poor are in urgent need are purely physical. They require to be taught the means of rendering their too limited resources more available, and of applying their energetic but rude industry to a better purpose. There are a thousand, and a thousand points of domestic economy, of which the Irish farmer and labourer are ignorant; the knowledge of which, while it would benefit their temporal condition, would insensibly lead them to the love and practice of order. Rational (that is, physical) views of their rights and obligations as citizens, and of the bearing of conduct upon happiness, might be inculcated with a better hope of success than any thing that could be gained by barren dogmas. Lessons on the value of time, on the comfort and physical good of temperance, on the first steps to extorting capital from a pinched and narrow income, might be taught from the cradle.[1] Above all, literary education should be uniformly combined with female housewifery, with practical agriculture, and instructions in the manipulations of trades and manufactures. Lord Downshire, if we are rightly informed, and other gentlemen in the North, have attempted (though to a limited extent only) the establishment of agricultural schools, which have been found highly beneficial. Even the very deficiency of capital, which would prevent handicraft instruction from being rendered available to the general developement of trade, would occasion an incidental advantage from this species of instruction; since it causes many things to be done at home, and renders the labourer dependent on himself for many comforts for his family, which he is too poor to purchase. A national education conducted in this spirit would prove the best assistant to the moral and religious instructor, while it would possess the decided benefit of redeeming the Government from that imputation, under which it labours, of educating only for party purposes. In the actual condition of the Irish mind, it is scarcely possible to give any religious instruction which is not converted to superstitious and to sectarian results. The great substratum of rational morality, and a reasonable idea of the Divine Being and of human nature, is wanting, on which to build a correct theory of natural or of revealed religion;—and "herein the patient must administer to himself:" all that Government can do is to favour the causes which spontaneously develope such an intellectual condition. The Irish of all denominations and classes are, at present, drunk with what it is the fashion to call religion;—would it were really and in charity religion! Sectarian rivalry has made the subject a monomania, and the total absence of temporal ease among the lower classes has given even an unhealthy preponderancy to spiritual concerns, which tends not to "peace on earth, and good-will towards man." The low Orangeman and the Terry Alt are both eminently religious characters in that perverted sense in which religion is universally understood throughout the island; and even the general hostility to tithe has arisen to the full

[1] Such as Franklin gave the Americans, with great general effect.

as much in theological Quixotism, as in pecuniary interest. On these grounds, we maintain that religious instruction is incompatible with the full developement of the system of elementary national schools, which might much more usefully confine themselves to attempting the improvement of morals: and if the clergy, whose bounden duty it is to teach religion, are not to be trusted, the labour should be committed to other functionaries, acting apart and at distinct seasons from the education commissioners. All this, however, we are aware is perfectly Utopian. There are too many prejudices and too many interests opposed to the truth, to permit the honestest Ministry to pursue it with an uncompromising rigour. Religious instruction is the fashionable panacea for all political ills; and they who should so use their common sense on the subject would be persecuted as madmen or as infidels. But independently of religious considerations, our conscientious belief is, that until the people shall re-acquire an interest in the soil they cultivate, all education systems will alike disappoint the hopes of their founders; for, till a middle class shall spring up to set examples of order and decency, such as can be followed by the lower classes, no moral or political amelioration can take place in the sentiments and habits of the poor of Ireland. Hitherto, we hold that a factitious and empirical education has only done mischief in Ireland, and has added fuel to the mass of burning discontent which threatens to reduce society to its primitive elements. It has given the people a keener sense of the wrongs under which they labour; but it has not, and it cannot, enlighten them as to the best means of redress. The march towards anarchy is daily increasing in velocity. Tithes are already abated by force, and the same force will soon be directed against rent,—not, as it is said, because both stand upon the same ground of right, but because the people are equally divested of any interest whatever in the maintenance of either. An agrarian revolt is at hand, which can only be averted by the proprietors themselves, by a combined exertion on their part to put the cultivator upon some tolerable footing of ease, give to labour a living profit, and interest the poor in the maintenance of order. A direct and open hostility exists between the two extremes of rich and poor, who are brought into a close and deadly contact. No feeling of mutual charity subsists on either side; and till this anti-social relationship is changed, no species of property will be long together secure. In this state of things, laws are wholly inoperative to good. It is the customs of the country that require change. Legislative or Ministerial intervention is utterly inadequate to redress this giant ill; and if the proprietors will not serve themselves, they will soon be divested of all further care and property in the land. When the labourer shall be allowed his hire and derive a decent subsistence from his toil, (if indeed such a consummation may yet be hoped,) then, and then only, will there be a rational expectation of benefit from any national scheme of education: most heartily and most earnestly we pray, that this may not refer the whole question *ad Græcas kalendas.*

M.

NEW TORY GUIDE.—Letter II.

ULTRA POPINJAY, ESQ., TO HIS SISTER BRIDGET, AT ALDBOROUGH.

Dear Biddy,—I 've just taken paper and ink,
To tell you, my Love, what I hear, see, and think,
Though I have not much news I call good to convey,
For we've had 'mongst us Tories the Devil to pay.
You know all our friends who lay claim to *nous*
Are call'd " moderate Tories " in the Parliament-house;
Like the Sepoys in India—a caste made for fighting,
Not with powder, but paradox startling and biting,
While we Ultras look on, having small skill in speaking;
Some can't come it at all, few get further than squeaking;
And when, like Lord Blayney, they can speak their desire,
They jump from the frying-pan into the fire.[1]
But they proffer the real substantial support,
The seats for the bottoms, the cue for the sport.
They back them, and train them, to sentiments true,
To handle the mauleys,[2] and mill[3] till all's blue.
Thus they rise into consequence, manage the nation,
We Ultras their viceroys in snug occultation.
Now nought is more just, if they rise to be great,
They should bow in all things to the lords of their fate;
Who must know how to rule, being purest in blood,
(When they know their own sires,[4]) full as old as the flood,
(And frailties maternal,)—but I won't be a bore,
Since ancestry's wisdom, you know, and much more—
And the wits of all mortals, dear Biddy, must be
As the scale of their rent-roll and pedigree.
Right-zealous our party has ever been known,
To conserve the nation[5] in sweets of our own,
The monarch to frost o'er with sugar and candy,
And the Church and the State keep like cherries in brandy.

We 've just open'd a shop, *alias* Club, if you will,
To make State conserves and the old Tory pill.
Nigh Waterloo Place we have chosen a spot,
To mingle our nostrums in cold, warm, or hot,
Under Stuart de Rothsay—conserve of pensions,
Of boroughs and bribery, rich Ultra inventions,—
Such as penal-law comfits, Orange-Yeomanry drops,
Soft Castlereagh buns, and sweet Pitt lollypops;
Ellenborough makes *Madeleines*, fair and enticing,
Which Westmorland after gives old Tory spicing;
Carnarvon and Scarlett, midst splutter and jakes,
Will furnish us daily two " turnover-*cakes*;"

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[1] The Newspapers have published his Lordship's unhappy speech, and still more unfortunate explanation, which made the matter worse—Ἐς τὸ πῦρ ἐκ καπνοῦ.

[2] From the Latin *malleus*, a hammer—to mall, or maul, or pummel—term pugilistic.—*Vide* Scroggins's Glossary.

[3] To mill—to pound. Mr. Moore in his "Memorial" has not explained this word, though the learned world is indebted to him for so many pugi-scholastic illustrations: it comes from μύλη he should have stated.

[4] " It is a wise son who knows his own father," says the adage; how much wiser he who knows his own fathers!

[5] The Ultras advocate " conservation," or preserving the State from corruption, by the sweets of borough traffic and bribery. In *their* vocabulary " reform " is corruption. They remind one of Dennis, " the more cost they were at, and the more sweets they bestowed upon them, the more their conserves stunk."

Sugden works at "puff-paste," Ultra sweetmeats to cover,
Which Peel stamps with the names of himself and his brother.
We shall make the best pickles that ever were known,
To preserve sweet the country, and coddle the throne.
Old Eldon will be master-baker in trust,
For he understands how to make most of a crust.
The Bishops will run candied saints in a mould,
And Kenyon besprinkle them over with gold.
At pension-conserves Londonderry's quite handy,
And Winchelsea prime at Kent cherries in brandy.
Lord Wynford is good at Siberian crab,
And Aberdeen makes gooseberry-fool thick and slab.
To bishop a full pot,[1] take Wellington's name,
To make "Parliament-*cakes*," give us Newcastle's fame;
Our Irish seed-*cake* my friend Dawson will find,
And Beresford furnish the Waterford kind:
But I must not go further—What place I shall fill
In the business, dear Biddy, I know not, until
All the matter 's arranged for thus "saving" the nation—
O there 's nothing like pickling and conservation!

Our usages old 'tis a crime to defame,
And—what is yet worse—rob us all of our game:
For the Whigs—those base vermin—crept into our cellar,
Where the monarch was long with us Tories a dweller,
And threatened to raise up a vile revolution,
To ravish that blessing our *true* Constitution
Away from our filial, disinterested care—
O would they but leave matters just as they were!
But our moderate Tories have shown signs of turning;
If they should, you 'll guess where I shall wish they were burning.
But I fear, my dear Biddy, you 'd rather I 'd tell
Of the routes and the balls, of the beaux and the belles.—
You'll excuse me, for old things have vanished away,
The new are the Cholera, Reform, and Lord Grey.

I've said I had terrible tidings to tell—
That Irishman Plunkett has beaten too well
Our friend Londonderry, whom all now look shy on,
Though in mind and in body acknowledged a lion;—
A wit among Lords, and a sage I must own,
Not the deepest exactly that ever was known;
But we call him our Hector, his attacks are gigantic,
And largely he talks like Lord Punch in the antic.
"Standing prostrate"[2] before him (so said his relation)
Full soon had his foe been,—but then, botheration,
He drew down upon him the Lords in a host,
By his capsicum temper quite spoiling the roast;
And next to his marrow-bones, hat in his hand—
For not Cæsar himself against numbers could stand.
But vengeance he gain'd, for he took to the throne
The 'prentices' Derry petition:—"Och hone,
"Please your Majesty, turn out the Whigs and reform,
"Our Lord Londonderry make cozy and warm
"With office or pension—your own father's son
"Should 'nt keep such a Solomon idle—we've done!"
The King merely said, just to make his heart glad,
"Your advisers, my Lord, are but young"—'twas "too bad."

[1] Query—Philpot?—Printer's Devil. [2] Londonderry-family phraseology.

Next my Lord wrote the "Times," and was quite "charm'd," he said,
That the paper sells well: now what man Tory-bred
Would say so to a journal deep-loaded with crimes,
Which all give admission are "signs of the Times."

I went to the Levee, dear sister; 'twas gay,
Such feathers and furbelows whisking away.
The King look'd quite well, my Lord Eldon was there,
The pious Lord Roden, and Buckingham's heir;
The first, as in duty bound, never omitting
To squeeze out a tear for his old age befitting,[1]
For he cries, poor old baby, to get back anew
The time of proscriptions and year ninety-two;
And vows that no job were by him ever done,
Because no reversion's yet fall'n to his son.
As to Roden—he poked out his piety's toes,
And his zeal proselytish, before the King's nose;
Yet I fear on the whole we poor Tories look'd queer,
Our faces seem'd longer than usual, my dear;
For boroughs are tottering at a discount, far down,—
We shall perish with them, with us Britain's renown.
Not Perceval's groans will avail us, I fear;
Nor his Fast, though he fast upon plaice till next year.

You 've heard of the cholera, dear Biddy; such works—
The physicians, all rampant, are fighting like Turks;
Some contending the thing is no foreigner here,
Others swearing 'tis Russian, or comes from Cashmere.
For my part I think the disease is less vexing
Than the orders and doings of the doctors perplexing.
If poor little girls peck too much at a route,
That their stomachs but ache, cries the Board, with a shout,
"'Tis cholera! rub them—their noses are blue—
Put them down on the lists, they 've the cholera true."[2]
Small beer 's to be shunn'd, so the small brewers curse;
No more cabbage is eaten, so the gardeners swear worse;
The pork-butchers' wives o'er their spare-ribs are weeping;
O'er the fishmongers' stock is putridity creeping.
From bubble and squeak, his eyes blinded with tears,
The hungry apprentice is sent by his fears.
All such things are forbidden; for cholera lies,
Like a snake, in all fish, herbs, garden-greens, and pork-pies.
To the hospital yesterday, hey-day and pother,
A female was hurried—and soon was a mother!
An old man, who eat too much liver and bacon,
Was dosed for the cholera till life was outshaken!
They will say you are dead,—aye, and swear to it too,—
Asking, "Who must know best, they, the doctors, or you?"
So I seldom go out except down to the House,
Then keep back in my cab, sitting still as a mouse.

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[1] Lord Eldon's tears are as precious things to him as to Thurlow—he feeling with his predecessor, Θημερ ωπι θηλες ωπις: thus they are not the "sad unhelpful tears" of Shakspeare.

[2] Actually fact: sixteen poor girls, in Marylebone Workhouse, being seized with sickness from the opening of a sewer near them,—having, moreover, had a present of sixpence a-head to buy gingerbread the day before, after a twelvemonth's fast from such good things,—were put in the lists as cholera cases! The proof that John Bull is never governed by reason in these matters, and is either panic-struck or fool-hardy, was never more clearly shown. As to the Boards, they are *boards* with a vengeance. One should think the public alarm was not great enough.

I fear we shall all die of varying opinion,
And screech-owls and doctors share London's dominion.
O! would that the Whigs could thus meet dissolution,
Then we should conserve still our *true* Constitution.

Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby, some say, are trimming—
We scarce now can tell if we 're sinking or swimming;
They 're "moderates," they say, reform demi-shouters,—
I like not such gentry, give me out-and-outers.
Thus I fear in our Denmark some State-prop is rotten,
They else true ascendancy ne'er had forgotten.
Dawson almost fell into hysterics, not quite,
At the news, and poor Sibthorpe look'd vacant and white.
Vyvyan, fresh from the copper-mines, put on its hue,
And Peel at the news took red cholera [1]—not blue.
Sturges Bourne deepest pale and then yellow by turns,
As if going to the "bourne whence no traveller returns;"
While Jolliffe the huntsman was quite at a fault,
And Newcastle's Duke like Lord Dilldam by Galt.[2]
Mr. Baring as though no more loans would appear,
And Bankes as if snivelling o'er Corfe Castle's bier.
Even Perceval look'd as if fasts were no more,
And he'd give half his plaice [3] for a feast to the poor.
The Orangemen look'd, in their impotence, sage,
And Cumberland's Duke curl'd his whiskers with rage.
What we Tories shall be, if we 're beaten, Heaven knows,
Unless mince-meat and carrion for radical crows.

I've not yet made a speech, for my "rhetoric" I wait—
I trust it will come ere the day be too late.
You shall hear how I'll rub down the Whigs, my Sweet-hearty,
Croker spirits me on—he 's the soul of our party.
His wit is a man-trap, and, when it is sprung,
Like pepper it stings e'en its own father's tongue.
Though sometimes, 'tis true, 'twill not fluently glide,
But sticks where it is and stings nothing beside.
He said to me:—"Haste with your 'rhetoric,' for fear
"Its absence should cost our own partisans dear;
"And it come with the Michaelmas daisies too late,
"For its want poor old England may meet with her fate."
How kind of him! Then he advised me to share
With Wetherell or Dawson, who 've plenty to spare.
But I cannot tell *how*, for my soul! and that 's flat—
Ask the vicar to write me the "how" this and that;
For we Tories shall never put down revolution,
Unless we to school go and learn elocution.
I 'm for hiring grim Irving with his "unknown" palaverous;
Then, with Wetherell, we 'd soon make the Whigs look cadaverous.
One day I determined to try an emetic,
Which I heard a receipt was in way sympathetic;
Yet it brought me few words for a Parliament show,—
A simple "Oh, dear!" and a sonorous "Oh! oh!"
These I 'd master'd already: with Hunt on his feet
I've used them so often, in them I 'm complete.
Do ask all about it of Dr. Portswallow—
I long for my "rhetoric" to beat the Whigs hollow.

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[1] "Put him to choler straight."—SHAKSPEARE.

[2] See Galt's happy satire on the Tories and borough-nomineeship, entitled "The Member," &c.

[3] Quere—Plaice or Place?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

I attempted a speech in my chamber last night,—
The poker for Speaker in a chair, bolt upright,
My nightcap upon it served well for a wig:
I began as I ought: "Mr. Speaker,"—quite big,—
"I think that the honourable gentleman there,
"On the opposite bed"—bench I mean, I declare—
"Is out of all order, because—yes, because
"He says nothing—yes—no—regarding these laws:
"And therefore, nevertheless—because I—I—I—"
Here I fell o'er the hog's-tub right into the sty;
And look'd round my chamber, so blest to be there,
Where no one could shrug up his shoulders or stare.
Thus I see for my "rhetoric" I longer must wait:
'Tis distressing, dear Biddy; yet you know fate is fate.
And now, Love, farewell till a luckier day,
From your loving *frère*,

ULTRA POPINJAY.

P. S. I trust all the votes in the borough are well?
Tell Slice the attorney our houses to sell.
What an Ajax is Dawson in combat forensic!
Only think! he 's made Plunkett the Chancellor again sick,
With long lists of places bestow'd on relations.
Quite dreadful to hear in this poorest of nations,
How the Whigs love sinecures, places, and pensions;
How they wound our high feelings by their sordid pretensions.
We pension and place ever spurn'd, as all who
That are patriots in truth, for their country would do.
Yet, folks say, in Dawson the thing was not pretty,—
'Twas the fish-kettle calling the frying-pan smutty;
That before he tries playing such parts on the scene,
His own and his family's hands should be clean.
But their services all they 've obtain'd have outrun,—
So immense *none can tell them*—My postscript is done.

SOME TERRIBLE LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND.

COMMUNICATED BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DEAR SIR,—As I knew you once, and think you will remember me,—I having wrought on your farm for some months with William Colins that summer that Burke was hanged,—I am going to write you on a great and trying misfortune that has befallen to myself, and hope you will publish it, before you leave London, for the benefit of all those concerned.

You must know that I have served the last three years with Mr. Kemp, miller, of Troughlin; and my post was to drive two carts, sometimes with corn to Dalkeith market, and sometimes with flour-meal to all the bakers in Musselburgh and the towns round about. I did not like this very well; for I often thought to myself, if I should take that terrible Cholera Morbus, what was to become of me, as I had no home to go to, and nobody would let me within their door. This constant fright did me ill, for it gave my constitution a shake: and I noticed, whenever I looked in my little shaving-glass, that my face was grown shilpit and white, and blue about the mouth; and I grew more frightened than ever.

Well, there was one day that I was at Musselburgh with flour; and when I was there the burials were going by me as thick as droves of Highland cattle; and I thought I sometimes felt a saur as if the air had thickened around my face. It is all over with me now, thought I, for I have breathed the Cholera! But when I told this to Davison, the baker's man, he only laughed at me, which was very ungracious and cruel in him; for before I got home I felt myself manifestly affected, and knew not what to do.

When I came into the kitchen, there was none in it but Mary Douglas: she was my sweetheart like, and we had settled to be married. "Mary, I am not well at all to-night," said I, "and I am afraid I am taking that deadly Cholera Morbus."

"I hope in God that is not the case!" said Mary, letting the tongs fall out of her hand; "but we are all in the Almighty's hands, and he may do with us as seemeth good in his sight."

She had not well repeated this sweet, pious submission, before I fell a-retching most terribly, and the pains within were much the same as if you had thrust seven or eight red-hot pokers through my stomach. "Mary, I am very ill," said I, "and I well know Mr. Kemp will not let me abide here."

"Nay, that he will not," said she; "for he has not dared to come in contact with you for weeks past: but, rather than you should be hurried off to an hospital, if you think you could walk to my mother's, I will go with you, and assist you."

"Alas! I cannot walk a step at present," said I; "but the horses are both standing yoked in the carts at the stable-door, as I was unable to loose them." In a few minutes she had me in a cart, and drove me to her mother's cot, where I was put to bed, and continued very ill. There was never any trouble in this world like it: to be roasted in a fire, or chipped all to pieces with a butcher's knife, is nothing to it. Mary soon had a doctor at me, who bled me terribly, as if I had been a bullock, and gave me great doses of something, which I suppose was laudanum; but neither of them did me any good: I grew worse and worse, and wished heartily that I were dead.

But now the rest of the adjoining cotters rose in a body, and insisted on turning me out. Is it not strange, Sir, that this most horrible of all pestilences should deprive others, not only of natural feeling, but of reason? I could make no resistance although they had flung me over the dunghill, as they threatened to do; but the two women acted with great decision, and dared them to touch me or any one in their house. They needed not have been so frightened; for no one durst have touched me more than if I had been an adder or a snake. Mary, and her mother, old Margaret, did all that they could for me: they bathed the pit of my stomach with warm camomile, and rubbed my limbs and hands with hard cloths, shedding many tears over me; but the chillness of death had settled on my limbs and arms, and all the blood in my body had retreated to its conquered citadel; and a little before daylight I died.

For fear of burying me alive, and for fear of any violence being done to my body by the affrighted neighbours, the two women concealed my death; but poor Mary took the sheets, which had been

bought for her bridal bed, and made them into dead-clothes for me; and in the afternoon the doctor arrived, and gave charges that I should be coffined and buried without loss of time. At this order Mary wept abundantly, but there was no alternative; for the doctor ordered a coffin to be made with all expedition at the wright's, as he went by, and carried the news through the parish, that poor Andrew, the miller's man, had died of a most malignant Cholera.

The next morning very early, Johnie, the elder, came up with the coffin, his nose plugged with tobacco, and his mouth having a strong smell of whisky; and, in spite of all Mary's entreaties, nailed me in the coffin. Now, Sir, this was quite terrible; for all the while I had a sort of half-consciousness of what was going on, yet had not power to move a muscle of my whole frame. I was certain that my soul had not departed quite away, although my body was seized with this sudden torpor, and refused to act. It was a sort of dream, out of which I was struggling to awake, but could not; and I felt as if a fall on the floor, or a sudden jerk of any kind, would once more set my blood a-flowing, and restore animation. I heard my beloved Mary Douglas weeping and lamenting over me, and expressing a wish that, if it were not for the dreadfulness of the distemper, that she had shared my fate. I felt her putting the robes of death on me, and tying the napkin round my face; and, O, how my spirit longed to embrace and comfort her! I had great hopes that the joiner's hammer would awake me; but he only used it very slightly, and wrought with an inefficient screw-driver: yet I have an impression that if any human eye had then seen me, I should have been shivering; for the dread of being buried alive, and struggling to death in a deep grave below the mould, was awful in the extreme!

The wright was no sooner fairly gone, than Mary unscrewed the lid, and took it half off, letting it lie along the coffin on one side. O, how I wished that she would tumble me out on the floor, or dash a pail of water on me! but she did neither, and there I lay, still a sensitive corpse. I determined, however, to make one desperate effort, before they got me laid into the grave.

But between those who are bound together by the sacred ties of love, there is, I believe, a sort of electrical sympathy, even in a state of insensibility. At the still hour of midnight, as Mary and her mother were sitting reading a chapter of the New Testament, my beloved all at once uttered a piercing shriek,—her mother having fallen down motionless, and apparently lifeless. That heart-rending shriek awakened me from the sleep of death!—I sat up in the coffin, and the lid rattled on the floor. Was there ever such a scene in a cottage at midnight? I think never in this island. Mary shrieked again, and fainted, falling down motionless across her mother's feet. These shrieks, which were hardly earthly, brought in John Brunton and John Sword, who came rushing forward towards the women, to render them some assistance; but when they looked towards the bed, and saw me sitting in my winding-sheet, struggling in the coffin, they simultaneously uttered a howl of distraction and betook them to their heels. Brunton fainted, and fell over the threshold, where he lay groaning till trailed away by his neighbour.

My ancles and knees being tied together with tapes, and my

wrists bound to my sides, which you know is the custom here, I could not for a while get them extricated, to remove the napkin from my face, and must have presented a very awful appearance to the two men. Debilitated as I was, I struggled on, and in my efforts overturned the coffin, and, falling down upon the floor, my face struck against the flags, which stunned me, and my nose gushed out blood abundantly. I was still utterly helpless; and when the two women began to recover, there was I lying wallowing and struggling in my bloody sheet. I wonder that my poor Mary did not lose her reason that night; and I am sure she would, had she not received supernatural strength of mind from Heaven. On recovering from her swoon, she ran out, and called at every door and window in the hamlet; but not one would enter the cottage of the plague. Before she got me divested of my stained grave-clothes and put to bed, her mother was writhing in the Cholera, her mild countenance changed into the appearance of withered clay, and her hands and feet as if they had been boiled. It is amazing that the people of London should mock at the fears of their brethren for this terrible and anomalous plague; for though it begins with the hues and horrors of death, it is far more frightful than death itself; and it is impossible for any family or community to be too much on their guard against its baleful influence. Old Margaret died at nine next morning; and what could I think but that I had been her murderer, having brought infection to her homely and healthy dwelling? and the calamity will hang as a weight on my heart for ever. She was put into my coffin, and hurried away to interment; and I had no doubt that she would come alive again below the earth;—but the supposition is too horrible to cherish!

For my part, as far as I can remember, I did not suffer any more pain, but then I felt as if I had been pounded in a mill,—powerless, selfish, and insensible. I could not have remembered aught of the funeral, had it not been that my Mary wept incessantly, and begged of the people that they would suffer the body of her parent to remain in the house for one night; but they would not listen to her, saying that they dared not disobey the general order, and even for her own sake it was necessary the body should be removed.

Our cottage stood in the middle of a long row of labourers' houses, all of the same description; and the day after the funeral of old Margaret, there were three people in the cottage next to ours seized with the distemper, and one of them died. It went through every one of the cottages in that direction, but all those in the other end of the row escaped. On the Monday of the following week my poor Mary fell down in it, having, like myself and her mother, been seized with it in its worst form; and in a little time her visage and proportions were so completely changed, that I could not believe they were those of my beloved. I for a long time foolishly imagined that she was removed from me, and a demon had taken her place; but reason at length resumed her sway and convinced me of my error. There was no one to wait on or assist Mary but me, and I was so feeble I could not do her justice: I did all that I was able, however; and the doctor gave me hopes that she would recover. She

soon grew so ill, and her pangs, writhings, and contortions, became so terrible, that I wished her dead:—yes, I prayed that death would come and release her! but it was from a conviction that she would revive again, and that I should be able to wake her from the sleep of death. I did not conceive my own revival as any thing supernatural, but that which might occur to every one who was suddenly cut off by the plague of Cholera; and I prayed that my dear woman would die. She remained quite sensible; and, taking my hand, she squeezed it and said, "Do you really wish me dead, Andrew?" I could make no reply; but she continued to hold my hand, and added, "Then you will not need to wish for it long. O Lord, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven!"

She repeated this last sentence in a whisper, and spoke no more, for the icy chilliness had by this time reached the region of the heart; and she expired as in a drowsy slumber. Having no doubts of her revival I did not give the alarm of her death, but continued my exertions to restore animation. When the doctor arrived he was wroth with me, and laughed me to scorn, ordering the body to be directly laid out by matrons, preparatory for the funeral; and that night he sent two hired nurses for the purpose. They performed their task; but I would in no wise suffer the body to be coffined after what had happened to myself, until I saw the farthest. I watched her night and day, continuing my efforts to the annoyance of my neighbours until the third day, and then they would allow it no longer; but, despite all my entreaties, they took my beloved from me, nailed her in the coffin, and buried her; and now I am deprived of all I loved and valued in this world, and my existence is a burden I cannot bear, as I must always consider myself accessary to the deaths of those two valuable women.

The worst thing of all to suffer is the dreadful apprehension that they would come alive again below the earth, which I cannot get quit of; and though I tried to watch Mary's grave, I was so feeble and far-spent, that I could not but always fall asleep on it. There being funerals coming every day, when the people saw me lying on the grave with my spade beside me, they thought I had gone quite deranged, and, pitying me, they, half by force, took me away; but no one offered me an asylum in his house, for they called me the man that was dead and risen again, and shunned me as a being scarcely of this earth.

Still the thought that Mary would come alive haunts me,—a terror which has probably been engendered within me by the circumstances attending my own singular resuscitation. And even so late as the second night after her decease, as I was watching over her with prayers and tears, I heard a slight gurgling in her throat, as if she had been going to speak: there was also, I thought, a movement about the breast, and one of the veins of the neck started three or four times. How my heart leaped for joy as I breathed my warm breath into her cold lips! but movement there was no more. And now, Sir, if you publish this letter, let it be with an admonition for people to be on their guard when their friends are suddenly cut off by this most frightful of all diseases, for it is no joke to be buried alive.

I have likewise heard it stated, that one boy fell a-kicking the

coffin on his way to the grave, who is still living and life-like, and that a girl, as the doctors were cutting her up, threw herself off the table. I cannot vouch for the truth of these singular and cruel incidents, although I heard them related as facts; but with regard to my own case there can be no dispute.

It does a great deal of ill to the constitution to be too frightened for this scourge of God; but temerity is madness, and caution prudence: for this may be depended on, that it is as infectious as fire. But then, when fire is set to the mountain, it is only such parts of its surface as are covered with decayed garbage that is combustible, while over the green and healthy parts of the mountain the flame has no power; and any other reasoning than this is worse than insanity.

For my part, I have been very hardly used, there having been few harder cases than my own. In Lothian every one shunned me; and the constables stopped me on the road, and would not even suffer me to leave the county,—the terror of infection is so great. So dreadful are the impressions of fear on some minds, that it has caused a number of people both in Scotland and England to hang themselves, or otherwise deprive themselves of life, as the only sure way of escaping its agonies.

Finding myself without a home and without employment, I made my escape over the tops of the Lammermuirs, keeping out of sight of any public road, and by that means escaped into Teviotdale, where I changed my name to Ker, and am now working at day-labour in the town of Roxburgh, and on the farms around; and though my name was Clapperton when I wrought with you, I must now sign myself your humble servant,

ANDREW KER.

[The next is in some degree different, though likewise narrating very grievous circumstances. It is written by the mate of The Jane Hamilton of Port Glasgow.]

SIR,—I now sit down to give you the dismal account of the arrival of the Cholera in the west of Scotland. I sent it a month ago to a friend in London, to put into the newspapers, but it never appeared; so if you think it worth while, you may publish it. But if there be any paper or periodical that Campbell or Galt is connected with, I would rather it were sent to one of them, as they are both acquaintances and old schoolfellows, and will remember me very well.

Well then, Sir, you must know that in our passage from Riga to Liverpool, in January, we were attacked by very squally weather off the western coast of Scotland, and were obliged to put into one of those interminable narrow bays denominated lochs, in Argyleshire, where we cast anchor on very bad ground.

I cannot aver that our ship was perfectly clean, for we lost one fine old fellow by the way, and several others were very bad; so I was sent off to a mining or fishing village, to procure some medicine and fresh meat. Our captain had an immensely large black Newfoundland dog, whose name was Oakum, and who always attached himself to me, and followed me; but that day he chanced not to go ashore with me. Some time afterwards, some of the sailors going on

shore to play themselves, Oakum went with them, and coming on the scent of my track he followed it. Now the natives had some way heard that the Cholera was come with the ship; but so little did they conceive what it was, that they were nothing afraid of coming in contact with me.

The village grocer, draper, hatter, and apothecary, had no medicines on hand, save Glauber's salts, and of these he had two corn-sacks full. I bought some; and while I was standing and bargaining about the price of a pig, I beheld a terrible commotion in the village: the men were stripped, and running as for a race; and the women were screaming and running after them, some of them having a child on their backs, and one below each arm, while the Gaelic was poured and shouted from every tongue. "What is it? What in the world is it?" said I to the merchant, who had a little broken English. "Oh, she pe tat tam bhaist te Collara Mòr," said he; and away he ran with the rest.

It so happened that one Donald M'Coll was going down the coast on some errand, and meeting with Oakum with his broad gilded collar about his neck, he instantly knew who he was; and, alarmed beyond expression, he took to his heels, threw off his coat and bonnet and ran, giving the alarm all the way as he went; and men, women, and children, betook them to flight into the recesses of the mountains, where they lay peeping over the rocks and the heath, watching the progress of this destroying angel.

Honest Oakum was all the while chopping out of one cottage into another, enjoying the scraps exceedingly, which the people had left behind them in their haste. Yea, so well satisfied was he with his adventure, that he did not return until after dark, so that the Highlanders did not know he had returned at all. The people had not returned to their houses when we came away.

But the most singular circumstance is yet to relate. On our return to the Clyde from Liverpool, where we rode quarantine, we learnt that the Cholera Morbus had actually broken out in that village,—at least a most inveterate diarrhœa, accompanied with excessive pains and vomiting, which carried off a number of the inhabitants; but, the glen being greatly overstocked, they were not much missed. Such a thing as Cholera Morbus or sending for a doctor never entered their heads, but a terrible consumption of the merchant's Glauber's salts ensued; and when no more could be done for their friends, they buried them, and then there was no more about it. Whether the disease was communicated to them by the dog, by myself, by the fright, or the heat they got in running, I cannot determine; but it is certain the place suffered severely. They themselves alleged as the cause, their having "peen raiter, and te raiter too heafy on te herring and pot-hato." It was from thence that the disease was communicated to Kirkintilloch by a single individual. Oakum continues in perfect health; but was obliged to undergo fumigation and a bath, by way of quarantine, which he took highly amiss.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ALEXANDER M'ALISTER.

[The next is the most hideous letter of all. We wish the writer may be quite in his right mind. But save in a little improvement in the orthography and grammar, we shall give it in his own words.]

SIR,—Although I sent the following narrative to an Edinburgh newspaper, with the editor of which I was well acquainted; yet he refused to give it publicity, on the ground that it was only a dream of the imagination: but if a man cannot be believed in what he hears and sees, what is he to be believed in? Therefore, as I am told that you have great influence with the printers in London, I will thank you to get this printed; and if you can get me a trifle for it, so much the better.

I am a poor journeyman tradesman in the town of Fisherrow, and I always boarded with my mother and two sisters, who were all in the trade;[1] but my mother was rather fond of gossiping and visiting, and liked to get a dram now and then. So when that awful plague of Cholera came on us for the punishment of our sins, my mother would be running to every one that was affected; and people were very glad of her assistance, and would be giving her drams and little presents; and for all that my sisters and I could say to her, she would not be hindered.

"Mother," said I to her, one night, "gin ye winna leave aff rinning to infectit houses this gate, I 'll be obliged to gang away an' leave ye an' shift for mysel' some gate else; an' my sisters shall gang away an' leave ye too. Do ye no consider, that ye are exposing the whole o' your family to the most terrible of deaths; an' if ye should bring infection among us, an' lose us a', how will ye answer to God for it?"

"Hout, Jamie, my man, ye make aye sic a wark about naething!" quoth she; "I am sure ye ken an' believe that we are a' in our Maker's hand, and that he can defend us frae destruction that walketh at noonday, and from the pestilence that stealeth in by night?"

"I allow that, mother," quoth I; "I dinna misbelieve in an overruling Providence. But in the present instance, you are taking up an adder, and trusting in Providence that the serpent winna sting you and yours to death."

"Tush! Away wi' your grand similitudes, Jamie," said she; "ye were aye ower-learned for me. I 'll tell ye what I believe. It is, that if we be to take the disease an' dee in it, we 'll take the disease an' dee in it; and if it is otherwise ordained, we 'll neither take it nor dee in it: for my part, I ken fu' weel that I 'll no be smittit, for the wee drap drink, whilk ye ken I always take in great moderation, will keep me frae taking the infection; an' if ye keep yoursels a' tight an' clean, as ye hae done, the angel o' Egypt will still pass by your door an' hurt you not."

"I wot weel," said my sister Jane, "I expect every day to be my last, for my mither will take nae body's advice but her ain. An' weel do I ken that if I take it I 'll dee in it. I hae the awfu'est dreams about it! I dreamed the last night that I dee'd o' the plague, an' I thought I set my head out o' the cauld grave at midnight, an' saw the

[1] Probably the fish trade.

ghosts of a' the Cholera fok gaun trailing about the kirk-yard wi' their white withered faces an' their glazed een; an' I thought I crap out o' my grave an' took away my mother and brother to see them, an' I had some kind o' impression that I left Annie there behind me."

"O! for mercy's sake, haud your tongue, lassie," cried Annie; "I declare ye gar a' my flesh creep to hear you. It is nae that I'm ony feard for death in ony other way but that. But the fearsome an' loathsome sufferings, an' the fearsome looks gars a' ane's heart grue to think o'. An' yet our mither rins the hale day frae ane to anither, and seems to take a pleasure in witnessing their cries, their writhings, and contortions. I wonder what kind o' heart she has, but it fears me it canna be a right ane."

My poor dear sister Annie! she fell down in the Cholera the next day, and was a corpse before midnight; and, three days after, her sister followed her to the kirk-yard, where their new graves rise side by side thegither among many more. To describe their sufferings is out of my power, for the thoughts of them turns me giddy, so that I lose the power of measuring time, sometimes feeling as if I had lost my sisters only as it were yesterday, and sometimes an age ago. From the moment that Annie was seized, my state of mind has been deplorable; I expected every hour to fall a victim to it myself: but as for my mother, she bustled about as if it had been some great event in which it behoved her to make an imposing figure. She scolded the surgeon, the officers of the Board of Health, and even the poor dying girls, for their unearthly looks and cries. "Ye hae muckle to cry for," cried she; "afore ye come through what I hae done in life, ye 'll hae mair to cry for nor a bit cramp i' the stomach."

When they both died she was rather taken short, and expressed herself as if she weened that she had not been fairly dealt with by Providence, considering how much she had done for others; but she had that sort of nature in her that nothing could daunt or dismay, and continued her course—running to visit every Cholera patient within her reach, and going out and coming in at all times of the night.

After nine or ten days, there was one Sabbath night that I was awoke by voices which I thought I knew; and on looking over the bed, I saw my two sisters sitting one on each side of my mother, conversing with her, while she was looking fearfully first to the one and then to the other; but I did not understand their language, for they seemed to be talking keenly of a dance.

My sisters having both been buried in their Sunday clothes, and the rest burnt, the only impression I had was, that they had actually come alive and risen from the grave; and if I had not been naked at the time I would have flown to embrace them, for there were reports of that kind going. But when I began to speak, Jane held up her hand and shook her head at me; and I held my peace, for there was a chilness and terror came over me; yet it was not for my sisters, for they had no appearance of being ghosts: on the contrary, I thought I never saw them look so beautiful. They continued talking of their dance with apparent fervour; and I heard one of them saying, it was a dance of death, and held in the churchyard. And as the plague of Cholera was a breath of hell, they who died of it got no rest in their graves, so that it behoved all, but parents

in particular, to keep out of its influences till the vapour of death passed over.

"But now, dear mother, you must go with us and see," said Annie.

"Oh, by all means!" said Jane, "since you have introduced us into such splendid company, you must go with us, and see how we act our parts." "Come along, come along," cried both of them at the same time; and they led my mother off between them: she never spoke, but continued to fix the most hideous looks first on the one and then on the other. She was apparently under the power of some supernatural influence, for she manifested no power of resistance, but walked peaceably away between them. I cried with a tremulous voice, "Dear, dear sisters, will you not take me with you too?" But Annie, who was next me, said, "No, dearest brother, lie still and sleep till your Redeemer wakes you—We will come for you again."

I then felt the house fall a-wheeling round with me, swifter than a mill-wheel, the bed sank, and I fell I knew not whither. The truth is, that I had fainted, for I remember no more until next day. As I did not go to work at my usual time, my master had sent his 'prentice-boy to inquire about me, thinking I had been attacked by Cholera. He found me insensible, lying bathed in cold sweat, and sent some of the official people to me, who soon brought me to myself. I said nothing of what I had seen; but went straight to the churchyard, persuaded that I would find my sisters' graves open, and they out of them; but, behold! they were the same as I left them, and I have never seen mother or sisters more. I could almost have persuaded myself that I had been in a dream, had it not been for the loss of my mother; but as she has not been seen or heard of since that night, I must believe all that I saw to have been real. I know it is suspected both here and in Edinburgh, that she has been burked, as she was always running about by night; but I know what I saw, and must believe in it though I cannot comprehend it.

Yours most humbly,

JAMES M'L——.

BAR INITIATION:—SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.

Of a man's future success in life, the primary assurance we consider to be—a due understanding of his own genius, and the disposal of himself accordingly. The bane of men of genius is the want of, we will not say industry, but perseverance. If it were possible for the business of life to be a succession of none but great deeds, then would the man superior in genius be also found superior in perseverance.

In common with all other vocations, the profession of Counsel demands its due measure of this vapid perseverance. Of the office of counsel of limited practice, a great part consists in that most irksome of all drudgery—attendance; attendance at his chambers, whether he have business there or not; and attendance on the court until the time shall arrive when such business as he may happen to have to do there can be done. If in this he fail, not the learning of Coke, nor the eloquence of Erskine, can satisfy the professional *Parcæ*. We will show how neglect in this particular works. We will suppose young A., the second son of old A., of A—— Court, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, to have been called to the Bar;—a man of genius, and, as is not uncommonly the case of such, with a quick relish of pleasure, and lively unaffected man-

ners. He attends chambers for six months or so with tolerable assiduity; and at the end of that time his uncle's solicitor, Mr. W., conceives the design, "he don't see why he should not," of becoming a client of A.—"a clever young man, by all accounts," and commences his project by complimenting A. with a brief. A. repairs at proper time to court, endures a little raillery from his acquaintances, is consoled by the occasion of it, and commences the operation of "watching the list." He steadily prosecutes this animating task during as many as three mornings, and punctually proceeds to his fourth morning's attendance. From the account now circulated, in the hall, of the state of the court's business, he determines that his own "certainly cannot come on to-day;" and longing to visit the three daughters of his father's neighbour, Sir William B., —"monstrously fine girls," who with their father, mother, and A.'s own special friend, their brother, have been to A.'s knowledge in town these two days,—quits the court until to-morrow, puts off his wig and gown, changes his pomatum-polluted shirt and cravat, brushes the powder out of, and re-erects his wig-suppressed hair, starts off, and is, in thought, already with his fair and unfair friends. A. returns late to his chambers; in the morning repairs to his post, and is mortified in finding that the court unexpectedly despatched the business which it was yesterday considered would detain it, disposed of his own, and that his client is to be a sufferer through his absence. W. would have been glad to have, on the next occasion of meeting A.'s uncle, had to address him with, "Well, Sir, I have had the pleasure of hearing your nephew: he held a brief of mine t'other day, and, I do assure you, acquitted himself very respectably;"—and to have received an animated shake of the hand, and a cordial acknowledgment of his civility; but as it is, he considerately says nothing, but only re-dedicates himself to old Jenkins or old Higgins, who, stupid and greedy as they are, enjoy the redeeming grace that no young ladies are ever likely to withdraw them from their vigils; and each returning day, of the long vacation even, is sure to have to greet them in their own cognate Chancery-Lane. This is A.'s reverse the first. Well, A. recovers from this disaster, and continues to attend at his chambers with decent regularity for some time, without an opportunity of again neglecting his business being presented to him; until having, about ten days before the end of January, received from a friend in Hampshire a delicious description of the state of his covers, and a hint of a former engagement made by A. to visit him in the course of the season, A. falls dreaming of,—first, how well he can endure to forego the classic society of his clerk and laundress, and the solicitors dispense with himself; and then, of the anodyne joys of days, of which the mornings are those of cover-shooting, and the evenings seasoned with sisters Maria, Sophia, and all that;—overhauls his gun, packs up "his things," and is "off in the mail." So much for "learned friend" A. Well, in two days after A.'s departure, Mr. V., quite weary at last of that solemn blockhead, Atkins, and having, when he was in Yorkshire at Christmas, heard young A. favourably reported, resolves to make trial of him, and accordingly sends a case to his chambers: but, alas! A.'s clerk has closed his master's door, and withdrawn himself to junket with his sweetheart, at the intellectual spectacle of "Hyder Ali, or the Lions of Mysore!"—With this untoward essay closes the project of V.

"Truly," the reader will say, "this profession of yours exacts an inordinate degree of homage, and is jealous as the despot who 'bears no brother near the throne:' and pray, then, from whom is this absolute devotion, this servile adoration, to be expected?" We will explain. It is represented to have been an apophthegm of Mr. Bearcroft, that none but a man poor even to a degree of want is fit to engage in the profession of the law with effect.

It is too a pleasant tale which is related of the late Lord Kenyon, (a gentleman, by-the-bye, so morose and tasteless as to have in his time sup-

plied to "heart-easing Mirth" very few other subjects for her exercise, than the exhibition of his own ludicrous peevishness and vulgarity,) that a lady who happened to be acquainted with his Lordship, having a son who designed to practise at the Bar, waited on him, soliciting the favour of his advice relative to the mode in which her son should prepare himself for his future profession. She enlarged on his studious disposition, and informed his Lordship of the different proofs of proficiency which, in the course of his education, her son had exhibited; and further, that he possessed an estate of £600 a year. The old fellow sat listening in silence, with (as was his custom) his head down,—save that "ever and anon" he peered up at the lady in his half-dogged, half-amorous fashion,—until this last announcement; whereupon this Noble Baron of Gudington broke silence, and a didactic dialogue ensued: "Is your son in debt?" "Not a farthing, my Lord; his principles would never allow him to be so." "Principles! hum!—he must have no such principles: he must get into debt, and then mortgage his estate for payment,—and then get into debt again, and then sell the equity of redemption; and by that time he will be about sufficiently qualified to prosecute the profession with effect. Good morning, Madam; good morning: I wish you a good morning, Madam."

We will now explain how poverty would have saved A. from the mortification of losing his clients W. and V. Between poverty and money there is a sort of chemical affinity or attraction; yet we think avarice of more potency than poverty.

With the spirit of industry and perseverance which we have mentioned, Sir Edward B. Sugden seems to have been qualified, and it was not improbably a present from the high-bred lady whose auspices have been supposed to be so eminently useful to young gentlemen engaging in the honourable profession of the law.

We have, in our time, seen divers successful lawyers, and heard and read of many more. It has likewise been our fortune to have perused divers goodly schemes of professional preparation well qualified to administer admiration to the simple, and cachinnation to the cynic. The authors of these schemes have, in order to exalt the character of their profession, and dignify their own particular performances,—first, enlarged upon how transcendent and stupendous is the office of the lawyer; and then proceeded to exact from the professional aspirant the ordinary modicum of information—to wit, a well-digested knowledge *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. One would naturally suppose that the best explanation to the professional novice, of the acquirements necessary to the insuring of his success, would be, an account of those who had in fact succeeded, and what their particular qualifications were through which their success had been effected: but then, once more would appear the truth of that malicious discovery of the Chancellor Oxenstiern—with how poor a retinue of qualifications a man might hopefully venture on the highest business of life; and, worse than that, no considerable book could thereafter be admitted to argue the utter indispensability of unattainable perfection. A doctrinal adjusted to this principle would, it is our opinion, demonstrate how large a proportion of professional prizes had been seized by the callow foster-children of the "stern rugged nurse" commended by Mr. Bearcroft.

Sir Edward had a reason for dispatch, and accordingly he appeared in the ranks of the profession at an unusually early age, and as a conveyancer; one whose office it is to draw deeds, contracts, &c. In this occupation he had not long remained, before he was so happy as, wandering on the jurisprudential Helicon, to discover a bibliographic treasure—a subject, and a most important one too, remaining yet wholly uncultivated by bibliographic enterprise, and unnoted by bibliographic circumspection—"The Law of Venders and Purchasers of Estates." Upon this subject he employed his pen; and, in the year 1805, appeared the first

edition of the work, than which few others have contributed more to the reputation and advancement of their authors. The discovery, we have said, was a happy one: and it was due to it to be seconded by an imposing treatment of its subject; and much of the effect just now described was the consequence of such treatment. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, is a rule, the principle of which is of universal application: if you desire another to confide in your authority, you must appear to be confident in yourself. The work exhibits (and so it did from the first) no pitiful distrusts or misgivings, while errors are proposed for confutation; but throughout, a strain of self-confidence and round unsparing criticism: the effect of which always is, to invite jealousy and hostility against the adventurer; and while, if it happen to be seconded by just pretensions on his part, to exalt his authority; if not, to provoke upon his failings an adscititious degree of disrepute and ridicule. Sir Edward justified his confidence, and compelled the pertinency of his censures to be acknowledged. Some time after the publication of this work, he procured himself to be called to the Bar; as some preparation to which, he had become a member of the debating society instituted by Mr. Chitty for the improvement of his pupils, and actively exercised himself in its debates, and became, as it were, the Attorney-General of the place. He some time longer continued to practise as a conveyancer, only attending at the Bar occasionally, when specially required, for cases involving questions of law in which conveyancers are peculiarly skilled. On these occasions, he showed what it was for which nature had designed him, and that he was capable of somewhat better than the office of conveyancer—the adjusting of the technicalities of deeds, and detecting real, and suggesting sinister, defects in titles. We consider his arguments on the great case, "Lord Cholmondeley v. Lord Clinton," (of which we have read the short-hand writer's notes,) and which was nearly the last instance of this occasional attendance at the Bar, to have been inferior only to that delivered by him who, next to Lord Hardwicke, was the very best judge who ever sat within the walls of the Court of Chancery—Sir W. Grant. Sir Edward now declined altogether the sorry business of a conveyancer, and did justice to his talents in exclusively dedicating himself to the bar of the Court of Chancery; and how he has justified his choice, the public needs not be informed. The learning of a conveyancer supplies but little of all that which was necessary to the due practice of Sir Edward in his new situation; and we remember to have heard, on the day of his appearing in it, certain "learned friends," to whom this measure of Sir Edward's was likely to prove wormwood, speculate his early retirement. Sir Edward has, however, not retired, but only reversed their horoscope, and they are gone themselves.

The customary style of eloquence of the English Bar is creditable to its good sense and taste—natural, sober, and unostentatious. The Court of Chancery, particularly, presents in its constitution and the nature of its proceedings no temptation to exceed these bounds. Here the judge sits to derive from the Bar information, and not emotion. The towering spirit that, too proud to adjust itself to the method of reason, and do homage to the lessons of precedent wisdom, should purpose to earn the Court's decree by the tyranny of superb conceits alone, would find its magnanimous endeavours but ill seconded by the vulgar, phlegmatic, predilection for facts, precedents, and ratiocination. The pomp, the rant, the gaudy sentiment, which are seen to administer so much delight to the "unskilful," would not here operate so mildly only, as to make "the judicious"—but the self-complacent aspirant to admiration himself—"grieve." We have now and then seen some sorry, ill-fated person, moved by a cogent fit of self-conceit, undertake to be eminently grand and imposing; but he was presently admonished of his rashness by a chorus of laughter.

Of Sir Edward's speeches, the composition is the happiest of the

simple, unaffected kind before commended—clear, logical, and pertinent; ample without tautology, compendious without defect. His voice is of moderate compass only, but distinct and voluble; his action just enough, and, as it ought to be, a servant to the sense; and not, as in the case of a certain gentleman, the noise vocal and vapulatory the principal ingredient of the speech, the matter itself being any thing to serve as the basis of the tumult. Were he no more than the lawyer he is, and the speaker that we have described him to be, it is easily to be perceived that Sir Edward must be no inefficient advocate; but that which constitutes his distinctive talent, and renders him so eminently valuable to his client is, his shrewdness, promptitude, and address. Does a judge exhibit, ever so covertly, an inclination favourable to him, he instantly descries it, and adjusts his argument to the improvement of it, or, if adverse, to delicately combat it. Does an adversary commit a blunder, he is ready to expose and enforce it; or is his adversary seen proceeding to occupy some strong position, Sir Edward will lure him to a contest about something else of minor, or even no, importance; and, as his course has been interrupted, so it often happens that, at the conclusion of the strife, the position has been forgotten. In short, there is no advantage of this kind which a debate can present which Sir Edward's genius knows not how, or his circumspection omits, to improve; and we think that, would he take the pains to recount the various artifices of debate which his shrewdness and experience have taught him, and add to "Hamilton's Parliamentary," Sugden's forensic logic, the whole might constitute a manual of fallacies and stratagems not uninstructive, certainly amusing.

Great abilities, in the acceptation of mankind, have, like charity, the effect of covering a multitude of sins. That Sir Edward's abilities are far above mediocrity, and yet, that the admiration which they have served to draw towards him, has still left him to general unpopularity—few will be found to dissent from. What then are his sins? Those commonly imputed to him are—egotism, arrogance, contumeliousness, and insincerity. The first is merely a vice of taste—the harmless indulgence of vanity; and with this, undoubtedly, we consider him to be chargeable: but surely it is a vice in itself so trivial, that if a man, otherwise of real merit, can be weak enough to derive enjoyment from it, no reasonable man would find it difficult to tolerate him. It is only such as are egotists themselves who can be seriously annoyed by it. Egotism may exist without arrogance. Than the late Lord Erskine, (whom posterity will denominate the great Lord Erskine,) few men, it is known, could be more egotistic, and none was more unassuming. The second is also merely another vice of taste. A person of superior pretensions can hardly be supposed to be himself the only one unconscious of that superiority of his which is able to enforce the recognition of the rest of mankind; although, it is true, we sometimes hear the unreflecting impute to various persons the merit of this heteroclitic simplicity; but it is arrogance only, when this superiority is unduly asserted by one to whom it is not really imputable. Sir Edward is saved from more than occasional arrogance, thus explained, only by this,—that his intercourse is nearly confined to those of his own profession, and among them he can but seldom encounter one to whom he is not professionally superior. With contumeliousness habitual, or a general disposition to slight, or even more uncourteously treat those whom professional or other intercourse may present to the exercise of his temper, we know him to be generally charged; and to the opinion that this charge is just, is to be attributed in a great degree his unpopularity, and the indignities which he has so frequently suffered. Whether this opinion be true or not,—whether that which bears the appearance of conscious insolence be such, or that in which the heart has less concern—the effect of a certain infirmity of temper, co-operating with an inordinate degree of self-conceit, we choose to leave undecided; but this we will say, that those indignities, if they have been as painful to the sub-

ject of them as dishonourable to the authors, must have been to Sir Edward painful indeed. Let us not be taxed with malevolence if we mention that which is so well known—that the father of Sir Edward was a hair-dresser. But then, what man—we will not say of spirit and generosity, but even of the lowest degree of good taste—would suffer any amount, however great, of provocation, to wring from him the most distant allusion to this circumstance? The fortune of Sir Edward's father was lowly in comparison with that of his son: but are there no other methods of revenge, if revenge there must be, than disparaging the father to the son;—no other method than striving to unite, in the breast of the son, an impious feeling of shame with the remembrance of his father's calling? The ruffian's fierceness is charity compared with this sober, sedate, malignity! Yet is this a peculiarly English vice. How far inferior are we to the magnanimity of former ages! The humble circumstances of his parents were to Epaminondas a source of exultation, and, in the judgment of his countrymen, brought no abatement to his glories. Was not Wolsey's father a butcher?

We own, we rejoice to see Nature dispense her gifts impartially among all, and not in conformity with the sinister rule of courts and civil authority — we delight to see her assigning precedency, in utter contempt and subversion of the order of the herald, the pride of empty-headed feudality, or the airs of aristocratic ignorance and arrogance. The Bar attracts to it, and its office demands, the first abilities. Let this be its pride.

It is idle, however, to pretend that, among the unreflecting part of mankind in general, gentility of ancestry is not by the descendant himself thought—and by the multitude admitted to be—a grace, and lowliness of ancestry, a blemish; and that even some philosophers have not been infected with the current sentiments of the vulgar. We think it then not unlikely, that the insolence of behaviour, or whatever else it is construed to be, which is imputed to Sir Edward, may be the effect of a sense of this objection; and, if so, he is only another example, added to the many thousands of others, of a man of abilities seeking to compensate and comfort himself for the world's illiberality, and satisfy self-love, by means of insolence and petulancy. In private life, and with those in whose feelings he can believe his own to be safe, he is an agreeable and even interesting man; and every where is found free from the disease, endemic to the low-bred and narrow-minded, of cant and sanctimony. Before we quit the subject of the dignity to be derived from lineage, we will add, that it has always appeared to us to be founded in this plain absurdity—that it is possible for a descendant to derive from his ancestor something not inherent in the ancestor himself.

Of the insincerity, public and private, imputed to Sir Edward, we desire to say nothing; only that we wish that such passages of his life as the writing of a pamphlet in opposition to the concession of the Roman Catholic claims, while it was yet unknown that the ministry, in the service of which he was, contemplated that concession, and presently afterwards co-operating with that same ministry to effectuate those claims,—and other accidents of the like nature,—were not true. Of his political conduct, the opinion of the world is tolerably correct, to his disadvantage.

It is one variety of the humour of Sir Edward, and to everybody except himself the indulgence of it sufficiently irksome, to be incessantly representing how great are the labours which he endures, and complaining of the fatigue and exhaustion which are induced by them: every person who happens to present himself to him in the course of the day must hear this tale; and, if the congress continue more than half an hour, will have to listen to a repetition of it. A stranger to this idiosyncratic fantasy, who did not know it to be, in reality, nothing more than a mode of recreation practised by the learned gentleman — a sort of egotistic dram with which he chooses to refresh himself—attending to the

very piteous aspect and accent with which this information is sure to be announced, would be inclined to lend him his sympathy; and we wonder what the poets were about in neglecting to recount—with the heart-breaking labours of that unhappy gentleman, whose fee for rolling a stone up a hill was not, as Sir Edward's for rolling his client's case up the steep ascent of the Court of Chancery, a round sum of good guineas; but, first, a stout knock on the head; and, secondly, the trouble of rolling it up again; or of those rampant young ladies who so peremptorily dispensed with the future services of their husbands,—the afflictions of Sugden. By-the-bye, we had always considered the story of the suffering to which these perverse females were exposed in consequence of their self-privation, the discharge of water through holes never to be stopped, to be but a poetic allegory. To enable one to estimate the severity of the labours exacted from this forensic Hercules by the Chancery Juno, let us compare them with those which others have had to endure.

An inspection of the diary of Sir Samuel Romilly would make it appear that he attended, in the morning, the courts of the Lord Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor; in the afternoon the House of Lords; and in the evening, from 6 until 10, and sometimes later, the Rolls; after which it was seldom, during the session of Parliament, that he did not repair to the House of Commons—for he was never absent from any debate of importance, and, not unfrequently, had some proceeding of his own to conduct. He has often, in common with other members who awaited a division, remained until so late as six in the morning. After the exhibition of such a day's, or rather day-and-night's, labour as this, he was, to the admiration of every one, seen at 10 o'clock proceeding in his calm, unpretending, manner to his place in the one or the other of the two Courts in which his morning was to be spent. In the interval between his arrival at home and his entrance into the Court in the morning, he had to read as much of his briefs, and prepare himself in the cases next about to be argued, as he could. It is evident that, with these demands upon his time, of sleep he could allow himself nothing. It is too to be remembered that Sir Samuel was not an intermittent labourer only, while in attendance on the Courts, but actively engaged, either on the one side or the other, in every successive case there presented; and that all this was the work of a man of sixty-four; for that was the age of Sir Samuel at the time of that tragic event which closed the career of one of the very few, in right of whom it only is, that whatever little dignity belongs to the rest of the human race is enjoyed.

What, in comparison with these, are the labours of Sir Edward? he attends neither the Rolls, nor, except rarely, the House of Lords; nor does he give opinions, which we forgot to mention Sir Samuel did nearly to the last. His parliamentary achievements have been very confined: first, to his co-operation in the vain attempt to retard the accomplishment of that measure which at present so worthily engages the attention of his fellow-countrymen, in which he has not gained even the credit of a gifted political opponent; secondly, the officiating as gentleman-usher to a small family of supererogatory bills, for the purpose of reforming the rules of a Court capable of effecting the same ends itself.

We are old enough too to be able to remember Mr. Perceval—a short, slight, man; but not quite so much so as Sir Edward: his complexion sallow, his forehead large, and of good shape. His voice was a clear, audible, tenor; his composition was significant and tasteful; and he was one of the most prompt, skilful, and effective, debaters that we ever knew; and when he desired to be so, he contrived, notwithstanding his diminutiveness and puny aspect, to be, by means of these qualifications, impressive and imposing. Every one has some ill habit, and his only ill-habit was that of, when he was excited, stretching open the buttons (as the limners denominate them) of his nose. Mr. Perceval had the

conduct of that most active opposition which was made to the Fox and Grenville ministry—a ministry strong in its separate elements, but, from the contrariety of these, in its combination, weak. We should indeed have said that Mr. Perceval not merely conducted the opposition, but himself constituted nearly the whole of it,—the last Lord Londonderry being his almost only assistant in the debates; and how little qualified he was to shame, by his own, the eloquence of Fox, Sheridan, Wyndham, &c. on the other side, those who knew that handsome, unpopular, person, must be aware.

Mr. Perceval, during the time while he was conducting this opposition, to which the unpopular measures of the ministry were incessantly administering some new opportunity and demand upon his industry, was in the habit of attending—not the Rolls, for that, to a leader of the House of Commons, would have been impracticable,—nor the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for it was not then instituted,—but the Lord Chancellor's Court, the Cockpit, and the House of Lords: and his practice in the first and last was inferior in extent only to that of Sir Samuel Romilly himself; and in the other, at least equal to that of any of the other counsel who were in the habit of attending it. What, we ask again, in comparison with these, are the labours of Sir Edward?

Sir Edward Sugden, we have already mentioned, is a little man—not taller than five feet two or so, slight rather than bulky, and we think of the age of fifty-five: his features are prominent, and every one of them handsome: his countenance is expressive of severe study and intensity of thought, but yet so vivid and flexible as to report distinctly the changing emotions of his heart, and in particular when he is feasting, as we have seen him, on the accumulating blunders, or thickening confusion, of an adversary—its expression of inward delight is exquisite. The print which was published about three years ago, and is yet exhibited in the shops, represents him with tolerable fidelity; but is deficient in boldness—a fault imputable however to the painting from which it was derived. He looks younger than he is, and cultivates the advantage of dress more than most of his tribe of the same staid age; he is habitually smart without foppery, and his general carriage and appearance mark him no common man.

REMARKABLE POINTS CONNECTED WITH THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA.

In our preceding Number we discussed the then perfectly new question of whether the epidemic cholera was in London; and our pen has been heretofore employed in cheering the timid, and arming them to meet the arrival of the complaint, whenever it might come, with confidence and fortitude, and not to give way to groundless alarm at its actual presence amongst us. Little did we imagine the possibility of our being called upon, now that the enemy is in the camp, to pursue an opposite course, and to use our best endeavours to awaken caution if not fear, to excite where we were disposed to soothe. But such is human nature, while the dreaded disease was abroad, fear and consternation reigned over the land; and now that it is at home we have incredulity, menacings, and jeers, because the best authorities honestly declare the presence of the epidemic in the metropolis. Strange infatuation! To what causes are we to attribute this sudden re-action in the public feeling? These we will endeavour to sift, having first traced the history of the epidemic, from its first appearance, in a brief and concise manner. By referring to

the documents connected with this curious history, we acquire the best source of correct information as to whether we have a new disease amongst us or not; secondly, whether the disease be of the same type as the spasmodic cholera of the Continent and Asia; and, thirdly, whether it be contagious, or, in other words, communicable from man to man. Upon these questions the public mind is divided, more especially that of the medical profession, and so divided as to create a greater degree of factious feeling than is consistent with sound sense and philosophy. Evil passions and prejudices are afloat, and truth, as usual, is liable to shipwreck.

In 1817 the epidemic in question was first noticed in our Indian settlements, the best descriptions of which show it to be a distinct form of disease from that of which it so improperly bears the name. In 1830 it raged in the Persian camps and approached Russia, spreading among the contending armies of that country and revolted Poland, till at length it reached the capital, St. Petersburg. Its unchecked progress now excited general alarm, as our commercial interests are so intimately connected with the Baltic. Accurate information was eagerly sought, and the Government appointed a Sanitory Board to collect information, report facts, and devise measures of precaution and cure. But, high as was the authority of this Board, they wanted public confidence, because not one of its members had ever seen the disease, and not one volunteered to study it from nature. Two medical ambassadors were therefore sent to the spots where the Cholera raged in Russia; one had been conversant with the Indian Cholera, and the other habituated to the investigation of foreign epidemic disease, and was otherwise peculiarly well calculated for the important duties of his mission.

A sojourn of three months made these ambassadors well acquainted with the signs, symptoms, and phenomena of the disease, its mode of propagation, the best means of checking it, and the most advantageous methods of treatment. Their reports tended to correct the erroneous views of the Sanitory Board, to the adoption of improvements in our quarantine regulations, and to afford a mass of evidence upon which Government could place the firmest reliance. On their return to England the College of Physicians' job was dissolved, and the salaries granted to the members of the Board were suspended after five months' continuance, during which their services were inefficient from want of experience. Our two ambassadors were now united with a few others into a new or Central Board, to devise such measures as may be in their experience and judgment proper and necessary to be adopted, in case the epidemic, which had reached Hamburg, should break out in this country.

In the autumn of last year a very fatal disease appeared in Sunderland, a place conveniently situated in its geographical position for the developement of a spreading epidemic in a populous town of the Baltic, with which we have so much trading intercourse. Fearful of the restrictions upon their trade, the influential inhabitants of Sunderland persuaded the medical men of the town to view the disease there prevalent as one of severe diarrhœa, similar to a complaint which they were accustomed to be visited with annually, and which

had been known formerly to be fatally epidemic. Still, however, unanimity among the resident medical practitioners guided not their councils, and the words "Cholera" and "suspicious" were whispered abroad, until Government, alarmed at the increase of cases and deaths, dispatched Sir David (then Dr.) Barry, to Sunderland, to report what he observed. His Report went to the effect, that the disease there raging was in every respect identical with that which he and Dr. (now Sir William) Russell saw so much of in Russia. This Report was confirmed by others: a disease unknown in England was satisfactorily declared to exist in Sunderland, and there was abundant evidence to identify the epidemic with the spasmodic Cholera of Asia and Russia, &c., although different opinions were not wanting. Meanwhile the disease spread continually around Sunderland, Newcastle, &c., and then appeared suddenly on the eastern coast of North Britain,—daily intercourse with Sunderland by sea being the apparent source of the epidemic in Scotland, where it advanced to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

In the midst, however, of our security from the northward direction of the disease, an alarm, early in February, was spread, that it had appeared in the shipping at quarantine in Stangate Creek, and subsequently in Limehouse; and men ill, also, of the disease might be traced along the coast off the northern ports and harbours where the trading vessels touched between the Tyne and the Thames. A man caulking one of these vessels, on board of which there had been cases of Cholera, sickened and died of the same complaint. Shortly, other places on the banks of the Thames were found to contain cases that were termed diarrhœa and suspicious; and in a few days the truth could not be concealed that the epidemic Cholera was in Southwark, Lambeth, &c., the miserable impoverished beings afflicted with it dying in about the proportion of two-thirds or more of those attacked. Since this period it has advanced into other quarters more remote from the river, still preserving its character too well marked to be mistaken, and has been recognised in crowded populous districts among the poor and destitute of St. Giles's, Pancras, Marylebone, &c.,—Southwark having always the largest majority of cases, from the number, probably, of half-starved Irish who are congregated about the Borough. In St. Giles's and Pancras also the greater part of the sufferers have been Irishmen out of employ, and who have indulged in gin for want of nourishing diet and other necessary comforts. These of course present the worst cases and the most fatal terminations. Thus at present ends the march of the epidemic Cholera, and up to the present period, March 22, the numbers attacked, which have been reported, are in the North 6642, of which 2,109 have died; in London 1150 attacked, and 611 died. In addition to which, no doubt can be entertained that a vast number of cases have occurred, and ended fatally, which have never appeared in the Reports, and the amount of which it is impossible to appreciate. But a notion is prevalent that many cases reported under the head of Cholera were not such as they were reported to be. This, however, we do not believe to be the fact. Measures have been taken to prevent any mistake upon this point, by issuing the clearest de-

scription of the symptoms of the disease in its true form, while at the same time it is to be remembered that a prejudice very generally exists in favour of smuggling the Cholera cases; which requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the Central Board, and the inspectors, and district surgeons to counteract. Many cases may be concealed, but none can be expected to be reported as Cholera which are not so.

Ever since the disease first appeared in this country, the public and the press have taken so great an interest in its progress, that regular bulletins have been necessarily issued, and unquestionably every advantage is to be gained by this system; since by displaying the truth openly and undisguisedly, the public mind is freed from that uncertainty and alarm, which conjecture and false reports naturally create. It is proper also, that the public should be made fully acquainted with the measures adopted to check and control the epidemic; and that they should be fully aware, at all times, of its extent and locality. The consequence of such publicity has been most beneficial; for the alarm formerly excited has quite subsided, nay more, it has even given way in many instances to apathy and contempt; and the feeling of security has absolutely reached such a height, as to induce a disposition to doubt the existence of the disease, to mistrust the Board and its inspectors, &c.; and even to laugh at the idea of what before the disease appeared created—horror and dread, while the Government and Central Board are absolutely abused for the measures they have taken to secure the public health and the safety of the community. This feeling has evidently arisen from several causes. One cause is, the little comparative progress of the disease, to what the exaggerated fears of the public led them to anticipate. Another cause is, the circumstance of persons enjoying the comforts of social life not being liable to the disease generally. A third cause is, that few besides the medical attendants, and the families of those afflicted, witness the scenes of suffering and death. A fourth cause is, that the press has been threatened with the loss of mercantile patronage, if certain daily papers advocate the existence of Cholera as a contagious pestilence, and do not endeavour to suppress the idea, and to procure the disbandment of the Central Board, their inspectors, the district Boards, and the abolition of the Orders in Council; the consequence of which is, that every foolish letter written by the dictates of selfishness, vanity, envy, or ignorance, is admitted into the columns of the Times, Herald, &c., provided it tends to the abuse of the Central Board, and the measures and opinions which their experience and duty inculcate the necessity of adopting. Falsehoods, misrepresentations, and exaggerations, have thus been abundantly promulgated; and the weak and credulous portion of the public readily put their trust in such views of the matter as are most agreeable to their prejudices. All this opposition is natural in a community accustomed to think and reason upon every thing, whether the subject be understood or not, and where so many conflicting interests are at work. But, the most objectionable part of the opposition is the conduct of a certain portion of the medical practitioners of the metropolis, which has lent its aid in exciting much of the discontent and prejudice now in opera-

tion. To the credit of the profession, the numbers of this junto, who have any respectable standing, is very small indeed; while, among the respectable members of the profession, doubts, which were reasonably entertained and honourably expressed, are fast fading away before the startling truths which their personal experience daily lays open to them; and we are happy to find them disposed to support the Central Board in the difficult, delicate, and ungraciously met task, which they have uniformly and steadily performed, in spite of the unprincipled opposition offered to the measures which they recommend the Council to adopt. So clearly and justly did both Houses of Parliament view the great question when the crisis arrived, that an Act was rapidly passed, to invest the Council with full powers to enforce, by law, means to which we must exclusively look for the suppression of an epidemic, that might otherwise endanger the public safety to a frightful extent, by allowing the epidemic to spread indefinitely among all classes of society. We entreat the public to be on their guard against the probable danger impending over us, and not to be caught in the snares laid to seduce them into a belief of the non-existence of a virulent and spreading disease, however divided medical opinion may be upon its nature and tendency. The love of notoriety actuates many in their frequent newspaper communications, and not a few have sinister motives to serve. One by such means advertises his "alkaline absorbent drops," the prescription for which is left at a certain chemist's; and a "Catechism of Health" goes through several editions, which the anti-cholerist M. D. finds extremely profitable in the present emergency, in lieu of fees. Such are the little acts of the small fry of the profession, who condescend to adopt the habits of the charlatan they secretly envy, but openly abuse.

An honest and manly avowal of doubt, as to the identity of the present epidemic with that which raged abroad, and its being absolutely a new disease, no one can find fault with reasonably. It is a fair subject of discussion in a case of difficulty; but the uncandid and flagrant misrepresentations spread abroad ought to be exposed, that the public may be put upon their guard against their adoption. The exaggerated reports respecting the salaries of the Central Board and inspectors have already been contradicted, by a fair statement of their allowances. But the false reports respecting the Cholera cases among the children, in the Marylebone workhouse, are still afloat, to the undeserved discredit of the Central Board. The truth of the matter is, that from Friday to Monday there occurred thirty cases, some weeks ago, among girls of from about nine or ten years of age to fourteen, mostly fine healthy rosy-looking children. On the Friday, the boys had received a shilling each, and the girls one penny. Dr. Daun, inspector of the district, doubted these being cases of Cholera; but qualified his opinion, by observing that he had not been in the habit of seeing infantile cases, while those of the adults he had seen wore a different aspect. Sir William Russell inspected them, and declared them to resemble exactly the Cholera cases which he saw in the Foundling Hospital at St. Petersburg. Dr. Hope, the physician in ordinary, who had the care of them, was reported to have been forced by the Board to return them as cases of

Cholera, against his own conviction. The contrary, however, is the fact. Both he and Dr. Wilkie, the resident superintendant, entertain no doubt of their identity with the prevailing epidemic, and not arising, as was reported, from indulgence in fruit; and they were treated accordingly with success. The first child attacked was not attended to until the lapse of twelve hours, and she was not bled. She had the disease in a very severe form, and died. On examining the body, those appearances described as seen after death in cases of Cholera presented themselves, without any other apparent cause of death. The other twenty-nine cases were attended to immediately, they were all bled, and the disease was checked in them, as it more readily is among children generally. The symptoms in each case were precisely the same, varying only in intensity; and from our personal observation we know, that though less severely attacked than adults which we have seen, the true well-marked signs of the epidemic were present. But, to show the extent to which prejudice and want of candour will lead people, one of the leading apostles of anti-cholerism reported abroad, that they were cases of eruptive fever common to the workhouse children; and this assertion was grounded on the appearance of a few small sort of papulæ upon the arm of one child, which never contained any fluid, and soon dwindled into little warts. The first case clearly connects the other milder cases with the malignant Cholera, and the whole bear sufficient evidence of their arising from causes similar to those in operation, to produce the prevailing epidemic. Whether, however, they were true cases of the epidemic Cholera, or not, signifies less, in fact, than the contradiction their history affords to the idle misrepresentations and undeserved abuse of the Board of Health upon this occasion. Recently, some cases have occurred among adult inmates of the workhouse in a malignant form, two of which proved fatal.

By way of showing the identity of the prevailing epidemic with formerly described Cholera, one of the anti-cholerists in the "Times," who signed himself *Theta*, took the pains to copy the characteristic description of the disease issued by the Board of Health, and to compare it sentence by sentence with Dr. Buchan's description of the Cholera which prevailed in his time. But unfortunately for *Theta*, the parallel fails in the very first symptom mentioned, for the Board speaks of rice-water evacuations, and Dr. Buchan of bilious discharges! The former is one of the leading peculiarities of the spasmodic Cholera (*asphyxia*), and the latter of the ordinary Cholera of this and other countries. The want of properly distinguishing between the two species of Cholera so distinct, both of which prevailed in India to a great extent, seems to be the cause of a division of opinion between the Indian medical officers. A physician of this town, who takes care not to let the public forget him, by kindly addressing them, through the columns of the "Times," very frequently on the subject of Cholera, appears to have fallen into a similar error; for he refers to his personal knowledge of the epidemic in India, he having quitted that country in 1814, and the epidemic having first appeared there in 1817.

In reference to the sketch here drawn of the progress of the epidemic, geographically and chronologically, and in reference to the

reports of Sir William Russell and Sir David Barry of the Russian Cholera, can there remain any reasonable doubt of the relation of the present epidemic in England to that of the Continent, and of the latter being identical with the Asiatic epidemic? Are we not justified in declaring our own belief, that this epidemic now in London is a new form of disease, and a variety of the Asiatic spasmodic Cholera? It is not difficult to imagine, that the population of India would suffer far more, from the invasion of this disease, than that of Europe; and that in this country it would be far less spreading than in any other. It might, in fact, have been easily, and was indeed so anticipated. The present age is peculiarly fitted to check and control an epidemic pestilence; and, had the plague appeared in London in modern days, there is reason to believe it would have been far less prevalent and fatal. The wretched sufferers were then cut off from their intercourse with friends and relatives, and left to the care of mercenary attendants of the worst description; who, no doubt, in many instances, murdered the patients for the sake of their property. Cleanliness and ventilation were not then attended to, as they would be now; and no such devoted zeal, activity, and science, characterised the medical profession, as is now displayed in the harassing and unremitting duties discharged among the Cholera patients. Were it otherwise, what might not the epidemic arrive at? and yet the ungrateful poor unite with those who ought to cherish better feelings, in opposing the measures of the authorized medical attendants, and reviling them for their well-directed treatment and precautions.

The separation of the sick in Cholera hospitals is productive of the greatest benefit, as a powerful auxiliary means of checking the spread of the disease, while it affords every requisite comfort and curative measures. To the perseverance of the Government in this plan, we confidently look forward for the ultimate subjugation of the fearful malady, the sight of which, in its worst forms, is calculated to inspire the utmost horror, and the most earnest desire that no relaxation in the measures of the Government may occur, while a remnant of the disease remains. Were the wishes of those presumptuous and inconsiderate petitioners to Parliament granted, who pray that the Board of Health may be abolished, and the management of the epidemic left in the hands of those London practitioners who never saw the disease elsewhere, we should have all the local interests and prejudices, and the little-minded jealousies and strivings for notoriety, banefully influencing the treatment of the disease and the measures of counteraction. While their petty squabbles and hypotheses were going on and banded about, the disease would probably get a-head, before they had settled the point of its identity and true character. Party spirit, now so rife, would then act as an incubus, paralysing their efforts to eradicate the pestilence, until it had worn itself out by destruction amongst our great population to a fearful extent. To those who wish to study the disease, every facility is afforded, although indiscriminate visits, at all hours and in uncertain numbers, are very properly prevented.

Among the objections raised against the Central Board, we regret to see one made by a respectable weekly Medical Journal, which

was originally established to defeat the falsifications of another journal, conducted on the most wicked and mischievous principles. The objection alluded to is, that not one of the Board is practically conversant with the diseases of London. This objection ought not to have been made without first ascertaining its truth, if truth be still, as it was wont to be, the object of the Medical Gazette. If inquiry had been made, it would have been ascertained that Sir David Barry was employed, some few years, as physician to one of the London dispensaries—a species of charity remarkably well calculated to afford abundant experience to a physician of the prevailing diseases of this great city.

Having now disposed of the two great questions debated among the London practitioners, as to whether the prevailing epidemic Cholera is a new disease in England, or merely a severe form of one commonly known here, and whether it be a variety of the Asiatic Cholera Spasmodica,—both of which questions we are disposed to answer affirmatively; we are now very desirous to endeavour to set the public right upon the question of contagion, and the meaning of that term as applied to the epidemic Cholera. The term contagious is alarming in society, and the cause of opposite opinions among medical men, merely because scarcely two persons ever meet who attach the same ideas to the expression. Properly speaking, a contagious disease can only be communicated by actual touch or contact, like certain cutaneous and other diseases, which the closest approximation to is unattended with contamination, provided absolute contact be avoided. Some contagions are also communicated by means of clothes and other articles, as well as mutual personal contact. No other diseases should be called contagious; and as far as relates to Cholera this is not a disease, properly speaking, contagious, as contact apparently is not necessary to its propagation. The word *contagious* has, however, been used in a more extensive sense, and applied to other diseases which are communicated from man to man by near approximation, without absolute contact, of which many febrile diseases are examples, such as typhus, scarletina, measles, &c.; that is, in such cases it is supposed that there is a morbific aura given off from the infected, which contains the germs of the disease, and which germs become fecundated in persons about, who are at the time susceptible of the infection. Such is the full meaning of the word contagious; and we are not correctly informed as to the full extent of disease which is capable of being so communicated. Often a complaint appears, to which commonly we do not attach the designation, but which sometimes assumes a somewhat contagious character. The croup and the hooping-cough have very much this appearance at times, and at other periods not so.

We cannot reduce such calculations to mathematical precision where human health is concerned, which depends on so many uncertain and hidden causes. We talk of epidemics, or local diseases, running through a limited district, and of epidemics which prevail more generally; and, from our limited knowledge, we are not positively informed, as to whether such diseases are propagated by emanations from the bodies of the infected. Whenever, therefore, we see a disease affecting the multitude, we cannot be justified in acting

upon a mere speculative hypothesis, and allowing refinement of reasoning to give us what may possibly be merely an imaginary security; on the contrary, as much insulation of the diseased ought to be employed, as is consistent with existing circumstances, and calculated to secure public health, and to prevent the spread of disease amongst families.

Now, the mistake commonly made is, that if a disease be contagious, all who are exposed to its influence ought to have it: were it so, what population could long withstand the general devastation of contagions? Contagions have their laws, although these are mostly unknown, and they depend upon the operation of agencies of which we are very ignorant, excepting that we know all are not equally susceptible of contagion at all times, and many under no circumstances. Some contagions also are weaker than others, and vary as much in their individual communicative powers at different periods, as the susceptibility of persons to receive them and become infected. It often happens also, that we can from observation and experience check the spread of a contagion without difficulty.

To apply the term contagious to spasmodic Cholera—why is the world divided upon this point, and why does each party so stoutly maintain his favourite opinion, both having the same opportunities of judging? Because there is no general agreement upon the meaning of the word, and because also the anti-contagionists admit negative evidence as proof. Dr. A. and Mr. B., for example, say the Cholera cannot be contagious, because many persons exposed to its influence escape the disease. Dr. C. and Mr. D. say the Cholera is certainly contagious, because they have seen it communicated in such a manner from man to man, as leaves no other explanation open to them. But the arguments of the anti-contagionists are equally applicable to all cases, even of the most undoubted contagions. Actual contact in cases of indisputable contagion often fails to infect several, where others equally exposed to the same infection escape. The anti-contagionists refer to the occasional spontaneous generation of Cholera; but is it not so frequently with small-pox, &c.? The real fact is, that diseases not necessarily communicated by actual contact of persons are capable of being generated spontaneously, and at the same time of being communicable from man to man by mutual approximation. Therefore the negative evidence is of no amount in the calculation, and we ought to consider the proofs of the positive communicability of a disease; and if we are satisfied with these, we ought to place it with the contagions, until the word contagious is limited to communication by actual contact.

We appeal to the history of the disease in question, as detailed in the Reports of Sir William Russell and Sir David Barry, and to the progress of it to Hamburg, around Sunderland and Newcastle, to North Britain, and to London: and in this reference can any one dispassionately investigate the facts detailed in the Russian Reports and the Cholera Gazette, reasonably entertain a doubt for one instant that the disease is communicable; that is, that setting aside the atmospheric peculiarities, independently of the presence of the disease which are supposed to be exciting causes among others, it is fully capable of being propagated from an infected person to another

person who is susceptible of the infection, and that the second person might have escaped but for the approximation of the two? Of this, we repeat, we have abundant evidence both in India, on the Continent, and in London,—evidence so clear and strong, that no accumulation of negative facts justify the conclusion that the spasmodic epidemic Cholera is not a communicable disease; and, consequently, we contend that it is contagious in the general acceptation of the term, however modified the contagion may be from various attending circumstances regarding both the infected person and the recipient.

We maintain this to be a logical conclusion, justified by positive proofs. But, if this be doubted, surely are there not grounds at least sufficiently numerous and strong to render it highly hazardous and culpable in any Government to act upon the negative evidence? The inconveniences to many proceeding from the necessary restrictions may be very great, and doubtless they are so; but the danger to the community at large is far greater, by acting upon the principle of considering the disease as not communicable by persons labouring under it. Happily, however, the powers of communication are greatly limited as the disease exists in this country; and from whatever source the poison is derived, it seems to be limited in its action almost exclusively to the impoverished members of crowded communities, and especially to those among them who seek a baneful consolation in the indulgence in gin as a substitute for employment and the necessary comforts of human life.

We have then, we think, shown enough to warrant the propriety of the Council acting upon the views of the Central Board, in considering the present epidemic as one of a new description in England, separable from our ordinary bilious Cholera, and not as an aggravated form of the latter; and we think them farther justified in considering this disease to depend upon causes which were in operation in India when the disease raged there, on the Continent, and in this country; and farther do we think them fully justified in considering the epidemic as communicable from man to man, although the precise agents of communication are imperfectly understood.

We trust that the present Central Board will not be superseded, to give way to speculative and dangerous doctrines founded on surmises, and that they will continue their useful and valuable labours, disregardful of their assailants, and all their fabrications and sophistry. If any doubts could in fairness arise (and we own we were not free from them altogether) at the first commencement of the epidemic in Sunderland and in London, subsequent events are fully calculated to remove those doubts; and since abundant opportunities of observing the disease have occurred to us, our belief is confirmed in its specific character, its being new in England,—that is, unless it existed in former days beyond the memory of man, (which we doubt,) and of its being a variety of the Asiatic spasmodic Cholera, whether generated through the instrumentality of the atmosphere and passing along as a blight, or communicated from man to man, or by both means.

The evidences we possess of the disease being communicated from the dead bodies of infected persons are so undeniable, that the utmost

attention of the Board ought to be directed to this point, more especially as we fear that several bodies of persons dying of Cholera have found their way into dissecting-rooms. Should the disease continue, the punishment of death would not be too severe, in our opinion, for any one convicted of so disposing of a corpse; and we should be glad to see an Act passed to this effect.

Whether this epidemic depends upon certain states of the air around, the agency of electricity, or of animalcules, or the ova of insects, it is at present impossible to determine. The efforts made by some to associate its exciting causes with certain physical effects, with such as influence thermal springs, the eruptions of volcanoes, the shocks of earthquakes, or the formation of Graham Island, have ended as they began, in mere conjecture and unsupported theory. The brute creation is exposed, as is our race, to epidemical disorders. A rabbit-warren will become thinned by a sudden disease, sheep die by dozens in the fold, dogs go mad, and poultry pine away. A few years ago the pheasants in Windsor Park and the Forest drooped and died: several of these were examined, and they all presented the same appearance of myriads of minute insects imbedded in their skin. No doubt, the ova of these beings were wafted by the wind, and deposited in the downy skin of the pheasants, and disordered their plumage, for the feathers dropped off, and the birds became weak and emaciated, and died in numbers. The water that we drink, and the vegetables which we eat, may (it is put merely hypothetically) convey ova of insects or animalcules into the system from some unknown blight proceeding from distant quarters of the globe, and so poison the blood as to generate an epidemic disease. Many of our epidemics are of foreign importation, and some of our direst contagions also. From whatever causes they may have arisen, the spasmodic Cholera may without difficulty be supposed to arise from similar agencies; and the character of the disease is certainly that of a pestilence in its truest sense, and not an accidental derangement of the bowels or liver from irregularity of living, or unwholesome diet, nor is it simply the effect of poverty and spirituous drams, although these may be always considered as predisposing causes, exposing the victims to imbibe the infection by the debility which they create.[1]

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[1] We have just received, from an authentic source, the result of an inspection of parish registers about Sunderland, which are worthy of public attention, since they tend to contradict the common prejudice abroad respecting the alleged low rate of mortality during the prevalence of Cholera, whilst they also afford an answer to those who deny the existence of any new disease in this country upon the same ground.

Of a population of fifty-five thousand there have been Cholera burials to the amount of three hundred and sixteen—which gives an average of deaths, six in every thousand persons. Moreover, during the Cholera, that is early in November, when it began to be reported, an excess on former years occurred of four hundred deaths in three months: and of the three hundred and sixteen Cholera funerals, one hundred and twenty-nine were those of males, and one hundred and eighty-seven of females, creating an excess of females over males of fifty-eight.

In the Borough, the recent closing of the quarterly bills of mortality shows an excess of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty deaths during the last three months.

These facts appear to be important; and in our next Number we hope to be able to give the Tables, from which we can only now extract the leading results.

THE WAGGONER.

King John. Hubert, threw thine eye
On yon young boy.——Dost understand me?
He is a very serpent in my way.
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
King John. Death.
Hub. My Lord?
King John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
King John. Enough.
I could be merry now.

KING JOHN, *Act* III. *Sc.* 3.

THIS singular—the apparently improbable circumstances which form the basis of the ensuing narrative, occurred about fifty years ago. I am not aware of their having been till now brought before the public eye in any other shape than a brief and naked contemporaneous report.—I am a curious man, and somewhat successful in hunting after such matters; but the following are the fruits of a discovery made a few years ago by mere accident. One or two cases are on record, in the criminal annals of this and other countries, in which similar motives induced nearly similar conduct—but infinitely less systematic, mysterious, and atrocious, than what I am at present about to develope.

Shrewsbury clock was telling twelve, on a fine frosty moonlight night, ushering in the Christmas of 1760, as a waggoner, with a snow-white smock-frock on, and a half-emptied jug of ale in his hand, sallied out of the Hunting-horn Inn—one of the chiefest in Shrewsbury. His waggon was standing before the door, the covering encrusted with hoar frost, and a noble team of horses attached to the well-laden vehicle were refreshing themselves with hay and water, quietly submitting, the while, to the sibilatory civilities of the ostler. The waggoner watched them with complacency, as he drained his jug; and then lifting up his smock, he extracted a few halfpence from his pocket, and gave them to the ostler.

"And do you go into the tap, ostler," said he, "and see whether these two partners o' mine are a-stirring themselves. Hang me, an I don't think they would sit there till this time to-morrow!" He was interrupted by a shout of boisterous laughter from the tap-room. "I say—within there!—Bill! Thomas!" cried the waggoner, returning to the room he had just quitted, "What be ye doing in there sotting?—Come, come! ye know as well as I 'tis starting-time!—Do you hear it has just struck twelve by the church-clock?"—"Then 'tis to-morrow," quoth one of the wags he was addressing.

"Come, come, now!" continued the waggoner; "we've a weary week's drive before us—and you know it as well as I!—Are ye moving, eh?"—"Ah, ha, Dick!—Isn't this Christmas morning? Come! don't ye be sulking on the beginning of this blessed day; but sit ye down a little longer, and drink a merry Christmas to one another!"—"No, I won't," replied the waggoner resolutely.

"Well, then—an you must start, do ye drive the waggon slowly—and we'll both be after you before you reach the Baker's Pond. There's some ale a-spicing for us, Dick," replied Thomas, smacking his lips enticingly.—"No, no, I know my duty—and I'm off," grumbled the waggoner, quitting the room. He went out, cast his careful eye over the trim of his horses, and had just reached down his whip from the waggon-head, when one of his companions touched him upon the elbow, and proffered him a cup of warm spice-scented ale. "Come, Dick—come, drink it off," said Bill, coaxingly,—a good-natured lad of one or two-and-twenty, that could say fair things as well as many of his betters,

"come, you won't refuse to drink us a merry Christmas? This ale is special, man!—Won't ye drive on slowly for half an hour, or so—and we'll be with you, as sure as death, by when you reach the Baker's Pond? Come—come, Dick—we'll do, may be, more for *you* at a pinch!" The good-natured waggoner was not proof against fair words and spiced ale. He yielded, took the cup, drained it in a twinkling, shook Bill heartily by the hand, wished him a merry Christmas, and added, "Now don't ye be long a-following; for drive slow as I will, you'll have two or three miles to run for it, I know!"

"We'll look to that, Dick — good-by," replied Bill, hurrying inwards, while Dick betook himself to his horse's heads, cracked and smacked his whip; his horses pricked up their ears, and away they went. The ponderous waggon rumbled heavily over the stones of the silent Shrewsbury, accompanied by the clattering of sixteen pair of horses' hoofs, and the occasional "Gee—o—a—whoop!—Come up!—On, Smiler!" of the driver, who was soon out of sight of the jovial Hunting Horn, and fairly started on the broad London road. He walked slowly by the horses' heads for some time, whistling and humming to himself, and every three or four minutes turning back his head towards Shrewsbury, to see whether his companions were yet on the road. He had proceeded, however, at his very slowest pace, for more than an hour, without their appearing.

"Now this is unkind," quoth the waggoner to himself, as he trudged along; "but did I not say it would be so? Here are Bill and Tom sitting snugly by the fire—drinking till they be drunken! What shall I do? I must go on!—Lord, lord, how bitter cold it is!" He laid his whip across the shafts of the waggon, and stood still, slapping his hands against his sides, for warmth. By the time he had done, his waggon had proceeded thirty or forty paces a-head of him. Just as he was overtaking it, he passed a mile-stone; and with alarm and surprise caught a glimpse of the figure of a brawny sailor-looking man, sitting beside it, with a little basket by his side.

"Good morning!—A merry Christmas to you, Master Waggoner! How are you, eh?" inquired the stranger.—"Pretty well, but desperate late—desperate!" replied the flurried waggoner, passing by the speaker.

"Stop, just stop a minute," said he: "have you got any body in your waggon?—Can you make room for me, eh?"—"Lord, Sir, no, I'se got three men sleeping there already," replied the poor fellow, his heart beating fast—thinking he had hit upon a good device for terrifying one whom he took to be a highwayman. "They're all soldiers—all three of them; and I'm giving them a lift for ten miles or so. They've all got their muskets."

"Eh! What? soldiers, did you say?" inquired the man, evidently disconcerted.—"May I die if I haven't!" replied the waggoner, stoutly.

"What the —— brings soldiers into these parts, eh?"—"Lord, Sir, I don't know. You had better ask them, for they're calling to me. Good-morrow—good-morrow, Sir," said the waggoner, and running up to his waggon, he affected to be walking in conversation with some one inside of it. He was very much alarmed at the slight accident just recounted, and was growing more and more uneasy at the prolonged absence of his companions. His head was filled with fears of murder and robbery. Could he doubt that the person he had been speaking to was a highwayman? Often did he look over his shoulder, to see whether the man who had addressed him was following; but he saw nothing moving on the long line of high-road he had passed, and his fears began to abate.

It was now not far from two o'clock, and the morning continued bright and frosty. Like the eye of beauty, the moon shone forth radiantly and cheeringly from the unclouded blue. No sound interrupted the solemn silence, except the drowsy tinkling of a few bells about the horses' heads, the clattering of their hoofs, and the monotonous rumbling of the wag-

gon-wheels. For an hour and a half the waggoner had met nothing moving on the road, except the mail, which had thundered past him about twenty minutes before. He seemed to have forgotten the occurrence which had so alarmed him. Even the prolonged absence of his two companions seemed to have ceased disturbing him; for he had made up his mind to continue at his next putting-up place till they arrived. Recollecting suddenly that it was Christmas, he clambered up a little holly-hedge on the left-hand side of the road, to pluck a conspicuous piece of glistening misletoe. While in the act of cropping it, he thought he saw, in a cross-road at some little distance, the figure of some one running very fast. But what was there alarming in that? he thought, as he leaped down, and overtook his waggon. He stuck his misletoe in the brim of his great white hat, resumed his whip, and went on, cheerily singing the verses of a Christmas carol—

> The holly's berry is not so red
> As the blessed blood that Jesus shed;
> Nor pretty misletoe,
> Though it be white as snow,
> So white as ——

The words were still on his lips, when, arrived at an abrupt turn of the road, he was suddenly seized by several men in sailors' dresses, and thrown down on the ground. In spite of all his strugglings his arms were fastened to his sides, his legs tied together, his eyes were bandaged, and a gag was forced into his mouth. He was pressed down by the knees of his ruffianly assailants, flat into the road; and a voice addressed him, in hurried but distinct tones,—"'Tis no use to struggle. If you are not immediately quiet, your brains will be dashed out directly. Only be easy, and you will not have a hair of your head hurt; but if you attempt to make a noise, there is a pistol always loaded and cocked within a few inches of your head,—see!" and the bandage was slipped from his eyes for a moment, that they might look at a large horse-pistol in close contiguity with his forehead. Short and fearful as was the glance which the waggoner gave at the formidable weapon, he did not fail to observe that the hand holding the pistol was the fair white hand of a gentleman, and that there was a sparkling ring on his finger. After what he had seen and heard, the waggoner perceived the folly of attempting to disturb or resist his captors. Perfectly passive, he was elevated on the back of one of the men, who carried him about twenty yards backwards and forwards, and then round-abouts, evidently to mislead him as to the direction in which they were about to take him. He was then placed in a vehicle,—whether a post-chaise or a carriage he could not tell: some one entered with him; the door was shut, and a voice called out to the driver, "Ready:—drive on!" and away they went rapidly. The agony occasioned by the gag in his mouth, the aching of the teeth, and straining of the jaws, became soon intolerable; and, careless of consequences, he groaned and gasped piteously, and strove to articulate. The choking sounds he uttered seemed to alarm one of the persons sitting beside him; for the gag was presently removed, and he was asked, in a kind tone, whether the gag hurt him. The poor fellow's jaws fell together the instant the gag was removed, and for some time he could not separate them so as to utter a syllable. He seemed pitied by the persons beside him; for he was told that if he would but be silent, the gag should not be applied again; but that the moment he attempted to make any disturbance it would be replaced, even if it tortured him to death. He was told further, that wherever he might be taken, it would be useless to call for assistance; for he would be taken to a place where no living being would be near him but those who had him in their custody. All this was said in a mild expostulating tone and manner, though with evident attempts to disguise the voice. Putting all things together, hasty as was his attempt to reason on his situation, the waggoner's terror began to give place to sheer amazement. He could not conjecture what could be the motive of

those who had seized him. He could scarcely think plunder their object, till he suddenly adverted to his waggon, fully laden,—ah! the thing was fearfully probable! How did he know but it contained, unknown to himself, yet known to those who had seized him, articles of very great value,—money or plate? Horrid thought! was he being conveyed by highwaymen to their secret place of rendezvous, there to be despatched, that he might tell no tales? He was trembling with the terror occasioned by these surmises, when the vehicle stopped; the cords which bound his legs were untied; and he was told to step out. With the shivering reluctance of a sheep being urged into the bloody slaughter-house, the waggoner obeyed, screaming, "Mercy! mercy! mercy, gentlemen!" and he dropped upon his knees. He was suddenly plucked up, however. "Silence, Sir!" whispered the voice of one who firmly grasped his right arm,—"Remember!" and the waggoner felt the muzzle of a pistol touching his ear. His limbs could scarcely support him; so he was rather dragged and pushed than any thing else, along a paved place. He heard the sound of a wooden gate being unbarred; and presently the scent of cattle and stables, that met his nostrils, led him to conclude that he was in a farm-yard. He was stopped a moment by his conductors, and one of them whispered, in low earnest tones,—"Now, step very lightly, hold your tongue, and make haste; or I, who shall follow close behind, with a loaded pistol almost touching the back of your head, will without hesitation fire at you. All this mystery and fright will be over in half an hour. Now, Sir!"

"Oh, I will obey, Sirs! I will!" quivered the captive, and went whither he was urged. He ascended some narrow steps, creaking and shaking under him. Then he was led through a passage and a door into a room, warm, with a fire heard crackling in the grate. Then he was conducted out again into another passage by a different door, and down a long flight of stone steps: these brought him to another passage, at the end of which another door was unlocked, unbarred, opened—and he felt himself once more in the open air. He had scarcely walked a few steps, however, before he was conducted through another door, which, unlike any of those through which he had previously passed, was carefully closed and locked after them. He was then turned round till he was quite giddy; in which state he was snatched up in some one's powerful arms, carried a few steps, and set down in a very close warm room. He heard another door closed on them, and several voices speaking in low whispers. A chair was placed behind him, and he was told to sit down in it. "You are now in the presence," said a voice, in a low determined tone, "of those who can murder you, and bury you, so that none shall ever find you or hear of you again. We can despatch you this instant: our hands are filled with weapons, and our hearts have no fear. We shall do no harm to you, however, unless you are foolish and obstinate enough to refuse what we shall require of you, which will be easy and reasonable. Quick, decide!" continued the voice, with sudden and startling sternness; "will you seize a chance for life?" For some seconds the waggoner was too overpowered with agitation to speak: he moved his hands, as far as he was able,—his arms being tied,—imploringly.

"Tell un, masters, tell un what I am to do!" he groaned. There was a pause, and then a hurried whispering. "First, swear by the great God that made and can destroy you, that if you should leave this place alive, you will never in any way make known what has been, and shall yet be, done to you, or attempt to find us out, or try to come again to the place to which you may hereafter fancy yourself to have been taken. Swear, I say!"—The waggoner paused.

"Come, you hold life cheap," whispered a voice; and he heard the sound of a pistol cocking.—"I swear—I swear—I swear!" he faltered.

"On your knees, kissing the Bible!" The waggoner dropped on his knees, and kissed a book which was held to his lips.

"Again," resumed the terrible speaker, "say you wish your soul may perish for ever, if you break your oath!"—"I do!" gasped the waggoner. "And now, dear gentlemen, what am I to do? What do you want? I will do all I can!" There was a pause. The waggoner sobbed, and the tears were perceived trickling down from under the bandage which was over his eyes.

"What ails you?" inquired some one sternly.—"I am thinking of my poor old mother,—and that my employers will call me a thief and a villain!" he replied, crying bitterly.

"You may soon be free, perhaps, if you will do your duty."—"And what is that?" he inquired faintly. He received no answer.

"Remove the bandage from his eyes," said an authoritative voice; and the bandage was instantly taken off. He found himself in a small room, lit by one candle, and the walls covered with what appeared sheets and blankets hung on them, as if to prevent the chamber being recognised. The first fearful object, however, that met his eyes, was a pistol held closely before him, and by the very same white hand, with the ring on, that he had noticed when he was first seized. The person who thus menaced him was sitting closely fronting him on a table, wore a white coat buttoned up to the chin, and a white nightcap was drawn over his face down to his mouth (as when a man is hanged) evidently to conceal his features. There were three others in the room, all effectually, and indeed similarly disguised.

"What is your name?" inquired the person who held the pistol in his hand.—"Forster," replied the waggoner, promptly.

"Forster?" echoed several voices, in tones of consternation.

"Is it really so?" inquired the person opposite to him, agitatedly; and lowering the pistol he held, till it touched the waggoner's bosom,—"is it so, in the presence of God, on your oath?"—"It is!" replied the waggoner, firmly; "the only name I was ever called by—Richard Forster."

"I will send you perjured into hell, if you speak false: is it Forster?"—"Yes! yes! yes!" repeated the waggoner, solemnly, looking upwards. The pistol was removed; the person who held it suddenly struck down the candle from the table, and the room was left in darkness.

"Pho!" exclaimed the voice that had all along been speaking, in a low fierce tone; "we are wrong, after all!" There was a pause, and a hurried consultation in whispers for a second or two.—"What shall we do with him?" the affrighted waggoner heard asked, but could not catch the reply.

"My poor fellow," said the voice now familiar to him, "we have unfortunately mistaken our man. We have frightened you nearly out of your senses,—and all in mistake! You are not the man we want; you cannot do what we wish. Here is a trifle by way of making you some amends;" and several pieces, apparently guineas, were put into his hand. "And if you will tell us the name of the place where you live, you shall have twenty pounds before the New Year. We shall not hurt a hair of your head, but shall put the bandage round your eyes once more, and lead you safely where we found you. Don't be afraid; only remember—remember your oath!"

"What!" inquired the waggoner, "are you going to release me?"—"Yes, directly." The waggoner fell at full length on the floor, in a swoon. When he recovered possession of his senses, he found himself seated in a vehicle driving on rapidly, situated exactly as he was before. The first words he heard were,—"You dropped four guineas out of your hand *in the chapel*: we have put them in your pocket, where you will find them when we leave you."

This was spoken in a very kindly manner; and much more was said by the same speaker, expressive of sorrow for having so needlessly frightened him, and assuring him that he had been mistaken for some one else. He was told again, that he would receive £20 before New-Year's Day; but that, if ever he opened his lips to any one breathing

about what had happened to him, or gave information about it to magistrates, or did any thing to lead to inquiry, he would, as surely as he was now about to be released, be shot within twelve hours of his doing so, wherever he might be, in whatever part of England, how many soever guards and constables he might get about him. "We have got a man," continued the voice, "who will, unknown to you, watch you for months after this, to see if you break your oath. You will never find him out, and yet he will be always near you to do our wish. He is a kind of devil, and is charged to kill you, if you dare do contrary to what you have sworn. Remember all this, Richard Forster; and be but honest and true, and it shall be well with you for the rest of your life." After near an hour's driving, the vehicle stopped. The waggoner was again addressed.

"You are now within about fifty yards of the place from which we took you. We shall set you in the hedge-side, with this bandage still on your eyes, but shall remove the cords from your arms, and so leave you. You must neither stir, nor remove the bandage from your eyes, for an hour, as nearly as you can guess. If you do, you will be shot; for we shall leave a man to stand sentinel over you for half an hour." The bewildered waggoner was then led out of the vehicle, his arms were unbound, and he was placed by the hedge-side, as he had been told.

"Now, remember!" said the voice, and the hands of the speaker shook those of the waggoner; "break your oath, and the grave will yawn for you the next moment. Farewell!" The waggoner heard the sound of retreating footsteps,—then the door of a vehicle closing, and it drove fast away, but in an opposite direction from what he had expected.

The waggoner sat still as a mouse, scarce daring even to breathe, much less shift his posture, lest it should be construed into an intention of rising before his time. It might be all a farce about the man left to watch him; but what if it were not!—Overcome with fear, fatigue, and cold, he fell fast asleep. He was woke by some one suddenly pulling off the bandage from his eyes, and shouting in his ears, at the same time shaking him violently by the shoulder. "Why, Dick! Dick! Dick! where hast thou been? Dick Forster—hey, hem—stare at me! I will do thee no hurt, God knows: but where hast been? why and how here?" said Bill Fowler, one of the two whom Forster had left drinking at the Hunter's Horn, and who now, after a long and terrified search, stood scrutinizing his companion's features by the help of a lantern. The waggon had arrived safe, though unattended, at its nearest point of destination, followed shortly by the arrival of the two waggoners who had been left at Shrewsbury: and then the startling question was, "Where is Dick Forster?" Unable to answer the question, they, with several others, instantly set out in search of the missing waggoner.

"Why, man, where have you been? what have you been doing? what has come to you? who has put this bandage before your eyes? how long have you been here?" were questions asked in a breath, without time given for answers, even if Forster had been able, or so disposed. He stared stupidly at the man who addressed him, and muttered some such incoherent words as,—"Don't—don't shoot me, kind Sir! for God's sake! It was not I that took off the bandage! For our Lord's sake, don't murder me! I will never tell!" His companion recoiled from him as he uttered these affrighted exclamations, and stared at him with unspeakable concern and wonder.

"Why, Dick! Dick!" said he, again shaking him by the shoulder, "don't 'ee know un? don't 'ee know where thou art?—where the waggon is? Agad! art mad, or drunk, or devil-struck?" Dick made no answer; but stretched out his arms and legs, and groaned, as through exhaustion. His companion began to get alarmed, and his own apprehensions were aggravated on seeing, owing to a sudden change in Dick's posture, that there rolled out of his pocket several guineas.

"Why, Dick Forster! why—why—why——" he stammered, turning pale, and holding his lantern down towards the golden coins; "who gave thee these? Where didst thou get them? Hast thou been out a—a—a—robbing? or—hast—tell me, Dick Forster—or I'll go and fetch some one that shall make thee!" and he shook him violently. Dick began to come a little to his senses on being so roughly handled, and was answering some question rather angrily put to him, when there was heard a faint rustling by the other side of the hedge. Dick suddenly clasped his arms around his companion, his eyes glared on him with wildness, and he gasped—"Save me! save—save me! he'll shoot me! he'll murder me!" His companion stared at him, first with an alarmed, and then a distrustful air, folded his arms on his breast, and, with a resolute air, said to him, "Now, Dick, may I die here this blessed Christmas morning, if I do not think thou hast done ill since we met!" He paused with agitation. "Speak, man!" he resumed; "this money; where didst get it? for what? from whom? Is all this thy frighted manner but a-deceiving of me? Come, come, Dick! thou shalt tell thy tale to a magistrate, or my name is not Bill Fowler!"

Dick slowly lifted himself up, and clasped his companion's hand, whispering faintly, "Bill Fowler, let us but leave this lonely place—help me to the high road—then to some house or other, and I will tell thee all! It will make thy hair stand like a hedge-hog's!"

"Well—come, now—that is reasonable enough! let us away! and as for any one shooting thee, I would not run from the great devil himself, with a pistol in each hand. Come—I long to hear thy story, for I much dread me it will be a black one! But come!"—At that instant a pistol was discharged from the other side of the hedge, and the bullet whizzed close past the astounded waggoners. Fowler fell down with the suddenness of the shock, but found his feet again in a trice, and made desperate but fruitless efforts to get through the high and thick hedge. All the while he heard the sounds of one running as it were for his life, across the frozen furrows of a newly-ploughed field; and though tantalized and irritated almost to frenzy, he was obliged at length to give up the thought of pursuit, and hastened his companion to the high road. Half dragging and half carrying him, he succeeded in bringing Forster to a small farm-house, about a quarter of a mile down the road, where they were both of them known. Though it was five o'clock, and a Christmas morning, they found the good people stirring. Each of them got a little ale, the good effects of which were soon visible on Forster, for he began to look about him with some composure. "Where is the waggon gone?" was the first sensible question he asked.—"'Tis now standing at Job Winton's," was the reply.

"And where is Thomas?"—"He is, I warrant him, out, searching for thee, now."

"And what is the hour?"—"A trifle past five. And now, Dick," said his companion, no longer able to conceal his impatience, "tell us all that hath happened to thee."

"No," replied Dick, firmly, "I will not tell thee a word now, and here; but take me before a magistrate, and I will tell thee and him all. I have sworn before God, it is true, that I would not tell a word, and may be shot for doing so; but I care not—I will ease my soul, and put my life into God's hands. Oh, Will, Will! when we parted last evening at the Hunting Horn, how small thought had I of what would befall me!" Bill made no answer, but grew visibly paler, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead: he rose from his seat, and stepped to and fro across the small room in which they were sitting, with great agitation in his manner.

"Well, Dick," he muttered, "I don't know what the ending of all this will be; but I fear for thee! I dread me the devil hath been at thee! —'Tis said he walks these parts on Christmas morn!" He presently resumed his seat, and tried again to extract his companion's secret from

him; but in vain. Dick was inflexible: he took the four guineas out of his pocket, and gave them into Bill's hand, saying,—"I don't value this gold. It may be gotten ill by those who gave it me. Do thou keep it, and see what the magistrate will say about it; for to one we will go this day, or my name is not Richard Forster."

By two o'clock that afternoon the two waggoners found their way to the house of a county magistrate, to whom Dick gave a full account of what had befallen him. His words were taken down; but there was such an air of exaggeration—of blank improbability about the whole, that it was evident the magistrate did not attach over-much credit to it. What could he do in the matter?—The waggoner swore that, if his life depended on it, he could not tell by which of the four cross-roads he had gone or come; he had never seen the faces of those who had so mysteriously seized him; and could not describe the voices of any one that spoke to him.

"So they were surprised to hear that your name was Forster, eh?"—"Yes, your worship."

"They said you were mistaken for some one else?"—"Yes, your worship."

"Now, do you know any one among your associates that has a name any thing like your own?" inquired the magistrate, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "Think a little, my man," he continued, seeing the waggoner very thoughtful, and rubbing his forehead with a puzzled air.—"No, no," replied the waggoner, at length; "I don't know any one of my name, nor any one like it."

"Oh, please your worship," said the other, "I hope your worship's honour will forgive me—but *my* name is Fowler; but that, again, as your worship knows, is not Forster."—"So I should suppose," drawled the magistrate, with a smile, looking at his watch, and then taking down the name.

"How do you spell it, my man?" Fowler repeated the letters of his name separately.

"And are you a waggoner, like your unfortunate friend here?"—"Yes, your worship,—and go the same road, and serve the same master."

"You neither of you know any one that is likely to have ill blood against you?"—"Lord love your worship,—no, your worship!" replied both in a breath.

"I hope you are an honest, sober fellow, my friend?" inquired the magistrate of Fowler, amused by his *naïveté* and eagerness. Fowler hung down his head and blushed. "Why, please your worship, as for the matter of honesty, I am as honest (as one might reverently say) as your worship yourself; but I own—I humbly say—" he continued, with an embarrassed air.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the magistrate, quite tickled; "you like your glass, eh? a friendly glass?"—"Not exactly, your worship; give me a plain jug—a plain jug, with ale in it!"

His worship and his clerk laughed heartily.

"And, pray, who are your father and mother? Where do they live?"—"Both dead, your worship, long ago!" * * *

"Richard Forster," said the magistrate, "a word or two more with you about this strange story of yours. Do you think you could recognise the room in which you were, or the yard, doors, and passages through which you were led, if you were to be taken to them again?"—"No, your worship, on the oath of a true man. Your worship will recollect that I was not only blindfolded, but turned round and round like a cock-chafer; besides being all the while nearly dead of fright."

"Why, can't you say whether you went towards the north, south, east, or west?"—"No, your worship!"

"Did you hear any bleating of sheep—any snorting or neighing of horses—any lowing of cows, when you passed through what you took to be a farm-yard?"—"No, your worship,—nothing like it."

"Did it seem a large or a small house—or what sort of place?"—"Please your worship, I know about as much of it as a dead man knows of the shape of his grave!"

"Humph!" exclaimed the magistrate, completely nonplussed, rubbing his hand over his forehead.

"Oh, please your worship!" said Dick, suddenly; "I forgot one thing. I saw the hand of one man twice; first when he seized me by my waggon, and then when he held the pistol to my breast in the little room; and marked specially that it was fair and white, like a gentleman's, and had a shining ring upon one finger."—"Ay!—ay! ay!—Are you sure of that?" inquired the magistrate, with much interest; "a gentleman's hand, with a bright ring on?—One might make something of that!" He paused.

"And yet—Pho! What is such a trifle as that, to lead to discovery? There must be something strange behind all this, I am confident!"

The simple fact was, that the magistrate was completely at a loss. What, indeed, could be done in the matter? What great harm had been done, after all? To be sure, there were some symptoms of threatened outrage on another of his Majesty's subjects, when he could be found; but, as for the present complainant, he had been clearly much more frightened than hurt. Here he was, sound and whole, richer by four guineas than he was before, unable to give a spark of available information about his seizure, capture, or journey. What could be done in the affair? The magistrate knew not. However, he decided on sending a memorial of the whole affair to the Secretary of State's Office, and so throwing the business on the shoulders of Government. He directed the waggoner, in the mean while, to return to his ordinary work, and granted him the services of two constables, to ride all the way inside his waggon to London, and back again, with fire-arms, which they were authorized in using without hesitation, in case of emergency. His worship also directed Forster to keep the four guineas, and gave Bill Fowler half-a-crown, to enable him to get a "plain jug" of good ale. And so the affair ended, as far as the waggoner was concerned. The result of the application to the Secretary of State, was an order to advertise the affair over the whole county, offering a reward, on the part of Government, of £100 for the discovery of the perpetrator of so extraordinary an outrage; which was done, but in vain. Not a tittle, not a glimpse of evidence was obtained, by which to trace or fasten the occurrence any where; and after a fortnight, or so, the affair was forgotten by the public, in spite of the stimulating paragraphs that, as in our day, ran the round of the papers, "vires acquirentes eundo." The waggoner, Richard Forster himself, resumed his ordinary business without interruption, and gradually dropped his fear, treating the whole affair, when it was mentioned to him, rather as a joke, than otherwise.

One word, in passing, concerning the magistrate. The first thing he did, after dismissing the waggoner, as has been described, and entering his library, was to take off his gloves, hastily pluck off a ring from his little finger, and fling it into the fire-grate. "Cursed little traitor!" he exclaimed, pale and gasping with fury, "lie there and be burned!" He sat down in a chair; the perspiration started upon his brow, and his fist clenched with involuntary emotion. He presently started from his seat, and walked to and fro in prodigious agitation. *His* was the hand that the waggoner had spoken of; *he* it was that seized him by the throat, and presented the pistol to his breast!

This atrocious, daring, and unaccountable transaction soon slipped from public recollection, and ceased, as was remarked above, to annoy or disturb even Dick Forster the waggoner. It served little other purpose, indeed, so far as Dick was concerned, than to make him the most popular man on the whole road from Shrewsbury to London; for everybody was curious to see and converse with the man who had experienced so extraordinary an adventure. The coachmen and guards of the various

coaches took an interest in him; nay, even the very mail-coachman himself, that king of the road, brief as was his time for stoppages by the way, more than once twitched Dick almost off his feet, to show him to some one or other of his inside passengers as the man that had had "the hextra-hordi-nary 'ventur t'other day." It is almost superfluous to state with what ridiculous glosses and variations Dick told his story; for how can any man, gifted with a spark of fancy, forbear to fill the maw of curiosity gaping before him? So Dick, "the kidnapped," as he had been called, soon acquired the less romantic nickname of "Lying Dick," when his various auditors discovered, time after time, his point-blank contradictions. Many began to surmise that there was no foundation in truth whatever for Dick's narrative: but the circumstance of the four guineas, and the condition in which he was actually discovered by his fellow-waggoner, sufficed to vindicate at least the basis of poor Dick's flourishing superstructures.

One incident, worthy of record, occurred on the occasion of one of Dick Forster's numerous tap-room prelections. He was telling his story for the tenth time, at least, at the Hunting Horn Inn, in Shrewsbury, about six weeks after the events took place, before a tap-room filled with a breathless auditory; and when he had got down to the concluding incident, about the pistol-shot fired from behind the hedge at himself and Fowler, he was pleased to say, "There were at least three shots fired at me——."

"Three!—You lie!" said a man who had been listening to him. The eyes of all present were in an instant fixed on the uncourteous interrupter. There was a pause. Dick's character for veracity had not yet been fly-blown; and the parish-clerk of Shrewsbury, who was a very devout and frequent attendant at that place of godly resort the Hunting Horn, and a shrewd man to boot, pointedly inquired,—"My good friend, how do you happen to know that Dick Forster has told a lie?"

"Ay—ay—ay—how do you?" echoed many voices, and Dick's among the rest; whose temporary embarrassment seemed suddenly transferred with tenfold intensity to the man who had interrupted him. He gave such a poor account of himself, that a constable, who happened to be present, and was gradually inflaming his imagination with "£100 Reward," unable to contain himself any longer, rushed up to his man, plucked out his staff of office, seized him by the collar, and shouted, "Sir, you're my prisoner!" The suspected man was had before the magistrate in a trice—the constable made his statement, corroborated by a host of others—the man was remanded, listening to the charge with derision, and in silence; and at length, much to the mortification of the constable, discharged. He soon dissipated all suspicion by freely conversing with any one who questioned him on the subject, and saying, with a laugh, that his only ground for making the obnoxious observation, was his conviction that "Dick Forster was gammoning them;" for that he had himself heard Dick tell his tale in twenty different ways, and always, till then, had been content with *one* pistol as the wind-up!

"Then you really know nothing about the matter?" inquired the spectacled clerk.—"No more than your prayer-book of your piety, Mister Snore!" replied the man, and was teased no more by such inquiries.

Yet was this man, as it transpired long afterwards, the very one that had stood sentinel over Dick Forster, and fired at him from the other side of the hedge! He was, further, the first man who had seized and thrown him down, and kept at his side till the moment of discharging his pistol, as has been told.—What a mysterious length of interval does Providence often interpose between the perpetration and discovery of crime!

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1832.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service. By the Author of "The King's Own." 3 Vols. Cochrane and Co.

This is, as a whole, a better novel than "The King's Own," and we take it to be the best which the season has produced; though some have appeared, which, as far as swelling pretension goes, might upon that ground dispute the palm with it. Pretension, however, is not truth; and we are certain that in the essential quality of a novel—novelty both as to story and style, Captain Marryat here bears off the prize. There is no sickly sentiment, no affectation of superiority in knowledge, no mawkish attempts to catch attention by ill-drawn semblances of living character. All is lively, amusing, and original. The work too is sustained with unflagging interest from beginning to end. It is a sure sign of talent, and that of the right kind, when an author increases in excellence in every new work. Captain Marryat is a writer of unquestionable power, and we very much doubt if he has yet written his best work. Newton Forster commences in an easy, natural, but vigorous manner: there is no strained effort at arrangement; all the incidents are brought out precisely in the way in which they would occur in the ordinary course of things. The characters are forcibly sketched, yet not overstrained. Nicholas Forster and his wife are a pair of beings who are drawn with strong marks of a master's hand, and they have the merit of being new. Newton Forster is the son of this pair, and bred to the sea in the merchant service. He is made master of a small vessel, and, just when going to sea in her as such, is knocked down like a bullock, according to that unjustifiable and unnecessary practice—impressment; and being conveyed on board a frigate, is kept under by sentries and ball-cartridges till he is fairly at sea. When the vessel is beyond reach of shore, Newton makes his claim known to the captain, that he was not liable to the impress. His situation is pronounced hard, but he has no other chance now but to serve His Majesty. It is truly shown that to a seaman, with a humane commander, the King's service is a desirable one, and there is no hardship about it but the way in which men are dragged into it. There is much matter for reflection in such parts as these of Captain Marryat's novel. His dialogues respecting slavery are more equivocal. One great merit in this novel is, that the characters are all of them kept within the limits of nature, and that none of them appear to overdo their parts. A vein of careless easy humour runs through the whole, and enchains the reader irresistibly to the pages, independently of the curiosity raised by the story.

Newton goes through a numerous succession of adventures—he sails for England and is shipwrecked—saved—joins an East Indiaman—at length seems to have got into the tide of fortune. He falls in love and marries. The story of an infant saved from shipwreck is interwoven in the history of Forster, but the tale ends happily. There is a spirit all through these volumes which well becomes a British seaman—a boldness of character and a manly freedom which do Captain Marryat high honour; and we are not sure that he does not take the lead among the officers of his profession, neither few in number nor mean in merit, who have wielded the pen of late with distinguished success. These volumes, too, may be read by the fastidious on the

score of morals with approval. The young and inexperienced, and the old and experienced, may read them with equal delight and interest. The following extract will explain better than we can the character of Nicholas Forster the watch-maker, and his wife—the parents of the hero of the story.

"'Well, Mr. Forster, how long is the dinner to wait before you think proper to come? Every thing will be cold as usual. (N. B. the dinner consisted of the remains of a cold shoulder of mutton.)—Or do you mean to have any dinner at all? Betty, clear away the table; I have my work to do, and won't wait any longer.'

"'I'm coming, my dear, I'm coming; only this balance-spring is a job I cannot well leave,' replied Nicholas, continuing his vocation in the shop, with a magnifying glass attached to his eye.

"'Coming! yes, and Christmas is coming, Mr. Forster.—Well, the dinner 's going, I can tell you.'

"Nicholas, who did not want appetite, and who was conscious that if the mutton returned to the cupboard there would be some difficulty made in reproducing it, laid down the watch and came into the back parlour.

"'Well, my dear, here I am; sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but business must be attended to.—Dear me! why the mutton is really quite cold,' continued Nicholas, thrusting a large piece into his mouth, quite forgetting that he had already dined twice off the identical joint. 'That 's a fine watch of Mr. Tobin's; but I think that my improvement upon the duplex when I have finished it—'

"'When you have finished it, indeed!' retorted the lady; 'why, when did you ever finish any thing, Mr. Forster? Finish indeed!'

"'Well, my dear,' replied the husband, with an absent air,—'I do mean to finish it, when—*you are dead!*'

"'When I am dead!' screamed the lady in a rage—'when I am dead!' continued she, placing her arms a-kimbo, as she started from the chair;—'I can tell you, Mr. Forster, that I 'll live long enough to plague you. It's not the first time that you 've said so; but depend upon it, I 'll dance upon your grave yet, Mr. Forster.'

"'I did not exactly mean to say that; not exactly that, my dear,' replied Nicholas, confused. 'The fact is that I was not exactly aware of what I was saying—I had not precisely the—'

"'Precisely the fiddlestick, Mr. Forster! you did mean it, and you do mean it, and this is all the return that I am to expect for my kindness and anxiety for your welfare—slaving and toiling all day as I do; but you 're incorrigible, Mr. Forster: look at you, helping yourself out of your snuff-box instead of the salt-cellar. What man in his senses would eat a cold shoulder of mutton with tobacco?'

"'Dear me, so I have,' replied Forster, removing the snuff taken from the box, which, as usual, lay open before him, not into the box again, but into the salt-cellar.

"'And who 's to eat that salt now, you nasty beast?'

"'I am not a beast, Mrs. Forster,' replied the husband, whose choler was roused; 'I made a mistake; I do not perceive—now I recollect it, did you send Betty with the day-and-night glass to Captain Simkins?'

"'Yes, I did, Mr. Forster: if I did not look after your business, I should like to know what would become of us; and I can tell you, Mr. Forster, that if you do not contrive to get more business, there will be soon nothing to eat; seventeen and sixpence is all that I have received this last week; and how rent and fire, meat and drink, are to be paid for with that, you must explain, for I can't.'

"'How can I help it, my dear? I never refuse a job.'

"'Never refuse a job? no; but you must contrive to make more business.'

"'I can mend a watch and make a telescope, but I can't make business, my dear,' replied Nicholas.

"'Yes, you can, and you must, Mr. Forster,' continued the lady, sweeping off the remains of the mutton just as her husband had fixed his eye upon the next cut, and locking it up in the cupboard—'if you do not, you will have nothing to eat, Mr. Forster.'

"'So it appears, my dear,' replied the meek Nicholas, taking a pinch of snuff; 'but I really don't—'

"'Why, Mr. Forster, if you were not one of the greatest—'

"'No, no, my dear,' interrupted Nicholas, from extreme modesty, 'I am not one of the greatest opticians of the present day; although, when I have made my improve—'

"'Greatest opticians!' interrupted the lady. 'One of the greatest *fools*, I meant!'

"'That 's quite another thing, my dear; but—'

"'No *buts*, Mr. Forster; please to listen, and not interrupt me again in that bearish manner. Why do you repair in the way you do? Who ever brings you a watch or glass that you have handled a second time?'

"'But why should they, my dear, when I have put them in good order?'

" ' Put them in order! but why do you put them in order?'
" ' Why do I put them in order, my dear?' replied Forster, with astonishment.
" ' Yes; why don't you leave a screw loose, somewhere? then they must come again. That's the proper way to do business.'
" ' The proper way to do my business, my dear, is to see that all the screws are tight.'
" ' And starve!' continued the lady.
" ' If it please God,' replied the honest Nicholas."

There is a scene in which Mrs. Forster is persuaded she has murdered the parish clerk, which reminds us of some of Smollett's—a little in his vein of caricature. Our next extract is one which will expose the system of a boroughmongering ministry, and its effects on the naval service, on which Lord Collingwood made such indignant remonstrances.

" ' Very well, Mr. Nourse,' replied the captain; ' turn the hands up.'
" ' Ay, ay, sir,' replied the first-lieutenant, leaving the cabin.
" ' Call the boatswain, quarter-master—all hands 'bout ship.'
" ' All hands 'bout ship ' was now bellowed out by the boatswain, and re-echoed by his mates at the several hatchways, with a due proportion of whistling from their pipes.
" ' Tumble up, there—tumble up smartly, my lads.'
" In a minute every man was on deck and at his station; many of them, however, *tumbling down* in their laudable hurry to *tumble up*.
" ' Silence there, fore and aft—every man to his station,' cried the first-lieutenant through his speaking-trumpet. ' All ready, sir,' reported the first-lieutenant to the captain, who had followed him on deck. ' Shall we put the helm down?'
" ' If you please, Mr. Nourse.'
" ' Down with the helm.'
" When the master reported it down, ' The helm's a-lee,' roared the first-lieutenant.
" But Captain Carrington, who thought light winds and smooth water a good opportunity for practice, interrupted him, as he was walking towards the weather gangway: ' Mr. Nourse, Mr. Nourse, if you please, I 'll work the ship.'
" ' Very good, sir,' replied the first-lieutenant, handing him the speaking-trumpet. ' Rise tacks and sheets, if you please, sir,' continued the first-lieutenant, (*sotte voce*) ' the sails are lifting.'
" ' Tacks and sheets!' cried the captain.
" ' Gather in on the lee main-tack, my lads,' said the first-lieutenant, going to the lee gangway to see the duty performed.
" Now Captain Carrington did know that ' main-sail haul' was the next word of command; but as this order requires a degree of precision as to the exact time at which it is given, he looked over his shoulder for the first-lieutenant, who usually prompted him in this exigence. Not seeing him there, he became disconcerted: and during the few seconds that he cast his anxious eyes about the deck, to discover where the first-lieutenant was, the ship had passed head to wind.
" ' Mainsail haul!' at last cried the captain; but it was too late; the yards would not swing round; every thing went wrong; and the ship was *in irons*.
" ' You hauled a little too late, sir,' observed the first-lieutenant, who had joined him. ' You must box her off, sir, if you please.'
" But Captain Carrington, although he could put the ship in irons, did not know how to take her out.
" ' The ship is certainly most cursedly out of trim,' observed he; ' she 'll neither wear nor stay. Try her yourself, Mr. Nourse,' continued the captain, ' I 'm sick of her;'—and with a heightened colour he handed the speaking-trumpet over to the first-lieutenant.
" ' York, you 're wanted,' observed the lieutenant abaft to the marine-officer, dropping down the corners of his mouth.
" ' York, you 're wanted,' tittered the midshipmen, in whispers, as they passed each other.
" ' Well, I 've won your grog, Jim,' cried one of the marines, who was standing at the forebrace; ' I knew he 'd never do it.'
" ' He 's like me,' observed another, in a low tone; ' he left school too arly, and lost his edication.' "

A scene on board an Indiaman, outward-bound, is thus described: it must be recollected that the party are at dinner when a strange sail is seen.

" A gun from the commodore's ship, which was close to windward of them, burst upon their ears, rattling the cabin-windows, and making every wine-glass on the table to dance with the concussion.

"'Oh! oh! oh!' screamed Miss Tavistock, throwing herself back in her chair, and expanding her arms and fingers.

"Dr. Plausible flew to the lady's assistance.

"'The extreme fineness of her organic structure—a little water, if you please, Miss Charlotte Revel.'

"A tumbler of water was poured out, and Doctor Plausible, dipping the tip of his fore-finger into it, passed it lightly over the lady's brows. 'She will be better directly.'

"But the lady did not think proper to *come to* so soon as the doctor prophesied, and Mrs. Ferguson, snatching up the tumbler, dashed the contents with violence in Miss Tavistock's face; at which Miss Tavistock not only revived, but jumped up from her chair, blowing and spluttering.

"'Are you better now, Miss Tavistock?' said Mrs. Ferguson, soothingly, at the same time glancing her eyes at the other ladies, who could not restrain their mirth.

"'Oh! Doctor Plausible, that shock has so affected my nerves, I feel that I shall faint again, I do indeed—I 'm going—'

"'Lean upon me, Miss Tavistock, and permit me to conduct you to your cabin,' replied the doctor: 'the extreme delicacy of your constitution,' continued he, whispering as they left the cuddy, 'is not equal to the boisterous remedies of Mrs. Ferguson.'

"As they went out, Newton Forster came in.

"'You must not be alarmed, ladies, when I state that I am commissioned by Captain Drawlock to inform you that the stranger's manœuvres are so doubtful, that we think she is an enemy. He has desired me to request you will accept my convoy to the lower-deck, where you will be safe from accident, in the event of our coming to an engagement. Mr. Ferguson, the captain intrusts the ladies to your charge, and requests that you will not leave them upon any consideration. Now, Mrs. Ferguson, will you permit me to escort you to a place of security?'

"At this intelligence Laura Revel stared, Charlotte burst into tears, and Isabel turned pale. Mrs. Ferguson took the arm of Newton without saying a word, when the other was offered and accepted by Isabel. Mr. Ferguson, with the two other sisters, brought up the rear. The ladies had to pass the quarter-deck, and when they saw the preparations, the guns cast loose, the shot lying on the deck, and all the various apparatus for destruction, their fears increased. When they had been conducted to their place of safety, Newton was about to return on deck, when he was seized by Miss Charlotte and Laura Revel, who intreated him not to leave them.

"'Do stay with us, Mr. Forster; pray don't go,' cried they both.

"'I must indeed; ladies, you are perfectly safe here.'

"'For God's sake, don't you go away, Mr. Forster!' cried Laura, falling on her knees. 'I shall die of fright.—You shan't go!' screamed Laura, as the two sisters clung on to the skirts of his jacket, and effectually prevented his escape, unless, like the patriarch, he had left his garment behind.

"Newton cast an appealing glance at Isabel, who immediately interfered:—'Charlotte, for shame! you are preventing Mr. Forster from going to his duty. My dear Laura, do not be so foolish; Mr. Forster can be of no service to us; but he will be on deck. Let go, Laura.'

"Newton was released. 'I am much obliged to you, Miss Isabel,' said Newton, with his foot on the ladder; 'but I have no time now to express my thanks—not to be on deck—'

"'I know it, Mr. Forster: go up, I beseech you, do not wait a moment;' and Newton sprung up the ladder; but not before he had exchanged with Isabel a glance, which, had he been deficient in courage, would have nerved him for the approaching combat. We must leave the ladies with Mr. Ferguson, (who had no pleasant office,) while we follow Newton on deck. The stranger had borne down with studding-sails, until within three miles of the Indiamen, when she rounded to. She then kept away a little, to close nearer, evidently examining the force opposed to her. The Indiamen had formed the line of battle in close order, the private signal between the English men-of-war and East India ships flying at their mast-heads.

"'Extremely strange, that she does not answer the private signal,' said the colonel to the second-mate.

"'Not at all, if she don't know how.'

"'You are convinced, then, that she is a French frigate?'

"'No, not positive; but I'll bet you ten to one she is:—bet off, if either of us are killed, of course!'

"'Thank'ee; I never bet,' answered the colonel, turning away.

"'What do you think of her, Mr. Mathews?' said Captain Drawlock to the first-mate, who had his eye on the ship.

"'She is English built, and English rigged, sir, that I'll swear; look at her lower yard-arms, the squaring of her topsails. She may be French now, but the oak in her timbers grew in old England.'

"'I agree with you,' said Newton; 'look at the rake of her stern; she's English all over.'

"'Then why don't she answer the private signal?' said Captain Drawlock.

"'She's right in the wind's eye of us, sir, and our flags are blowing end on from her.'

"'There goes up her bunting, sir,' cried the first-mate.

"'English, as I said. The commodore is answering, sir. Up with the ensign there abaft. All's right, tell the ladies.'

"'I will; I'll go and inform them,' said the colonel, who immediately descended to impart the joyful intelligence.

"The frigate bore down, and hove-to. The commodore of the India squadron went on board, when he found that she was cruising for some large Dutch store-ships and vessels armed *en flute*, which were supposed to have sailed from Java. In a quarter of an hour she again made sail, and parted company, leaving the Indiamen to secure their guns, and pursue their course.

"There are two parties, whose proceedings we had overlooked; we refer to Miss Tavistock and Dr. Plausible. The latter handed the lady to her cabin, eased her down upon her couch, and taking her hand gently, retained it in his own, while with his other he continued to watch her pulse.

"'Do not alarm yourself, my dear Miss Tavistock, your sensibility is immense. I will not leave you. I cannot think what could have induced you to trust yourself on such a voyage of danger and excitement.'

"'Oh! Dr. Plausible, where my affections are centred, there is nothing, weak creature that I am, but my soul would carry me through:—indeed I am all soul.—I have a dear friend in India.'

"'He is most happy,' observed the doctor, with a sigh.

"'*He*, Dr. Plausible! you quite shock me!—do you imagine for a moment that I would go out to follow any gentleman? No, indeed, I am not going out on speculation, as some young ladies:—I have enough of my own, thank God! I keep my carriage, and corresponding establishment, I assure you.'—(The very thing that Dr. Plausible required.)

"'Indeed! my dear Miss Tavistock, is it then really a female friend?'

"'Yes! the friend of my childhood. I have ventured this tedious, dangerous voyage, once more to fold her in my arms.'

"'Disinterested affection! a heart like yours, Miss, were indeed a treasure to be won. What a happy man would your husband be!'

"'Husband! Oh, Dr. Plausible, don't mention it: I feel convinced—positively convinced, that my constitution is not strong enough to bear matrimony.'

"The doctor's answer was too prolix for insertion; it was a curious compound dissertation upon love and physic, united. There was devoted attention, extreme gentle treatment, study of pathology, advantage of medical attendance always at hand, careful nursing, extreme solicitude, fragility of constitution restored, propriety of enlarging the circle of her innocent affections, ending at last in devoted love, and a proposal—to share her carriage and establishment."

In an engagement with a pirate, Newton's beloved sees him engaged and struck down.

"There was a shriek, a piercing shriek heard when Newton fell. It passed the lips of one who had watched, with an anxiety too intense to be pourtrayed, the issue of the conflict;—it was from Isabel, who had quitted the cabin at the crash occasioned by the collision of the two vessels, and had remained upon the poop 'spectatress of the fight.' There were no fire-arms used; no time for preparation had been allowed. There had been no smoke to conceal—all had been fairly presented to her aching sight. Yes! there she had remained, her eye fixed upon Newton Forster, as, at the head of his men, he slowly gained the deck of the contested vessel. Not one word did she utter! but, with her lips wide apart from intensity of feeling, she watched his progress through the strife, her eye fixed—immoveably fixed upon the spot where his form was to be seen; hope buoyant, as she saw his arm raised and his victims fall—heart sinking, as the pirate sword aimed at a life so dear. There she stood like a statue—as white as beautiful—as motionless as if indeed she had been chiselled from the Parian marble; and, had it not been from her bosom heaving with the agony of tumultuous feeling, you might have imagined that all was as cold within. Newton fell—all her hopes were wrecked—she uttered one wild shriek, and felt no more."

There are a number of very instructive pictures of real life in this work. The picture of the residence of M. de Fontanges and of Madame the Creole is evidently drawn from nature. There is a smart hit at those well-planned, but too frequently mismanaged, courts, called Courts of Requests, true to the life. The picture of an

East Indiaman, with its crew and passengers; Dr. Plausible and Miss Tavistock; the well-imagined character of the lawyer Forster, and the description of his habits; the author's allusions to himself and his hack common-sense, and his admirable comparison between writing a book and crossing the Atlantic; together with Drs. Plausible and Feasible's conversaziones, are so many faithful pictures or correct allusions. They cannot be read without pleasure and advantage. There is besides an air of ease—so much of the *tour naturel* in the style of the work—so little apparent labour, that it fixes the curiosity strongly and renders it difficult to lay down the book when a few pages of it have been read. Many imagine that nothing is easier than to write in this way, but there can be no greater error—it is a power not to be acquired easily by any, by some not at all; most who have excelled in it have been indebted to nature, and not to study.

We have space for no more extracts, and can only recommend this work most cordially to our readers, as one of no common ability, and admirably adapted to fix the attention, and wile the dull hours of winter, with pleasantry and grave reflection—liveliness and severity. We will answer there are none who read it, but will think as highly of it as we do.

Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the years 1828 and 1829, &c. In a Series of Letters. By a German Prince. 2 vols. 8vo. E. Wilson.

This is a diverting book, and will be much read. The letters of a German Prince have something attractive in the title; and then they are ushered into the world by a recommendation from Göthe, who, with a true feeling of German subservience, sees all that is excellent in what, in a literary man unblessed with a title like the Prince of Puckler-Muskan, would perhaps have had very cold commendation from the critic:—

"Descriptions of natural scenery form the chief part of the letters; but of these materials he avails himself with admirable skill. England, Wales, and especially Ireland, are drawn in a masterly manner. We can hardly believe but that he wrote the description with the object immediately before his eyes. As he carefully committed to paper the events of every day at its close, the impressions are most distinct and lively. His vivacity and quick sense of enjoyment enable him to depict the most monotonous scenery with perfect individual variety. It is only from his pictorial talent that the ruined abbeys and castles, the bare rocks and scarcely pervious moors of Ireland, become remarkable or endurable:—poverty and careless gaiety, opulence and absurdity, would repel us at every step. The hunting-parties, the drinking-bouts, which succeed each other in an unbroken series, are tolerable because he can tolerate them. We feel, as with a beloved travelling companion, that we cannot bear to leave him, even where the surrounding circumstances are least inviting; for he has the art of amusing and exhilarating himself and us. Before it sets, the sun once more breaks through the parted clouds, and gives to our astonished view an unexpected world of light and shadow, colour and contrast.

"His remarks on natural scenery, which he views with the eye of an artist, and his successive and yet cursive description of his route, are truly admirable.

"After leading us as patient companions of his pilgrimage, he introduces us into distinguished society. He visits the famous O'Connell in his remote and scarcely accessible residence, and works out the picture which we had formed to ourselves from previous descriptions of this wonderful man. He next attends popular meetings, and hears speeches from O'Connell, Sheil, and other remarkable persons. He takes the interest of a man of humanity and sense, in the great question which agitates Ireland; but has too clear an insight into all the complicated considerations it involves, to be carried away by exaggerated hopes. * * *

"The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the moral manifestations of his nature which run through the book; his clear understanding and simple natural manners render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes with charming frankness the conflict between will and accomplishment.

"We represent him to ourselves as of dignified and prepossessing exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an equality with high and low, and to be welcome to all. That he excites the attention of women is natural enough—he attracts and is attracted; but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without violence or indecorum.

"The journey was undertaken very recently, and brings us the latest intelligence from the countries which he viewed with an acute, clear, and comprehensive eye. He gradually affords us a clue to his own character. We see before us a finely-constituted being, endowed with great capacity; born to great external advantages and felicities; but in whom a lively spirit of enterprise is not united to constancy and perseverance; whence he experiences frequent failure and disappointment. But this very defect gives him that peculiar genial aimlessness, which, to the reader, is the charm of his travels. * * *

"His descriptions are equally good in the various regions for which talents of such different kinds are required. The wildest and the loveliest scenes of nature; buildings, and works of art; incidents of every kind; individual character and social groups,—are all treated with the same clear perception, the same easy unaffected grace. * * *

"The peculiarities of English manners and habits are drawn vividly and distinctly, and without exaggeration. We acquire a lively idea of that wonderful combination, that luxuriant growth,—of that insular life which is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity; formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world.

"Like other unprejudiced travellers of modern times, our author is not very much enchanted with the English form of existence: his cordial and sincere admiration are often accompanied by unsparing censure. * *

"He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and, in these cases, he has the greatest and best among them—those whose reputation is universal—on his side."

More than one gift of nature is required to constitute a good observer of men and manners. In Germany, what is done by a man of rank and title is always well done—always the superlative of best—always

More wise, more learned, more just, more every thing,

than a mere plebeian can be imagined able to do. Then this class of work is attractive as a picture of the notions of a foreigner respecting ourselves. We love to see our own portraits, if they are a little extravagantly drawn. *L'Amour propre* is gratified with the reflection that we are thus made conspicuous above the mass, and curiosity is kept alive through the pages of the work; even where it dispraises us, it is perhaps amusing to us to be cut up after such a fashion.

Every one who goes into society must recollect this Prince in London, as the Prince with the outlandish name, though few could conjecture where he dropped from. He is said to be a Prussian, or from Germany at all events, where princes may be had like "hob-nails, by the hundred," with a hundred score acres of dominion, a capital city of the size of a Welsh village, and a revenue (at which a city fig-merchant would smile, if named to him as his retiring-from-business fortune) that will find him horses, a carriage, and a hundred or two of coarse-clad whiskered soldiers called his army. His palace is a house as heavy as German wit, surrounded by stagnant ponds and stiff gardens, gloomy as the despotism that reigns within, and without, and in the sovereign who rules the owner of it. This Prince is, it is said, defunct; and as we heard nothing of him but his name, which never reached England until he who bore it came with it, so now he is dead, some good-natured friend has put his papers together, and sent his name among us in print to amuse us with what may or may not all be the said Prince's own sentimentality and observation. We do not suspect that the Prince came as a spy, but we are astonished that he reports so much of what he never saw nor heard here, and that German phlegm should put on an air of vivacity, and censure poor John Bull for his sombre character and for his characteristic heaviness. We shall have a travelled Dutchman next, some Mynheer Squabdam van Monsterbrogues, writing about our national taciturnity and our insufferable heaviness and dulness.

These letters are addressed to a real or fictitious Julia; and a strain of sentimentality runs through them, which, though rather out of fashion, we do not at all dislike. The letters begin well, by describing a posting excursion from London to Cheltenham. We must differ from him in his commendation of the miserable part of Gloucestershire he describes first on his journey, where we presume he means by "the boundless corn-fields without hedges, which is a rarity in England," the naked miserable tract of country, which is so unlike the other parts

of Gloucestershire that we can scarcely believe we are in that beautiful county. The Prince does justice to English *comfort*; he feels the animal enjoyments in which they who can pay for them may riot here; and he does the word justice. He visits the sources of the Thames, moralizes pleasantly enough for a Prince, sees some Roman antiquities, and returns to Cheltenham. The next day, before setting off for Worcester, he is bored by that nuisance, in what are styled "fashionable" places of resort, the "master of the ceremonies,"—those things between dancing-masters and lacqueys, whom the Prince well describes, and we agree with him as not at all well adapted to the English character. From Worcester the Prince stretches at once to Llangollen, which he prefers to the Rhine-land for beauty. The two old maids of Llangollen are accurately described. He reaches Bangor; visits some of the Welsh slate-quarries, where they blast the slate so clumsily, that seven or eight men are killed, and a hundred and fifty wounded, by the explosions, every year! Why they keep a hospital for the wounded in consequence. This is a little exaggerated, Monsieur le Prince. He ascends Snowdon, and tells us, what we certainly did not know before, that Snowdon is the highest mountain in England, Scotland, or Ireland!

The extreme irregularity and want of connexion in this work is not unpleasing; the writer will go over long distances and record nothing, while some trivial object gives him a subject for long comment. Near St. Asaph he visits an English country gentleman, a colonel, an "obscure" in London, amid fashion and extravagance, but here, in his circle, "one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man—a man far more agreeable to all the virtues." Our author makes the following just remark in consequence of his commendation of this his friend:

"Unfortunately, however, the predominance and the arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more arrogant and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of the 'ton.' To what a pitch this weakness reaches, even among the worthiest people in this country, is not to be believed without actual observation and experience."

Our tourist now visits Anglesea and its lions, and then crosses the Channel to Dublin; and, among other sights, visits the nursery of Orangemen in Trinity College, where he is shown "the burning-glass with which Archimedes set fire to the Roman fleet!!" and other *Irish* rarities. He next begins to make Irish acquaintance, whom, it must be confessed, he very ill requites for the attention and hospitality he receives. One of them is Lady Morgan, to whom he professes a thousand obligations, and respecting her commits the sin against truth in his allusions, which in several parts of his work are so obvious. Had he been hired by a bibliopolist to damn Lady Morgan with faint praise, and teach those who do not know her to sneer;—had he been so hired by the publisher who advertized her works at half-price because she would not let him have her last book at his own valuation, he could hardly have dealt more dishonestly or ungratefully by her. Now with all the charges brought against this lady, it is a fact for which we can vouch from personal knowledge, that Lady Morgan has been remarkable for cautiously abstaining from ever making religion a subject of conversation, even in the circle of her most intimate friends. That, on the other hand, she is remarkably free in avowing her political opinions in every society, is true. But it rather became Cocker in the Quarterly, (Crawley, as we believe Lady Morgan styles him,) or some pen dipped in Ultra-Tory bigotry and malice, than one who had partaken of her liberal hospitality, to act so, as her bitterest enemy must acknowledge, even supposing what is stated were correct. But the Prince puts a patch upon this unmannerly attack in his second volume, while he exhibits how utterly senseless he is of the first dictates of honourable feeling, by having left it as he did in the first. There is nothing so worthless as sentimentality without principle. He advanced what was not correct, or he would not have qualified it. But what are we to think of this affected sentimentalist, received kindly, hospitably re-

ceived in a foreign land, and acknowledging such to be his reception, and then repaying the obligation by misrepresentation and sneer. The truth is, Lady Morgan's disfavour among the German despots soured her hospitality to the Prince, who, like other Germans, talks of British aristocratical notions, prejudices, and of freedom, and so forth, when at home he'd fear to lift his little finger in favour of it. We know none who talk and bluster more of liberty and free principles than the Germans, but the heavy, cautious, plodding fellows never move a finger in its favour, and kneel to Metternich or some equally worthy test of absolutism, as if he were the god of freedom himself. Lady Morgan has no doubt her faults, as well as most of her sex who do or do not use their pens; but we respect her sincerity and love of her country and of freedom too much to pass by the Prince's base ingratitude towards her, whom she received in her family when he knew not more than one person besides, if that, in all Dublin. We are bound thus to defend her Ladyship on the score of our literary obligations to her, as well as on that of truth. With Lady Morgan's nieces the Prince deals more leniently, though here he flounders when he tells us that neither Lady C—— nor her daughters have ever quitted Ireland! Lady Morgan, we happen to know, never saw Mrs. Becher off the stage in her life until she met her in Dublin as Mrs. B. The Prince has a curious story about Lady Morgan's patronage of her, and about her (Miss O'Neil's) stockings, which he probably dreamed or invented.

The Literary Gazette has noticed the Prince's distortion of truth in his topographical remarks. In describing Canterbury, he makes six falsifications of what he saw, very difficult to account for if he had eyes. His work, however, is amusing, and must not perhaps be judged too nicely. There seems to have been the seeds of better things about him than parts of his book lead us to judge; and many of his remarks are sad satires on our national prejudices, and on the arrogance of our aristocracy, on our religious hypocrisy, and our devotedness to the absurdity of fashion, instead of guiding ourselves by common sense. The following description of an Orangeman's feeling is true to the life:

"I have served my king for nearly thirty years in almost every part of the world, and want rest. Nevertheless, it is my most ardent wish, which I daily pray God to grant, that I may live to see a 'good-sound rebellion' in Ireland. If I were called out to serve again, or if I were to lay down my life the very day it broke out, I should make the sacrifice willingly, could I but be sure that the blood of five millions of Catholics would flow at the same time with my own. Rebellion!—that's the point at which I want to see them, at which I wait for them, and to which they must be led on, that we may make an end of them at once; for there can be no peace in Ireland till the whole race is exterminated, and nothing but an open rebellion, and an English army to put it down, can effect this!"

The following is a sort of demi-religious reflection on Lord Powerscourt and his domain:

"An interval of ten miles of uninteresting country lay between this walk and my arrival at the gate of the park of P——, one of the most extensive and beautiful in Ireland. But it was Sunday—the lord of the domain a saint—and of course the gate locked. On this day, according to his view of the matter, a pious man must on no account leave his house, except to enclose himself within the gloomy walls of a damp church—on no account rejoice himself in God's own wondrous and magnificent temple. This was a sin to which Lord P—— would by no means afford encouragement, and at his recent departure had therefore prohibited the opening of his gate. Instructed by the adventure which you may recollect befell me in England, I made no attempt at winning a passage by means of a gift, but pursued my way along a wall, over which from time to time I cast a longing and stolen glance at the magnificent waterfall and the enchanting scene. Thou beneficent God! thought I—in what different ways art thou worshipped! One man roasts his neighbour to thy honour; another fashions thee as Apis; some represent thee more partial and unjust than the devil himself; others think they offer thee the most acceptable service when they deface thy loveliest gifts, or deprive themselves and others of the enjoyment of them. Oh, Lord P——! you will not read these lines; but it were good for you if you could, and if you would lay them to heart! Full many a poor man, who sweats through the whole week that he may pay you your rent, would feel his heart expand with joy on a Sunday in your beautiful park, and would bless the goodness of that God who has not left him wholly destitute—

who has spread out before his eyes the glory and the beauty of the creation. And this joy would be reflected back upon yourself:—but perhaps you are not even present—perhaps you send your pious commands from afar! You are, perhaps, like so many of your colleagues, one of those 'absentees,' who, by the hands of ravenous and merciless agents, strip the people of their last rag, rob them of their last potato, to enrich the charlatans of London, Paris, or Italy. Then, indeed, if that be the case, your religion can hardly go beyond superstitious veneration for the Sunday, and for the ceremonies of your priests."

The Prince thus comments upon our enormously endowed bishoprics:

"*Au reste*, one cannot take it amiss of any man *qu'il prêche pour sa paroisse*. To require from an English archbishop with 50,000*l.* a year that he should be an enlightened man, is as preposterous as to expect from the Shah of Persia that he should transform himself into a constitutional monarch of his own free will. There are few men who would voluntarily refuse a rich and splendid sinecure, where nothing is required of them but to fling a little dust in the people's eyes, or to be a despot ruling millions with his nod. It is the business of human society, if possible, to put things upon such a footing that none of us, be our good-will for it ever so great, can either get such a sinecure or become such a despot."

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade of the Ancient Nations of Africa. By A. H. L. Heeren. 2 vols. 8vo. Talboys, Oxford.

It is honourable indeed to see a book such as this issue from the press of a printer in one of our provinces — a work which the lucre-loving manufacturers of trashy novels, the only things for which publishers now pay money, would not have passed through their books, or have done the translator the favour of affixing their names to. It is an admirable work: the name of the author is familiar to every scholar and man of literary attainments in this and other countries. It is little adapted for the perusal of boarding-school girls, or the puling sentimentalists who scrawl for them false delineations of those feelings which they themselves never experienced. Here we have a work of genuine worth—a work we may study, and the more we study may admire. Who the translator may be, we cannot tell; but the "thinking-reading" portion of the public, in contra-distinction to the merely "reading" part, must acknowledge deep obligations to him. He has performed his task well, and without obscurity; and an addition of no small value has thus been made to our literature. Egypt, Carthage, Ethiopia, now lie before us in all their past history, as far as that history may be traced; the ancient contrasted with the modern travels, Herodotus with Belzoni, as respects the information obtained from each; and the whole examined and carefully weighed, so as to give us the result of a cool judgment diligently exercised upon facts and traditions. Carthage is the first country treated of, for the work comprehends three divisions, with the names of the three great states before mentioned. The formation of the Carthaginian empire, its foreign possessions, government, revenue, commerce, land-trade, forces, and its decline and fall, are treated of, upon existing evidence, with great acuteness, and a judgment in conclusion, which seems to carry evidence of general correctness. The navigation of Carthage is one of the most interesting portions of what relates to that empire, as it, in some measure, connects our own country with it. The ancient allusion to the islands called Cassiterides, with which the trade for tin was carried on, seems enveloped in considerable mystery. It is necessary to know something of the locality before an accurate judgment can be formed on this question. We do not believe tin was ever raised in the Scilly Islands. They are situated so far from the Land's End, that in very clear weather, at an elevation of between two and three hundred feet, we have been scarcely able to make them out. The rocks, sunken and apparent, and the currents, make the navigation between them and the main-land at all times dangerous; and, unless in summer, frail canoes of hides could not live upon it. As to their having been accessible to waggons at ebb-tide, as Diodorus states, it is as much out of the question, as that Ushant is accessible from Plymouth in the same way. The coast is a terrific one, iron-bound, as the sailors say; and, in times when navigation is so well under-

stood as at present, it is very dangerous, from the variations of tides and currents. We are of opinion that the present St. Michael's Mount is meant, which at ebb-tide is accessible from the main, where tin is found in two ways, in stream-works and in mines. The Scilly Isles are mere rocks. St. Michael's Mount, it is true, is no more of itself; but we know that there was other land, perhaps isolated also, in Mount's Bay, and since submerged. In those days we do not believe tin was found in mines, whence it is now taken in the state of ore: it was in all probability collected from the stream-works, as they are still called, in the form of what is denominated grain-tin. These stream-works are horizontal excavations open to the earth's surface, whence the tin is obtained by washing. The tin is found this way, as gold-dust is met with in some parts of the world; and indeed, in Cornwall too, for in these very stream-works, the work-people collect a grain now and then, and keep in a quill until it is full. These stream-works do not require machinery to descend into them or to drain them. Pickaxes of holm, boxwood, and hart's-horns, have been found in them often—the instruments of a rude people and age. Skin canoes or coracles could never have reached Scilly over the most turbulent of seas. May not Œstrymnon, in Avienus, mean the Lizard? the bay and isles, Mount's Bay? Then all is accounted for. The character of the Atlantic Ocean, however, does not at present, and could then hardly have answered the description:—

> Sic nulla late flabra propellunt ratem,
> Sic segnis humor æquoris pigri stupet,
> Adjicit et illud, plurimum inter gurgites
> Extrare fucum, et sæpe virgulti vice
> Retinere puppim.

The Atlantic and Bay of Biscay could have differed but little in those days from the present. The shore must have been kept in sight and not approached near enough for the sea-weed to annoy the navigator — yet floating weed is no doubt intended. Himilco perhaps navigated in an unusually calm summer season. Maps are not the only guides for scholars in these matters; they should inspect localities. Numerous inhabitants on the Scilly *rocks*, for they are little more, could never have existed. Granite cliffs, like those of the Land's End, would not change even in two thousand years so much as to lead us to suppose the sea had encroached upon them any distance even in that long term. Shores of schistose, and shingle, or cliffs of chalk, change their features in no great space of time, but granite of the hardest quality is not so easily affected by the water. We do not believe the Land's End has lost forty yards in two thousand years, notwithstanding the awful sea that rages at the foot of its abrupt precipices. That boats of wicker-work and skins navigated our creeks and bays in early times is well known, but a voyage to Scilly in them would rarely be attempted in the finest weather. As to their visiting Ireland from Scilly in a skin canoe, it seems less probable, as that country is still more remote, unless the Cornish were far advanced in navigation, for it could not have been gained by coasting. There is indeed much obscurity in the scanty evidence left us of these matters.

The division of this work which includes Ethiopia is highly interesting. Meroë, from its ruins and situation, is supposed not to have been founded by Thebes, but the capital of that celebrated empire. Lastly, the Egyptians with their wonderful architecture, language, and religion, are most learnedly and ably treated. Every existing testimony, ancient as well as modern, is brought to bear by M. Heeren on this subject, and most excellent is his dissertation; full of interest, and calculated to increase our astonishment at this wonderful people, of whom we expect to attain a considerable addition to our stock of knowledge through the labours of M. Champollion. This is a work that should be in every literary man's library, and is one of the most attractive historical undertakings we have ever perused.

The Chameleon. Longman and Co., London: Atkinson and Co., Glasgow.

The metropolis of the west of Scotland, as the natives of Glasgow are fond of terming their rapidly increasing city, has lately produced claims to distinction both in literature and various branches of the fine arts. We have seen no work which reflects so much credit on the indigenous talent of the place, as the present; while in typography and external splendour it vies with many of the London Annuals. We are informed that it is exclusively the composition of Mr. Atkinson, whose name appears in the list of publishers—a gentleman who has already, on several occasions, made successful experiments on public taste, and has lately acquired much popularity and distinction among his fellow-citizens, from the eloquence and ardour with which he has supported the great cause of reform. It was a bold attempt to enter single-handed, at this time, into the arena, and give mortal challenge to the veterans who have united their varied skill in the many compilations of the day. Mr. Atkinson has deported himself gallantly. The volume is composed of tales, essays, sketches, songs, poetry, a humorous dramatic piece, and a collection of general reflections contained in several papers, to which the author gives the name of "The Focus."

We congratulate Mr. Atkinson on his success in every department of his work. He has evidently a deep sense of the beauties of nature, and a sympathy with most human passions. We observe in many of the poems,—particularly in "the Dying Wish," "the Juncture," and "the First of October,"—a murmuring at the restraints which Fortune long imposed on his ambition and talents, and a proud anticipation of a time when the iron hand of business may cease to burthen his better aspirations. We sympathise with the author in these passages; for we know how much he has owed to his own unaided exertions.

It is impossible, in a notice like this, to enter into any detailed criticism of the different articles in the volume before us. The dramatic sketch, "Two Blacks don't make a White," exhibits a fund of racy wit. "Henry Porson" is a tale of most horrible subject most delicately managed. The oration on the consequences of the "Union between England and Scotland" shows much knowledge both of the history and philosophy of this interesting question. But we cannot particularize further, nor is it in our power to give any idea of the merits of a volume so varied in its contents, by means of extracts. We take leave, therefore, of Mr. Atkinson with our best wishes, and a hope, not far removed from a conviction, that we shall soon have to speak again of his literary prowess.

The Sacred Offering; a Poetical Annual. 1832. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

A very handsomely printed little volume, ornamented with a beautiful frontispiece and vignette. As the title imports, it is a religious publication, containing a variety of pieces in verse; some of them very well written, and calculated to keep alive the flame of devotion in the heart. We can, without incurring the charge of partiality, recommend it to our religious friends as a very orthodox and edifying little volume.

The Family Library, No. XXVI.—"The Reformation in England." By the Rev. J. G. Blunt. 12mo.

Mr. Murray's is incontestably the best of the series of works which are now appearing in the cheap form of the present volume. "The Reformation in England" is well written, and with great impartiality. The author has consulted every species of authority that could be of service to him. It is a simple, plain, unpretending work, written in a lucid style, and precisely what such a book should be—a depository of the best existing facts made with an eye to the truth. There is a vignette of St. Paul's Cross, from the Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. While religious reform was working its way in the time of Mary, her instruments at Paul's Cross drew together but scanty congregations, and were, it seems, insulted by the people, who could not, we suppose, be got to agree to the principle of "religious conservation." A guard was ordered to attend and protect the minister. The public are greatly indebted to Mr. Blunt for the way in which he has executed his task, and we know no book which, rightly read, is likely to do more good that has fallen in our way for a long time. Religious reform and political are the same in principle. All human institutions change and become corrupt, if not *ab origine*. It is the great work of man's life to reform his nature. To all things human is the seal of reformation affixed where the mind expands. In this work we see the triumphs of a purer faith over a church institution, which, if length of age could be a plea for permanence, had an unquestionable right to exist now. But no—corruption worked its own downfall; and freedom, both political as well as religious, went hand in hand to lift us to our present eminence. We can heartily recommend this volume to our readers.

The Usurer's Daughter. By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. 3 Vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

This is a very good novel. The leading character has been studied and worked out with great care. It is the result of much thinking, and is one of the best imaginative and instructive stories which have lately appeared. The acquisition of wealth in this best of all Christian countries leads almost every exertion of mind and body, and, it must be recollected with fear and trembling, leads also to the larger mass of crime, and to some of the most heartless exhibitions of guilt which its annals afford. There is, therefore, a deep moral in this work. It is one, in the composition of which the writer has to answer for no mis-spent hours; and we are very sure he will, by-and-bye, reflect on the time bestowed in its composition, though he be a clergyman, with deep satisfaction. The benumbing effect of the desire of wealth upon the heart—the chill it casts upon the exercise of every virtue where it is inordinately pursued, have long been the subject of deep regret to the moralist. Here this basest of human passions is well developed, and the style is one by no means of a heavy and abstract cast. The heart of the Usurer is unfolded to us in all the blackness of its blood. Erpingham, for that is the name of the miser, is shown with perfect truth of character. There is nothing strained, but at the same time all is vividly, cleverly, and sometimes even humorously, touched. His conversations with Margaret afford good opportunities for the display of those nice points which tell so well in developing the mind bent upon one master-passion. His conduct to Mr. Worthington is of this nature. We know such men in the world, and we have known more than one or two, who have been counterparts of Erpingham, who yet pass in the world for some of the best images of God! When we see such, even the great comforts and uses of wealth vanish from before our eyes, we are even tempted to pray for poverty, forgetting that in this country it is penal! We trust this is not the last powerful picture of human baseness held up to reprobation by fiction, with which we shall be favoured from the same able pen.

The Romance of History—Italy. By CHARLES M'FARLANE. 3 Vols. Ball.

This is a continuation of the works on Spain and France, already begun under the same name by different hands. That of Italy has been undertaken by Mr. M'Farlane, and we are of opinion that it is equal to either of its predecessors in interest. The idea of writing the romantic history of a nation is excellent, and might be extended to advantage yet further; but it would require great research, and proportionate leisure time devoted to it. The Festival of Monza—The Wandering Ring—The Last of the Lombards—The Pope's Daughter—The Captive Queen, and the Norman Pilgrims, are the titles of the tales in the first volume. The second contains seven, and the third six, making in all nineteen. The author has performed his task well, and displayed talents of no mean order in his descriptions, which are of every variety, and generally successful. There is much dramatic interest in some of them; in others simplicity and absence of effect prevail. The scenery, customs, and superstitions of the different eras to which the stories relate, are introduced with effect. Italy is the country of our earliest associations. There is something agreeably melancholy in all that relates to it, and then it is the land of sun and song, of art and glory, all but the first faded it is true, but not less attractive for the associations connected with its earlier state. In Mr. M'Farlane's work we find the story of Imelda, one of the earliest in our recollection, and so like to that of Eleonora and Edward I. of our own country. The King's Nurse is a tale of true historic interest, and of a totally different class from the preceding, while The Entranced is different from either in character, so that we have not to complain of sameness; and then the recollection that these narratives are not fictitious, save in the embellishments of them by the author's fancy, gives them a deeper interest in, and a stronger hold on, the mind. On the whole we cordially recommend this series to the public. They contain truths heightened by fiction, told in a pleasant style, and enlivened by embellishments from the imagination, which set them off with additional attractions. They who wish to blend amusement in reading, with the acquirement of a knowledge of general historical fact, cannot fail to find their object in this work, which we should think a most agreeable addition to the books of amusement in the most fastidiously selected library.

Pictures of the Past. By THOMAS BRYDSON. 24mo. Atkinson and Co., Glasgow.

A volume of very pretty and sweet poetry, the produce of a mind which shows genuine feeling. It will be perused with pleasure by the lovers of the imaginative, and, in some pieces, of the original in poetry.

Anthologia Sacra; or, Select Theological Extracts. By the Rev. B. GILPIN, and W. H. VALPY, Esq. 8vo. Valpy.

We are only astonished that the idea of a selection of Theological Extracts similar to the present never struck any one to execute before. The idea seems to us a happy one. There is so much, especially among our older divines, that may be abstracted from the less practical and useful part of religion, that the present volume can hardly fail of meeting a welcome reception from what is called the religious world. But it has the advantage of being additionally useful, as containing a concentrated treasure of doctrinal, practical, and experimental extracts, which any one may turn to who wishes to become acquainted not merely with points of doctrine, but with that admirable and beautiful style of our better class of divines, which they must otherwise go from volume to volume to find. The divisions of the volume, or rather volumes, (for it consists of two bound in one, that the possessor may have it in either form,) contains first, Doctrinal Extracts from Stillingfleet, Owen, Brown, Chalmers, Edwards, Sherlock, Butler, Watts, Paley, Taylor, and others of later times, besides those from Origen, Calvin, &c. The second Part embraces the Practical Extracts from a great number of authors, and the third the Experimental. We find all the great names of the Protestant churches here, and we are further enabled to contrast their opinions one with the other, and, to examine, in cases of doubt on our own part, the tenets held upon particular subjects by the most noted divines, simply by turning to the chapter of contents; so that the compilation is not merely one of the better passages of each author collected for occasional reading, but a book of reference of ample size and very great variety of contents. The religious world will find it a treasure of religious knowledge judiciously arranged.

The King's Secret. By the Author of "The Lost Heir." 3 Vols. Second Edition. Bull.

This is an excellent work; and having reached a second edition, it thereby proves how certainly that which deserves public patronage meets its reward in the demand. There is a great deal of very good and clever writing, a knowledge of character, and a taste which, while it never violates truth and nature, strikes at once upon those points which attach and fix the reader's attention. It does not flag at the close, but the narrative is kept up with animation from beginning to end. Though it has faults, they are abundantly redeemed by its merits. We need not analyze the plot now, as we are speaking of the second edition; but we cannot dismiss it without stamping it as being, in our opinion, a novel displaying much talent, and possessing a very great interest in the way of amusement.

The Social System: a Treatise on the Principle of Exchange. By JOHN GRAY. Longman and Co.

When we take up a book of this kind we scarcely know how to treat it. If we once begin to enter upon the interminable subjects to which it inevitably leads, there is no end to the task, and after all we leave off little wiser than we began. We mean this as no implied censure on Mr. Gray's book, but on the science of which it treats. From Mr. Gray we must travel to Mr. Malthus, and then to Mr. Sadler, and from these to Mr. M'Culloch, until "in endless mazes lost." We may however, exerting a quantum of self-denial, which we hardly thought we possessed, just state that Mr. Gray's book well merits perusal; that his candour respecting his work and himself, in his preface, entitles him to an attentive perusal; and that so far from the character given by his friend to his work being correct, we think there is much which every man interested in the subject will be glad to read and reflect upon. Social Science is a distasteful study, perhaps because it is not a fixed science, or rather a science the principles of which are well and clearly defined. The sketches of a Commercial Constitution are ingenious, and we do think merit a trial; unfortunately we cannot act on great bodies of men as we can on a few individuals. Our author censures the modern practice of exchange: he censures gold because of the change in its value. Money, he says, should be merely a receipt;—money should not be intrinsically valuable. "The desideratum in money is," says Mr. Gray, "that it may enable any man at any time to exchange any article, of any value, for an equal value of whatever marketable commodity he pleases to have in its stead, with the least possible expense of time, of labour, and of anxiety." He then says very truly that no description of money in use at present comes up to this standard: we must not proceed further, but recommend the reader to the work itself.

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. Vol. II.—being Vol. VI. of Roscoe's Novelist's Library. With Etchings by George Cruikshank. Cochrane and Co.

Again we notice this work for the sake of four new designs of this admirable artist; for admirable he is beyond modern compare, in his line of art. "Partridge's faux-pas with the Gipsey" is, even in its minutest details, one of the best things we have yet seen. The character is inimitable. Who can mistake the gipsey, or the speaking countenances of any one of the group? The variety as well as character, too, is wonderful. "Western seizing Jones at Upton" is not equal to the preceding plate, though good. The "Awkward Situation of Lady Bellaston" is well delineated in the countenances of those present; while "Squire Western and his Lady-Cousins" is a plate of inimitable humour and character, at the expense of antiquated virginity. We again assert our unbiassed opinion, that no work with more sterling claims to public patronage than the present has ever appeared, in which the rich ore of English literature has been more admirably tested, and rendered even more attractive and valuable than in preceding specimens. The genius of Cruikshank and of the novelists Fielding and Smollett seem to have been very close relations in different walks of art. This edition will be one day highly valuable.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by himself; with Essays on his Life and Genius, and Criticisms on his Works, &c. With 48 Plates, supplementary to those in the new edition of "Hogarth Moralized" by Dr. Trusler. No. I. J. B. Nichols and Son.

This was a very necessary undertaking, and fills up the vacancy left in the works of Hogarth by the editor alluded to in the title. It is always desirable to possess the works of such a master entire, and Messrs. Nichols have conferred a benefit upon the public in getting up this supplementary work, which is to consist of four monthly Parts. There are twelve etchings in the present Number, highly characteristic of the great master of moral painting. They are, 1. Rape of the Lock. 2. Masquerade Ticket. 3. Man of Taste. 4. Parson's Head. 5. Characters and Caricatures. 6. Battle of the Pictures. 7. Paul before Felix, burlesqued. 8. Paul before Felix. 9. Frontispiece to Kirby's "Perspective of Architecture." 10. Time smoking a Picture. 11. Times. Plate I. 12. Sigismunda. We have no doubt but this work will well reward the publishers, at the same time that it demonstrates their zeal in the cause of literature and art. Hogarth can never be too much known. The painter of morals is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the virtuous and good.

Contemplations of Bishop Hall, Vol. II. being Vol. XIX. of Valpy's Divines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author, &c.

We have already alluded to Bishop Hall in this edition. The present volume of his Contemplations is the last but one of his works. It strikes us that from this author, and several others of our divines, might be collected a neat volume of quaint but sterling sentences and aphorisms likely to remain long on the memory. Here are Hall's quaint sentences: "Neither heaven nor earth have any gyves for that man that can shake off the fetters of an oath." "Princes have thousands of eyes and ears." "How should the soul be chaste that keeps a stew in the body."

Cameron; a Novel. 3 Vols. Bull.

This work is not equal in calibre to those which Mr. Bull usually publishes. It is a novel without novelty; it opens better than it proceeds; and the plot is bad, being one of those which have been repeated by all classes of novel-writers. Cameron is no new character; and the resources of the writer are too destitute of originality to afford that interest which is the great virtue of a work of amusement.

The Elective Right; or, a Short and Easy Road to Reform. *Second Edition.* By George Condy, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Cochrane and Co. London; Lewis, Manchester.

This is a very clever essay, lucid, forcible, unanswerable in the larger parts of its arguments in what is called the "great question." It is a sound, constitutional pamphlet, which goes to the bottom of things, and proves the position it maintains from appeals to our past history, and to documents which sustain all which it advances. Those who have not perused this pamphlet have not read, we will venture to say, the very best to which the question of Reform has given origin.

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, &c. &c. By a Solicitor. Whittaker and Co.

This treatise is merely the heads of the existing law,—a law that every way demands revision,—together with two or three examples from actions tried in the courts, by way of illustration. It is a useful book, and deals only in fact; whence it is a valuable guide to professional men and others, who may find it advantageous to save time in collecting the information which is here condensed.

Geological Sketches, and Glimpses of the Ancient Earth. By MARIA HACK. 12mo. Harvey and Darton.

This is a most excellent elementary work on geology, extremely easy to be understood by the scholar, and illustrated with plates, which give a clear idea of the subjects treated upon in the work. No study is more calculated to afford the young mind an insight into the wonders of creation than geology, and none more exhibits the wisdom of the Supreme Being in the design and beauty of his works; strongly convincing the mind that every operation of creation, and the sustenance of the globe itself, is the produce of a connected chain of cause and effect, for ever in action from their commencement, supported by the hand of benevolence and power.

The Companion to the Almanac, or, Year-Book of General Information, for 1832. 12mo. C. Knight.

This is a work published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and is a careful compilation of the principal events of the preceding year; the natural phenomena of the year; general information on chronology, geography, statistics, &c.; abstracts of public Acts of Parliament; and improvements. It is a very complete, cheap little work, full of interesting information.

Nicotiana; or, the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Companion, &c. By H. J. MILLER, Esq. E. Wilson.

A little volume for the frequenter of the Divan, and the lover of tobacco in all its forms, of which it gives a succinct history. To such we recommend it as a pleasant little publication, specially designed for their use. In times of Cholera it is more than commonly apropos, as this leaf is one of the best preventives against infection.

Jukes on Lavements and Indigestion. 12mo. E. Wilson.

A work by the inventor of the Stomach-pump, which we cannot well analyze here, but which we can recommend to persons of both sexes as well meriting their serious attention; for it contains matter which is important on a subject little attended to in this country, though abroad it is familiar to persons of both sexes. Mr. Jukes deserves well of society for the information he has given in this book. He is both an ingenious mechanic, and a man of sound professional abilities.

The Last of the Sophis; a Poem. By C. F. HENNINGSON, a Minor. Longman and Co.

Why this imitation of George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor? Mr. Henningson's verses are equal—nay, far better than such as are published by many persons of mature years in reams. They are, however, imitations of the Byronic school of effect, and so forcibly display the model after which they are framed, with an Eastern subject too, that we fear he will not obtain from the public the commendation he really deserves. We recommend him to forget his model, and try something original, for the public are fatigued to satiety with imitations.

Selections from the Poems of ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet-Laureate, &c. Moxon.

We some time ago noticed a similar volume to the present, containing the Poems of Wordsworth. There is much in the Laureate's writings that youth will easily comprehend, and in which it will find at the same time instruction and amusement. We think the present selections more judicious than those from Wordsworth, and fully agreeable to the compiler's object.

The Geographical Annual. Bull.

A most beautiful and useful little work, not to be kept a year and flung aside, but to be treasured for years as a valuable work of reference. Of all the Annuals, this may lay claim to being one of the most useful.

Histoire des Campagnes de Hohenlinden et de Marengo; par M. DE BULOW. Contenant les Notes que Napoleon fit sur cet Ouvrage, en 1819, à Sainte-Hélène. Par Brevet-Major EMMETT, du Corps Royal du Génie. 8vo. Whittaker and Co.

This is a book interesting to military men who study the art of war. The writings of M. Bulow are known to all military readers, and these notes of Napoleon's, though scanty, cannot fail to interest them. The historian, too, will find the corrections and remarks on the campaign of Marengo of considerable service in obtaining a just view of the much-misrepresented circumstances of the battle and its consequences. We can only lament that the notes of Napoleon were not fuller, and that their scantiness and application to the higher principles of war make them alone clearly understood by the practised soldier, whose library would be incomplete without this little work.

Time's Telescope, 1832. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

The title of this book, in its eighteenth year of success, is almost sufficient to carry a favourable impression of it to every class of readers. We lament that it came to hand so late in the month that it is not possible for us to give any thing like a worthy analysis of its contents. In truth, it teems with information of every kind relative to the seasons, and there are some notes upon natural history appended, which will be found very useful. The history of comets, illustrated with engravings, possesses high interest; and the "Astronomical Occurrences" are copious, and particularly convenient in many professional pursuits. We recommend the editor, however, not to make his work political by such foolish trash as that about Charles I., page 20. The "Martyr King Charles" is a title that should have long since gone into desuetude. If we pity the sufferings of the man, we must execrate the duplicity and arbitrary acts of the monarch. On the whole, this is one of that class of Annuals which cannot fail to make its way on the ground of its blending utility with information. Time's Telescope has long been a favourite with us, and this year it fully comes up to the best of the volumes which have preceded it. We have no time to say more, though the work merits a longer notice.

The Botanic Annual; General Principles — Coniferæ; containing familiar illustrations of the structure, habits, economy, &c. of plants. By ROBERT MUDIE, Author of the "British Naturalist." Cochrane and Co.

This is a beautiful and instructive work, in which Mr. Mudie has displayed deep knowledge of his subject, and conveyed solid information in plain and easy language. We are much pleased to see the train of Annuals this year going more upon the ground of science, and mingling instruction with amusement. No one fond of botany will be without this work, which appears to be only the commencement of a series of similar volumes on the same subject, to be continued if the author meets that encouragement to which he has an undoubted claim. In beauty of binding, and neatness of engraving, (we mean by the latter, wood-engravings of trees, &c.) it is entitled to rank high. It is, in fact, the commencement of a set of Annuals on botany. No man understands this science better than the writer, he having had constantly under his view the objects which he describes in the finest state in which they can be grown in this country. Mr. Mudie begins by praising the study of nature, and stating the inducements to cultivate the science. He then treats on the anatomy of plants—their physiology and classification. A sketch of the Coniferæ follows, and the sub-orders—Abietinæ, Cupressinæ, and Taxinæ. The author's design appears to be to give every year a similar volume, and in the next the "Grasses" and "Palms;" that is, if he meets the support, which we venture to affirm he has justly a right to expect, from the public. There are thousands in England of both sexes who have lately made botany a study, and for them this volume must have particular attractions. We are sure we speak the truth, when we state that the study of nature, in the walk of botany, is one which contributes more to health and cheerfulness, to an admiration of the works of God, and to thankfulness of soul, than any other. The fields are its study, and a familiarity with them and rural scenery is purifying to the heart. The bad are not found among the true disciples of this science.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOVELS, TALES.

The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.
Miss Mitford's American Stories for Children. Second Series. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.
The Cabal; a Tale of the Reign of William IV. 2 vols. post 8vo. 14s.
Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest. By a Lady. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.
Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. VI.—Tom Jones, Vol. II. 5s.
The Jew; a Novel in 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Robber. By the Author of Chartley the Fatalist. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Count Robert of Paris; a Romance. Castle Dangerous; a Tale. Forming Tales of My Landlord, Series Fourth and last. By the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
The Invasion. By the Author of the Collegians. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
Romance and Reality; a Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Usurer's Daughter. By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. 6d.

MEDICINE, SURGERY.

The History of the Contagious Cholera, &c. By James Kennedy. Second Edition, containing the new cases from Sunderland. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Oke's Examinations in Midwifery and Surgery. 8vo. Part I. 8s.
Dewhurst's Anatomy of the Human Muscles. 4to. 15s.
Dr. Hope on Diseases of the Heart. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gray's Social System. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Dr. Webster's English Dictionary. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 10s.
Hood's Comic Annual for 1832. 12s.
Time's Telescope for 1832. 9s.
The French Poetical Gift. 12mo. 4s.
The Musical Forget Me Not for 1832. 4to. 12s.
Trendell's Designs for Cottages and Villas. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Gilpin and Valpy's Anthologia Sacra; or, Select Theological Extracts. 8vo. 1l. 4s.
Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXVII.—Plutarch, Vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Thoresby's Correspondence. 2 vols. 1l. 8s.
Horton's Tables on Planting. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Chenevix's Essay upon National Character. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.
Nicotiana. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
Mental Recreations; or, Select Maxims. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Bouchette's British Dominions in North America. 4to. 2 vols. 2l. 16s.
Heeren's Historical Researches on the Ancient Nations of Africa. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.
Hartly's Researches in Greece. 8vo. 6s.
The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, 1831. Part II. 1l. 12s.
Geological Sketches, and Glimpses of the Ancient Earth. By Maria Hack. 12mo. 9s.
An Introduction to the Atomic Theory, &c. By C. Daubeny, M.D. 8vo. 6s.
The Family Library, No. XXVI.—The Reformation in England. By the Rev. J. G. Blunt. 5s.
The Philological Museum, No. I. 8vo. 5s.
Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London. 4to. Vol. IV. Part II. 1l. 10s.
Adventures of a Dramatist. By Benjamin Evergreen. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.
The Botanic Annual for 1832. By the Author of the "British Naturalist." 8vo. 15s.
The Family Library of French Classics, Vols. XVII. and XVIII. Containing Voltaire I. and II. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.
Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy, &c. Third Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.
Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by himself. Part I. 6s. and 9s.
The Library of the Fine Arts, No. XI. 2s. 6d.
The Chameleon; a Scottish Annual. By Thomas Atkinson. 9s. 6d.
The Nosegay, a Musical Annual for 1832. 10s. 6d.
The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. V.—Early English Navigators. 5s.
Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. 8vo.
History of the Peninsular War. By Robert Southey. Vol. III.
Letters on the Cholera in Prussia. By F. W. Becker, M. D. 8vo.

POETRY.

Henningson's Last of the Sophis. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
The Chaunt of the Cholera. Songs for Ireland. By the Authors of the O'Hara Tales, &c. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

In the Press, Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Satirical Poem, in three parts.

Maternal Sketches, with Minor Poems; by E. Rutherford, are nearly ready.

The Cabinet Annual Register is in the press; a work which promises well, and for which there appears to be a vacancy. It is expected to appear in February.

In a short time will be published, Vol. II. of A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to the year of our Lord 1300. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

Preparing for publication, An Introduction to the Knowledge of Purchasing and Selling Estates and Houses, being a Manual for the Man of Property and Capitalist in making Investments or effecting Sales. By William Goodhughe.

The popularity of the writings of Lord Byron,—the interest excited by his Letters and Journals, with Notices of his Life, by Mr. Moore,—the diversity of forms in which alone the different works can now be procured, and the spurious and worthless reprints of portions of them, which from time to time have made their appearance, have induced Mr. Murray to prepare for publication a complete and uniform edition of the whole, elegantly printed and illustrated, in a shape so desirable, a mode of delivery so convenient, and at a price so moderate, as to place within the reach of all classes of readers these delightful productions. With the Poems will be published at the same time, Landscape Illustrations, engraved by William and Edward Finden. Both are expected to appear this Month.

An Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal. By Rajah Rammohun Roy. With an Appendix, containing Letters on the Hindoo Law of Inheritance; is nearly ready. And also, by the same Author, Remarks on East India Affairs; comprising the Evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India; with a Dissertation on its Ancient Boundaries, and its Civil and Religious Divisions; also, Suggestions for the future Government of the Country. Illustrated by a Map, and further enriched with Notes by the distinguished Author.

Mr. I. G. S. Lucas, who engraved the print "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza," has designed and engraved another sacred subject, "The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain," which will be published shortly.

A Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland and France, giving an accurate Account of the different routes, and affording every necessary information for the guidance of future travellers, by the Rev. William Liddiard, Author of "A Metrical Tale of Switzerland," "The Legend of Einsidlin," &c. &c. is in the press.

History of the Representation of England, drawn from Records; and of the Reform of its Abuses by the House of Commons itself, without the aid of the Statute Law; by R. Hannay, Esq.

Mr. W. Raddon has just completed a line Engraving, from an early Picture of Mr. Wilkie's in the possession of Mr. Catley, of Barnet, called "The Clubbist," from Goldsmith's Essays. A companion Plate is also just completed by Mr. Warren, from another early Picture of Mr. Wilkie's entitled "The New Coat," from Voltaire's Tales, both of which are to be issued in January. Mr. Raddon is engaged upon a line Plate of "Queen Mab," from Milton's, after a Picture by Fuseli; forming a companion to his Plate of the "Nightmare," after the same Artist.

The Literary Guardian, which, from the extraordinary low price at which it is produced, no less than the ability with which it has been conducted, having met with great success, is announced to appear with the new year in a most improved and perfect form. It is a most amusing publication, and contains notices of every new work honestly and impartially drawn up; the whole being published at the rate of Eighty Quarto Pages for Tenpence!

The First Part of a new and important Work is announced to appear under the Editorship of Drs. Forbes, Tweedie, and Conolly, entitled the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine; comprising Treatises on the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical Jurisprudence, &c.

The Bills founded on the Real Property Reports, and now before Parliament, for establishing a General Register, for amending the Laws relating to Inheritance, Dower, the Curtesy of England, and the Prescription and Limitation of Actions, and for abolishing Fines and Recoveries, and substituting other Assurances in lieu thereof, are to be published immediately on their passing into Laws; with explanatory and practical notes, and the new Forms in Conveyancing to which they will give occasion. By Mr. J. Berrey, of Lincoln's Inn.

A Description of a Singular Race of Aborigines, inhabiting the Summits of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatoor, by Captain H. Harkness, of the Madras Army, is announced.

Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of Faith, delivered in the Chapel of

Trinity College, Dublin, by the Rev. James Thomas O'Brien, Fellow T. C. D. will shortly appear.

Mr. Robinson announces a new Work upon Gate Lodges in the Old English Style, as a Continuation of his "Rural Architecture."—The Second Part of the New Vitruvius Britannicus, by the same Author, is also nearly ready, containing the History of Hatfield House, &c. This Work will prove a valuable addition to all Topographical Libraries.

The Records of a Good Man's Life. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A. Author of "May You Like It," "A Fireside Book," &c. &c. will shortly make its appearance in two vols. 8vo.

The Hive, a Collection of the best Modern Poems, chiefly by Living Authors, for the use of Young Persons, is soon to appear.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, by the Rev. Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity, are in the press.

The Acts relating to Pleading and Practice, about to be founded on the Common Law Reports, will be published within a short time of their being passed, with Introductory Observations and Notes. By Mr. Hayward, of the Inner Temple.

An enlarged, improved, and corrected edition (being the seventh) of the "Cabinet Lawyer," is in the press, including all the recent legal alterations.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, will shortly be published in numbers.

A Guide to the "Lions" of London; or, the Stranger's Directory to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Zoological Gardens, and Regent's Park, the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the Tower, the Bazaars, the Diorama, the Colosseum, the Theatres, the Thames Tunnel, &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations of the different places and objects. Designed and Engraved by G. W. Bonner; will shortly appear.

Mr. Samouelle's new work, The Entomological Cabinet, is in the press, and the first Number will soon make its appearance.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Nosegay: a Musical Cadeau for 1832. Edited by F. W. N. Bayley and J. F. Dannelly. Dannelly.

This is a very neat and beautiful little work. The music is good; and the words of the songs, by several well-known writers, render it more than commonly interesting. There are thirteen songs from the pens of Lord Byron, Lisle Bowles, Mrs. A. Watts, Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, Mr. Watts, Mr. S. Knowles, Messrs. T. H. Bayley, G. Linley, and W. Kennedy, &c. Mr. F. W. N. Bayley shines in the collection, and puts Mr. Butterfly Bayley, as he is styled, in jeopardy of his fame. Some of these songs have very considerable merit indeed. It is a valuable present to a lady, and is bound so delicately that none but lady fingers should come in contact with its glossy binding.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

We really begin to fear that the efforts of the great Theatres are becoming paralyzed by their want of success. Very few novelties have been presented during the last month, and these few have been played to comparatively bad houses, while the Minors are literally full every night. Thus those who have large capitals embarked, enormous establishments to support, and bear the *weight* of theatrical catering for the public, are neglected, and left to provide their treasuries from the private purses of the proprietors; while the Adelphi and Olympic are paying well, and laying by fortunes upon their small expenses and full houses.

There must be something radically wrong in these large establishments; for do what they will, make any and every exertion, produce novelty after novelty, nothing brings audiences adequate to their expenses. We really begin to fear that the houses ARE too large, and that, while they are so large, they will never prove successful. The size of these theatres was not felt when there were no other theatres to go to, which was the case when they were built; but now that the minor theatres tread so closely on the heels of the legitimate drama, fill their ranks from performers who have obtained something like the stamp of legitimacy by having acted at the regular theatres, and really perform very entertaining pieces,—they have become dangerous rivals of the greater houses, and will be their ultimate ruin, unless some very rigorous effort is made on the part of the proprietors of these Leviathan establishments. Independently too of those theatres which open under

the regular licence of the Lord Chamberlain, we have others who translate the mere magistrate's licence for music and dancing into the power of acting plays. The Act of Parliament under which these licences are granted, contemplated nothing but concert and ball rooms. The possessors of these licences have, however, for years opened theatres upon the strength of them, and have done no little mischief to the other theatres. Besides those theatres, which possess the shadow of an authority for their performances, others are starting up in different parts of the metropolis under the insidious title of Subscription Theatres. This subscription consists in any persons paying the price of admission for the evening at a neighbouring shop instead of the door of the theatre; and there are two or three of these establishments filled nightly by these means. So little particular are the proprietors of these places, that if a person presents himself and offers to pay, the door-keeper tells you he cannot take the money at the door; but if you will walk with him into the street, he pockets your half-crown and delivers you the ticket. He thus evades the Act, because money is not actually taken at the door. With all these draughts from that part of the public purse which is devoted to amusement, it is impossible that great and expensive establishments can have fair play against theatres that cost nothing, and where most of the performers act gratuitously. These theatres ought to be put down, and the national theatres ought to be protected against such inroads upon their property; or the Government should give them compensation for the sums expended upon the faith of that protection, and the field ought to be thrown open. These subscription theatres are likewise great nests for vice and idleness. They are places where that silly propensity to the stage, which young persons are so apt to feel, may be indulged at a cheap rate; and numbers annually sacrifice their legitimate calling to swell the number of actors and actresses, and to starve in a profession which is already frightfully overloaded.

All these things cry aloud for redress, and active steps are at length taking to remedy this growing evil. The proprietors of the larger theatres have had meetings, and have coalesced in petitioning the Government upon the subject. The Acts of Parliament on the subject are to be more clearly defined, and the performances of the minor theatres are about to be regulated, so that any infringement of this licence may be easily detected, and kept within the line for which the various licences were originally intended.

These open opponents are not, however, all the enemies which the great theatres have to contend with. The performers themselves, who actually live and receive large salaries by the ruin of those proprietors who embark the capital by which they live, perpetually place themselves in the way of the exertions which their employers are willing to make. Those upon whom the popularity of a piece may greatly depend, frequently refuse their parts, which occasions either the dismissal and non-performance of the play, or causes it to be so inefficiently performed that it falls successless. This was the instance of a late play, which really possessed great original merit, and was thus deprived of what would have formed one great feature of its attraction. And in another play, no less than five or six performers actually threatened to throw up their parts, unless they were greatly altered. We cannot but consider this conduct as a most profligate and unfeeling sacrifice of those by whom they subsist, and who ruin themselves by giving them large salaries. Our theatres are too apt to copy from the French in other matters, we heartily wish they would follow their laudable example in this particular. In France, it is no uncommon thing—nay, it is a general thing, to see the principal and most popular performers filling the subordinate parts of those dramas where their more efficient services are not wanted; by which means all the parts of a play are sure to be well acted. This never detracts from their popularity. Let our performers do the same—at least never let them refuse parts because they do not think them quite equal to their talents, or because they are not consonant with their caprices; for if they continue to do this, it will become the province and the duty of the Press to hold up such conduct to that public indignation which such a neglect of their employers' interests deserves.

Drury Lane.—The present month began with the Rival Maadanes, by running Artaxerxes against the *début* of Miss Shirreff at the other house. We question the policy of this manœuvre, as those who were to be attracted by Artaxerxes were more likely to go and see a new débutante than Mrs. Wood, however superior and however excellent she might be. Thus it proved; and the management soon withdrew from the race.

The Lions have lingered on, occasionally bringing good half-prices, but we should fear adding nightly to the losses of the theatre. The tiger has died during the month: M. Martin will insist upon it that he has been poisoned, or, to use the more prevalent word, "Burked;" but whether he suspects the perpetrator to be among the biped actors, out of envy of the quadruped's superior attraction, we are at a loss to determine.

In some measure to rival the successful singing of the new débutante at the other house, Bishop has been employed in getting up the Barber of Seville; and it was

advertised as to be performed with all its original music. This was an attractive announcement, and we heard its performance anticipated with pleasure by at least some twenty of our play-going acquaintance. To prove, we suppose, the difficulty of the performance, it was put off several times, till we began to fear it would never come at all, but this *is rather* in Mr. Bishop's way; he always seems to forget the old proverb, that "delays are dangerous;" and he is too apt to think the name of Bishop will go further than it will in making up for delay and neglect. At length out it came; but the Barber of Seville, "with all its original music," commenced with the Donna del Lago, and finished with the Cenerentola, while one of Mr. Bishop's compositions was thrust into the middle of the performance. This is indeed "keeping the word of promise to the ear," and is too bad. The performance was very delightful; the music was airy; the concerted pieces were well got up; but it was not what all the world went to see,—it was not the Barber of Seville. This is neither fair to the composer nor to the audience, and the proprietors ought to take Mr. Bishop to task for such a breach of faith, particularly after he had taken up six weeks in rehearsals. Besides the excellent way in which the mutilated piece was performed, it served to show us how much we should have been delighted with the Barber of Seville as it was announced in the bills.

On Thursday the 8th, a new after-piece was produced at this theatre, by Mr. JERROLD, the author of Black-Eyed Susan, entitled the Bride of Ludgate. This piece smacks both in its title and dialogue of the older drama, and we are very much inclined to give Mr. Jerrold great credit, because he has never yet, at least to our knowledge, followed the example of his cotemporaries, and translated from the French. Even original mediocrity we are disposed to hail with much more pleasure than the cleverest adaptation. The story of this piece is of the time of Charles II., that monarch whose merriment and profligacy have already been the theme of so many dramas. These qualities, however, of the profligate sovereign have been so mingled in the dramatist's yarn with generosity as always to put the audience in good humour with the merry monarch, and to blind their eyes to his faults.

Shekel (a capital name, by-the-bye,) is on the eve of marriage with his young ward Melissa; but she, like all dramatic wards, is only temporizing with him, and is, of course, reserving her hand for a more favoured swain of her own age, who turns out to be a Captain Mapleton, one of the many officers proscribed in those troublous times. Doeskin and Ruth are the servants of Shekel; and Charles himself, Sir Charles Sedley, and a yaw-haw bully Captain Mouth, make up the *dramatis personæ*. Charles is, of course, mixed up in the plot as usual, through his attempts upon the virtue of Melissa; but, disappointed himself, he generously assists her lover, and finally reconciles Shekel to the marriage of the young people, by presiding himself at the marriage-feast. There is nothing new in all this; but it is pleasantly put together, and the dialogue smacks of something very superior to most of the dialogue of the day. The part of Shekel was refused by Mr. Farren—why or wherefore we are quite at a loss to determine, for it is exactly in his own line, and his acting would have made the play quite a different thing, and have given it a much greater chance of success.

We again hail with pleasure a production of Mrs. Charles Gore's: a light comedy is better than no comedy at all. We are sorry, however, to find her dropping down to the summer length of three acts, instead of preserving the legitimate winter—five. The managers seem themselves to have been aware of this, for they do not mention the number of its acts in the bill. Mrs. Gore does not attempt much invention in point of character and incident; she seems contented with taking up those general scenes of life which have been treated by other dramatists, and dressing them up in a way and after a manner of her own. Thus her School for Coquettes bears resemblance to the Rivals, and School for Scandal; and there are many, nay the chief points in Lords and Commons that may be derived from the Road to Ruin. The title is a taking one, particularly in the present day; but there is nothing political in the piece, though the audience very eagerly took up any thing that told against the Lords. The story of the play is simple. Melville, a heedless and extravagant young merchant, the ward of Sir Caleb Cabob, the head of a wealthy India house, becomes intimate with a set of fashionable black-legs. Finding how he is going on, Sir Caleb insists upon his giving up his supposed friends, and marrying a girl of his guardian's choosing. This the young gentleman refuses to do, and in consequence is disinherited. Upon this, his quondam quality friends take their leave, Lady Newford forbids her daughter to speak to him. Sir Caleb then withdraws his name from the firm, by which means Quotient, the partner who has supplied Melville in his extravagance, becomes ruined with him. Melville however turns out to be a Mr. Lovel, the son of an old and dear friend of Sir Caleb's, who was brother to Lady Newford. This discovery, of course, sets matters to rights; the false friends are shamed, and the piece winds up with the marriage of all parties, according to the most legitimate rules of the drama. There is a great deal of confusion in the catastrophe, owing to the introduction of a *fête*, at which, by-the-bye, men appear in such costume as would not be tolerated in

decent society, or indeed in any company except that of Richardson at Bartholomew fair. There is a great deal of nice dialogue, and one or two dramatic situations in this piece; but it is too much like a novel. We feel, while hearing it, as though we were reading a book instead of looking at a play. Mrs. Charles Gore writes very clever novels, and very entertaining conversations; and when she sits down to her dramatic desk, we are sorry she does not forget her novels and her Court Journal. We wish she would devote more time to a comedy. A lady has more difficulty to hit the town than a man; she cannot write broad enough for it; and she must therefore make up in interest what she may lose by the absence of that seasoning which our audiences unfortunately look for, and which a lady can scarcely be supposed to afford.

Covent Garden.—In the midst of all the Chancery arrangements of this theatre, and we are glad to state at last that they are arrangements, and not disarrangements, the theatre has made a successful hit in a new singer; and had Mr. Welsh brought out his pupil in Polly, instead of Mandane, we are of opinion that Miss Shirreff would have been much more successful than she has been. But Mr. Welsh always runs his head against bravura; he would take the town by storm, instead of pleasing it into patronage. Miss Shirreff has none of the qualities for bravura: her style is the simple ballad, and this she sings beautifully; her acting, her person, everything, is more consonant with the domestic than the heroic. She walked about in Mandane very like a lady, but not at all like a heroine or a princess. She has, however, in spite of this want of judgment, made a considerable hit, and has filled the treasury sufficiently to enable the proprietors to resume the payment of full salaries: Miss Shirreff, therefore, deserves well of her brother and sister performers.

The only novelty of the month has been a new piece called "Country Quarters," produced for the sole purpose of affording scope for the talents of the very clever Miss Poole. She assumes the characters of a pert chambermaid, an impudent little "tiger," and of a dashing drummer, with great effect; but there is nothing but the acting of this little lady that is worthy of observation in the piece.

Both stages are now occupied by the genius of pantomime. Farley at the one House, and Wallack at the other, are using all their exertions and energies in the production of Tom Thumb; which has been, most unfortunately for the holiday folks, the subject hit upon at both houses for their Christmas pantomime. We hope it may prove a hit for both of them, for we are still young enough to enjoy a pantomime.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Public Institution in France.—A measure of the greatest importance was lately submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies—it was a *projet* of law for the establishment of a school of primary instruction in every one of the 40,000 communes of France. From a report presented to the King, it appears that there are at present schools in only 13,000. The funds are to be supplied by the local sales; and where parents are incapable of paying for their children's education, the public will pay for it. So great is the ignorance of the peasantry, which the drivelling dynasty of the Bourbons sedulously cherished, that not above one-half of the conscripts can read! One thousand parochial schools, most miserably endowed, have rendered the two millions of Scotch population the best educated and best behaved in the world. France will be much more amply provided, if the law pass and be honestly worked. When shall we have such a law for England?—*Literary Guardian.*

Height of Greenwich Observatory, and the Marshes of the Thames. — It was found by Mr. Lloyd, in his late observations on the height of the River Thames, that a block of stone under the transit instrument in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, is 158.8 feet above the mean level of the sea. It was also found in these operations, that the marshes near Woolwich Arsenal, to the eastward of the practising ground, are 4.3 feet below those of Yantlet Creek, 6.4 feet below those of Allhallows, 4.1 feet below those of St. Mary's, 3.5 feet below those of Higham, 2.6 feet below those between Northfleet and Gravesend, and 1.2 foot below the Eastern Dartford Creek marshes, being a fall of 1.2 foot, in a distance of 6 miles. The marshes of Greenwich were also found to be half a foot higher than those of Woolwich, and the marshes of Yantlet Creek are half a foot higher than those of Sheerness. The marshes of Woolwich are only 3 feet above the mean level of the sea.

New Mineral.—In the month of August, 1830, the Academy of St. Petersburg was presented with a new mineral, found in some government lands in the province of Perm. It has received the name of *Volkonskoïte*, in honour of Prince Volkonsky. The spot in which the vein was found is in the mountain called Efmiatskaïa, in the district of Okhansk. The bed does not consist in regular veins, but in bits of from

one to four *verschocks* thick, by a quarter to three-quarters of an *archine* long; sometimes ten of those bits or patches are found in the space of a single *sagene*, and sometimes there are three *sagenes* without a single one. The mineral, in colour, approaches the grass-green; it divides in longitudinal plates, and breaks on the slightest pressure. When plunged in water it separates with a loud noise into angular pieces, on which, when dried, the water no longer takes any effect. This mineral may be employed as a colouring matter to replace some of the most expensive colours, such as molochite and verdigris. The fine orange colour of chrome may also be chemically obtained from it, as it contains about 7 per cent. of extract of chrome. It is easily worked, and at a small expense.

Medal of William Roscoe.—A handsome medal of this distinguished individual has been executed by Mr. Scipio Clint, in a manner highly creditable to the artist. On the obverse is the head of the late historian of the House of Medici, with the simple inscription, "William Roscoe." The likeness is excellent. On the reverse is a laurel-tree, surrounded by the motto, "Stassi il lavro lieto;" and below, "Born MDCCLIII.—died MDCCCXXXI."

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Zoological Society.—A monthly meeting of this Society took place October 6. It was announced in the Report that his Majesty still continued his patronage of the Society; that he had, during the last month, presented them with three wild boars, three mouflons, and a deer; also with several magnificent stuffed specimens, including a very fine male ostrich, an emu, two crested cranes, &c. &c.—The number of visitors to the Gardens in the month of September was 33,751, and the money received 1,528*l.* 16*s.*

At a meeting of the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society on Thursday, October 11, Mr. Cox in the chair, Mr. Ogilvie read an interesting paper on the genus *phalangista*.

October 25. Mr. Cox in the chair. The remainder of Dr. Bancroft's letter was read on the specimens he had sent to the Society. He particularly referred to a fine yellow snake of great beauty, thirty-eight inches in length, of the genus *coluber*.—Mr. Owen made some further observations on the anatomy of the crocodile.

November 3.—The number of visitors to the Gardens during October was 16,244, and the sum paid at the gate was 711*l.* 14*s.*: the amount received at the Museum was 19*l.* 14*s.* It was further stated that several presents had been received since the last meeting, particularly an armadillo and a Honduras turkey from the Earl of Ilchester. Of the latter bird, only two skins had before been received in Europe, and no specimen had ever been landed alive in this country. Its plumage, when adult, is of the most beautiful golden bronze colour; and the accession of such a bird to the menagerie is most valuable and interesting. The Noble Lord has distinguished himself by his patronage of the science of zoology.—Notice was given of a motion for the appointment of a Gardén Committee, to suggest to the council such horticultural improvements and embellishments as might appear desirable. It was mentioned that a purchase of 3000 valuable Dutch roots had been made for the Garden.

Royal Society of Literature.—November 2. The first ordinary meeting for the year, of the Royal Society of Literature, was held at the Society's house. Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the Council, read a portion of his version of the eleventh book of the Odyssey; which was listened to with great pleasure by the assembly.

Linnæan Society.—November 1. This being the first meeting after the recess, it was numerously attended; and upwards of a hundred books on various branches of natural history were presented to the Society.—A letter was read from the venerable ornithologist Dr. Latham, announcing that two birds of the short-tailed tern (*sterna plumbea*) were shot near Winchester in the beginning of last month, and are the first that have been noticed in this country, the species being a native of North America.—There was also read a communication by Robert Brown, Esq. entitled, "Observations on the organs and mode of fecundation in Orchideæ and Asclepiadeæ." This paper, full of profound remarks on the structure and economy of the parts of fructification in these two tribes of plants, is to be concluded next meeting.

Horticultural Society.—November 1. The Horticultural Society resumed its meetings.

Education.—December 21.—The Rev. Dr. Wade, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Warwick, &c. &c. presided at the half-yearly public examination of Dr. G. S. Evans's pupils, at North-End House, Hampstead. After the usual exercises in the languages, mathematics, geography, &c., the distribution of prizes, and the performance of a French play by the pupils, Dr. Wade pronounced an elegant testimony in favour of the mode of education adopted there.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton, Latitude 51° 37′ 22″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Date. 1831.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	50-58	29,91-29,93	S.W.	.05	General cloud, a little rain at times.
24	43-54	29,96-29,97	S.W.		Generally clear.
25	42-54	29,80-29,83	S.W.		Cloudy.
26	43-54	29,91-30,10	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
27	28-41	30,10-30,32	N.E. & S.W.		Except the afternoon, generally clear.
28	22-37	At 30,38	N.E. & N.W.		Morng. & eveng. clear, the rest of the day cloudy.
29	27-41	30,42-30,44	N.W. & S.E.		Generally cloudy.
30	25-46	30,23-30,09	S.W. & N.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
Dec.					
1	33-48	30,09-30,02	N.W.	.1	Generally cloudy, a little rain at times.
2	40-48	29,90-29,09	N.W.		Cloudy.
3	39-48	30,05-30,02	N.W.		Cloudy.
4	39-51	29,90-29,86	N.W. & S.W.		General cloud, mizzling rain in the morning.
5	40-50	29,80-29,56	S.W.		Except morn., cloudy; mizzling rain at times.
6	39-51	29,38-29,42	S. b. W. & S.W.		Except the morning and evening clear.
7	43-53	28,90-28,99	S.W.	.05	Except the eveng. cloudy, with frequent rain.
8	43-55	29,15-29,22	S. b. W. & S.W.	.175	Cloudy, with rain at times.
9	46-55	29,10-29,20	S.W.	.425	Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
10	43-54	29,32-29,43	S.W.	.3	Except evening cloudy; rain in the morning.
11	39-55	29,47-29,35	S.E. & S.W.	.025	Raining generally during the day.
12	40-54	29,33-29,10	S.E. & S.W.	.1	Generally cloudy, freq. rain in the afternoon.*
13	42-53	29,32-29,48	S.W.	.2	Generally clear, shower of rain in the afternoon.
14	33-48	29,55-29,60	S.W.	.025	Except the morning generally clear.
15	33-48	29,73-29,64	S.W.		Morng. clear, rest of day cloudy, rain in evening.
16	29-46	29,76-29,79	S.W. & S.E.	.05	Except morng., cloudy, heavy rain in the eveng.
17	30-45	29,65-29,50	S.W.	.225	Except the evening, generally clear.
18	28-56	29,30-29,39	S.W.	.3	Morng. cloudy, with rain, the rest generally clear.
19	31-44	29,49-29,60	S.W.		Except the evening generally clear.
20	29-43	29,58-29,63	S.W. & S.E.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
21	32-45	29,56-29,70	S.W.	.15	Except eveng. cloudy, a little rain in the morng.
22	26-46	29,75-29,53	S.W. & S.E.		Cloudy, frequent rain in the evening.

* The boisterous evening of the 12th instant is worthy of particular remark: about 7 P.M. the atmosphere became densely clouded; in a few minutes, a peal of thunder unusually loud passed over towards the North; immediately the wind rose terrifically, carrying branches of trees, loose tiles, &c.. before it. The thunder had gradually subsided by 20 minutes past 7 o'clock, but the lightning in the S.W. was frequent in the night; at a quarter past 7 a smart shower of hail fell.

The unusual mildness of the season, though indicated by the range of the thermometer, in our Table above, is further evinced from the circumstance of perfectly ripe blackberries having been gathered from a hedge, which has a southern aspect, on the 11th instant.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Bates, of Bishopsgate Street, London, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for roving, twisting, or spinning cotton, silk, wool, hemp, flax, or other fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 27, 1831.

S. Guppy, of Tarway House, Clifton, Bristol, for a method of applying and arranging certain pieces of cabinet work, upholstery, and other articles, frequently applied to bedsteads and hangings; and also others not hitherto so applied. October 27, 1831.

J. Macdonald, of the University Club House, Pall Mall East, Middlesex, for an improvement in the construction of bridges made of iron, or other materials, which improvements are also applicable to the construction of piers, rail-roads, roofs, and other useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 31, 1831.

G. Minter, of Princes Street, Soho, Middlesex, for a fastening for dining-tables and other purposes. November 9, 1831.

T. Brunton, of Park Square, Regent's Park, Middlesex, for a new application or adaptation of apparatus for heating fluids or liquids, and generating steam for various useful purposes. November 15, 1831.

T. Brunton, of Park Square, Regent's Park, Middlesex, and T. J. Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, for their improvements on mechanical apparatus, applicable to the raising of water, and other useful purposes. November 15, 1831.

A. H. Holdsworth, of Dartmouth, Devon, for improvements in the construction of rudders, and in the application of the same to certain descriptions of ships or vessels. November 19, 1831.

D. Selden, of Liverpool, Lancaster, for an improved carding and slubbing engine for wool and other fibrous substances. November 22, 1831.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The transactions in trade generally have been very uninteresting since our last Report, and the prominent feature has been depression. The uncertainty that still prevails, both in foreign and domestic politics, renders speculation an object of more than ordinary danger; and, consequently, enterprise is in abeyance.

East India produce has been neglected, and West India commodities have been but little inquired after. The season of the year necessarily brings grocers and other retail dealers into the Sugar Market, but their purchases for Christmas have been but on a limited scale. Inferior descriptions remain stationary in quotation, and better sorts have advanced about 1*s.* per cwt. Coffee has mainitaned its improved value, and has been extensively sought after. The stock is very short. Rum is held more heavily than when we last noticed it, and Leeward Islands will now only fetch 1*s.* 3*d.* per gallon. The stocks of Sugar and Coffee are rather lighter than at the same period last year; that of Rum somewhat heavier.

The late quarterly sale of Teas at the India House fluctuated considerably. At the commencement of it, the opinion was entertained that the misunderstanding with the Chinese authorities would not be settled, and consequently Congous, which were first sold, advanced 4*d.* per lb. upon the price of the previous sale; but when it was understood, in the course of the sale, that the commercial intercourse between the British and Chinese was, by the latest advices, uninterrupted, a decline took place in Boheas, which were last put up, of 1*d.* per lb. upon the former quotation, and the sale slackened materially.

Indigo continues to change hands steadily.

In Hops there is a fair trade at improving quotations.

The advices from the manufacturing districts are very gloomy. Orders have been for some time decreasing, and the consequence has been the discharge of many workmen in all branches of manufactures. Provincial bankers have almost entirely withdrawn accommodation, in the shape of Discounts, from their customers, which has caused considerable embarrassment to manufacturing establishments, and rendered the raw materials, in Cotton, Wool, and Silk, very heavy.

The Money-Market.—Consols have been very steady during the month, with a disposition generally to rise. They fluctuated between 83¾ and 84, until the 23d inst., when they advanced to 84¼, ½, and subsequently to ¼, ⅜. The cause of this latter rise, it is said, was occasioned by operations consequent upon the negociations for the new Belgian Loan, and by the advance in English Securities to render capitalists more ready to get into the Stock of the newly-formed Government of Belgium. The heavy Stocks have been in fair demand.

Foreign Securities have evinced a good deal of elasticity since our last Report. Greek Bonds have been as high as 24, 26 for a short time; and Spanish at one time were 15. Brazil Stock has fluctuated between 46 and its present quotation. Considerable transactions have occurred in the American Funds, and large investments of English capital have been made in them.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of December.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock 191 half, 192 half.—Consols 84 quarter, three-eighths.—Three per Cents. Reduced 82 seven-eighths, 83.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced 90 one-eighth, three-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. shut.—Four per Cents. 99 five-eighths, three-quarters.—India Bonds 3, 2 Disc.—Exchequer Bills, 6, 7 Pm.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian 43 three-quarters, 44 quarter.—Chilian 17, 19.—Colombian, 12, 13.—Danish 66 half.—Dutch 42 half, 43.—French Five per Cents. 97 half.—Do. Three per Cents. 69 half.—Greek 23, 25.—Mexican 35 three-quarters, 36 quarter.—Portuguese 49 quarter, 50 half.—Russian 99 half, 100.—Spanish 14 quarter, half.

SHARES.

Alliance Fire and Life 7 half, three-quarters.—Do. Marine 4 half.—Guardian Fire and Life 21 half, 22.—Protector Fire 24, 25.—Imperial Brazilian Mine 44 half, 45 half.—Canada 27, 28.—General Steam Navigation 5 quarter, three-quarters.—Irish Provincial Bank 25 three-quarters, 26.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOVEMBER 18, TO DECEMBER 9, 1831, INCLUSIVE.

November 18.]—S. Skelton, King Street, Holborn, jeweller.—J. Prendergrass, Lloyd's Coffee-house, underwriter.—F. Balaam, Nottingham Terrace, New Road, boarding-house keeper.—J. Christie, South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle Street, coal-merchant.—G. Lawrence, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, oilman.—C. R. Burford, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, paper-hanger.—A. C. Jackson, Abingdon Street, Westminster, bill-broker.—J. Willis, Vauxhall Road, Pimlico, draper.—D. N. Smith, Friday Street, warehouseman.—J. Potts and A. Beloe, Lad Lane, silk-warehousemen.—A. Lee, Regent's Quadrant, music-seller.—H. Graves and W. S. Gooding, Strand, tailors.—H. Banner and F. G. Banner, Cripplegate Buildings, plumbers.—M. E. Sawers, Sloane Street, Chelsea, milliner.—S. Shepherd, Strand, silversmith.—J. Ryley, Nantwich, Cheshire, mercer.—J. Linsell, Wotton Bassett, Wilts, linen-draper.—H. Vincett, Gloucester Place, Brightheimstone, grocer.—W. Fernley and T. Buckley, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinners.—W. Crowe, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, cutler.—J. J. Parker, Manchester, cotton-spinner.—M. Goodrick, North Frodingham, Yorkshire, grocer.—B. Rose, Sheffield, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Hughes, Birmingham, crown-glass-dealer.—W. Gracie, Sunderland, Durham, printer.—J. Phillips, Dudley, Worcestershire, carrier.—W. Pope, Portwood, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.—T. Thornely, Hadfield, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.—J. Ducker, Barnham, Lincolnshire, cattle-jobber.

November 22.]—R. Allen and E. F. Maitland, Watford, Herts, chemists.—J. Thorne, Shirley Common, Surrey, baker.—D. H. Rucker, J. A. Rucker, and H. J. Rucker, Wormwood Street, West India merchants.—J. Forbes and D. Russel, Mark Lane, wine-merchants.—C. Andrew and W. Bailes, Compton Street, Clerkenwell, iron-warehousemen.—S. W. Harris, City Hotel, Cheapside, hotel-keeper.—J. Ditchman, Goldsmith Place, Hackney Road, builder.—C. Challinor, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Lovell, North Petherton, Somersetshire, draper.—Jas. Tweedale and John Tweedale, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.—D. Holt, Choriton New Mills, Manchester, cotton-spinner.—T. Helsby, sen., J. G. Helsby, and T. Helsby, jun., Liverpool, watch-case manufacturers.—J. Jones, Liverpool, joiner.—J. Rees, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, wharfinger.—E. Jones, Welch Pool, Montgomeryshire, wine-merchant.—J. Simister, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—F. Rinder, Leeds, Yorkshire, butcher.—W. G. Matthie, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Hall, Hanley, Staffordshire, maltster.—E. Palmer, New Bond Street, Bath, ironmonger.—G. Thornton, Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Yorkshire, common carrier.

November 25.]—W. Fox, Compton Street, Clerkenwell, millwright.—J. Lucas, Compo Cottage, Cromer Street, Brunswick Square, builder.—F. Willmot, Old Windsor, Berks, carpenter.—E. Holgate, Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, carpenter.—J. E. Eyles, Canterbury, Kent, hatter.—W. Laxton, Holborn, auctioneer.—C. Croxford, Iver, Bucks, shopkeeper.—F. Martin, Cheapside, ribbon-manufacturer.—W. Battams, Hardingstone, Northamptonshire, sheep-salesman.—J. Bennell, Kennington Lane, lodging-house keeper.—J. Adams and A. Kettelty, Fenchurch Street, tailors.—H. Warder, High Street, Newington, china and glass dealer.—J. Turner, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, tailor.—F. Grosjean, Piccadilly, hatter.—W. Thomas, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, victualler.—S. Wood, Strand, boot and shoemaker.—J. Lomax, Robert Street, Adelphi, money-scrivener.—W. Mason, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, axle-tree manufacturer.—J. Bateman, Southampton Buildings, agent.—W. White, Manchester, livery-stable keeper.—A. J. C. Wright and W. H. Buckmaster, New London Street, Crutched Friars, wine-merchants.—W. Mayell, Exeter, jeweller.—J. Jenkins, Portsea, pork-butcher.—F. Bawler, Bath, baker.—R. Nicholls, Bath, silversmith.—W. Lees, Newton Moor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.

November 28.]—T. Homewood, Pollard's Row, Bethnal Green, brewer.—J. Wise, King's Road, Chelsea, cow-keeper.—R. Free, Rotherhithe, commission-agent.—W. Peirse, Bartholomew Close, wine-merchant.—H. Hart and J. Davies, King Street, Hammersmith, clothes-salesmen.—F. Kensett, Norbiton Common, Kingston, Surrey, farmer.—G. R. Tempany, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, tailor.—S. Bourne, New Bridge Street, printer.—W. Burt, Great Castle Street, Cavendish Square, lodging-house keeper.—C. Stuber, Leader Street, Chelsea, baker.—R. Bell, Cloth Fair, grocer.—G. Willis, Haymarket, oilman.—J. Stevens, Bread Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—J. Dickinson, Ernest Street, Hampstead Road, victualler.—T. Cotton, London Road, Southwark, boot-maker.—J. Farrah, Hatfield, Herts, coal-merchant.—R. Skinner, Thorverton, Devonshire, farmer.—W. Ashley and W. E. Ashley, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, merchants.—William Dymond, Launceston, Cornwall, bookseller.—J. Snelson, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, victualler.—T. Snelson, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, wheelwright.—S. Nuttall, Heywood, Lancashire, grocer.—J. Thorpe, South Owersby, Lincolnshire, dealer in wool.—W. Knowlson, W. Skin, J. Billington, A. Baylis, D. Allison, and R. Blackwell, Ashton-under-Lyne, drapers.—H. Guest, Manchester, woollen-draper.—G. Thorpe, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, scrivener.—R. Wight, Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier.—J. Robinson, Nottingham, victualler.—T. Sidders, Birchington, Kent, dealer in pigs.—T. Chinn, Merthyr Tydvill, linen-draper.—B. Rice, Neath, Glamorganshire, linen-draper.

December 2.]—B. Solomon and I. L. Solomon, Bristol, cabinet-makers.—R. J. Fayrer, London, mariner.—C. C. Bulley and W. Lavers, Nicholas Lane, wine-merchants.—T. Smith, Birmingham, grocer.—S. S. Sibery, York Terrace, Regent's Park, hotel-keeper.—J. Fife, Thetford, Norfolk, nurseryman.—W. Sym, Upper Marylebone Street, upholsterer.—T. Starey and S. Starey, Croydon, bleachers.—J. Ramsay, Devonport Street, Commercial Road, master-mariner.—T. Daniel, Chester Street, Grosvenor Place, stone-merchant.—J. Ellis, Mark Lane, victualler.—L. Huntington, South Molton Street, tailor.—R. Hall, Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster.—S. Millard, Gloucester, victualler.—T. Danks, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, grocer.—T. Geary and D. Horne, Manchester, woollen-drapers.—R. E. Dexter, Northampton, ironmonger.—R. Blow, Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, merchant.—T. Tipton, Hereford, licensed victualler.—R. Pocock, Bath, tobacconist.—W. Brittain, Birmingham, builder.—J. Goodwin, Stafford, shoe-manufacturer.—W. Bryant, Bishop's Hull, Somersetshire, baker.

December 6.—R. Thomson and T. D. Mildred, Sun Court, Cornhill, merchants.—L. More, Cornhill, merchant.—E. Pegg, Shoreditch, linen-draper.—C. Lovell, St. Martin's Court, Leicester Square, wine-merchant.—J. Wordingham, jun. Church Street, Kensington, surgeon.—J. Patterson, Garstang, Lancashire, spirit-merchant.—J. Lockwood, Huddersfield, cloth-merchant.—T. Richardson, Howden, Yorkshire, farmer.—R. Askew and J. Dewhurst, Manches.

ter, commission-agents.—S. Rickard, J. Dockray, and T. Pindar, Leeds, machine-makers.—J. Meeks and T. Gummery, Warwick, upholsterers.—J. Cross, Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—W. H. Ragg, Dudley, Worcestershire, draper.—H. Worrill, Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, mercer.—J. Read, Bathwick, Somersetshire, baker.—M. Richardson, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, money-scrivener.—T. Radford, Ashborne Green, Derbyshire, dealer.

December 9.—J. S. Thornton, Griffin Court, Shepherd's Market, May Fair, carpenter.—J. Honhold, Gilbert Street, Oxford Street, brazier.—F. B. King, Prince's Square, St. George's in the East, sugar-refiner.—J. Thwaites, Austin Friars, commission-agent.—E. Bowring, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, merchant.—G. Wyatt and H. Thompson, Portpool Lane, Gray's Inn Lane, common brewers.—T. P. Luck, High-street, Southwark, laceman.—H. Jefferies, King Street, Clerkenwell, brewer.—G. Coles, High Street, St. Marylebone, cheesemonger.—T. Read, Hockliffe, Bedfordshire, victualler.—G. Johnston, Upper John Street, Tottenham Court Road, carpenter.—W. Corlass, Reedifford, Colne, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—G. B. Billows, Poole, ironmonger.—H. Young, Dursley, Gloucestershire, common brewer.—J. W. Anderson, Bradford, Yorkshire, oil-paint dealer.—L. H. Brough, Neath, Glamorganshire, grocer.—A. Wright and J. Woodhead, Woodroyd, Yorkshire, dyers.—J. Maggs, Bath, chairmaker.—E. D. Shaw, Delph, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Marr, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, tanner.—J. Winram, sen. and G. Winram, Ulverston, Lancashire, timber-merchants.—S. Knight and J. Knight, Mold, Flintshire, bankers.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—January 1, 1832.

House of Lords.—On the 6th ult. the King opened the Session of Parliament with the following Speech :—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I have called you together that you may resume, without further delay, the important duties to which the circumstances of the times require your immediate attention; and I sincerely regret the inconvenience which I am well aware you must experience from so early a renewal of your labours, after the short interval allowed you for repose from the fatigues of last Session. I feel it to be my duty in the first place to recommend to your most careful consideration the measures which will be proposed to you for a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament. A speedy and satisfactory settlement of this question becomes daily of more pressing importance to the security of the State, and to the contentment and welfare of my people. I deeply lament the distress which still prevails in many parts of my dominions, and for which the preservation of peace, both at home and abroad, will, under the blessing of Divine Providence, afford the best and most effectual remedy. I feel assured of your disposition to adopt any practicable measures, which you will always find me ready and anxious to assist, both for removing the causes and mitigating the effects of the want of employment, which the embarrassments of commerce and the consequent interruption of the pursuits of industry have occasioned. It is with great regret that I have observed the existence of a disease at Sunderland similar in its appearance and character to that which has existed in many parts of Europe. Whether it is indigenous or has been imported from abroad is a question involved in much uncertainty, but its progress has neither been so extensive nor so fatal as on the Continent. It is not, however, the less necessary to use every precaution against the further extension of this malady; and the measures recommended by those who have had the best opportunities of observing it, as most effectual for the purpose, have been adopted. In parts of Ireland a systematic opposition has been made to the payment of tithes, attended in some instances with afflicting results; and it will be one of your first duties to inquire whether it may not be possible to effect improvements in the laws respecting this subject, which may afford the necessary protection to the Established Church, and at the same time remove the present causes of complaint. But on this and every other question affecting Ireland it is above all things necessary to look to the best means of securing internal peace and order, which alone seem wanting to raise a country blessed by Providence with so many natural advantages to a state of the greatest prosperity. The conduct of the Portuguese Government, and the repeated injuries to which my subjects have been exposed, have prevented a renewal of my diplomatic relations with that kingdom. The state of a country so long united with this by the ties of the most intimate alliance must necessarily be to me an object of the deepest interest; and the return to Europe of the elder branch of the Illustrious House of Braganza, and the dangers of a disputed succession, will require my most vigilant attention to events by which not only the safety of Portugal, but the general interests of Europe, may be effected. The arrangement which I announced to you at the close of the last Session for the separation of the States of Holland and Belgium has been followed by a Treaty between the Five Powers and the King of the Belgians, which I have directed to be laid before you as soon as the ratifications shall have been exchanged. A similar Treaty has not yet been agreed to by the King of the Netherlands; but I trust the period is not distant when that Sovereign will see the necessity of acceding to an arrangement in which the Plenipotentiaries of the Five Powers have unanimously concurred, and which has been framed with the most careful and impartial attention to all the interests concerned. I have the satisfaction to inform you that I have

concluded with the King of the French a Convention, which I have directed to be laid before you, the object of which is the effectual suppression of the African Slave Trade. This Convention, having for its basis the concession of reciprocal rights to be mutually exercised in specified latitudes and places, will, I trust, enable the naval forces of the two countries, by their combined efforts, to accomplish an object which is felt by both to be so important to the interests of humanity. Regarding the state of Europe generally, the friendly assurances which I receive from Foreign Powers, and the union which subsists between me and my Allies, inspire me with a confident hope that peace will not be interrupted.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I have directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared, and they will in due time be laid before you. I will take care that they shall be formed with the strictest regard to economy, and I trust to your wisdom and patriotism to make such provision as may be required for the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—The scenes of violence and outrage which have occurred in the city of Bristol, and in some other places, have caused me the deepest affliction. The authority of the laws must be vindicated by the punishment of offences which have produced so extensive a destruction of property and so melancholy a loss of life; but I think it right to direct your attention to the best means of improving the Municipal Police of the kingdom, for the more effectual protection of the public peace against the recurrence of similar commotions. Sincerely attached to our free Constitution, I never can sanction any interference with the legitimate exercise of those rights which secure to my people the privileges of discussing and making known their grievances; but in respecting these rights it is also my duty to prevent combinations, under whatever pretence, which in their form and character are incompatible with all regular Government, and are equally opposed to the spirit and to the provisions of the law; and I know that I shall not appeal in vain to my faithful subjects to second my determined resolution to repress all illegal proceedings, by which the peace and security of my dominions may be endangered."

His Majesty then rose and retired, attended by several of the Ministers and the Great Officers of State. The Commons withdrew from the Bar, and their Lordships adjourned during pleasure.

Earl Grey moved the first reading of an Act for the better regulation of Select Vestries.—Lord Camperdown rose to move the Address on the Speech. Lord Lyttleton seconded the Address. The Earl of Harrowby objected to the "hope" expressed in the Speech that the King of the Netherlands would agree to the terms of the Five Allied Powers, and proposed that it be omitted, which was agreed to. The Earl of Aberdeen attacked the Foreign Policy of the Administration. The Duke of Buckingham censured Political Unions generally. The Address was carried unanimously.

December 7.—After the Address had been carried up, the House adjourned.

Dec. 8.—The answer of the King to the Address was read, and after a desultory debate on various topics and the presentation of various petitions the House adjourned.

Dec. 9 and 12.—Nothing of moment took place in the House.

Dec. 13.—Numerous petitions were presented, and various papers moved for.

Dec. 15.—A Select Committee was appointed, on the motion of Lord Melbourne, to inquire into the state of the laws respecting tithes in Ireland.

Dec. 16.—The Earl of Aberdeen requested some explanation relative to the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and the sailing of a steamer with volunteers for Don Pedro. The House then adjourned to January 17.

House of Commons.—The House met on the 6th: Lord Cavendish moved the Address on the Speech, which was seconded by Sir F. Vincent. Mr. Croker censured the Speech. Sir R. Peel acquiesced in the Address, which was carried; Mr. Hunt having moved an adjournment until the following day to prepare a better, but which no one seconded.

Dec. 7.—The Report on the Address was brought up by Lord Cavendish, which after some debate of little moment was agreed to.

Dec. 8.—A new writ was issued for Reigate.

Dec. 9.—Various notices were given, and the sum of 78,750*l.* voted for completing Buckingham Palace.

Dec. 12.—Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in "A Bill to amend the Representation of England and Wales." His Lordship stated the various alterations which had been made in the old Bill, and that the new had been founded on the population returns of 1831. Sir R. Peel stated he should give the Bill his determined opposition as before. Most of the opposition members on the passing of the last Bill stated their determination to follow the same course.

Dec. 13.—There was no house.

Dec. 14.—Various petitions were presented and bills brought in, but there was no debate that led to a division.

Dec. 15.—Several petitions were presented, and a select committee appointed to

consider the laws respecting tithes in Ireland.—A Select Committee was appointed on the motion of Alderman Thompson to inquire into the state of the West Indies. —Various papers relating to Cholera were moved for.

Dec. 16.—Lord Eastnor presented a petition against the Reform Bill, from certain of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Worcester. The Reform Bill was then moved to be read a second time. Lord Porchester in a speech of some length opposed it; and moved it be read that day six months. Sir E. Sugden seconded the motion. Lord Mahon opposed the Bill, which Mr. Macauley supported in an eloquent speech. Mr. Croker replied with great dexterity by an attack on the policy of Ministers. Lord Althorp and various speakers on both sides followed, when the House adjourned to the 17th. and the debate was resumed. Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. S. Wortley, Col. Wood, Lord John Russell, Sir C. Wetherell, Mr. Stanley, and Sir R. Peel, were the principal speakers. The House divided. For the second reading 324. Against it, 162. Majority 162. Five more English county members voted for the Bill now, than for the last; and four Irish and one Scotch county member less. The House then adjourned to January 17.

The following are the contents of the Schedules in the New Reform Bill.

SCHEDULES to which the REFORM BILL REFERS.

SCHEDULE (A)—BOROUGHS.

Aldborough	Corfe Castle	Lostwithiel	St. Michaels, or Midshall
Aldeburgh	Downton	Ludgershall	Saltash
Amersham	Dunwich	Milborne Port	Old Sarum
Appleby	Fowey	Minehead	Seaford
Bedwin (Great)	Gatton	Newport	Steyning
Berealston	East Grinstead	Newton	Stockbridge
Bishops Castle	Haslemere	Newtown	Tregony
Blechingley	Hedon	Okehampton	Wendover
Boroughbridge	Heytesbury	Orford	Weobley
Bossiney	Higham Ferrars	Plympton	Whitchurch
Brackley	Hindon	Queenborough	Winchelsea
Bramber	Ilchester	Romney (New)	Wootton Basset
Callington	East Looe	St. Germains	Yarmouth
Camelford	West Looe	St. Mawes	
Castle Rising			

SCHEDULE (B)—BOROUGHS.

Arundel	Grimsby (Great)	Midhurst	Shaftesbury
Ashburton	Helston	Morpeth	Thirsk
Calne	Horsham	Northallerton	Totnes
Christchurch	Hythe	Petersfield	Wareham
Clitheroe	Launceston	Reigate	Westbury
Dartmouth	Liskeard	Rye	Wilton
Droitwich	Lyme Regis	St. Ives	Woodstock
Eye	Malmesbury		

SCHEDULE (C).

PRINCIPAL PLACES TO BE BOROUGHS.

Manchester	Devonport	Bolton	Macclesfield
Birmingham	Wolverhampton	Bradford	Oldham
Leeds	Tower Hamlets	Blackburn	Stockport
Greenwich	Finsbury	Brighton	Stoke-upon-Trent
Sheffield	Marylebone	Halifax	Stroud
Sunderland	Lambeth		

SCHEDULE (D).

PRINCIPAL PLACES TO BE BOROUGHS.

Ashton-under-Lyne	Frome	Rochdale	Walsall
Bury	Gateshead	Salford	Warrington
Chatham	Huddersfield	South Shields	Whitby
Cheltenham	Kidderminster	Tynemouth	Whitehaven
Dudley	Kendal	Wakefield	

SCHEDULE (E).

PLACES SHARING IN THE ELECTION OF MEMBERS WITH SHIRE TOWNS OR PRINCIPAL BOROUGHS.

Almwich, Holyhead, and Llangefni, with Beaumaris.
Aberystwith, Lampeter, and Adpar, with Cardigan.
Llanelly with Caermarthen.
Pwllheli, Nevin, Conway, Bangor, Criccieith, with Caernarvon.

Ruthin, Holt, Town of Wrexham, with Denbigh.
Rhyddlan, Overton, Caerwis, Caergwrly, St. Asaph, Holywell, Mold, with Flint.
Cowbridge, Merthyr Tydvil, Aberdare, Llantrissent, with Cardiff.
Llanidloes, Welch Pool, Machynlleth, Llanfyllm, Newtown, with Montgomery.
Narberth, Fishguard, with Haverfordwest.
Tenby, Wiston, Town of Milford, with Pembroke.
Knighton, Rhayder, Kevinleece, Knucklas, Town of Presteigne, with Radnor.

SCHEDULE (F).

COUNTIES TO BE DIVIDED.

Cheshire	Gloucestershire	Northumberland	Suffolk
Cornwall	Kent	Northamptonshire	Surrey
Cumberland	Hampshire	Nottinghamshire	Sussex
Derbyshire	Lancashire	Shropshire	Warwickshire
Devonshire	Leicestershire	Somersetshire	Wiltshire
Durham	Norfolk	Staffordshire	Worcestershire.
Essex			

SCHEDULE (G.)

Cities and Towns and Counties thereof.	Counties at large in which Cities and Towns and Counties thereof are to be included.
Caermarthen	Caermarthenshire
Chester	Cheshire
Coventry	Warwickshire
Gloucester	Gloucestershire
Kingston-upon-Hull	East Riding of Yorkshire
Lincoln	The Parts of Lindsey, Lincolnshire
London	Middlesex
Newcastle-upon-Tyne	Northumberland
Worcester	Worcestershire
York and Ainsty	North Riding of Yorkshire

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ., R.A.

In Argyle Street, aged 85, J. Northcote, Esq. The subject of this sketch was the son of an eminent watch-maker, at Plymouth, where he was born in the year 1746. He was designed for his father's profession; but having, as it seemed, a natural predisposition for the fine arts, and being flattered by praises bestowed on his early efforts, he determined to abandon the mechanical occupation of watch-making, and to devote himself entirely to his favourite pursuits, drawing and painting. In these he evinced so much ardour and assiduity, that Dr. Mudge, a physician, of Plymouth, recommended him, as a pupil, to Sir Joshua Reynolds. He accordingly came to London in 1771, and placed himself under the care and tuition of his countryman, Sir Joshua, who was then in the zenith of his fame. With that great man he remained five years; living with him in all the familiarity of friendship, receiving from him the utmost assistance towards perfecting himself in the art of painting, and enjoying the advantage of being introduced to the most distinguished characters of the age. In 1776, Mr. Northcote quitted Sir Joshua, and commenced painting on his own account. In the summer of 1777, following the advice and example of his great master, he set out for Italy, at that time the unrivalled seat of the fine arts. He fixed himself at Rome for nearly three years—visited every part of the country—and laid up a rich store of experience and information for future use. While in Italy, Mr. Northcote also formed an extensive acquaintance with the first artists of the country, enjoyed universal respect, and had the honour of being elected a member of the ancient Etruscan Academy at Castoni, of the Academy del Forti at Rome, and of the Imperial Academy at Florence. While at Florence he painted a portrait of himself for the academy—a compliment always expected from a new member. In 1780, Mr. Northcote returned to England; and, that he might have an opportunity of observing all that could be seen of the eminent masters of the Flemish school, he took Flanders in his way. Thus, in the enjoyment of every advantage that could constitute him a master in his profession, he reentered upon his studies in the metropolis, and soon obtained the most distinguished reputation in history as well as in portrait painting. In 1786, he was chosen a member of the Royal Academy;

for a period of 30 years his productions may be said to have borne a conspicuous part in the exhibitions at Somerset House; and, even till within the last year of his life, a season rarely elapsed at the British Institution, or the Gallery of the British Artists, without presenting one or more efforts of his pencil. It is astonishing with what firmness he painted, to the last; but, latterly, his eye, keen as it was, and brilliant with the light of mind, failed in its nice distinction, appropriation, and harmony of colour. One of the most excellent pictures Mr. Northcote ever painted, was exhibited the very year that he was admitted of the Royal Academy. The subject was, the Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower. In this, the story is strikingly told; the drawing is perfectly correct; and the assassins are delineated with great character and power. Alderman Boydell purchased this painting for his splendid edition of Shakspeare; for which Mr. Northcote also produced some other pieces of merit. Another of his finest works is from the story of Hubert and Prince Arthur. One of his best portraits, and much in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is that of a man holding a hawk. This is in Lord Grosvenor's collection. In the Somerset House Exhibition of 1796, Mr. Northcote produced a series of moral pictures, the object of which was to show the opposite effects of seriousness and levity in two young women, in menial situations of life. Clever they certainly were, but—as may be seen by the engravings from them—they had little of the Hogarthian spirit. While in the vigour of his professional powers, Mr. Northcote's colouring was chaste, forcible, and distinct; his pictures having that breadth of light and shade which is one of the most estimable properties of a good painting. Many of his historical pieces display an accurate and extensive acquaintance with the subject treated, much study, and that force of conception which is the true characteristic of genius. Mr. Northcote was an acute observer—possessed excellent sense, quick perceptions, and great conversational powers. Confined, first to his chamber, and then to his bed, he would talk for hours together, almost to the day of his death, with untiring vivacity and unceasing intelligence. As an author, he did not altogether appear to equal advantage. His greatest work was the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." His "Fables," his "Conversations," and his "Life of Titian," were much indebted to the pen of Mr. Hazlitt. As a critic, he was severe, and too frequently cynical. Yet, as a virtuous, well-informed, and communicative man—ever ready with good advice—he was greatly esteemed.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Dr. Dibdin, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, to be one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary.—The Rev. J. T. Bennet, M.A. to the Rectory of Cheveley, Cambridgeshire.—The Rev. W. Roberts, to the Vicarage of Sporle, with the Rectory of Little Palgrave annexed, in Norfolk.—The Rev. G. Coldham, to the Rectory of Gaytonthorpe, and Vicarage of East Walton, Norfolk.—The Rev. E. Holley, B.A. to the Rectory of Burrough, otherwise Aylsham Burrough, Norfolk.—The Rev. Jermyn Pratt, A.M. to the Rectories of Harpley and Great Bircham, Norfolk.—The Rev. F. Norris, B.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Gransden Parva, Hants, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Thomas C. Percival, M.A.—The Rev. A. Earle Lloyd Bulwer, M.A. to the Rectory of Cawston, Norfolk.—The Rev. J. Vaughan, LL.B. late Curate, and now Lecturer, of St. Clement Danes, to the Rectory of Holmpton-in-Holderness, York.—The Rev. H. B. Snooke, B.A. of Pembroke College, Oxford, to the Curacy of Torpoint Chapel, Devon.—The Rev. E. R. Mahtell, M.A. to the Living of Louth, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Jolland.—The Rev. Thomas Arthur Powys, M.A. to the Rectory of Sawtry, St. Andrew's, Huntingdonshire.—The Rev. W. F. Drake, A.M. to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Gregory, Norwich.—The Rev. Reginald Rabett, M.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the Vicarage of Thornton and Bagworth, Leicestershire.—The Rev. E. J. Phipps, B.A. of Exeter College, Oxford, to the Rectory of St. John's, Devizes.—The Rev. John Hughes, B.A. late of Brasenose College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Coddington, near Ledbury, Herefordshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. P. Hockin.

Married.—At Dyrham, Gloucestershire, the Hon. and Very Rev. E. Grey, Dean of Hereford, to Eliza, daughter of John Innes, Esq.

At Bowood, Lord Viscount Valletort, to Miss Feilding, eldest daughter of Captain Feilding, R.N. and Lady Elizabeth Feilding.

At Aisholt, Somersetshire, the Rev. W. H. Colston, D.D. of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, to Mary Ann Heath, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Brice, Rector of Aisholt.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, the Rev. G. C. Jordan, M.A. to Elizabeth, second daughter of J. Maston, Esq. of Hatton Garden.

The Rev. J. Gaskin, B.A. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, to Sarah, daughter of the late G. Woodall, Esq. of Hulme, near Manchester.

At Clifton, the Rev. F. H. Romney, M.A. to Rebecca Harriette, eldest daughter of Mr. West, late of Beaumont Street, Oxford.

Died.—At the Rectory, Grundisburgh, Suffolk, the Rev. R. Ramsden, D.D.

At Hare Hatch, Berks, Sir G. S. Holroyd, Knt. late one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.

At Chellowes Park, Surrey, J. Donovan, Esq.

At Turnham Green, Sir John Pinhorn, Knt. of Ringwood House, in the Isle of Wight.

The Rev. W. R. Tyson, B.D. Rector of Tharcaston, Leicestershire.

At the Rectory, Orford, the Rev. C. Smear.

At Lullingstone Castle, Sir T. Dyke, Bart.

Admiral Sir C. H. Knowles, Bart. G.C.B.

At Haggerston, Sir C. Haggerston, Bart.

In Dublin, Sir Anthony Hart, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

In Ulster Place, the Dowager Lady Congreve.

In the Poor House, Little Warley, Essex, Robert Wilson, aged 103.

THE METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Considerations on the War in Poland, and on the Neutrality of the European Powers at the Present Crisis. By HUNTER GORDON, Esq. Hatchard. 1831.

The melancholy recollections which these words suggest, impart a painful interest to the small publication of which they form the title. It appears to have been written while the mighty struggle, to which it relates, was still doubtful, and the European governments had not yet thrown away the fairest—we much fear, the last—opportunity of restoring Poland to her place and name among nations. It was designed to impress on the government of this country, as well as on the continental States, the sacred duty and urgent policy which became them at that precious interval, and to set before them the guilt and danger of once more abandoning Poland to her fate.

We regard as one of the very worst symptoms of the age the studied silence which, with a few honourable exceptions, has been observed on this momentous subject by those who, either in the legislature or through the press, direct the public mind of this country—the determination, as it were by tacit agreement, to stifle the wrongs of Poland, and to give the go-by to the greatest question of public law and international policy which has arisen within the present century. While France scarcely restrains her generous people,—while Germany sends forth one universal voice through all her bounds, in England alone has this portentous wrong failed to rouse the torpor of the people; and we have once more incurred the guilt of looking unconcerned on the repetitions and re-enactments of that gigantic crime, at which Europe has stood aghast since the moment of its first perpetration. It is not yet too late to discuss and illustrate this great cause. True it is, the time for an armed intervention has passed: but the time has not passed, but, on the contrary, is only coming, for turning against Russia the moral force of a virtuous indignation; a power of which, with the instinct of guilt, she sees with dread the ascendant. We are determined, in so far as in us lies, to remove this stigma from the press and public of England; to break that scandalous silence in which it has been attempted to bury the name and the wrongs of Poland; to make those hear who will not; and to sound her remonstrances until a verdict shall have been delivered either by the people or the legislature of England.

It is for these reasons that we are desirous of drawing the attention of the public to the tract of Mr. Gordon. Its merits are of the highest order: we cannot bestow a higher eulogium on the powers of argumentation and eloquence it displays, than that they are worthy of the cause to which they are dedicated. Had it no other merit than that of presenting the subject in a form rigorously argumentative, that would be no light commendation; but the great practical value of the view here taken of the Polish cause is, that the argument proceeds on axioms universally admitted; and, avoiding all appeal to controverted politics or party creeds, rests the question on the broad and simple principles of international policy and general justice. The promulgation of these we conceive to be at the present moment

of infinite importance, and shall therefore give fully, but briefly, the substance of our author's reasoning on this the main trunk of the subject.

It is the object of Mr. Gordon to point out to the friends of Poland the ground on which they ought to take their stand; and with this view he begins by setting in a clear light the radical difference between the Polish contest and all dissensions purely domestic and intestine; and by exposing the ignorance or thoughtlessness of some, and the dishonesty of a greater number, who confound and mix up a struggle on the existence of an ancient and renowned monarchy with the civil factions of Portugal and Belgium. He demonstrates, in the clearest manner, that the very nature of the case is grossly misunderstood or misrepresented, by the persons who make this confusion; and that, instead of being a question as to modes of government, it is a question, if there ever was one, of pure international policy. The constitution of Poland was the condition of the sovereignty of Russia, in virtue of a convention engrossed in the Treaty of Vienna, and was matter of stipulation between Russia and the other powers of Europe. When Russia violated that Constitution she forfeited the Sovereignty, and Poland reverted to the condition in which she stood in 1815. The struggle was not then an intestine discussion, but a contest between two independent powers, grounded on an attack by one independent state on another as independent as itself. We have nothing here to do then with principles of government, or with the great conflict of opinion on the Continent. The cause of Poland stands alone and far apart from the warring elements of democratic or aristocratical ascendancy.

We entreat the attention of the reader to the fundamental distinction. The confusion of the cause of Poland with sedition, and hostility to monarchy, has given a deeper wound to that cause than the Russian arms. It has deprived her of her natural adherents, and held back from her standards many a powerful and gallant votary.

The bitter enemies of Poland, discerning their advantage, have cunningly propagated this delusion, and have violated the laws of nations under the colour of fighting the battles of monarchy. While, so far from the rising in Poland having any thing in common with democratic movements, with transposition of property, subversion of existing orders, or dilapidation of institutions—the simple fact is, that many of those who were the foremost in that rising, and who spilled their blood in the assertion of their name and nation, were men of political feelings the most averse to changes in domestic policy,—men whom, in this country, we should rank with the conservative chiefs, whose biasses allied them rather with the monarchical, than the democratic, branch of their Constitution. These important truths are strongly displayed and illustrated in the following extracts from Mr. Gordon's tract:

"The Polish Constitution of 1815 is of a different genus, as far as regards affinity to foreign governments, from all the other European politics. It owes its being to external agency, is the child of international compact, and has the principles of foreign interposition moulded into its original frame. In other countries which have been the scenes of civil commotions, in all the other cases where revolutions resulting from internal causes have raised questions concerning the policy to be pursued towards them by other nations, the institutions undergoing mutation or infraction were the spontaneous product of those realms, had drawn their existence from native energies, and had grown up each within its own sphere of manners and opinions, untouched by diplomacy, and detached from extrinsic relations. But the scheme of polity established in Poland in 1815 was begotten by foreign interposition; and this doctrine, elsewhere alien and noxious to domestic institutions, is essential to the system, and inherent in the constitution of this. It is sufficiently manifest, even upon this general view, that that Constitution thus essentially differing in its parentage, character, and ties, from every other European government, its violation must be a matter of other concern to the continental powers, and must come under the cognizance of very different principles from those which govern their policy with respect to other cases of internal contest. This is not to be confounded with the case of the French against Charles X., or that of the Belgians against the King of Holland. These were contests exclusively between the kings and people of these respective realms; quarrels between constituent members of those governments;—domestic differences, in which foreign States had no concern. * * * * *

"It is not a civil war, waged over revolted provinces and directed against rebellious subjects, that is now desolating the plains of Mazovia. It is an attack by Russia on a free state, an aggression on a nation as independent as herself,—nay whose independence is part and parcel of the public law of Europe. Nor is the war on the part of the Polish nation a contest between king and people, or a struggle for constitutional rights alone. It is not the energy of a revolutionary movement which has sustained them through this conflict; nor is the popular enthusiasm which has raised up and carried into the field a whole people to be mistaken for democratic rage. It would be easy, indeed, were this the proper place, to demonstrate from the progress of improvement, and the structure of society in the Sclavonic nations, that revolutions of government and new settlements of civil constitutions (a class to which the present movement there does not belong) are little exposed to those excesses of licence and anarchy, which frequently deform the course of improvement through more mature and massive communities. Political feeling is not the vice of a nation of peasants; nor do popular sentiments easily penetrate the servitude of the glebe.[1] Their apathy has yielded to a stronger instinct. It is the love of country which has once more quickened their sluggish spirits; it is patriotic pride which has again roused the human species there from the sullen languor in which it passes its rustic age. The war of the Poles is a war in defence of their name and nation; the general levy and arming were incited by their passion for the preservation of their country. In truth, there is only an apparent difference between the present conduct of Russia and the abrupt and violent seizure of any state by a powerful neighbour; her recent invasion of Poland was as void of colour or pretext as either of the partitions. Now, as heretofore, it is against the public law of Europe, and upon the genius of European policy, that she has drawn her sword; it is the European system which she is assailing in her efforts to overpower and overthrow its western outwork; above all, it is the community of European nations that will ultimately be the sufferer by her success in the present contest. Now too, as formerly, the unfortunate and gallant nation, which lies nearest the barbarous power, stands single-handed against him, interposes her bleeding body between Europe and his sword, and, fainting, meets no other aid than the theatric shouts o fthe nations around.'

There is a minor view of the subject, also enforced with great vigour in this pamphlet, viz. the obligation on the European powers to intervene in favour of Poland, resulting from the negotiations which they entered into for the establishment of a limited monarchy, as the condition of the sovereignty of Russia over that country.

"Here let us pause for a moment to observe how strong would be the case for Poland if this were the whole of it, and how conclusive the argument, even if it ended here. In particular, let it be marked how much stronger a ground is laid for intervention in this contest, than existed in that of Portugal in 1826, and how many facts are to be found in addition to those which furnished out the whole argument for interference in behalf of the constitutionalists of that country. What were the grounds on which it was contended in the House of Commons that the British Government ought to have abetted the friends of liberty in Portugal? A moral countenance,—acts indicating approval and sympathy on the part of England,—a belief that this country looked with a favourable eye on their struggle;—at the most personal promises, for such and nothing more were the protocols at Vienna and London. Such were the grounds on which it was argued, and solidly argued, that the British Government ought to have made a demonstration in favour of the Constitutionalists. How much more strongly do the acts of the European powers regarding Poland bind them to intervention in behalf of that unfortunate country! Its future government brought on the carpet and made matter of canvass and discussion among the sovereigns and ministers, anxious remonstrances employed, and, lastly, a solemn European compact, creating for them a specific interest in the government to be established at Warsaw. Here we have not only all that the advocates of intervention in Portuguese affairs relied on to urge it, but all that the opponents of such intervention desiderated to authorize it. Those who were most averse to that

[1] Civil slavery was abolished in Poland by the Constitution of 1791, and no longer exists in the Duchy of Warsaw, or that portion of Poland lying westward of the Niemen and Bug. The inhabitants of the great provinces incorporated with Russia, Lithuania, Volhynia, &c. are still subject to prædial servitude. But the abolishing ordinance has not been attended with any sensible melioration of the condition of the peasantry even in the Duchy, owing to the very slow progress of improvement and the moral degradation of the people. The condition of the people seems to be nearly alike in both divisions.—(*See Mr. Jacob's very satisfactary account of the Polish peasantry in his First Report on Foreign Corn and Agriculture.*)

measure, Mr. Herries and Sir Robert Peel, admitted that if Lord Stuart, instead of remaining at Rio to negotiate a commercial treaty, had remained to negotiate a constitution for Portugal, a ground would have been laid for intervention. In what particular at all essential to the argument did the proceedings of the European ambassadors at Vienna differ from this hypothetical negotiation? Where is the distinction in point of principle between a negotiation for a Portuguese Constitution at Rio, and a negotiation for a Polish Constitution at Vienna?"

No answer to this argument has yet been attempted.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick, with the most celebrated Persons of his time, &c. Vol. II. 4to. Colburn and Co.

We have already noticed the first volume of this valuable collection of letters, and we are now presented with the second. We have already expressed our fear that, from the too elegant form in which they are published, they will not remunerate the bookseller who has brought them out. Quartos are now, not undeservedly, gone out of fashion; they are expensive and unwieldy; yet in the library of a gentleman they are by no means out of place, and we can scarcely fancy that any library in the kingdom, public or private, will be without the present work, which is valuable as affording specimens of the epistolary style of an immense number of noted individuals, besides the letters of the actor. The contents include a prodigious list of names, and many of the letters are highly curious. A vast deal of the misery of a theatrical manager's life is exhibited in this volume. Testy authors, refractory performers, jealous rivals, are to be met with in all the stronger traits such characters put on, and all finished to the life. Garrick was almost the sole actor in this country who, to the talents of his profession, added no mean proficiency in literature, and a conduct and character which made him received as an equal in every society. His correspondence with Lord Camden we have before alluded to; and in the present volume fresh instances will be found of the high estimation in which, as a man, this distinguished actor was held. The latter part of the volume contains Garrick's foreign correspondence; and we find among those with whom he held epistolary intercourse, Freron, Algarotti, Diderot, Duclos, Marmontel, Grimm, Clairon, Molè, Le Kain, Wieland, Suard, Helvetius, Ducis, Madame Necker, and numerous other well-known foreigners. It is evident that Lord Camden grew cool upon the great actor after he left the stage—that aristocratic cold-heartedness prevailed over all the plausibilities of this Lord's correspondence, which Garrick must have felt. A lord in those days was an awful sort of personage, to follow in whose train was looked upon as an honour. The literary and gentlemanly-minded peer of Pope's time was become rare. Lords had begun to ensconce themselves in lordly retirement and abstraction—from vulgar feelings and plebeians—from literary men and intellectual improvement. From 1745 to 1800 the zenith of aristocratic dignity seems to have governed in this country, and men without titles looked up to those who possessed them as superiors in the breed of mankind. Of late years the lordly dignity has dropped to a discount. Titles have been multiplied *ad nauseam*. Lords are no longer a nine days' wonder to the "general;" and very soon the mere circumstance of title will find its proper level in social life. Such men, out of the sphere of their legislative duties, will be looked on as men only, and toad-eating become extinct. Poor Garrick seems not to have studied human nature, but his letter to Lord Camden is dignified and spirited. His friend Johnson, in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, furnished him with a good example for his guidance under the neglect of Lord Camden. We copy a few of the letters in this volume, which will be perused with interest by all classes of readers. The following correspondence is with one on whom praise and censure have been, both perhaps extravagantly, bestowed:

MR. CHURCHILL to MR. GARRICK.

"My dear Mr. Garrick,

"Half drunk—half mad—and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would enclose and send by the bearer five pieces by way of adding to favours already received by

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES CHURCHILL."

MR. GARRICK to MR. CHURCHILL.

"Dear Churchill,

"I sent to you last night, but could not hear of you. I cannot conveniently this week obey your commands, but I will the latter end of the next: I have made a purchase that has beggared me; however, should you be greatly pressed, I will strain a point before that time, though I suppose it is the same thing to you. I was in hopes your ghost was laid, or at least your acrimony against the Laureate, for still I cannot get it into my mind that your attack upon him is a justifiable one.

"I must intreat of you, by the regard you profess to me, that you do not tilt at my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot sure be angry at his print? there is surely very harmless, though very entertaining, stuff in it. He is a great and original genius: I love him as a man, and reverence him as an artist. I would not for all the politics and politicians in the universe that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am sure you will not publish against him if you think twice: I am very unhappy at the thought of it. Pray make me quiet as soon as possible by writing to me at Hampton, or seeing me here.

I am, dear Churchill, your most obedient,

D. GARRICK."

MR. CHURCHILL to MR. GARRICK.

"Dear Garrick, Wednesday night.

"I am this moment come to town, or would have sent to you sooner. Poor Garnier! I much lament that such men should die. Remember me in Italy, and know me, with the greatest sincerity,

Ever yours,

C. CHURCHILL.

"Thursday morning, five.

"I heartily beg pardon for breaking time with you, but the reason was this: the above was written whilst my man was gone for the notes. On his return I learned that my mother had lost or mislaid one of twenty pounds; the search after that made it impossible for me to send last night; and the not finding it, together with your haste, hath made me ten pounds worse than my word, which will not, I hope, be material."

The celebrated Mrs. Abington seems to have pestered Garrick sadly. The following is from a more amiable woman, on Garrick's taking leave of the stage:

MRS. C. CLIVE to MR. GARRICK.

"Dear Sir, Twickenham, Jan. 23rd, 1776.

"Is it really true that you have put an end to the glory of Drury Lane Theatre? if it is so, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness: I know what it will be; you cannot yet have an idea of it; but if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that unbounded, uncommon degree of fame you have received as an actor, and which no other actor ever did receive—nor no other actor ever can receive;—I say, if you should still long to be dipping your fingers in their theatrical pudding (now without plums), you will be no Garrick for the Pivy.

"In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring every thing you did, and every thing you scribbled,—at this very time, I, the Pivy, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you with your magical hammer in your hand, endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done—I have seen your lamb turned into a lion: by this, your great labour and pains, the public was entertained; they thought they all acted very fine,—they did not see you pull the wires.

"There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is; I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your controul, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud: besides, I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.

"What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers

of the patent! I thought I should have died with laughing when I saw a man-midwife amongst them: I suppose they have taken him in to prevent miscarriages! I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan, as I hear everybody say he is very sensible; then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly. Pray give my love to my dear Mrs. Garrick: we all join in that. Your Jemmy is out of his wits with joy and grief; he rejoices at your escape, and cries from wanting to make his own to London; it is dreadful here, but I believe it is much worse there. Pray send me a line to let me know how you do, and how the world goes, for we are rather dull, though my neighbours do pick their way to come and see me. I have since the snow been once out in my carriage; did you not hear me scream?

"Now let me say one word about my poor unfortunate friend Miss Pope: I know how much she disobliged you; and if I had been in your place, I believe I should have acted just as you did. But, by this time, I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her late behaviour as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which for that time took her senses from her, and having been tutored by an affected beast, who helped to turn her head; but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend, certainly a good actress, amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman and very good to her family; and, to my certain knowledge, has the greatest regard for you. Now, my dear Mr. Garrick, I hope it is not yet too late to reinstate her before you quit your affairs there; I beg it, I entreat it; I shall look upon it as the greatest favour you can confer on your

Ever obliged friend,

C. Clive."

Colman, as Warburton, to Mr. Garrick.

"Dear Old Go-by-the-Wall, Jan. 3rd, 1777.

"I rejoiced yesterday at hearing, by fat Harry, that you was better; but I do not approve of your living too low in the gout. Gout is an excrement, and all nature is in an uproar to expel him; you should therefore encourage the militia, and ask General Fever to your table. The general, I warrant you, with a few kind words, and a glass or two of good wine, (which to a man of your fortune costs absolutely nothing, as a man may say,) will drive the dog into Calabria, which you know is the foot of Italy. But to what purpose have you read Shakspeare not to find out that he describes the gout in the following lines?

As the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontis and the Hellespont.

"'The Pontick sea' is neither more nor less than the gout, *morbus arthriticus*, or ἀρθρῖτις, because the joints serve as a bridge for the inflammable matter to pass over: 'icy current,' because the gout is a cold humour (mistaken by Moorfields quacks for a hot one); and 'compulsive course,' because it drives everything before it. Then the sweet-eyed poet couches his advice (perhaps prophetically to you who are his eldest son) by saying it 'ne'er knows' or feels (that is, never should know or feel) 'retiring ebb:' in other words, it should be still drove on to the 'Propontis' (i. e. the *os pubis*,) 'and the Hellespont;' which, by the bye, is a false reading, for the author certainly wrote it Heel's Point.

Warburton.

"P. S. Love to Mrs. Garrick: round-about compliments 'que vous expliqueres en François' to your niece. We will drink your health to-morrow; and if you have any spare game in your larder, lend me some."

We must here close this amusing collection of letters for the present; they are all what most people would like to possess; and though some are trivial, the generality will be found highly interesting and amusing.

Bryan's Practical View of Ireland. 12mo. Wakeman, Dublin.

This is a very useful and important work at the present moment. Whether the understandings of Ministers are ever to be made to comprehend the true state of things in Ireland, and to apply a radical remedy, we know not. Half-measures will not be effectual; the enemy must be met in front. The question of tithes, one of the first to come before them, they must deal with effectually; and they must treat every other question in the same manner. The dreadful state of Ireland is no wonder to us; we are only surprised at the peace which reigns there, and the

spirit of endurance which that country has displayed. Were England only one half as deeply immersed in misery, nothing could prevent a revolution. Perhaps the whole range of human existence in our planet does not display horrors and miseries to equal in intensity what may be found in Ireland in every hour of time. The flesh creeps at the waste of life of which we read in that ill-fated country, where the Church and the landed proprietors are linked hand-in-hand for the accumulation of human calamity. The present writer is an advocate for the poor-laws being extended to Ireland, by which means a check upon the greediness and exaction of the landholder will be established; and he will find, to his cost, that to increase poverty and misery for his own luxury will bring ruin upon himself as well as the oppressed. Mr. Bryan shows, too, the error in which the British public are with respect to the poor-laws, through what we do not hesitate to style the cunning of those who have mixed up other charges with them, and flung on the poor the odium of exactions for building churches (for the richest hierarchy in the world thrice-told), for county rates, and other charges, that ought to make a separate head of taxation. Let us see how our author is borne out by facts:—First, let it be recollected that wages to an enormous amount are, or were, paid out of the poor-rates by magistrates, land-owners, and farmers; not less a sum than two millions!! In 1822 this infamous abuse of the rates was calculated at one-third of the whole!! Now let us examine how the matter stands, and whether ENGLISH-BORN paupers have increased or not. I think we shall find they had *not*, up to 1815, if it be recollected that perhaps tens of thousands, relieved from the British poor-laws in some way or another, were Irish paupers. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, let us see how the matter stands. The poor-rates in 1573 were nearly 200,000*l.* or about 4,000,000*l.* of modern money. The population of England was then perhaps less than 5,000,000. Take, then, the following statement:—

1573,	Rates	£4,000,000,	Population	5,000,000,	Paupers.	Not known.
1700,	——	£1,000,000,	——	5,500,000,	——	1,200,000.
1760,	——	£1,500,000,	——	6,736,000,	——	700,000.
1803,	——	£4,267,965,	——	9,168,000,	——	1,039,716.
1815,	——	£5,421,168,	——	11,360,505,	——	895,336.

In 1803 the sum expended on the poor was, as above, 4,267,965*l.*; but the sum levied and concealed under the name of poor-rate was actually 5,348,205*l.* In 1815 the sum levied was 7,068,999*l.*; but the poor only received 5,421,168*l.* In fact, the poor in 1815 were only 10 in 120; though, in 1803, they were 10 in 88. The shameful levies of select vestries, and the exactions of the richest Church in the world, as well as the county-rates, have been concealed under the name of poor-rates; while the real sum applied to the poor has diminished in proportion to the increase of the population. To this fact we have to add the abuses of wages' payments; the abominable and unnecessary expenses of law; and the influx of Irish poor; which should be deducted from the returns of recent years, and we shall find *that in* 1815 *the English-born poor were diminishing instead of increasing.* In England the landlord is interested in diminishing the poor-rates by preventing the spread of pauperism, and by making the labourer's situation as easy as possible. In Ireland there is no such interest; with no more sympathy for the labourer, generally speaking, or feeling for his interests, than for those of the horse or bullock. We say, then, introduce the poor-laws at once. Do not let wages be paid out of them; do not let select vestries batten on the plunder of the funds; suffer little or no law interference at the beck of overseers; but establish a purified system of rates, and Ireland will be greatly benefitted, and England as well, by the diminution of the enormous sums she now pays for paupers not English-born. Let the rich landholder be made to feel what he has never felt yet, (speaking generally,) that if he is utterly reckless of the fate of his tenantry, he shall be coerced into the duties of humanity. We recommend Mr. Bryan's book to all who feel an interest in the important questions upon which it touches. We recommend every man who is warmed with the commonest charities of nature to peruse it; he will then judge what Ireland is, and what she might be.

Fables, and other pieces, in Verse; by MARY MARIA COLLING. With some Account of the Author, in Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.; by MRS. BRAY. Longman and Co.

Of *poëta nascitur, non fit,* here is an example, and one too very remarkable. We have an untutored female, in a remote country town, led by nature into the paths of poesy. Her master gave her, it seems, a slip of ground to cultivate, which she attended to so assiduously, for her own amusement, that at length the whole flower-garden was put under her care. The picturesque river Tavy flowed at the foot of this garden. The first developement of the poetical feeling in Mary is thus traced: she said—"When of an evening she was amongst the flower-beds, and saw them all so lovely and so beautiful, she used to fancy the flowers talked to her." What is this but the imaginative faculty of the poet just opening upon the world of invention and beauty, in which it is soon to expatiate more largely? This poor girl's best verses are supposed dialogues between flowers, or flowers and trees, according to Mrs. Bray. Some master-feeling leads on the poetic faculty in the young mind to its embodied appearance. In Mary it was her flowers; in Byron it was, no doubt, the passion of love. In poetic temperaments the unfolding of the faculty may be traced to some accidental course, which fixes the imagination, and becomes the vehicle of its existence before the world. Nothing can be more striking than the account this girl gave of her poetic thoughts coming into her head thus naturally "in fancying the flowers talked to her." Here is that mysterious operation of the mind exhibited in its earliest stage, which first led names dear to genius and consecrated to immortality to the ultimate production of works which have delighted and will delight mankind in all time. No master teaches—no grammarian, by cold rules, draws out the aspirations of genius; Nature awakens them as she awoke them in the giant Shakspeare; and we see in this girl another example of the mystery of mind. "Mr. Bray," observes his clever wife, "when I mentioned that she said she used to fancy the flowers talked to her, and that she had composed fables before she had read any, remarked that their poor girl, like Æsop, was in a state of servitude; and possibly that persons of this stamp of mind, so situated, feeling themselves so far beyond the ordinary society of their own sphere, might be led to seek it in a world they erected for themselves by the vivacity of their own imaginations, and thus hold discourse, as it were, with flowers, and trees, and animals." This is indeed a far-fetched supposition to account for a simple thing. Mary had fancied the flowers talked; — no more. What had servitude, or fable, or the simile of Æsop, to do with the lines "On the Death of her Grandmother," or "The Birth of Envy?" which, considering Mary had read very few books, and very little poetry, is surprising;—surprising, not as compared with the works of educated well-read writers who are poets, but in one wholly destitute of instruction, unread, untaught, save by the mysterious instincts of nature, and the sympathy with unbodied things, which is born with the poet and not taught. We give these lines, entitled the "Birth of Envy."

'Twas midnight, and the whirlwind's yell
Had started horror from her cell;
The beasts, appall'd, mid nature moan'd,
The ocean raved, the forest groan'd.

The heavens put on their blackest frown;
Each star a fiery ray shot down;
When Ætna, with a thundering yell,
Foam'd out on earth the hag of hell.

As through the world she swiftly glided,
The winds her snaky locks divided;
Ten thousand hisses rent the air;
Her eagle talons wrought despair.

Fair flowers were blasted by her breath,
And she was arm'd with more than death;
For youth, and age, and virtue's self,
Fell victims to the green-eyed elf.

In sulph'rous gleams she rode along;
Flames play'd around her forky tongue;
Her canker'd breast hove with despair—
Hell's blackest curse held empire there.

Envy, the scourge of earth did prove,
For hate usurp'd the place of love;
Dissensions rose, and dead was fame,
And friendship dwindled to a name.

We are not among those who imagine every boarding-school girl, who scribbles verses, worthy of attention, nor that every instance of versifying in low life should be exalted into a nine days' wonder; but we see in this girl something that assists us in studying the phenomena of mind—an example, if Mrs. Bray be correct, (and we do not doubt what she says,) of a natural gift traced up to its source—of the poetic gift in its earliest and purest developements, well worthy of record. The portrait of Mary, at the beginning of the volume, is intellectual in no common degree. In short, we feel indebted to Mrs. Bray for making us acquainted with her who "used to fancy the flowers talked to her."

The Invasion. By the Author of "The Collegians," &c. 4 Vols. Saunders and Otley.

It is to be lamented that more of instruction and information are not imparted by that portion of literature immediately designed for amusement. It unfortunately happens that books of this class, being too many of them greedy speculations of publishers, who do not rely upon any intrinsic merit a work may possess for its success, so much as upon their own efforts at catching purchasers by puffing and advertising, are only read and flung aside to make way for a successor of the same deteriorated quality. Hence, when a writer, like the author of these volumes, intermixes true pictures of the manners of the time, as far as they can be acquired by antiquarian study—when in fact he gives the life as far as it is possible for a writer, in the present day, so to do, his work is deemed too abstruse. A novel, the scene of which may be laid in Britain during the time of the Saxons, must have its heroes and heroines painted with the *couleur de rose*. The lady must quadrille, and the gentleman be an exquisite of the first water: it would be fatal to make the one breakfast upon salt-beef and mead, and the other kill his own cattle for the family supply. We remember when some ladies (we believe there were two, an old and a young one, well nigh equally matched in talent) published a novel, in which Mozart's Requiem was introduced as court music in the reign of Charles II., and Black-eyed Susan was sung for the merry monarch's entertainment. This is not more of anachronism than a majority of novel-writers are guilty of in their attempts to delineate the pictures of the times on which they affect to write, and the characters they draw. The present writer has tried to avoid this, and been charged with too much antiquarian display. There is certainly too much for the taste of those who are accustomed to admire false drawing. Haydon painted a Juliet such as Juliet really was—a Veronese girl with dark eyes, a true Italian as Shakspeare made her—a faithful picture of the life. His picture was censured because a false idea of Juliet had been drawn from our stage heroines. A short time after, a pretty English boarding-school miss was painted as Juliet by another artist, and was received, as the players term it, with "universal applause;" yet Haydon was right. Now we hold that it is the duty of authors to paint the truth, and set the public right; and not to follow the erroneous notions of those who do not think at all, but merely read to amuse themselves.

We do not know that the present work will be successful, though it deserves to be so, for the author states his most ambitious aim to be the giving a correct picture of manners at a remote era, in an obscure period of the history of mankind. The Invasion is a work of "care and study," and merits, in our opinion, much praise. There is something uncouth in the barbarous names of the ancient races who are concerned, but this is no real obstacle to the perusal of a very interesting book of entertainment, be it called novel or romance, or what the reader may please. It possesses considerable attractions; but were we to attempt to delineate the numerous characters introduced, we should enter upon a task which neither our time nor space will allow. The scene is laid about the year 770, as well as we can judge. The principal characters are Northumbrian and Ithian. The dialogues are spirited and well turned; in short, it is a work of very great research, of considerable power, and of very high entertainment for the more cultivated minds

among the readers of works of fiction. The author has not, it is true, displayed much tact in beginning so drily. He forgets that modern newspaper critics seldom read beyond the second chapter, and that where the better part of his labour begins, they leave off and sum up their evidence. For ourselves, we shall be heartily glad to meet this author again; and hesitate not to say that The Invasion deserves, in our opinion, to have numerous admirers; and, if sterling merit be the criterion, will find them.

Thoughts on the Order of Nature. By ANNA MARIA CHAMBERS. 3 Vols. 8vo. Whittaker and Co.

Notwithstanding the writer of these volumes has displayed an amiable weakness in prefixing to her work a sort of recommendation which it does not need,—a testimony from her brother of his opinion; which readers cannot estimate at one farthing's value, because it emanates from an individual wholly unknown to them; although there are parts at which cavillers might carp, and a better plan and order of arrangement might have been adopted;—notwithstanding these things, we do think this work the most extraordinary in depth of thought of any which has issued from the press, out of or indeed in the Metropolis, from the pen of a lady for many years. No female writer of the present time has shown any thing like the strength of mind which is in every page of these volumes. They rank in the higher walk of the efforts of intellect; as far above the power of the modern scrawlers of ephemeral novels to rival, as Milton is above a ballad-singer. The author has not studied human character in vain:—she reasons deeply in many parts of her work, and her speculations, however novel some of them may be, are worthy of being candidly considered and dispassionately judged:—she is evidently one of those honest, yet lofty, spirits who will believe nothing, because it is already believed from custom, without careful examination on her own part; and she fearlessly promulgates the result of her judgment. We cannot go into an analysis of her work here, because, to do it justice, we must occupy many pages. No idea of the work can be given in a limited space, and, at the same time, do it the justice it merits. We lament that the public taste is not more frequently directed to works of this nature, and to the studies to which they lead; that mere amusement has become the end of most readers in opening a book, and that the number of thinkers does not keep pace with the thirst of reading. It is impossible to peruse these "Thoughts," and not see what meditation they have cost the author—what habits of observation she possesses, and how much, in the boldness of her opinions, she is governed by that desire for truth which is so honourable to human character. They who search for this precious jewel are unworthy of finding it if they regard any other end—if they turn aside towards any prejudice, or custom, or long-established usage, which may decoy them. Whether they succeed or not in gaining their object, they have the merit of correctly aiming to obtain it. It is not too much to say, that the author of these "Thoughts" may, if we judge from her pages, compete in the desire of discovering truth, and in singleness of purpose, with any past competitor; while the result of deep thinking, and a desire to be useful, shine out in every page. We trust our readers will examine this singular and clever work impartially.

The Anatomy of Drunkenness. By ROBERT MACNISH, Author of "The Philosophy of Sleep." M'Phun, Glasgow

Mr. Macnish must rank high in the admiration of all Temperance Societies. He is evidently a man who advocates "thin potations," and anathematizes "sack." He would as lieve, we take it, swallow a living scorpion, a West India centipede, or "horned cerastes," as a glass of aqua vitæ. He is one, no doubt, of a sallow complexion, which is nourished upon spring water, *soup maigre*, chicken-broth, and such antiphlogistic potables; whose reading has been confined to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; his conviviality to a dish of tea with an antiquated virgin-cousin of threescore and three: he has no mark nor livelihood in him; he is one of those "demure boys" that come not to any proof, as Falstaff would say. Now, in his book against drunkenness, a filthy vice we grant, Mr. Macnish seems to argue from the abuse, the necessity for the abolition of the use. He seems to think the discovery of wine an evil, God bless him! instead of a positive good, when taken in moderation, or, as the wise Apostle said, in a small quantity—"a little for the stomach's sake;" and yet we do suspect we wrong our author, he draws such pictures of its effects on the fancy. He thinks too it would be well if the people of this country abandoned the use of ardent spirits, and "were enabled to resort to such wines as the French are in the habit of drinking." Here we chime in with Mr. Macnish; compared to wine, spirits (even whisky itself) being no better than slow

poison, notwithstanding his countrymen, and, among them, neither the last nor least, our friend Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, do agree marvellously in testimony respecting its merits. We are tempted to think, therefore, that Mr. Macnish is not the foe to a moderate use of "the creature," as some call it; and that, after all, he levels his artillery against the abuse of God's good gift:—if he makes this admission we are his to the "Finis" in his 266th page; more especially, as censuring that abuse. In the Anatomy of Drunkenness, he admits, page 212, his *last* chapter, that liquors are not always hurtful. To be serious, we think, with the aforesaid reservation, that Mr. Macnish has made a most valuable present to the public in this little volume. Ardent spirits are the bane of the lower classes of society in this country; and drunkenness is a vice so degrading, that a work like the present, which rationally points out the ill effects of excess in drinking, is entitled to high praise. His book is judicious, well timed, and correctly written; and we wish it were circulated in the cheapest possible form, so that the poorest might become possessors of it.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol. VII.—Joseph Andrews, illustrated by George Cruikshank. Cochrane and Co.

This series we have noticed volume by volume as they have appeared. We can say nothing new of these inimitable novels — nothing that has not already been said in commentary and criticism upon them time out of mind — nothing that can add to their merits, or speak better than themselves the moral which they inculcate. What a fine portrait is that of Parson Adams! how well sketched the simplicity of his manners and the goodness of his nature—and how numerous, yet dissimilar, those little traits which work out the entire character! The author looked to moral ends; he praised virtue and branded vice without respect of persons. A modern novelist would have chosen a church dignitary to invest with every virtue instead of Adams; and, as his characters descended in the scale of fashionable estimation, he would have made them proportionably objects of disesteem. Your fashionable novelist has never a moral end, and he is fastidiously careful never to hold the mirror up to truth, if it be likely to cauterise vice in high life. George Colman is not more cautious that a Prince of Pimlico shall not be mistaken for a Prince of Wales, in the paroxysms of his stage-chastening piety, than your "fashionable novelist" is to veil the vices of the higher classes, and aid the parish overseers in proving that poverty is the blackest of human crimes. Not so Fielding; in depicting low life, he can find sunny spots of virtue to cheer the eye of the lover of truth and nature; even there he can exhibit rich character under a threadbare coat, true to the letter, and redolent of harmless humour. Fielding is the Hogarth of novelists—the great master of ethical story-telling and satirist of vice. Jonathan Wild the Great is one of the best satires in our language; and though most of the abuses in thief-making and thief-catching are happily no more, under the modern "innovation" of a police, we never read now of the keeper of Newgate, the chaplain, and others, as soon as the executioner has "cast-off" his victim, turning into the prison to a hearty and jovial breakfast, while their fellow-creature is suspended between earth and heaven, but we think of that inimitable history. The dialogue between Jonathan and the Ordinary is a little stretched perhaps, but it is very like some similar dialogues in our time, if all that is said be true, at least as far as Ordinaries are concerned. But we must not forget Joseph Andrews. Cruikshank has succeeded admirably in his etchings: Adam's visit to Parson Trulliber is capital: what ignorance and sensualism in the bloated figure of Parson Trulliber! Parson Adams and the hog's puddings, is good; as is the fall of Adams into the water-tub; but Beau Didapper is exquisite. The fop is hit off to the life, and Adams is Parson Adams all over. Mr. Cruikshank improves as he proceeds.

The Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and practically illustrated. Part I. Murray.

This is a most useful elementary little work, forming but a portion of the wide subject on which it treats; and will, we are persuaded, find a welcome reception with readers who have long felt the want of a similar publication. It first enters upon the objects of chemical science, &c.; next, of heat, its effects and sources; thirdly, electricity, its sources and effects. These three general heads are subdivided into thirty-eight divisions, which in the clearest manner develope the subjects treated of, so that the plainest understanding may easily comprehend them. On electricity and galvanism the information is remarkably lucid, yet concise. We can honestly recommend this little treatise to the public.

Poetical Ephemeras. By J. P. Brown. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

There is nothing so difficult as to give an opinion upon a volume of poetry in the present day, consisting of detached pieces, often correctly written, frequently full of elegance, and, in subject and style, the twin-brother of twenty others that are presented to us for the same purpose. We now find few, if any, poems published of length with a sustained character, or story, running through some eighty or a hundred pages; no stirring tale, no moving incident of "field or flood:" but volume follows volume, filled with short pieces in eternal similitude to each other. A sort of poetical diarrhœa rages in our literature. To compose such volumes, facility of versifying alone is demanded; for subjects are in plenty, and there are no two volumes of poetry, of the character of which we speak, published, which do not contain pieces similar to others. Every well-educated person now can make verses, and can therefore compose a volume of poems. The writing a poem of length, with the separate attractions of good versification, interesting story, and lines which may be quoted and remembered, is now a task as rarely executed as it ever was. Tales, so called, are indeed published; but they are very rarely more than meagre narratives put together in metre,—neither exciting laughter nor tears. There is no reason why poetry should now be out of fashion any more than heretofore, save that it metes out its own insipidity by its destitution of interest—by its consisting of mellifluous lines and affected sentimentality, wire-drawn and attenuated until it becomes weariness to read.

We do not charge this volume, which is full of agreeable poetry, with any more sin in this respect than many others which may be styled its equals. There is great elegance, much feeling, and considerable power, in Mr. Brown's verses; but we do not find that which soars above numerous other competitors for public approbation—no "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!" He is, however, fully equal, perhaps superior, to the majority of writers of poetry whose works come before us, but between whom it is difficult to discriminate, as we have already observed, either as to "matter, form, or style."

Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis. By E. G. Wakefield, Esq. Second Edition; with an Appendix concerning Murder for the Sale of the Dead Body. E. Wilson.

We have already noticed this work. The present edition differs from the former in an Appendix relative to the crime of "Burking,"—a new offence in our criminal calendar, to which the name of the first offender has been affixed. Mr. Wakefield is of opinion that the execution of Bishop and Williams will not check the crime as long as bodies bring ten or twelve pounds a-piece. Mr. Wakefield comes to the conclusion, which every man of sense must, that the best way to prevent the crime is to remove the stigma from dissection cast upon it by condemning murderers to be hanged and anatomized, and by rendering subjects easily attainable in schools of surgery. He justly censures the insane project of some newspaper correspondents, who propose to give up the bodies of the "criminal" and "friendless" to the surgeons, without removing the prejudice caused by the murderer's sentence ending with anatomizing. The judges, we suppose, would be in opposition to this "part and parcel" of the law, and Lord Eldon would call it "innovation;" but we would have it repealed notwithstanding, and every prejudice as much as possible removed. Let the rich bequeath their carcases, as an example to the poor,—let the pensioners on the State, who have done no service while alive to the community, repay it by the gift of their bodies when dead,—let those who are rich and act in this way be free of the legacy-duty on their property, as Mr. Wakefield suggests,—let the idle and luxurious livers, though perhaps their bodies would be worth little from being half-rotten before they die, — let those do some good when their day is past, who during their existence were worthless. The spread of education and reason will, by-and-bye, render needless such bequests; but, until then, we fear this new and frightful offence will occasionally stain the annals of our criminal courts.

The Savings Banks in England, Wales, and Ireland, arranged according to Counties, &c. By John Tidd Pratt, Esq. (Not for sale.)

This work is uncommonly well arranged. We learn from it that the total amount in the 477 Savings Banks in England, Wales, and Ireland, was, 14,366,967*l.* being an increase of 132,290*l.*; but from twenty-three Banks no returns were made. Of this vast sum 13,420,976*l.* belong to the 12,000,000 of population in England and Wales, while Ireland, with 7,000,000 of population, holds only 945,991*l.* What a sad proof of the state of that fine country!

Of Pestilential Cholera; its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D. 12mo. Longman and Co.

This is a charitable and judicious little work, the offspring of a good deal of attention to the subject it embraces, and containing valuable information with which no individual should be unacquainted. We do not altogether enter into the views of the author respecting quarantine laws. We believe in this disease that they are not of the slightest moment compared to the misery they inflict on individuals and the fact, that were they generally and rigidly adopted, commerce would be stopped, and thousands perish of starvation instead of cholera. We do not think this disease any thing like so formidable, in a national sense, as it is fearful in an individual one. We question if the mortality it has caused, or would cause, were the restrictive measures recommended by Dr. Copland adopted, at all to be compared, though fear would then prepare thousands for the reception of the disease who are now little apprehensive of it. Sunderland has a population of 40,000, and the mortality of this terrible pest amounts only to 202. Now this is not a proportion warranting such a dreadful severity of precaution. We see that out of the foregoing amount of population only 535 have been attacked at all, and that nearly two-thirds of those attacked recover. Had 30,000 out of 40,000 taken the disease, and had one-third of this number perished, we should say that severe measures were warranted in future because the amount of the evil was great enough to justify them. Where such measures have been employed, however, they have proved of little avail. Science is the best weapon with which to combat such disorders. The plague in England, so fatal in 1665, would be now comparatively weak in its attacks on the population. Draining, cleanliness, and a rational perseverance in common measures of precaution, would be found well able to reduce the giant to very moderate proportions. The Fire of London was the best remedy for that pest: prior to that time, plague was hardly ever extinct within its walls. Dr. Copland has the merit of giving much excellent and scientific advice in his volume, which is a useful one, combining facts, drawing conclusions, and directing treatment: all would do well to read it, and every one should make himself thoroughly master of its contents.

The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in conformity with its Organization, by the BARON CUVIER, &c.; with additional descriptions by EDWARD GRIFFITH and others. No XXXI.—Insecta. Part IV. Whittaker and Co.

This is a continuation of a most interesting and beautiful work on natural history, by the first naturalist of this or, perhaps, any other age. We know of none published more desirable to possess by all those who look "through nature up to Nature's God,"—by all who are curious in the animated works of creation, which the present series contains. This Number treats of insects, beginning with the second order of Coleoptera; and has supplements on preceding orders, which contain much matter of interest. The insect creation affords an unlimited sphere for study, admiration, and astonishment. The wonderful variety, the singular conformation, the strange revolutions they undergo, all tend to produce that feeling of humility which best becomes human nature, and leads to a sense of dependence upon the Great Supreme Cause, which a hundred homilies cannot teach. The supplement on the Cyclidis, in this Number, contains several very curious additional facts respecting that genus; while the supplement on the Orthoptera, including the account of the rapacious Mantis, proves that this class of insects, at least, have no organs which communicate the sensation of pain. The plates are engraved in a style of great neatness, and the accuracy of their detail is unquestionable. This work, as a present to English literature, cannot be too highly appreciated. For those who have time and leisure to devote to the study of natural history, it is indispensable; while the young and curious will derive from it a fund of interesting information.

Divines of the Church of England. No. XX.—Hall's Contemplations. Vol. III. Valpy.

This is, we believe, the concluding volume of the Contemplations of Hall, bishop of Norwich; one of the most excellent of our old divines. The volume which follows will contain the sermons of Fawcett and Powell. We know of no work more interesting than the present to the religious world. In the libraries of too many the labours of the Fathers of our Church lie unread, and the works of more modern divines are substituted, which are but tissue to solid metal in comparison. Despite all recent boasting, the renown of the Church of England rests upon her older divines.

The Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals; and his Life, by Thomas Moore, Esq.; in 14 vols. Vol. I. 12mo. Murray.

This is the first volume of the collected works of Byron, now publishing in a regular series by Mr. Murray, and handsomely embellished. This volume contains a beautiful print of Byron at the age of nineteen, and a splendid vignette of Cadiz engraved by Finden: the letter-press is of course Moore's Life of the Poet. The extent of this undertaking, and the spirit shown by the publisher, will be best established by the statement put forth, that £30,000 has been expended in the copyright; that 40,000 copies are expected to be sold at the low price at which they are advertised; and that no less than 35,000 reams of paper, 60,000 yards of cloth, and 100,000lb. weight of pasteboard, will be consumed in getting them up; while this single edition will give employment to 300 persons for fourteen months. We trust the sale will exceed the expectation indulged by the spirited publisher,—such efforts deserve success; and we hail the present in a particular manner, knowing how Mr. Murray has been put to expense in obtaining a part of his copyright, by an opposition which no one can call other than pitiful, with the knowledge that, to any other individual, a small part of these works would be comparatively useless. We trust Mr. Murray will not omit a line of the noble poet that is genuine, from any consideration to others! The present must be a perfect edition—the public expect it at the publisher's hands.

The Phenomena of Dreams and other transient Illusions. By Walter C. Dendy. Whittaker and Co.

This is a very pleasing little treatise upon dreams, in which the subject is treated professionally and philosophically. The conclusions to which we come on the perusal of the volume are, however, not so clear; and we fear we must leave off, on finishing this agreeable little work, without more light being thrown upon the subject than we already possess. The phenomena of dreams is a curious study. Much more knowledge might be obtained of them, and perhaps a more consistent theory formed respecting them, if two or three persons would accurately note down each their own for the space of a twelvemonth, with all the broken links and inconsistencies: a comparison of one with another might then be formed, and the share which the separate qualities of the mind have in each might be known. Hence, we are persuaded, a result approaching the truth might be obtained. Derangement of the organs of digestion, disorder of the body, and such like, are the causes of one species of dreams only. The most healthy persons dream, and their dreams are more consistent and more allied to reality than those of the disordered: in this respect they seem to follow the course of the exercise of the other faculties —if this may be called one—with which mind is connected. But we have no space here to proceed further in remarks which might be very widely extended.

American Stories for Little Boys and Girls. Selected by Miss Mitford. 3 Vols. 24mo. Whittaker and Co.

These are excellent volumes for children. The reason of this selection being made was, as we are informed by Miss Mitford, that American books for children are universally "distinguished, not only by acute observation and cheerful common sense," but by "a strong religious feeling, and an unaffected love of the beautiful and true;" reasons which certainly bear out the editor in placing them before the youth of England. We seldom take up a work of education untinctured with prejudices of some kind. In one we find gross falsehoods respecting our national history; in another, political rancour; in a third, either high-church bigotry or sectarian prejudice. In the present work we are in danger of none of these things. There is religion untainted by the opinions of any sect, and history without party politics. We know no work, therefore, we would sooner select to place in the hands of youth; and we think the British public must feel indebted to Miss Mitford for the happy thought of selecting these simple and pleasing stories from the transatlantic libraries of the young.

Illustrations of Political Economy. No. I. Life in the Wilds. By Harriet Martineau. C. Fox.—Rights of Morality; an Essay on the Present State of Society, &c. By Junius Redivivus. Wilson.

Two works not very similar, but aiming at the communication of knowledge among the lower classes, to which they seem well adapted.

Family Classical Library. No. XXV.—Plutarch. Vol. III. Valpy.

Here is another volume of our excellent and glorious old friend Plutarch in the edition to which we have before alluded as so portable and cheap. It begins with Aristides and ends with Sylla, comprehending eight lives. There is a fascination about Plutarch which no other author seems to possess: we cannot open his pages and turn to a passage for the sake of reference merely, but we find we are unable to close him, and are irresistibly led to peruse him further: indeed, the more we read, the more we are chained to his matchless descriptions; — there is no author of antiquity like Plutarch.

The Ladies' Museum. A new and improved Series. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall.

This a is very neat and well embellished work, got up for the amusement of the fair sex, and ornamented with engravings of the fashions, new music, and illustrative pictures. The matter is good; indeed fully equal, if not superior, to that in the other periodicals devoted exclusively to the fair sex; and, as a whole, well entitled to the patronage which has been bestowed upon it. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has taken it by the hand; and the articles are some of them penned by writers distinguished in periodical literature. We must accord the Lady's Museum a high place among the improved works which confer such credit upon modern intellect and spirit.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—Paris, and its Historical Scenes. Vol. II. "The Revolution of 1830." C. Knight.

We have never seen the first volume of this little work; but if it be got up in the same way as the present, it is entitled to public support. It seems judiciously compiled, though we fear some of the authorities are not of the best. Who is the author of "Military Events?" Nobody knows. An anonymous publication, and we suspect by a Carlist too. Unless the individual were known to be a person of honour and integrity, an anonymous writer is not an authority for a history which is supposed to contain only facts, and not to leave the reader the task of proving its correctness. We only say this in a passing way; we may be wrong, but as the works of the Society rank so high in general estimation, and deservedly do so, we think, in expressing our apprehension on the slightest point, we do it a service. The embellishments in this little volume are faithful copies of the scenes they are intended to depict, very neatly executed.

Nights of the Round Table; or, Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends. By the Author of "Diversions of Hollycot," "Clan-Albin," &c. 12mo. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

These tales have one merit, which distinguishes them from any similar works which we know; that is, the right moral feeling they inculcate upon the youthful reader, by making virtue the true object of juvenile emulation, and rejecting the claims of ambition, or worldly aggrandisement, to a competition with it. "The Three Westminster Boys" will illustrate what we mean. The renown, the cares, and crimes of ambition, are there contrasted with the calm virtues and brighter fame of a poet. The characters are Thurlow, Warren Hastings, and Cowper. We have not for a long period been more pleased with any tale inculcating a great moral truth. The fact too is made so obvious, there is no fear of its being mistaken. The glare of false glory, the object which has ever been held up as the top-stone of ambition to youth, is shown to be an illusion; and to be "good" is pointed out as better than to be "great;" while, at the same time, the lasting nature of virtuous renown is contrasted with that which is too frequently supposed to be of an order infinitely superior. Who now talks of Thurlow or Warren Hastings? while Cowper is still fresh in memory, and his name upon every tongue. There is a judgment exercised in the present work, in this and other respects, which cannot fail to make it appreciated by all who reason rightly, or reflect deeply upon the true end of education. In teaching history to youth, it has been too frequently the course to hold up characters to admiration that have very little title to our applause, and to pass by those less obtrusive, whose fame, not so dazzling, is really more permanent and lasting. We know of no book we would rather put into the hands of youth than the present. The author will confer a public benefit by continuing a series of tales which teaches youth so well that "virtue alone is happiness below."

The Juvenile Cyclopedia. 4 vols. 12mo. Darton and Son.

A very useful little work for youth, rendered at a low price; yet well, though briefly, compiled. The first volume contains an account of remarkable voyages; the second and third are devoted to travels; the fourth to ancient biography. They are a most useful present to the young, and form another of that series of useful and instructive works which so distinguish and honour our time.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption; its Prevention and Remedy. Second Edition. By JOHN MURRAY. 8vo. Longman and Co.

A very sensible, useful, and judicious treatise on a formidable malady, which destroys so large a proportion of our population in the spring and May-time of life. The author evidently understands his subject. After several chapters, containing much matter directly or indirectly connected with consumption and its cure, the author, under the head of remedial treatment, recommends chloriate of potassa as of considerable efficacy. His volume is well worth close perusal; not only by medical practitioners, but by all who have a tendency to diseases of the lungs: it is a work which cannot fail to furnish useful hints, and to obtain for the writer the praise of labouring zealously in the cause of humanity. The faculty cannot but highly appreciate Mr. Murray's volume.

Anecdotes of WILLIAM HOGARTH, written by himself, &c. &c. With 48 Plates, supplementary to the new edition of "Hogarth Moralized" by Dr. Trusler. No. II. Nichols and Son.

We have already noticed the first Number of this necessary little work. The following is a list of the twelve etchings in the present Number, which are executed with equal fidelity to those in the first: 1. Terræ Filius. 2. Sarah Malcolm. 3. Match-maker and Old Maid. 4. The Foundlings. 5. Mr. Garrick in the character of Richard III. 6. Paul before Felix. 7. Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter. 8. The Five Orders of Periwigs. 9. The Times, Plate II. 10. Henry Fielding. 11. The Sepulchre. 12. Sigismunda, by Correggio.

Thoughts on Church Reform. By a True Protestant. E. Wilson.

A brief pamphlet, replete with truth and common sense. Nine-tenths of the people of England are now of the author's opinion on the state of Church temporalities.

The Young Man's Working Companion. The Physician:—1. Cholera.

This is one of the useful works published cheaply under the superintendence of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." It is exceedingly well timed; and being rendered at a low price cannot be too widely diffused. The working man will find in this little treatise, the most valuable information respecting the human body, and the best mode of resisting the pest which is raging in the North of England.

The Evergreen: a Selection of Religious and Prescriptive Poetry.—The Amaranth: a Selection of Religious and Prescriptive Pieces in Prose. Darton and Son.

Two neat and small pocket companions for devotional reading; the one in prose, the other in verse. The selections seem to be judicious, and the most fastidious literary taste will not be offended by extracts made from the very best writers on religious subjects both in verse and prose. They are full of sober and chastened passages, calculated to direct attention to the Great First Cause, and to the vanity of sublunary things.

Twelve Select Orations of M. Tullius Cicero, from the Text of Jo. Casp. Orellius: with English Notes. Longman and Co.

This is another of those useful classical books of education printed by Valpy, which have already been mentioned in our pages. The present is a judicious selection; and the correctness of the text, with the advantage of notes in the vernacular tongue, cannot but entitle it to a preference among masters of colleges and schools.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Wickliff. By Charles Webb le Bas, M.A. 8vo. *6s.*
The Life of Frederick the Second of Prussia. By Lord Dover. 2 vols. 8vo. *1l.* 8*s.*
Annual Biography and Obituary for 1832. 15*s.*

MEDICINE, SURGERY.

Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, &c. Part I. *5s.*
Elements of Diagnosis, General Pathology, and Therapeutics. By Robert Norton, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo. *5s.*
Pestilential Cholera; its Nature, Prevention, and Cure. By James Copland, M.D. 12mo. *5s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Correspondence of David Garrick. Vol. II. 4to.
The Quarterly Review. No. XCII.
The Zoology of British North America. Part II. containing Birds. By John Richardson. 4to.
Dr. Webster's English Dictionary, complete in 2 vols. 4to. *5l.* 10*s.*
Atlas Historique et Chronologique des Literatures Anciennes et Modernes, des Sciences et des Beaux Arts. Par A. J. de Mancy. 1 vol. fol. *5l.*
Irish Minstrelsy; or, the Bardic Remains of Ireland; with Notes and Illustrations. By J. Hardiman, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo. *1l.* 6*s.*
Illustrations and Descriptions of the Plants which compose the Natural Order Camelliæ, &c. 4to. *5l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*
The Elements of the British Constitution, &c. &c. By the Rev. J. D. Schomberg, B.A. *2s.* 6*d.*
The History and Progress of the Steam Engine, &c. 8vo. 18*s.*
Deacon on the Game Laws. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Valpy's Classical Library. No. XXV.—Plutarch, Vol. III. 18mo. *4s.* 6*d.*
The Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions. By W. C. Dendy. 12mo.
Maund's Botanic Garden; or, Magazine of Hardy Flowering Plants. Part VII. No. 85.
Dublin Delineated, in Twenty-six Views of the Principal Public Buildings. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Lyall's Geology. Vol. II. 8vo. 12*s.*
Observations on the Musselmans of India. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 vols. 8vo. *1l.* 1*s.*

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

Elizabeth and her Beggar Boys. By Mrs. Hoffland. 1 vol. 18mo. *2s.* 6*d.*
Eugene Aram. By the Author of Paul Clifford. 3 vols. post 8vo.
Fitz-Allen; or, the Votary of Love. By a Blue. Part I. *2s.*
The Pirate of Bofine; an Historical Romance. By F. W. Dunne. 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*
Legends and Stories of Ireland. By Samuel Lover. 12mo. 6*s.*
Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest. By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo.
Probation. By the Author of Selwyn, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol. III.—Joseph Andrews. 5*s.*
Stories of Travels in Turkey. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Opera. By the Authoress of Manners of the Day. 3 vols. post 8vo. *1l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

POETRY.

The first uniform and complete edition of the Works of Lord Byron; with his Letters and Journals, and his Life by T. Moore, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. 5*s.*

THEOLOGY.

Sermons and Lectures on the Most Important Subjects. By the Rev. J. M. Campbell. 12mo. *5s.* 6*d.*
The Dictionary of Biblical Types, &c. 8vo. *2s.* 6*d.*
Sermons. By the late Rev. Edward Poyson, D.D. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Dr. Adam Clarke's Succession of Sacred Literature. Vol. II. 8vo. 15*s.*
Hughes's Divines. Vol. XX.—Hall's Contemplations. Vol. III. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The British Critic; Quarterly Theological Review, and Ecclesiastical Record. No. XXI. 6*s.*
The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan; with upwards of One Hundred Engravings on Wood by G. W. Bonner; and Notes by W. Mason.
The State of Unitarianism in England.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

By a Paper just issued—Bent's Lists of the New Books and Principal Engravings published in London during the past year, we find the number of New Books is about 1100 exclusive of New Editions, Pamphlets, or Periodicals, being fifty less than in the year 1830. The number of Engravings is Ninety-two (including Fifty Portraits,) eighteen of which are engraved in the Line manner, Fifty Mezzotint, Ten Chalk, Five Lithograph, Six Aquatint, and Three Etchings. The number of Engravings published in 1830 was One Hundred and Seven, (including Forty-nine Portraits,) viz. Twenty-three in Line, Fifty-Seven Mezzotint, Ten Chalk, Four Lithograph, and Thirteen Aquatint.

The two concluding volumes of the Tour of a German Prince, with a Portrait, are preparing for immediate publication, containing his route through Germany and Holland, his Descriptions of the External Aspect of England, and his Observations on the Society and Manners of the Metropolis, and of other places of fashionable resort.

A New Edition of Cavendish, corrected by the Author, is daily expected.

The Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances Trollope. With several Plates.

Mr. W. Lewis is preparing for publication, a Second and concluding Series of Lessons on the Game of Chess, written expressly for the Use of the Higher Class of Players, and for those who possess the First Series. It will also contain a Selection of about Fifty Games that have actually been played, many of which took place between the Author and some of the best Players in Germany, during an Excursion made last Summer.

The Lady Charlotte Bury will shortly present to the Public a Poem, entitled Some Account of the Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany; Valambrosa, Camaldoli, and Laverna.

A new Novel, from the pen of that favourite writer Mr. Horace Smith, to be entitled Romance of the Early Ages, will shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Galt has nearly ready a new Novel, to be called Stanley Buxton; or, the Schoolfellows.

Dr. G. C. Holland, of Sheffield, announces a Practical Inquiry into the Laws of Functional and Organic Disease, founded on Original Physiological Principles.

The Opera Book; containing Sketches, in Prose and Verse, of the most celebrated Characters who have performed on the Stage of the Italian Opera. Embellished with full length Portraits.

The Double Trial; or, the Consequences of an Irish Clearing: a Tale of the present day. By the Rev. C. Lucas.

The Story of Naval Life now on the eve of appearance, to be entitled the Adventures of a Younger Son, is understood to be the work of one of Lord Byron's most intimate friends, whose life, which the story is partly intended to delineate, was marked by more singular events than even that of the noble Poet.

The Carding and Spinning Master's Assistant; or, the Theory and Practice of Cotton Spinning: showing the Use of every Machine employed in the whole Process; also, how to perform the various Calculations connected with the different departments of Cotton Spinning. Exemplified by appropriate Drawings. By James Montgomery.

The Third Edition of the Village Blacksmith, by James Everett, is expected to appear about the close of the month.

In the Press, Attila, a Tragedy; and other Poems. 1 vol. post 8vo.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels; being an Account of Captain Basil Hall's Naval Life and Early Voyages. Second Series. Is in the Press.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the last German Edition of Tennemann, by the Rev. A. Johnson, M.A., in 1 vol. 8vo. is nearly ready.

Keightley's Mythology of Greece and Italy, abridged for the use of the Junior Classes in Schools, with wood-cuts, by W. H. Brooke, is in the Press.

The Rev. William Jay will publish, in a few days, his Sermon on the Transitory Character of God's Temporal Blessings considered and improved.

Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary; selected from the Quarterly Review, during the Editorship of William Gifford, Esq. under the direction of, and with an introduction by, the present Editor; in six pocket volumes, will shortly appear.

Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of the incidents of a Voyage in an open Boat down that River from Yaoorie, to its termination in the Bight of Biafra, and arrival at Fernando Po, on the 1st of December, 1830. By Richard and John Lander; with illustrative Engravings and a Map of the Route, showing the Course of the Niger to the Sea; in 3 vols. duodecimo, is nearly ready.

Singularities of Human Nature: a Collection of the Lives of Extraordinary Persons, with Remarkable Documents, and Authentic Portraits, is in the Press.

Nearly ready for Publication, in 1 vol. 4to. the Mythology of the Hindus, with Notices of various Mountain and Island Tribes who inhabit the two Peninsulas of India and the neighbouring Islands. In three parts:—the first part containing the Hindu Mythology; the second, Notices of various Tribes; and the third, a Dictionary of the Mythological and Religious Terms of the Hindus. Compiled from the best authorities, with Plates illustrative of the principal Hindu Deities. By Charles Coleman, Esq.

In the Press, Selections from the Prose Works of Robert Southey, Esq.; consisting of Extracts from his History of Brazil, Life of Nelson, Book of the Church, Espriella's Letters, &c. &c.; chiefly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons.

Messrs. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. announce the Georgian Era; comprising Memoirs of the most eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George the First to the Demise of George the Fourth. The Work is to occupy four volumes, and to comprise Twelve Hundred Lives, embellished with Portraits on steel and wood.

In the Press, Altrive Tales, collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, and from foreign Adventurers, by the Ettrick Shepherd; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank, and a fine Portrait of the Author engraved by Worthington, from an original Painting. The Work is to be completed in Twelve Volumes. Vol. I. will be published on the First of March.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tenneman, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A. late fellow of Wadham College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, 8vo. will be published in a few days.

Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States-System and their Colonies, is in the Press.

In the Press, Heeren's Manual of Historical Researches into the Politics, Intercourse and Trade of the Ancient Nations of Asia—1. Persians. 2. Phœnicians. 3. Babylonians. 4. Scythians. 5. Indians.

A Few Remarks on Religion, with particular Reference to the Present Times, by the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. In one vol. 8vo. will shortly be published.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.—PUBLICATIONS.

"Our Village Home,"—a Ballad; the words and melody by Mrs. Turnbull. J. Dean.

A very pretty simple piece, both in the words and music, doing credit to the fair composer's taste and talent.

Fantasia for the Piano Forte, introducing Bellini's favourite Air "Tu Vedrai," from the Opera Il Pirata. By C. W. Glover. H. Falkner.

A composition which can in no way deteriorate from the well-known merits of Mr. Glover. It will be welcomed by all admirers of the art, and particularly by those who are pleased with Bellini's charming air.

"The Bright Summer Time," and "The Sea-Maiden's Song,"—both composed by G. F. Harris. Published at the New Argyle Rooms, 246, Regent Street.

We do not doubt that our readers are already acquainted with these songs; one having been composed for Miss Inverarity, and the other for Miss Cawse. We need therefore say no more of them than that they are very charming pieces, and will be as much admired in the family circle as in the public theatre.

Melodies: dedicated to Queen Adelaide; by Mrs. Alexander Kerr. Alfred Novello.

A very clever work by a first-rate proficient in music most beautifully got up and handsomely decorated. The poetry is highly creditable to the authoress, and the music is sweet and delightful. These Melodies are by a most accomplished female, and will, we are convinced, be largely in request with all to whom the elegancies of life, and those refinements which are its best charm, are held in their due estimation.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

THE question of the greatest present interest in the dramatic world is that between the Majors and Minors. The conviction of Mr. Chapman for playing contrary to the Act of Parliament, at the Queen's Theatre, has roused the rage as well as the fears of the many theatrical establishments which are kept open only on the authority of magistrates' licenses, and seems likely to bring the question to an issue. These seem the days for the throwing down of old establishments, for the extinction of monopolies, and for the equalization of every thing. The Minors and the mob cry out for the abolition of the patents, for throwing open the dramatic trade, and for permitting any and every body to build theatres and open them for the amusement of the public. To accomplish this, meetings have been called, speeches made, and petitions to the King and Parliament prepared—and, what perhaps indicates a greater change than any thing else, lawyers have been found offering their *gratuitous* services to the petitioners.

Few people can wish more for the extinction of monopolies than ourselves, but we think it but fair that while such monopolies have been sanctioned by the Government, the persons who have embarked their property upon the faith of their existence should receive some degree of remuneration for the losses which they must inevitably sustain by any material alteration in the laws and licenses for dramatic performances. There is, however, one point of view in which neither the faction advocating the necessity of this change, and for throwing open the field for theatrical competition, nor that which would preserve the law as it is, seem to have taken into their consideration—and this is the moral, or rather the immoral, influence of such a step on society.

It is a well-known fact, that there are many private theatres in the metropolis which are opened now by stealth, and with all the hazard of the law; and it is quite as well known that these places are filled, whenever they venture upon a performance, either by notoriously idle and profligate characters, or by those whose taste for acting leads them to neglect their legitimate calling, and into associations which but too generally demoralize and reduce them to the same level. With all the risks attending their performances there is scarce any want in these theatres of actors and actresses, who, conceiting themselves possessed of histrionic genius, quit their duties and devote their time and sacrifice their employers' interest for the indulgence of their passion. How greatly then would this evil be increased could every one of these theatres by the payment of a trifling annual sum obtain a license to perform openly. Many who are now deterred by the difficulty of getting engagements, and are kept by this difficulty in the legitimate and honest pursuits of their various callings, would at once embark in a profession which is but too alluring to the young mind, and which but too often leads to the sacrifice of comfort, respectability, and innocence. Were the law thrown open, every idle stage-struck apprentice and milliner would imagine that they had a resource against the *ennui* of the counter and the needle, and we should find innumerable Bartholomew-fair theatres springing up for their encouragement. We have already as many theatres as the proverbially gay people of Paris possess; and surely there are enough for the saturnine English. Indeed their empty benches, and the ruin of manager after manager, sufficiently prove the fact that there are enough, if not too many, theatres already. The abolition of the laws would not only therefore heap additional ruin upon existing establishments, but most likely cause the ruin of many others who might be induced to embark their means upon the uncertain sea of public favour and dramatic speculation. Our recollection of Lord Brougham's decision in the case of Mr. Arnold will not permit us to imagine that he can contemplate any extensive alteration in the present system. Nobody had a stronger claim to the extension of his privileges than Mr. Arnold. He enjoyed, too, the private friendship and good wishes of the Chancellor, and yet Lord Brougham decided against him; for with a six months' license it is quite as impossible to compete with the greater theatres as with one of four months. We must however leave this weighty question in the hands of the Petitioners and the Parliament, and proceed to our review.

DRURY-LANE.—Pantomimes are as natural at Christmas as plum-pudding. Christmas pantomime and Christmas pie are the usual accompaniments of the holidays, and there are few of the juvenile fry who delight more in the wonders of Harlequin's wand and the agility of his step than we do, grave critics as we are bound to be. We must confess, however, that the pantomimes do not appear to our eyes so good as they used to be: yet we are almost afraid to make this assertion, since it may be that we in our graver years see with different eyes to those with which we witnessed these entertainments in our youth. Joe Grimaldi—"every body's Joe" is gone, and with him one of the main spirits of pantomime has departed. Other clowns may be as active in their tumbles, and as passive in the thumps and bumps they receive in their career, but, alas! they want the dry humour, the

laugh-inspiring face, the quaint voice of Grimaldi. Mrs. Siddons and Joe Grimaldi stood alone in their different spheres, and it will be long, long, long, before we "look upon their like again,"—before we weep with such a heroine, or laugh with such a clown.

Jack the Giant-killer forms the subject of both the pantomimes this year, and certainly Drury Lane has succeeded in giving horror to the Ogre and his servants; but the main thing in the pantomime is Stanfield's diorama, which is indeed a wonderful work of art. Almost an acre of canvass covered with gems, all the elaborate architecture of Venice, the Plaza de San Marco, the Ponte Sospiri, and the various other buildings of the once Queen of the Ocean, passing before the eye of the audience, and transporting their imaginations to the very spot. There is not a particle of this production that one would not wish to preserve; and yet a few short weeks and their beauty will be obliterated, painted out, that the canvass may receive fresh impressions from the pencil of this magician of the scenic art. What would the old masters say if they could rise and see that painted only for a month, upon which they would have relied for an eternity of fame? The whole of the comic business of this pantomime is far superior to that at the other house; the Paganini scene is particularly good, as well as that of the whale. Miss Baseki is very much improved as Columbine, but still we miss the agility, spirit, and grace of Miss Barnett, who, since Mrs. Parker, is certainly the first Columbine of the day, or rather of the night; and though we may rejoice for her sake that she is promoted to be ballet-mistress, yet we lament it for our own.

The only novelty of the month has been a musical comic drama from the pen of Mr. George Rodwell, who has likewise composed the music of the piece. Its title of "My own Lover" is taken from the stratagem of a young Spanish lady, Donna Julia, to try the strength of the attachment of her lover Don Vincent. This said Don, unlike the grave Spaniard in general, is a gay roving fellow of the town in Madrid, as Ranger is in London; but though giving daily proofs of infidelity, he yet professes to love and admire but one. Ladies however, when this is the case, in spite of their belief in their own attractions, are rather apt to doubt the devotion of a lover whom they daily bear of at the feet of others. This is the case with Donna Julia, who attempts to discover the truth or falsehood of her suspicions by assuming the disguise of a young cavalier, and by awakening in him those sparks of jealousy without which true love can seldom exist. We need not say that her plan succeeds, because the plot of the drama consists in its success. Don Vincent discovers the coat of a male visitant hanging, quite at home, on a chair in his mistress's apartment. This is more than enough to fire the jealousy of any man, more particularly of the proverbially jealous Spaniard. Donna Julia refuses to explain, and the lover is very much inclined to run his sword through the doublet, as he cannot find the body to which it belongs to perform that operation upon with more effect. In the mean time, the disguised Julia acquires her lover's confidence and friendship under the assumed name of Don Floretto. He is therefore made the confidant of the suspicions of Don Vincent; but, on throwing off her cloak, discovers the identical doublet whose appearance in his mistress's chamber had not only aroused his suspicions, but almost confirmed them at the same time. This double treachery of both friend and mistress overwhelms him, and he is with difficulty restrained from vengeance for the space of twelve hours; at the expiration of which an explanation is promised. This explanation, from the reader's knowing the sex of the wearer of the said doublet, is of course satisfactory, and the piece concludes. There is an under-plot, of Don Fernando and his daughter; and both plots are aided by those inseparable personages from a Spanish drama—impudent lying valets and pert waiting-women. These were personated, to the delight of the audience, by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Orger, and Mr. Brindal, and that ever-active piece of Mercury, Mr. Harley: he must be hung together with wires, and every muscle in his body must be a patent spring; he is indeed the aptest illustration of "perpetual spring" that we have ever known or heard of. Mr. Wallack personated the gay, roving cavalier, with great spirit, and in very splendid dresses. Farren made an indifferent part a good one. Miss Phillips lost much of her tragic tone in Donna Julia, and played with great animation; and Miss Pearson, in her first original part, gave indications that she only wants encouragement to make progress in her profession: she sang a song or two, and a duet with Mr. Wood, with great good taste; and would she but give a little more animation to her acting, she would be a desirable acquisition to any theatre. This is one of the best pieces we have seen for some time: the intricacies of a Spanish plot are exceedingly well managed, and there are two or three comic situations quite equal to any thing on the stage. Had the action of this play been written up to, and the dialogue equalled the plot, it would have been as effective a drama as the "Duenna." It is full of incident of quite the dramatic sort, and will doubtless retain that favour with which it was received.

"Robert le Diable," with Meyerbeer's music, which has created such a sensation among all classes at Paris, is getting up at this theatre with great splendour,

and we understand the music assigned to Mrs. Wood and Mr. Phillips is superior to any thing that has been heard in this country; while the scenery is a novel attempt at effect that has never yet been produced upon an English stage.

COVENT GARDEN.—In addition to the troubles with which this House has to contend by the disputes of the proprietors, they have had to lament the illness of their principal and most attractive actor, Mr. Charles Kemble. Had he been contented with that in which he excelled all his cotemporaries, the theatre might now, perhaps, have been in better condition than it is. But ambition pervades all ranks of life; the apprentice wants to be a master, the lieutenant a general, the minister a king, and an actor a manager. Few people know truly the bent of their own genius, or the extent of their own capacity. Vandyke thought himself a great historical painter, and lamented his employment in that branch of the art which alone has immortalized him. Liston, Fawcett, and several other of our best comedians thought that their forte was tragedy, and were only laughed out of it by the conviction derived from the applauses of their audiences at their comedy. Charles Kemble thinks his chief attraction is high tragedy, in which he is really mediocre, while in every thing else he is excellent, and beyond all comparison the best among his cotemporaries: yet we have heard him say, on being complimented on his unparalleled performance of Cassio, "Ay, that is my misfortune; if I had not played Cassio so well, I should now have been playing Othello." Now, who is there, with the least love of the drama, that would not walk twenty miles to see Charles Kemble's Cassio? and who, with any knowledge of acting, would ride one to see him play Othello? Mr. Kemble's tragedy is the declamatory school; but his melodrama, his comedy, his domestic acting, is nature,—it is, if we may be allowed the expression, better than nature. But we digress. In speaking of Mr. Kemble's acting we could not repress our sentiments, and we must return to the position from which we set out,—namely, that we regret, and we believe the theatre has cause to regret, that he was not contented with acting well, but that he would be a manager. Now an actor is the last person in the world who ought to be a manager. It is in human nature to have prejudices and predilections, and actors are not more exempt from these failings than other men; and the ambition of an actor must naturally clash with the duties of a manager,—his own parts must be uppermost in his own consideration, and thus a bad play, containing a good part for himself or for any of his favourites, finds favour in his eyes, and is acted from selfish and personal considerations. We do not blame a manager-actor for this; it is human nature; and the human nature of an actor is certainly not more exempt from its failing than that of other people.—But to our duties of criticism. Mr. Charles Kemble has been ill, and the theatre has felt his loss, as they always will; for he is indeed an accomplished actor. Miss Shirreff too, they say, is ill: this we doubt, because we know that Mr. Welsh, with his usual Machiavelism, has been playing off one house against the other, in the hopes that she might at last get an engagement, by which she might earn something, instead of singing for nothing, as she did every night, except the first, at Covent Garden. Mr. Welsh has for once overreached himself. Before the appearance of his pupil he asked £1200 for twelve nights' performances. He agreed upon a sharing system after expenses, and shared nothing. He is now glad to manœuvre for a salary of twenty-five or thirty pounds a week; and Miss Shirreff is well worth it, high as it is, in comparison with the salaries of former times.

"Catherine of Cleves." We have for some time been anticipating the appearance of "Catherine of Cleves," which has been delayed through the illness of Mr. Charles Kemble; and our expectations of this play were increased from the high character of the author, who has given a spice of his quality in his translation of Faust. We confess we were somewhat disappointed in not finding it an original tragedy, but an adaptation—a very skilful one it must be owned—of "Henri Trois et sa Cour," a piece in which Mademoiselle Mars created a sensation at the Theatre Francais about a year since. Lord Leveson Gower is a great lover of theatricals, and a great patron of the respectable professors of the histrionic art. He gets up private plays, and is one of those to whom the lover of the drama may look as likely to assist in its regeneration. The story of this drama is very simple. Catherine of Cleves, who is married to the Duke de Guise, of notorious memory, is the admiration of the whole Court of Henry the Third, but of none more than the Count St. Megrin, who is himself the male ornament of the Palais, for whom every woman is sighing. For the Duchess de Guise, however, St. Megrin has a passion of a much deeper nature than any that has hitherto entered his heart, and this feeling is unfortunately participated by the unhappy Duchess. Conscious of this feeling, she resists it with all her power; but it is still sufficiently apparent to rouse the jealousy of the haughty Duke, who, consequently, hates St. Megrin with a mortal hatred; a feeling which he is at no pains to hide in the presence of the Count. The consequence of this is, that he quarrels with the Count in the presence of the King, and refuses his defiance on the plea that a duke cannot, con-

sistently with his rank, put a count upon a level with himself in combat. Henry however, who loves St. Megrin, and wishes to mortify his cousin of Guise, creates the Count a Duke upon the spot, and gives directions for the preparation of the lists for the duel. The Duke's anger is increased by this favour of the King, shown to his rival, and imagining that matters have proceeded further between his Duchess and St. Megrin, he determines to sacrifice him to his vengeance, without waiting the event or giving him the chance of the duel. To accomplish this the more securely, he enters his wife's chamber, and insists upon her writing to the Count, informing him that her husband will be absent at night, and that her chamber-door would be open, and inviting him to avail himself of the opportunity for an interview. She resists; but the Duke is not to be put from his purpose, and her favourite page is therefore despatched with a note, which is to summon him to his fate. The Duchess's only hope is, that her lover may not come. In this, however, she is doomed to be disappointed. The clock strikes—the Count's steps are heard ascending the stairs. He thinks he is flying to love and rapture—she knows he is coming to death: he expects to be the happiest of successful lovers—she knows he is to die: he enters—perceives her agitation—attributes it to the door being still unfastened—locks it—and finds, to his astonishment, that it is already fastened on the outside, and that the large bar, the usual internal protection of the door, has been removed. She now explains to him the danger in which he is placed, the manner in which she has been compelled to betray him into such deadly peril, and the little chance of his escape. She is all despair. He yet thinks only of his love; and seems, in this first acknowledgment of her tenderness, to find a sufficient compensation even for the sacrifice of life itself. The steps of the murderers are now heard without. The window presents the only means of escape; but the height is so great as only to change the means of his death. At this moment a note and a ladder of ropes are thrown into the window from the court, by the faithful Arthur, who has discovered the plot. The ladder is immediately attached to the window; but the assassins are at the door, which is already nearly burst open, when Catherine rushes to the portal, and, thrusting her arm into the staples which are placed to hold the bar, thus gains time for his escape at the hazard of her personal peril. De Guise enters with his myrmidons, and, furious at finding that his victim has escaped, rushes to the window, when, to his savage delight and to her despair, he hears the clash of the swords of those by whom he had surrounded the palace. The conflict below is soon over; and one of the assassins, supposed to be turning over the bodies, tells first of the page's death, and then that under a heap of others St. Megrin lies still alive. Catherine begs his life; but De Guise, with the last malice of a fiend, throws a handkerchief of his wife's, which he had found in the Count's possession, out of the window, telling his infernal agent that it will delight the Count to be strangled by a handkerchief bearing the arms of Lorraine. Catherine shrieks, swallows poison, and dies proclaiming her innocence. This Play does great credit to Lord Leveson Gower. It is well adapted, and beautifully written, and the principal parts are well acted; but it is not so well got up as the plays generally are at Covent Garden, nor as well as it deserves. There is a dinginess about the scenery, dresses, and decorations, that we do not usually observe at this theatre, and we were sorry for it.

The story of "Jack the Giant-killer" is much better told at this theatre than at the other. The Ogre, with his trumpet-voice and his huge castle,—little Jack, with his spirit and seven-league boots,—are all capitally done; and we have the whole of that tale, which has so wonderfully delighted almost every child, admirably embodied. The latter part of the Pantomime, and most particularly the Dioramа, is far inferior to that at the other House.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Tanning of Leather by Grape Marc.—A medical man of the neighbourhood of Narbonne has announced that the marc of grapes, after being distilled for the purpose of separating the alcohol, is an important assistant to oak bark, in the tanning process. After preparing skins in the usual manner, he placed them in the pits with the marc, in the place of bark. In thirty-five or forty days the tanning was finished. The expected advantages are, 1. shorter time; 2. reduction of the price of oak bark; 3. a more agreeable odour of the leather than that given by oak bark; 4. greater strength in the leather.—*Recueil Industriells.*

Ancient Cutting Tools.—Whether the ancients were in possession of any species of metal harder than our steel, or whether they had some method of hardening the materials with which we are acquainted, but which method is now lost, are questions which, perhaps, the investigations of science and history may be said to have left unanswered. Those stupendous monuments of antiquity, the Egyptian

obelisks, are of porphyry, and, as every one knows, most curiously carved with a vast number of figures. That these sculptures have been executed with some kind of tools, and the application of immense labour, of course will not be disputed; still it has been confidently asserted that we are not acquainted with any instruments which would be capable of cutting stones of such untractable hardness. Hence it was the common notion, two centuries back, that the art of steeling tools in the highest degree of perfection was certainly lost to the moderns.—*Literary Guardian.*

Efficacy of Common Holly (Ilex aquifolium) in Intermittent Fevers.—Dr. Emile Rousseau, who brought the subject before the Academy of Sciences in France, is now preparing for publication his own observations, as well as those of many distinguished practitioners. They all acknowledge this plant to be a valuable succedaneum for Peruvian bark and sulphate of quinine. Many observations in the work tend to prove that it is even superior to quinine. The holly is very low in price, and may be gathered and used at all seasons of the year. This truly philanthropic man has also succeeded in isolating the active principle of the holly, to which he has given the name of *ilicine*.—Revue Encyclopédique.

Aerographe.—Under the name of aërographe, M. Pessault Delatour has invented, and presented to the French Minister of Marine, a portable telegraph, capable of being used by night as well as by day; the principles of which are exceedingly simple, and which promises to be extensively serviceable.

Flour for Sheep.—M. Maitre, a great agriculturist and breeder of sheep near Chatillon-sur-Seine, about a year ago conceived the idea that not only the straw of corn, but the dried stalks of clover, lucerne, &c. might be ground into flour. His experiments have been crowned with complete success; and he has obtained a kind of flour, the quality of which is similar to that of bruised fodder. This aliment is a substitute for bran, and is an agreeable and substantial food for sheep and lambs, who seek it with avidity.

Panorama of Florence.—A panoramic view of Florence, taken by Mr. Burford in 1830, has been opened for exhibition in the lesser circle at Leicester Square. It is a very pleasing picture, taken from the Convent of Jesuits in the midst of the City, and looking both up and down the Arno. Among the palaces on the banks of that celebrated river, stand side by side those of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and the Countess d'Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts. Most of the public edifices are conspicuously seen; and the distant mountains are most beautifully delineated.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The Cambridge Philosophical Society has resumed its meetings for the season. At the first meeting Professor Sedgwick was in the chair. Various books presented to the society were announced, and some other objects, among which were three models of staircases of new construction, presented by M. De Lassaulx, of Coblentz. A paper was read by Professor Airy, on some new modifications in the phenomena of Newton's rings. The beginning of a paper was also read by Professor Henslow, containing a description of a hybrid plant, of which the parents were the *digitalis purpurea* and *d. lutea*. After the meeting, Professor Sedgwick gave an account, illustrated by sections, of the geological structure of Caernarvonshire.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—These gardens are advancing rapidly towards completion; the large conservatory, 300 feet in circumference, is now glazed, and has a most beautiful effect; it is the largest continued surface of glass in England, and contains upwards of 6000 feet, under which will be displayed the greatest number of distinct species of climbing plants ever seen together. Indeed, from the exertions making, these gardens will prove as attractive to the botanist as the zoologist. The principal walls and avenues are being planted with every description of native and exotic forest-trees that will endure this climate, each tree being a distinct species, which will be labelled with its common and scientific name. It augurs well to see that that able and distinguished naturalist, W. Swainson, Esq. has accepted the office of Honorary Zoologist to this institution, assisted by E. Gray, Esq. of the British Museum. Fresh donations are daily adding to the collection. Lord Prudhoe has presented a large number of gold and silver fish for stocking the streams in the conservatory; a pair of wild swans from the Marchioness of Stafford; several brace of gold and silver pheasants by J. Fuller, Esq. The Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., and the Hon. T. Ross, have added their names as subscribers.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton, Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Date. 1831.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	26-39	29,55-29,71	S.W. & N.W.	.025	Generally clear.
24	24-37	29,81-29,94	N.W.		Except the evening, clear.
25	21-31	30,07-30,24	N.W.		A very dense fog.
26	24-39	30,30-30,35	N.W.		Morning generally clear, aftern. & eveng. foggy.
27	34-46	30,33-30,27	S.E.		Cloudy.
28	36-41	30,20-30,27	N. b. E. & N.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
29	32-43	30,17-30,12	N.W.		Cloudy.
30	25-41	30,22-30,34	N.E.		Generally clear.
31	22-37	30,30-30,16	N.W.		Clear.
1832.					
Jan. 1	20-33	30,16-30,12	N.		Clear.
2	21-37	29,92-29,80	N.E.		General cloud.
3	27-32	At 29,76	S.W.		Generally clear, the evening foggy.
4	16-32	29,68-29,61	S.W.		Morning very foggy; evening generally clear.
5	26-36	29,63-29,61	S.E.		General cloud.
6	29-39	29,58-29,42	E.		General cloud, misling rain in the evening.
7	33-41	29,35-29,33	S.E. & N.E.		Generally cloudy, sunshine at times in morning.
8	32-40	29,33-29,39	N.E.		General cloud.
9	32-43	29,46-29,37	S.E.		General cloud, freq. rain in the aftern. & eveng.
10	36-49	29,51-29,64	S.W.	.225	Except the morning, cloudy, with rain in aftern.
11	39-48	29,72-29,61	S.W.	.025	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
12	33-46	29,72-29,56	S.W.	.125	Morng. clear, aftern. & eveng. cloudy, with rain.
13	35-41	29,50-29,74	N.W.	.025	Cloudy, rain at times.
14	27-37	30,03-30,23	N.W.	.025	Generally clear, except the evening.
15	21-36	30,34-30,38	N.E. & E.		Generally clear.
16	21-35	30,36-30,22	S.W.		Evening cloudy, the rest of the day clear.
17	39-41	30,20-30,23	S.W.		General cloud.
18	42-28	30,25-30,26	S.W.		Clear.
19	23-34	30,26-30,20	S.W.		General cloud, and foggy.
20	23-34	At 30,11	S.W.		General cloud.
21	29-41	30,07-30,16	S.W.		General cloud.
22	32-43	30,16-30,15	S.W.		General cloud.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

D. Ledsam, and W. Jones, of Birmingham, for improvements in machinery for making pins, rivets, wood-screws, and nails. December 22, 1831.

H. Gore, of Manchester, for an improvement in the machines commonly called by spinners "throstle machines," and spinning frames, which machines operate by spindles and flyers; and bobbin for spinning or twisting yarn or threads. December 22, 1831.

P. Greaves, of Chorley, Lancaster, for a method of making ornamental or fancy cotton yarns and threads, applicable to the making, sewing, or embroidering cotton and other fabrics. December 22, 1831.

J. C. T. Kreeft, of Old Bond Street, London, for an improved apparatus for shaping plates of metal, and for manufacturing various articles therefrom. Communicated to him by Stephen Von Keehzs, and Moritz Von Ischoffen, foreigners residing abroad. December 22, 1831.

S. Hall, of Basford, Nottingham, for an improved piston and valve for steam, gas, and other engines; also an improved method of imbricating the pistons, piston rods, and valves or cocks of such engines, and of condensing the steam, and supplying water to the boilers of such steam engines as are wrought by a vacuum produced by condensation. December 22, 1831.

B. Nott, of Liverpool, Esq., for improvements in the construction of a furnace or furnaces for generating heat, and in the apparatus for the application of heat to various useful purposes, being further improvements upon a patent obtained by the petitioner, dated November 4, 1830. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 22, 1831.

M. Muir, of Hutchinson Town, Glasgow, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing boards for flooring and other purposes. December 22, 1831.

R. W. Wingfield, of Birmingham, Warwick, for improvements in the construction of bedsteads, one or more of which said improvements is or are likewise applicable to other articles. December 22, 1831.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The Christmas holidays in the early part of the month of January interfered a good deal with commercial operations, as is customary. A great struggle was made by master manufacturers, both in Yorkshire and Lancashire, to keep on their workmen to the turn of the year, when they expected a re-action would take place in the affairs of trade; but in this endeavour they were disappointed by provincial bankers almost entirely suspending their discounts, even to their best customers, which so crippled the means of manufacturers, that they were compelled to discharge workmen to a large number in all fabrics; and the state of the manufacturing districts and the raw markets of Wool, Cotton, and Silk, is very unsatisfactory at present.

Colonial produce markets, however, are in a better situation than we could report them in our last Number. Sugar and Rum have been very buoyant. The former article has advanced about 3*s.* per cwt., and Leeward Island Rum 1*d.* per gallon. Coffee is rather dull of sale, but after the great excitement that has recently occurred in it, this re-action was to be looked for. In East India produce there has been fair and steady business. Cinnamon and Cloves have been particularly in demand.

The Tea declaration of the East India Company for their quarterly sale in March is a very large one, 8,500,000lb.; which is upwards of 150,000lb. more than the preceding declaration. The periodical Indigo sale at the India House has just closed. The declaration was very small, only 4,000 chests. Finer sorts went at the previous sale's quotations; and inferior descriptions 6*d.* per lb. higher. There is a very large stock on hand in the country, otherwise the price would have been higher.

Anti-cholera drugs are now scarcely inquired after, and Camphor, Oil of Cajeput, and Oil of Peppermint, are returning to their old prices.

The Money-Market.—On the 19th instant the settlement in the English Stock Market took place, which had been looked forward to with some anxiety, as the fluctuations during the progress of the Account had amounted to about 3 per cent. However, the balances were all paid or arranged, and the day passed off smoothly; the Funds have since been steady without much business doing in them. Consols are now quoted ex dividend, as that Stock is open again for money bargains, after the closing which takes place in it before Christmas and Midsummer. The present price is 82⅛. Foreign politics and the Belgian loan have unsettled English securities a good deal of late, but still firmness has been the principal feature in them, sustained as they have been by a very powerful Bull party. Foreign securities have partaken of the fluctuations in Consols, but there has been more disposition in them to droop than in the securities of this Government. Russian and Portuguese Bonds have fluctuated materially. South American Stocks not so much, although the advices from some of the new States are not very favourable, particularly from Colombia, which seems to be in a condition of positive anarchy. Belgian Scrip is no favourite in this market, although great efforts are made to support it. It has been as low as 3¼ dis. It is now 1¼ discount.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 25th of February.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Consols 82 five-eighths, three-quarters.—Three per Cents. Reduced 82 seven-eighths, 83.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced 90, quarter.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 89 five-eighths, three-quarters.—Four per Cents. 99 half, five-eighths.—Bank Stock 193.—India Stock 196.—India Bonds par.—Exchequer Bills 10,11.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian 44 half, 45.—Chilian 16 half, 17.—Colombian 11, 12.—Danish 65 quarter, three-quarters.—Dutch 41.—French 65f. 50c.—Greek 21, 23.—Mexican 34 three-quarters, 35 quarter.—Portuguese 48, 49.—Russian 96, quarter.—Spanish 13 three-eighths, five-eighths.

SHARES.

Imperial Brazilian 44, 45.—Provincial Bank, Ireland, £25.—Guardian 21 half.—Alliance 7 three-quarters, 8 quarter.—Protector £25, £26.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 13, 1831, TO JANUARY 17, 1832, INCLUSIVE.

December 13.—J. Herbert, Hatton Garden, builder.—S. Saunders, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, boarding-house-keeper.—T. W. Ward, Bishopsgate Street, woollen-draper.—C. Fuller, Paradise Row, Islington, merchant.—W. Henfrey, Northampton, wine-merchant,—M. Molineux, Hertford, cabinet-maker.—J. Holman, Baalzephon Street, Long Lane, Bermondsey, millwright.—J. Bull, Mitcham, Surrey, brewer.—B. Glover, Watling Street, calico-printer.—H. Williams, Droitwich, Worcestershire, builder.—T. Benbow, Tenbury, Worcestershire, mercer.—R. Chapman, Newport, Monmouthshire, painter.—G. Godden, East Street, Havant, Hants, chemist.—J. Wells, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.—J. Bennetts and N. Robins, Gunnis Lake, Calstock, Cornwall, granite merchants.—R. Tarleton, Liverpool, hat-manufacturer.—J. Gunton, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, confectioner.

December 16.—W. Barnfield, jun. Mark Lane, wine-merchant.—J. Hopkins, Woolwich, grocer.—J. Gray, Blackman Street, Borough, victualler.—A. Murray, Mark Lane, flour-factor.—W. Snell, Totness, Devonshire, linen-draper.—T. W. Sadler, Old Bailey, oilman.—W. Snow, Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, coach-maker.—G. Thwaites and S. Toplis, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square, upholders.—W. T. Webb, Swan Yard, Bermondsey Street, currier.—J. Hiatt, Crown Court, Broad Street, wine-merchant.—J. A. Martin, Earl's Colne, Essex, victualler.—G. Navin, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, grocer.—W. Jones, Pwllmelyn, Flintshire, lead-merchant.—L. Ellison, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.—J. N. Johnson, J. Foster, and J. Walsh, Liverpool, oil and colourmen.—J. B. Holdstock, Liverpool, commission-agent.—A. Wright, London, merchant.—R. Wrigley, Rochdale, Lancashire, corn-dealer.—S. Stott, Rochdale, Lancashire, corn-dealer.—T. Crossbee, Birmingham, brass-manufacturer.—T. Gilling, Stoke Lane, Somersetshire, paper-maker.—C. Sheffield, Commercial Terrace, Commercial Road, china-dealer.—J. Nelson, Rolls Buildings, Chancery Lane, stable-keeper.—J. Springett, Linton, Kent, cattle-dealer.—W. Blasil, Quorndon, Leicestershire, bowl-manufacturer.—S. Woodhead, Ovenden, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer.

December 20.—C. E. Martin, New Street, Dorset Square, linen-draper.—W. Cutbush, Wilmington Square, Clerkenwell, builder.—J. Willis, Oxford Street, hotel-keeper.—J. Jackson, Tottenham Court Road, oilman.—J. W. Foster, High Street, Newington Butts, haberdasher.—D. E. Eggleton, Paradise Wharf, Chelsea, coal-merchant.—G. L. Massey, Portsea, Hants, linen-draper.—E. Crabb, Bath, corn-factor.—W. Gregory, Nottingham, commission-agent.—T. Lutcombe, Brighton, librarian.—J. Saxon and W. Royston, Handforth, Cheshire, paper-dealers.—J. Bacon, Worthing, wine-merchant.—J. E. Rose, Bath, linen-draper.—T. Warliters, Manchester, draper.—J. Hollings, Morley, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Calvin, Worcester, hatter.—T. Darwell, Wigan, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—R. Parry, Birmingham, hop-merchant.—G. and W. Clements, West Derby, Liverpool, brewers.

December 23.—J. and T. Brown, Bromley St. Leonard's, black-ash-manufacturers.—T. Lalley, Cotton Street, High Street, Poplar, cheesemonger.—H. Pain, Newman Street, Oxford Street, surveyor.—J. Hawkins and G. Reddis, Haymarket, wine-merchants.—A. Morton, Richmond, wine-merchant.—W. and W. S. Plimpton, Lower Thames Street, seedsmen.—A. Thompson, Barnard Castle, Durham, linen-draper.—C. Cliff, Sheffield, hat-dealer.—A. W. Collard, Liverpool, merchant.—E. Crookes, Sheffield, laceman.—M. Canavan, Macclesfield, draper.—J. Rinder, Leeds, butcher.—J. Hunt, Preston, Lancashire, wine-merchant.—J. Young, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, surgeon.—J. Hardisty, Horsforth, Yorkshire, money-scrivener.—J. Williams, St. Wollos, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant.—J. Chapman, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, merchant.—C. Negus, Streatham, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, cordwainer.

December 27.—J. R. Tilstone, Cheapside, commercial-agent.—J. Priseman, Putney, wheelwright.—D. Dodgin, Burlington Gardens, gold-manufacturer.—A. P. Bromwich, Tottenham Court Road, baker.—C. G. Wylie, Walton Place, Blackfriars Road, cheesemonger.—W. Talbot, Birmingham, grocer.—J. Bamford, Oxford, wine-merchant.—W. Emans, Birmingham, bookseller.—W. Bargh, Dronfield, Derbyshire, victualler.—J. H. Parker, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, ship-builder.—C. and J. Walton, Toxteth Park, Lancashire, builders.—W. B. Harding, Gloucester, baker.—T. Waller, Hightown, Yorkshire, leather-dealer.—P. Tregent, Postlip, Gloucestershire, paper-manufacturer.—W. Bradley, Manchester, manufacturer.—S. A. Blake, Plymouth, ironmonger.—W. Hill, York, miller.—C. F. Davis, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier.

December 30.—J. Evans, Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, warehouseman.—T. Mason, Pinner, horse-dealer.—R. Sherwood, Princes Street, Stamford Street, builder.—J. Lees, Droitwich, Worcestershire, salt-manufacturer.—J. Crampton, Kirkoswald, Cumberland, paper-manufacturer.—T. Coveney, Benenden, Kent, farmer.—B. L. Watson, Liverpool, flag-manufacturer.—W. Winter, Bristol, surgeon.—B. J. Griffiths, Wrexham, Denbighshire, draper.—H. Gilleland, Liverpool, bricklayer.

1832. *January* 3.—J. Cazenove, Broad Street Buildings, underwriter.—I. Shaw, Gracechurch Street, cheesemonger.—W. Elston, Eyre Street Hill, St. Andrew's, Holborn, victualler.—R. Jennings, Chertsey, Surrey, bricklayer.—W. Hervey, sen. Birmingham, sword-cutler.—W. Butt, Sheerness, Kent, linen-draper.—C. B. Courtenay, Robert Street, Adelphi, Strand, doctor of medicine.—J. Carpenter, Cambridge, linen-draper.—C. Wood and K. Poole, Abchurch Lane, bill-brokers.—W. A. Noble, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, engineer.—H. G. Mitchell, No. 1, Bermondsey Wall, wine-merchant.—J. Hinde, New Court, Crutched Friars, wine-merchant.—E. Thompson, H. Thompson, and T. G. Thompson, St. Martin's Lane, linen-drapers.—H. Calverley, Scotton, Yorkshire, tanner.—M. Dixon, Hessle, Kingston upon Hull, corn-dealer.—J. Platt, Manchester, publican.—J. Edge, Derby, mercer.—J. Hall, Kingston upon Hull, tobacconist.—R. Pitt, Ibstock, Leicestershire, innkeeper.—R. Hudson, Manchester, timber-merchant.—J. Hodson, Sheffield, Yorkshire, table-knife-cutler.

January 6.—J. Lloyd, Fore Street, stationer.—R. Job, Norton Falgate, jeweller.—G. Littlewood and T. Green, Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, printers.—R. Jermyn, Baldock, Herts, shopkeeper.—J. Leech, Ludgate Hill, licensed victualler.—S. Jones and W. Nichols, Dorches-

ter, linen-drapers.—S. Morris and W. Harrison, Tottenham Court Road, linen-drapers.—W. Hudson, master-mariner.—J. Bayley, Stockport, cotton-spinner.—W. Briggs, Drypool, Kingston upon Hull, grocer.—D. Bretherton, Liverpool, spirit-merchant.

January 10.—I. Watt, Millman Street, Bedford Row, agent.—J. W. Sherwood, Newgate Street, cheesemonger.—T. G. Conington, Limehouse Causeway, Limehouse, baker.—R. Dove, Botwell, Middlesex, brickmaker.—H. Baylis, Johnson's Court, printer.—J. Collins and E. Prior, Goswell Street, horse-dealers.—T. Trotter, Liverpool, commission-broker.—C. Travare, Manchester, dyer.—E. Redman, Worthing, Sussex, shopkeeper.—J. Mayor, Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper.—F. Casey, Manchester, merchant.—J. Pym Blackmore, Morrice Town, Devonshire, attorney.—J. S. Bird, and J. Taylor, Bath, cabinet-makers.—W. Wroe, Toller Lane, Yorkshire, wool-comber.

January 13.—H. Green, Nelson Street, Greenwich, tobacconist.—T. Cresswell, Cross Lane, St. Mary at Hill, fish-factor.—L. Nutley, Great Newport Street, Long Acre, bootmaker.—G. Balley, Mina Road, Old Kent Road, carpenter.—T. Stephens, London Road, linen-draper.—R. Starke, Borough Market, builder.—A. Barclay, York, bookseller.—J. Houghton and J. Watts, Soho Square, drapers.—S. Musgrove, High Street, Shadwell, boot and shoe-manufacturer.—R. Ridley, Brighton, hatter.—J. Jefferies, Leeds, worsted-stuff-manufacturer.—S. Alcock, Birmingham, hat-manufacturer.—C. Sanderson, Park Gate Works, Yorkshire, tin-plate-manufacturer.—J. Ingle, Beverley, Yorkshire, tanner.—W. Alcock, Atherstone, Warwickshire, victualler.—W. Batson, Burringham, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant.—M. Watkinson, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—W. Cockrill, East Butterwick, Lincolnshire, corn-factor.—J. Brooks, St. James's End, Northamptonshire, carpenter.—J. and J. Battin, Aston, Warwickshire, corn-dealers.—B. Burnell, Leeds, linen-draper.—W. Wilcox, Walcot, Somersetshire, chair-maker.—T. Kirby, King's Lynn, Norfolk, grocer.—E. Jones, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire, innkeeper.—J. Loftus, Bristol, wholesale druggist.—G. and J. Ridgway, Manchester, lacemen.

January 17.—T. Parke, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, plumber.—J. Childs, Leicester Square, jeweller.—J. Bush, Blackman Street, victualler.—M. Treacy, King Street, Cheapside, straw-hat-manufacturer.—I. Thorp, Reddish Mills, Reddish, Lancashire, calico-printer.—A. Melsby and J. Cleworth, Salford, Lancashire, plumbers.—J. Braithwaite, Liverpool, fruiterer.—J. Deadman, Stapleton Road, St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, victualler.—J. Wigan, Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer.—B. T. Clark, Lakenham, Norwich, corn-merchant.—J. Wilks, Birmingham, linen-draper.—W. Minshull, Cholsey, Berks, cattle-dealer.—J. F. Dean, Burton upon Trent, Staffordshire, provision-dealer.—J. Lloyd, Leeds, merchant.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—February 1, 1832.

House of Lords. January 17.—The House met this day pursuant to adjournment.—Certain returns of the tolls received on turnpike roads were ordered to be printed.

Jan. 19.—The Earl of Wicklow inquired whether there was likely to be any melioration of certain clauses in the Act preventing the growth of tobacco in Ireland, which operated very injuriously on many of the working classes in that country? Lord Auckland replied that attention would be immediately paid to the subject.

House of Commons. January 17.—Mr. Dawson complained of fees imposed on Irish Magistrates for the renewal of their commissions. He wished first to know upon what principle such writs were issued? and secondly, on what authority the Lord Chancellor was allowed to charge a fee of 2*l.* 16*s.* on each warrant, beside a fee for the clerk of 2*l.* 6*s.*? Such was the number of new writs issued that the Lord Chancellor would pocket between three and four thousand pounds. Mr. Crampton said the new commissions were issued on the authority of the law, which rendered it necessary to do so within six months after the demise of the Crown and the accession of a new Sovereign. Then as to the cry which was raised against the payment of fees in Ireland, he thought it a very unjust one, for their payment was also provided for by the law of the land. The fees were now reduced from ten pounds on each warrant, the sum paid under the late Administration, to about three pounds under the present; and so far at least it could not be denied that the cry which had been raised against their payment was unjust.—Mr. Croker rose to present a petition from Helston, complaining of the manner in which the several schedules of the Reform Bill had been made out, and praying that each borough might be struck out of Schedule B. The Right Hon. Gentleman said the scale of regulation which had been laid upon the table was one of the most absurd, as well as the most intricate, that could be well devised; and was further extremely deficient of that information which they were promised by both the Noble Lords (Althorp and Russell) on the last day the House met before the recess. He did not complain of the delay; he should only complain of going into the Committee on Friday, or till they had ample time to consider the documents promised. Lord J. Russell replied, that he had felt assured, as must every Hon. Member, that in such complicated accounts there must be some discrepancy; and it had been thought better

not to produce them till they were sufficiently perfect. As it was not inconsistent with the practice of the House, his Noble Friend and himself would have no objection to pass over those parts till Hon. Members had had the returns in their possession for a sufficient time; but he saw no reason for delaying the committal of the Bill beyond the time fixed. Lord Althorp submitted that there was no ground for the postponement of the Committee. Mr. Croker replied, that as the Bill avowedly proceeded on "a new basis," ought they to go into a committee before they understood such new basis? Mr. Goulburn spoke to the like effect. The petition was ordered to lie on the table.—Several petitions were presented against the Registry Bill, and Sir C. Wetherell hoped it would be withdrawn, as it was considered objectionable in almost every county in England.—Lord Ashley said he had to present a petition from certain persons, freeholders in the county of Dorset, who had entered into recognizances to defend his return for that county, and praying for an enlargement of the time from the 24th of this month to the first of March. He had himself at one period fully determined to go before the Committee appointed to try the merits of the petition against his return; but, in consideration of the great expense attending it, he was not now disposed to contest it.—Several petitions were presented against the present tithe system.—Lord Duncannon moved the order of the day for the House resolving itself into a committee upon the Land Revenues Amendment Bill. Mr. Warburton moved for the second reading of this Bill, and expressed a hope that whatever opposition might be intended against it should be deferred till the third reading. Sir R. Inglis objected to the principle of the Bill. Mr. C. Pelham objected to several of the clauses of the Bill. On the motion being put from the Chair, Mr. Hunt moved that the House be counted, when it was found that there were only 32 members present.

Jan. 18.—There not being more than 35 members present, the House was adjourned.

Jan. 19.—Mr. Crampton presented a petition from Milborne Port, complaining of the depressed state of the glove trade.—Mr. Hunt presented a petition, signed by a number of members of the Northern and Western Metropolitan Union, inhabitants of the parishes of St. Pancras and Marylebone, praying for a repeal of the Assessed Taxes.—Mr. Stanley then moved for leave to bring in the Reform Bill for Ireland. He stated that in many particulars it was similar to the Bill of last session; but that on some points it differed from the previous measure. The number remains the same. Ireland is to have 105 members. He stated that though there was much difference of opinion on this portion of the Bill, the Ministers had not thought that they should be justified to open the question of the relative proportion of members, particularly after what had been settled by the Union. With respect to the franchise for counties, following up the principle of the English Bill, as regards leaseholds, it was proposed to give votes to those who had beneficial interests in leases for fourteen years, and where the rent was twenty pounds; that regulation, it was thought, would be equivalent to the fifty-pound leaseholders of England—Ireland, he wished it to be remembered, being without forty-shilling freeholders. As to the boroughs, it was unnecessary to extend the principle of disfranchisement to them, because there was not one of them that had not a population which would present a respectable constituency. It was only requisite to extend the right of voting; for though Belfast, like Bath, had a large population, it was not very satisfactory that eleven or twelve individuals should return the members. To remedy this defect, it was proposed that all resident ten-pound householders should have votes; the payment of local taxes to determine the right to vote. It is not proposed however, as in England, to continue the rights of the freemen beyond existing interests, because to do so would be to continue very objectionable votes—namely, those of an exclusively Protestant character. In lopping off this species of voters, they only applied the principle adopted in the case of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders. The system of polling, the time, the places, &c. as at present existing in Ireland, not to be touched by this Bill, it being thought that if the experiment succeeded in England, then it might be extended to Ireland. As to the right of voting in counties which are cities, freeholders and householders are to be combined to form the constituency. Mr. Leader complained of the unsatisfactory and disproportionate character of the proposed Bill—maintained that Ireland ought to have more members—and that this measure did not present the conservative link so requisite to preserve the interests and a good understanding between the two countries. Mr. Ruthven thought that thirty-two additional members should be given to Ireland, which required only a fair share of the representation. Sir J. Burke, as an Irish Member, was bound to declare his conviction that the same justice had not been done to the agricultural districts of Ireland that had been done to the towns. Mr. J. Grattan did not conceive that the Bill would give satisfaction to all parts of Ireland. He thought the number of members additional, when stated at thirty-two, was rather overdone; but he would contend that Ireland should at least have members in the same proportion as Scotland. Sir G. Warrender did not conceive that any of the Irish Members who had spoken on the question had made out

their case, to show that Ireland was entitled to the five additional members that were to be given. Mr. Croker said the arguments which had been urged from both sides of the House had tended merely to show what they, of his opinion, had always declared—that the great and sweeping measure of Reform was uncalled for; and while it only disturbed the institutions of the countries, it would not benefit either. Lord Althorp said, that Ministers had already stated their definitive intentions with respect to Ireland and Scotland: it was their determination to abide by the numbers already proposed. He denied that members should be in the same proportion to population in Ireland as in England, the state of the two countries being different. Were not the interests of Ireland already sufficiently supported in the House? Considering that the number of the Irish representatives was settled so short a time ago as thirty-two years, and that the interests of that country were so amply supported in the House, it was unnecessary to alter the number. Leave was given to bring in the Bill.—The Lord Advocate then moved for leave to bring in the Reform Bill for Scotland, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 3rd of February.—Lord Duncannon brought up the Report of the Bill for granting 75,000*l.* for the completion of Buckingham Palace.—Mr. Sheil gave notice that he would move in the Committee, on the first clause of the English Reform Bill, that sixty-one be inserted instead of seventy-six; and that the boroughs of Eye, Wareham, Petersfield, Midhurst, and Woodstock, be inserted in Schedule A.

THE REVENUE.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended on the 5th of January 1831, and the 5th of January 1832, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended January 5, 1831.	1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	16,343,561	15,336,715	—	1,006,846
Excise	16,895,775	14,330,875	—	2,564,900
Stamps	6,605,291	6,500,910	—	104,381
Post Office	1,358,011	1,391,006	32,995	—
Taxes	5,013,405	4,864,342	—	149,063
Miscellaneous	601,302	409,322	—	191,980
Total	46,817,345	42,833,170	32,995	4,017,170
Deduct Increase				32,995
Decrease on the Year				3,984,175

	Qrs. ended January 5, 1831.	1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	3,769,695	3,528,723	—	240,972
Excise	4,831,220	4,265,574	—	565,646
Stamps	1,585,683	1,602,013	16,330	—
Post Office	330,005	328,000	—	2,005
Taxes	2,062,030	1,981,262	—	80,768
Miscellaneous	143,130	112,973	—	30,157
Total	12,721,763	11,818,545	16,330	919,548
Deduct Increase				16,330
Decrease on the Quarter				903,218

When allowance is made for the taxes remitted, it will appear that there is in fact an increase of the revenue. That the increase is not so great as to make up for the repeal of taxes is generally ascribed to the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords, and the consequent stagnation of trade.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

The Rev. Cornelius Cardew, D.D.

At Barnstaple, September 17, in his 84th year, the Rev. Cornelius Cardew, D.D., Vicar of Uni-Lelant, and Rector of St. Erme, in the county of Cornwall; and for thirty-four years Master of the Truro Grammar School. Dr. Cardew graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, M.A. 1775, B. and D.D. 1786; and was appointed Master of Truro school in 1771. For that arduous situation Dr. Cardew was equally fitted by naturally good talents and a highly cultivated mind; and as was the tree, such has been the fruit. For, whilst he laboured with the kindest personal solicitude for the improvement and welfare of every boy committed to his care, the long list of his distinguished Pupils in Church and State, in Arms, in Literature, and in Science, will amply show that he was capable of imparting to Genius both the impulse which makes it eager to start forward in the race of life, and those solid acquirements which enable it, afterwards, to maintain a foremost place in it. Among his scholars may be enumerated, Lord Exmouth; Sir Humphry Davy, Pr. R. S.; the Rev. H. Martyn, and the Rev. J. Kempthorne, both Senior Wranglers; Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. &c. &c. In his intercourse with the world he was alive to its charms, as well as to its duties; and, although by no means a stranger to disappointment, or to repeated and severe domestic affliction, it was delightful to his numerous acquaintance to see with what gratitude for the blessings that remained, and with what buoyancy of heart and spirit, he would enliven the social circle, and participate with his family and friends in its innocent enjoyments. As a Minister of the Established Church, his extensive learning and critical acuteness gave a lustre to the rank he held in it. Yet never did a learned man bear his faculties with greater meekness. His Sermons were remarkable for practical utility and persuasive eloquence; and his manner of reading was peculiarly characterized by devout and solemn intonation combined with the most appropriate emphasis. The living of Uni-Lelant was conferred on him by his diocesan Bishop Ross, in 1782. But he was indebted to the private friendship and esteem of the late Dr. Wynne, his predecessor in the living, and whose curate he had for many years previously been, for the rectory of St. Erme, near Truro. After resigning the school in 1805, the latter part of his life was chiefly spent in this peaceful retreat, in the enjoyment of literary repose, to which the possession of a valuable library greatly contributed, and in the exercise of the most liberal and unostentatious hospitality. He was twice married, and left behind him a very numerous and flourishing family, spreading out even to a third generation.

Mr. Peter Nasmyth.

Lately, aged 45, Mr. Peter Nasmyth, a distinguished artist. He was the eldest son of Alexander Nasmyth of Edinburgh, whose talents as a painter of landscape have been known through half a century, and who still lives in the vigorous exercise of his powers. The earliest recollections of Peter tell of his devoted attachment to nature. Nature was in truth his school; for this the schoolmaster was neglected—and the truant boy was found with a pencil in his hand, drawing some old tree, or making out the anatomy of a hedge-flower. To lash him into the study of books was impossible—the attempt was given up in despair. He was allowed to take his own course, and to follow out in his own way the dictates of his genius. A remarkable circumstance occurred at a very early age, which proves how strongly his imagination was impressed with the objects of his study. He was going on a sketching excursion with his father. In making some preparations the evening previous, his right hand was disabled, and it was thought his part of the undertaking would be abortive. His friends did not know his powers. Peter set off—his right hand was disabled, but he had another; and with this left hand he made sketches which are sought after now by collectors for their truth and fidelity. His ingenuity suggested many contrivances to facilitate the study of nature in the stormy atmosphere of his native mountains. One of these was a travelling tent, which may be recollected by his companions as more creditable to his enthusiasm than to his mechanical skill. At the age of twenty he came to London, where his talents were soon appreciated, and he got the name of the English Hobbima. Hobbima and Ruysdael seem to have been his favourite masters. Without being a copyist of their manner, he may be said to have infused their spirit into his works; but Peter was still original. His pictures have been sought after, and will continue to be collected, for their own intrinsic excellence. The most distinguished amateurs of the day may be ranked amongst his patrons; and there is scarcely a collection in England that does not boast the possession of some of his works. Sickness found him in the midst of employment; and he may indeed be said to have "felt the ruling passion strong in death." In a late thunder-storm, when too weak to support himself upright, he wished the curtains to be drawn aside, and begged his sisters to lift him up, that he might register in his memory the splendour of the passing effects. In these breathings after his favourite art, his life passed away: death seemed mere exhaustion, without pain or visible disease.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. C. Thorp, B.D. to the Archdeaconry of Durham, in the room of Dr. Prosser, resigned.—The Rev. H. Pountney, M.A. to St. John's Church, Wolverhampton, in the room of the late Rev. J. Reed.—The Rev. R. W. Huntley, M.A. to the Rectory of Boxwell-cum-Leighton, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. H. Thorpe, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Aston-le-Wall, near Banbury, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Webster.—The Rev. E. Cardwell, B.D. to be Principal of St. Alban Hall, in the room of the Archbishop of Dublin.—The Hon. and Rev. A. A. Turnour, to the Perpetual Curacy of Armingball, Norfolk.—The Rev. J. Badeley, to the Rectory of Halesworth, with Chediston, Suffolk.—The Rev. G. J. Dupuis, M.A. to the Rectory of Hemingbye, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Pearce.—The Rev. N. Lightfoot, to the Rectory of Stockleigh Homaroy, Devon, vacant by the cession of the Rev. J. Morton.—The Rev. J. Harding to the Rectory of Goodleigh, Devon, vacant by the cession of Rev. H. Nicholls.—The Rev. J. S. Lievre, M.A. to the Rectory of Little Ashby, Leicestershire.—The Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, A.M. to the Rectory of Sudbourne-cum-Capella de Orford, Suffolk, void by the death of the Rev. C. Smear.—The Rev. Mr. Penfold to the Living of Wordesley, and the Rev. W. H. Cartwright to that of Kingswinford, both vacant by the death of the Rev. N. Hinde.—The Rev. J. Matthew, jun. M.A. to the Rectory of Chelvey, Somersetshire.—The Rev. E. W. Clarke, of Jesus College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Great Yeldham, Essex.—The Rev. H. W. Buckley, M.A. to the Vicarage of Eatington, Warwickshire.—The Rev. A. Crueber, B.A. to the Vicarage of Colebrooke, Devonshire, void by the resignation of the Rev. T. Robyns.—The Rev. E. R. Mantell, Vicar of Louth, Lincolnshire, to the Living of Tiney, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Jolland.—The Rev. E. Nepean, A.M. to the Rectory of Heydon, Norfolk.—The Rev. J. T. Hawley, A.M. to the Rectory of Eversley, Hants.—The Rev. J. Mainwaring, to the Rectory of Geldiston, Norfolk.—The Very Rev. the Dean of York, to the Rectory of Kelston, near Boto.

Married.—E. Hobhouse, Esq. of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart. to the Hon. Hester C. Graves.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, W. S. Sims, Esq. to Martha, fourth daughter of the late Rev. J. Lane.

At the New Church, St. Pancras, J. Pearce, Esq. of Stark Castle, Wouldham, Kent, to Marianne, eldest daughter of William Crampton, Esq.

At St. Clement Danes, the Rev. C. Collins, M.A. to Isabella, widow of the late Lieut. Bushman, R.N.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir J. M. Burgoyne, Bart., of Sutton Park, to Mary Harriet, daughter of Col. Gore Langton, M.P.

At Bath, the Rev. T. Mayler, M.A. to Lucy S. Georgiana, second daughter of the late F. Hill, Esq.

At Broxbourne, Herts, Mr. Platt, to Fanny, only child of E. Waller, Esq. of Hoddesdon.

At Leamington, the Rev. C. T. Longley, D.D. to Caroline Sophia, eldest daughter of the Right. Hon. Sir H. Parnell, Bart. M.P.

The Rev. G. W. Steward, Rector of Caister, Norfolk, to Susan, second daughter of the late Mr. Branford.

At St. Marylebone Church, — Lough, Esq. of Great Portland Street, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. H. North, of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

At Bedford, the Rev. T. Brereton, B.C.L. to Louisa Milbourn, youngest daughter of James Dyson.

Mr. H. E. Reeves, to Elisabeth, the only child of Mr. O. Parsons, of Charton.

At Clapham, the Rev. C. Lawson, M.A. of Richmond, Surrey, to Frances, second daughter of the late T. Borradaile, Esq.

At St. James's, G. C. Antrobus, Esq. of Eaton Hall, Cheshire, M.P. to Charlotte, sister to Lord Crofton.

At Brighton, the Hon. C. A. W. Pelham, M.P. to the Hon. Adelaide Maude, daughter of Viscount Hawarden.

At Beddington, H. T. Estridge, Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of G. Loraine, Esq.

At Portsmouth, the Hon. C. F. Norton, M.P. to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B.

At Southrepps, the Rev. J. Shirley, to Catherine Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Dolphin.

Died.—At Leamington, the Countess Dowager of Darnley.

At Guildford, Mrs. Smallpeice, widow of the late Mr. W. Smallpeice.

J. Spencer, Esq. of Wheatfield, Oxon.

Hannah, relict of Mr. W. Thorp, late of Aylesbury.

The Rev. E. Frewen, D.D. Rector of Pruting-cum-Thoriston, Essex.

At South Cockerington, near Louth, the Rev. D. Benson, Rector of Grimoldby, and Vicar of South Cockerington and Strubby.

At the Rectory, Thornhaugh, the Rev. W. Wing, M.A.

At Chislehurst, Kent, John Martin, Esq. of Lombard Street, banker.

At the residence of G. Round, Esq. Colchester, R. A. Crickitt, Esq.

At the Rectory, Somerby, Lincolnshire, the Rev. J. Myers.

In Baker Street, Sarah, the widow of the late Dr. Parry, of Bath; and mother to Captain Sir Ed. Parry, of the Navy.

At Abingdon, Esther, wife of Mr. J. Harris.

At Droxford, Hants, the Rev. J. W. Habbersty, M.A.

The Rev. C. Smelt, M.A., Rector of Gedling, Nottinghamshire.

At Eydon, Northamptonshire, the Rev. F. Annesley, B.D.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir T. Shelley, Bart. of Field Place, Horsham.

In New Bridge Street, Mr. W. Waithman, third son of Mr. Alderman Waithman, M.P.

Mrs. Capel, wife of J. Capel, Esq. M.P.

In Harley Street, the Hon. J. B. Rodney, late Lieut.-Col. of the 3rd Guards.

At Dover, Sir T. Mantell, Knt.

The Rev. G. Smith, B.D. Vicar of Evenley, Northamptonshire.

The Rev. T. Baker, Rector of the Consolidated Parishes of Stanmer and Falmer, Sussex.

At Nantes, the Rev. W. Mathews, Curate of Romford, Essex.

At his residence in the Close, the Rev. E. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester.

At Thorpe, near Norwich, J. B. Plowman, Esq. late of Lowestoft, Suffolk.

In Park Street, Windsor, Mary, widow and relict of the late Sir W. Herschel, K.G.H.

Colonel Sir N. Hill, K.C.B.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1832.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Original Songs. By ROBERT GILFILLAN. Anderson, Jun., Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co., London; and Burnet, Leith.

Othello's occupation's gone; and the 1832 poets and poetesses of Great Britain and Ireland are ruined! for Mr. Theodore Hook has actually contrived and produced a small elegant steam-apparatus, by which he can manufacture capital poetry at a penny a page: and the most curious property of the machine is, that he has nothing to do but tear a leaf out of an Annual or a Magazine, which he puts into his machine as a sample: after which it will grind him off as much as he likes, exactly of the same description, and annex the signature of each writer, so that the inventor defies any one to distinguish the difference between the original composition and the imitation.

No sooner had Mr. Hook's advertisement appeared in the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle" (for it never appeared in the "John Bull") than every editor in the kingdom, excepting ourselves, applied to him. Mr. Watts first struck the bargain: all the rest of the Annuals followed save one, the editor of which remains a little incredulous. Christopher North, glad of such an opportunity of getting quit of the author of the Isle of Palms, the Shepherd, Delta, and Mrs. Hemans, who had long bored him by harping eternally on their several keys, wrote to Mr. Hook that he was willing to pay him twopence-halfpenny the page, or even leave it to his own charge: for the fun of the thing, one Magazine took it at three-half-pence, and Colburn at a halfpenny-farthing; and we believe all the rest of the Magazines have followed the example excepting ourselves.

This standing-out of ours arises not from any doubt of the efficiency of Mr. Hook's machinery; on the contrary, we confess that we have seen some most wonderful specimens of its manufactory. But we never approved of the system of dismissing manual operators for steam-engines, especially in such hard times. We have therefore made up our minds to retain a part of these in our pay, but only such as we believe it impossible for the new-invented machine to imitate; and among these we unhesitatingly rank Robert Gilfillan of Leith. But that none of our readers may take our words unauthenticated by proofs for the simple originality of this unaspiring young poet, we shall copy a few of his songs, the more particularly as we wish to transfer some of the genuine stuff they contain to our pages. We have therefore to request our printer to copy into our columns all such of the songs as are marked out for immortality by our unerring pencil; and this he is to do without hesitation or any of his confounded queries:—

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! THE happy days o' youth
Are fast gaun by:
An' age is coming on,
Wi' its bleak winter sky.
An' whar shall we shelter
Frae its storms when they blaw?
When the gladsome days o' youth
Are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came
Wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell
O' its sorrows and tears.
O! I'd gie a' the wit,
Gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning
O' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh,
I canna dow but mourn,
For the blythe happy days
That never can return;
When joy was in the heart,
An' love was on the tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face,
For ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom,
Whar aften we did meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers, that fell
Like gowd 'mang our feet.

The bird would stop its sang,
But only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest,
Near its ain birk tree.

O! the sunny days o' youth,
They couldna aye remain;
There was ower muckle joy,
An' ower little pain.
See fareweel happy days,
An' fareweel youthfu' glee,
The young may court your smiles,
But ye're gane frae me.

THE SAFT SIMMER E'ENIN' IS GLIDING AWA'.

The saft simmer e'enin' is gliding awa',
An' a' thing is still, baith in cot an' in ha';
There's peace for ilk bosom and sleep for ilk e'e,
But Jeanie, young Jeanie, has stown them frae me!

An' yet I might sleep, wi' a heart free o' care,
For Jeanie's as true as she's bonnie and fair;
But, for joy at the thocht, I'm whiles like to dee,
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be!

If I hae nae walth, I've as little to tine,
It's maybe as weel that walth isna mine;
'Twould only divide the love her's a' suld be;
O! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me!

It is nae aye simmer when I'm on the hill,
An' winter is cauld, an' frosty winds chill;
But this cheers my heart, when the snaw's on the lea,
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be!

I'll pit her sweet name in some simple bit sang,
An' sing't to myse'l' a' the simmer day lang;
My skill is but sma', but the burden sal be,—
"O! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me!"

I'll big a wee housie, far up in yon glen,
No mony will see it, no mony sal ken;
But when the brown leaves fa' frae yon birken tree,
O! Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be!

Whoever is at the pains to cast his eye over his verses will perceive that there is some of the true lyrical stuff in this Scottish bard. There is, moreover, another species of song-writing in which he is inimitable; and though it is generally accounted of the lowest order, yet there is no sort that affords greater amusement. The following are capital parodies: the first of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" the second and third of Sir Walter Scott's celebrated songs "Blue Bonnets over the Border;" and the fourth, of "The Wounded Hussar."

PARODY.

(Written when part of the Duty was taken off Whisky, in October, 1823.)

Scots wha hae the duties paid;
Scots wham whisky's aft made glad;
Welcome, for the duty's fled,
And it shall be free!
Now's the time and now's the hour;
See the shades of evening lour;
See the streams of toddy pour—
Pledge it three-times-three!

Wha wad be a brandy slave?
Wha wad shilpit claret lave?
Wha of rum wad ever rave?
When the whisky's free!

Wha for Scotia's ancient drink
Will fill a bicker to the brink;
Scotsmen wake or Scotsmen wink,
Aquavitæ aye for me!

By taxation's woes and pains!
By the smuggler's ill-got gains!
We shall raise our wildest strains,
For it shall be free!
Lay the big gin bottle low!
In the fire the port wine throw!
Let the tide of whisky flow!
Like liberty, aye free!

PARODY.

Read, read, Woodstock and Waverley,
Turn every page, and read forward in order;
Read, read, every tale cleverly,
All the old novels are over the border!

Many a book lies dead, dusty, and never read,
Many a chiel wants a thread to his story;
While WALTER, that king o' men, just with his single pen,
Like a giant, well *groggèd*, marches on in his glory!

Come from your tales full of murders amazing,
Come from romaunts gone to bed long ago;
Come from the scribb'lers whom pry-mea are praising,
Come to Redgauntlet and brave Ivanhoe!

SCOTT'S fame is sounding, readers abounding,
May laurels long circle his locks thin and hoary!
Scotland shall many a day speak of her bard, and say,
"He lived for his country, and wrote for her glory!"

WRITE, WRITE, TOURIST AND TRAVELLER

WRITE, write, tourist and traveller,
Fill up your pages and write in good order;
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,
Many a *tome* is your *memento mori!*
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen,
Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms where the farthing wick's burning,
Come with your tales full of gladness or woe;
Come from your small-beer to vinegar turning,
Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow!

Fame's trump is sounding, topics abounding,
Leave, then, each scribb'ler, your high attic story;
Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,
"He wrote for the snuff-shop, he wrote not for glory!"

Write, write, tourist and traveller,
Fill up your pages and write in good order;
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

THE HALF-DROWNDED TAR.

ALONG by the banks of Leith's ancient harbour,
Jack Oakum reeled drunk from a *dive* on the shore,
O! whither, they cried, dost thou steer so to larboard?
When, plump, from the quay-side, he quickly fell o'er!
What voice did I hear? Was't a pilot that bawl'd?
Full loudly he bawl'd, though he ventured not far;
But Jack, by the moonlight, a rope's end espied,
And, swearing, he landed a half-drownded tar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the salt water was streaming,
And wet was his jacket, deep mark'd o'er with tar;
And empty that purse, once with sovereigns full swimming,
For he'd melted in love what he earned in war!
So they hied him away to a tavern that night,
Where the rendesvous stood in the time of the war,
But the landlord look'd blue at his pitiful plight,
And offer'd no grog to the half-drownded tar!

Thou shalt drink, they all cried, the landlord will trust thee,
We shall ring for some rum and a lighted cigar!
Ah! no, Jack replied, he looks devilish crusty,
No grog will he draw for a half-drownded tar.
Split my timbers! cried Jack, while his jacket he threw,
And the landlord he floor'd with a terrible scar;
The pilots ne'er waited to bid him adieu,
But ran, like the devil, from the half-drownded tar!

As we have let Gilfillan speak thus copiously for himself, we shall conclude by seriously adjuring our readers, and we request that every journal and newspaper will copy this warning,—To beware of the machine poetry! for it is no proof now-a-days that because a poem resembles a gentleman-poet or lady-poetess's style, and bears their signatures, that it is therefore theirs. No, no: the machine does all

that with such ease and facility, that really we are afraid the whole poetical world will be thrown into confusion by it, and we cannot calculate what may be the upshot. The Annuals will flourish, but woe to the operatives who had to earn their bread by weaving poetry at so much a yard!

First Book of the Iliad; Battle of the Frogs and Mice; Hymn to the Delian Apollo; Bacchus, or the Rovers; Second Book of the Iliad:—Translations from Homer. By WILLIAM JOHN BLEW, B.A. Talboys, Oxford.

Another version of a portion of the Iliad, by a rival to Mr. Sotheby, is sent us for notice: a much fitter task for Christopher North to undertake than ourselves, seeing that he is fairly in the fire, his pen still deeply and admirably employed in a critical analysis of the merits of old Homer, and, his omnipotence in Greek and whisky taken into account, his own peculiar province. We shall merely announce to the said critic that such a work has appeared, and that Pope, Dryden, Chapman, Cowper, Hobbes, Tickel, Sotheby, and Co. must take a new partner. Mr. Blew has daringly adventured in the field with such competitors; and his translation, if not a poet's in force, is generally a scholar's. The well-known line, however, of Pope's, "That wrath which *hurl'd* to Pluto's gloomy reign,"—which Chapman makes "sent for to," Dryden "sent," Tickel "driven," Cowper "sent to Hades," and Sotheby "hurl'd from day,"—Mr. Blew translates "downward swept." The Greek is προΐαψεν, "sent before;" or "sent," if προ be not admitted. Why, then, render the passage "downward swept;" especially as the place *where* "Death's stronghold" is immediately explained? The following is Mr. Blew's version of the first ten lines of the Iliad:—

> Sing, maid of heaven! Achilles' wrath, the fount
> Of woe to Greece, and sufferings past account;
> That wrath which downward swept to Death's stronghold
> The warrior-spirits of her brave and bold,
> Leaving their limbs unsepulchred and bare,
> For dogs to rend and every fowl of air:
> Doom'd from that hour when first, in maddening mood,
> Uprose reviling, and asunder stood
> The King of men and Peleus' heavenly son:—
> Thus will'd high Jove, and thus his will was done.

Had "the fount" in the first line been rendered "the spring," and, instead of "sufferings past account," which reads tame, "direful suffering" been substituted in the second line, it would have improved the passage. "Every fowl of air," line 6, is tame also, and might have been given stronger. But we must not go further. "Bacchus, or the Rovers," which we extract, is however the most pleasing thing for the reader in this little volume, and with it we must conclude:—

BACCHUS, OR THE ROVERS.

> Of Bacchus will I sing, the son of noble Semele,—
> How once beside the waters of the wide and desert sea
> Up on a foreland's breezy slope he sunn'd himself; in sooth
> Like to a stripling did he seem in jest the dawn of youth;
> And waving round his forehead fair the jet-black locks stream'd out,
> And a vest of crimson grain he bare upon his shoulders stout;
> Then swiftly o'er the deep-blue wave a well-trimm'd galley swept,
> And Tuscan rovers were the crew,—their course mischance had kept.
> They see him,—to their shipmates nod, and lightly leap ashore,
> Then seizing straight aboard their bark with a hearty cheer they bore;
> For him they deem'd at least the son of some Jove-nourish'd king,
> And sought forsooth in bonds to bind of mortal fashioning!
>
> But him their stout gyves fetter'd not, and from his hands and feet
> Fell off the withes; then sat he down, his dark eye smiling sweet.
> This seen, the master to his mates cried out, and thus did say,
> "Fools that we are, what god have we thus bound and borne away?
> The gallant bark can hold him not, for either Jove is he,
> Or silver-bow'd Apollo, or the ruler of the sea.

Look on that form, and is it, say, like one of earthly mould?—
Oh! no, 'tis beautiful as theirs whom heaven's high places hold.
Unhand him then, my lads, and land on yonder shadowy shore,
Lest in his wrath a storm he rouse, and wake the wild wind's roar."

He said:—with churlish taunt and foul, the rough old captain cries,
"Peace, idler, peace, thy prating cease, and trust for once thine eyes;
The wind 's right aft, then trim the craft, set all your canvass square,
Strain stick and spar—this youngster here shall be my fellows' care;
He 'll reach the Nile, I reckon, or his foot on Cyprus set,
Or see the highland north-men, or the men more northward yet;—
His kinsmen who, and what his wealth, at last I ween he 'll tell,
And who his father's sons may be—we'll use our god-send well!"

He said, and haul'd the mast on end, and up the white sail sent;
The bellying canvass caught the breeze, on—carrying all—they went:
Then chanced to them a startling sight;—a fragrant rill anon
Of wine brake freshly out, and through the black bark rippled on;
Sweet-breathing, ay, more sweet than ev'n ambrosia's self the scent,
While mute amaze the seamen seized, and strange bewilderment.
Along the topsail-yard forthwith a vine stretch'd to and fro,
And from the rocking tendrils hung ripe cluster'd grapes below;
The mast meanwhile dark ivy-shoots with bloom fresh flowering sheath'd,
Bright rose the fruit thereon, and all the ports with sprays were wreath'd.
They saw, and to the master cried, "Medeides run for shore."
But straight the god a lion grew, and gave a mighty roar,
Aloft on poop and forecastle—stern ramping;—then he wrought
Down in the waist a shag-neck'd bear, with fearful wonder fraught:
Up stood the bear with hungry howl;—on bulwark, thwart, and hatch,
With eyes that glared right fearfully, the lion kept close watch;
Aft run all hands for very dread, and round the master crowd,
For still his soul wax'd stout and strong, while they with fear were bow'd.

Forth springing then the lion seized their captain;—overboard,
Shunning the bloody grasp of death, they leap'd with one accord,
Amid the sea,—and straight were changed to dolphins; pitying then
He touch'd the master, making him the happiest among men,
And blithely spake,—"Cheer up, cheer up thine heart, old shipmate mine,
For dear art thou unto my soul, and I'm the god of wine!
Ay, Bacchus, roaring Bacchus, I—whom erst my mother bare,
The bright Cadmeian Semele, Jove's best-beloved fair."

Hail! child of rosy Semele!—for how shall bard essay,
Forgetting thee, to wake the lute or dulcet roundelay?

Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest. By a LADY. 3 vols. 12mo. Cochrane and Co.

This novel is the first production of a lady of no common talents, as the Lines on Sherwood Forest, at the beginning of the first volume, clearly demonstrate. In a new walk of authorship she now puts forth her claim for public approbation; and we are bound to say that her production is to the full as interesting and amusing as those of writers of much more assumption. That the writer of this novel is one very far above the mediocrity of the crowd who ask judgment at the bar of public opinion is clear enough. That there is a degree of information and an extent of knowledge evidently in her possession, which the bulk of those who compose similar works do not possess, the reader must at once concede. The question then comes to whether this work possesses attraction as a novel; whether it amuse the general reader, and entertain the fair habitant of the *boudoir*, who, we take it, is not the least worthy supporter of those works of fiction, which have of late multiplied so greatly among articles of luxury. We think it does; and we have done more than many cotemporary critics, who give an opinion upon books in the present time of superficial criticism,—we have read it. The fault of these volumes is, that they are too sincere and well written. The novel readers of the present day require levity in subject, in style, in morality, in religion, in all things. Like the soap-bubble in air, a modern novel must reflect superficially every thing good, bad, and indifferent, in gay colours,—no matter for the flimsiness of the texture or its ephemeral en-

durance. A weekly critic has taken a very fair view of the merits and defects of this work, with an impartiality which at all times distinguishes it, while another hebdomadal writer has not dealt so gently by it. We confess, for ourselves, we have been pleased with a work which goes a little more into the sober than is general with novel writers; and we are of opinion with a critic in a weekly periodical of no mean rank, and a most independent one of all sinister influence,[1] in reference to the hero of the tale, that "It is pleasant to find stronger hands (and gentle ones too) plucking away from the grove of genius the weeds which have been sown there by those who should have kept it clean and undefaced."

The reader may easily imagine that the story of the present volumes is laid in a spot which genius has hallowed to all time. In an ancient and venerable building, where the monk yielded up his refectory and cell to the baron; and the dissipation of the revel and dance succeeded the austerities of cowled superstition. That Norman Abbey is Newstead, it requires no very acute vision to discover; and Lord Fontayne is evidently drawn from Byron. The early life of the poet is shadowed forth in the hero of the tale, and the good and evil of the character are judiciously balanced. The authoress has felt that brighter days, and a fame of less clouded moral lustre might have been cast over the name of the real hero, had his early life and love been more auspicious; and she has chosen therefore to make that which was not, what it *might* have been; and to realize, in fiction, a hope which the reality of life did not afford. Such an attempt does honour to her head and heart; and the execution, we are bound to say, will not be found deficient.

The lighter scenes are given with becoming vivacity. The principal difficulty the author has to contend with is the task of writing an historical novel which shall please, after the wizard pen of the North has carried off the glory of this species of authorship. Yet history and nature are limitless in variety of subject; and as the stars in the firmament vary in degrees of glory, so the "stars" in this department of literature it may seem good in the eyes of his highness the public to tolerate in gradations.

We find it exceedingly difficult to select passages which will exhibit the style and spirit of our authoress, and keep within the scanty limits which we can devote to our remarks on any single work. The following allusion to the hero of the tale cannot be misunderstood:—

"Buried in gloomy reflections, the pensive boy sat with his eyes intently but unheedingly fixed upon the moss-covered fragments of rock piled up at one corner of the cavern, to form a rude altar.

"'Why am I, a lord?' thought he; 'every body shuns me as they would the plague. My mother scolds me if I disobey her orders; and these lads mock at me for a spoiled child. Ah! it is not like bonnie Scotland after all; the gassoons there would run at my feet for miles and miles. But here it is so dull! no play nor playmates! nothing but the parson and my lady mother scolding me, and saying that I dinna behave like a lord! How should I ken what a lord ought to say or do? I wish I was at Castle Invercald again, and away from this ugly place, where the sun is bright and people's hearts so cold! I wad we might gang awa' fra' the auld priory: what is it to me? I canna find a playfellow, and my lady gets crosser every day.'

"Smothered sighs burst from the oppressed bosom of Evelyn, and tears of burning indignation rushed to his eyes. How slight a shade will give a deep and lasting colouring to the imagination! From this time, a tinge of melancholy infected Evelyn's gayest moments, and his most boisterous mirth would suddenly be interrupted by a passing cloud of involuntary sadness; whilst, on the contrary, a frenzied delirium of mirth would seize upon him in the midst of care and despondency."

The Bertha of this novel is evidently a character of whom the world has known but little; and who, since our last Number, has gone to where the "weary are at rest." Her character, an excellent one, will be found sketched forth to the life here, for we do not mistake, we think, in supposing (shrewdly guessing as we do at the writer of Norman Abbey) that the author is one who dwelt not upon fiction, in describing one of the most excellent and charming of her sex, but that she drew from the life. In mature years she has gone to the land of shadows. This

[1] The Athenæum.

cannot fail to attach interest to all that concerns her. The following is probably a portrait of her as she once was:—

"Her woodland hat, crowned with eglantine plucked from the hedge-side, hung back upon her shoulder, leaving her beautiful features without any other shade than the thick clustering ringlets, falling down her slender throat of milk-white fairness. A broad sash, passing across her waist, served, at once to confine the loose folds of her white dress, and to mark out the delicate contour of her slight form. One hand rested carelessly upon her lap, whilst the other shaded her face; and as she withdrew it at the close of the service, slowly raising her tremulous eyelids, the dewy moisture which shone through those beautiful eyes gave them almost supernatural brilliancy."

It is probable that others of the characters were sketched from the life, as that life was in years past, but we are unable to find a clue to them. The following is one of the more serious passages—it refers to Lord Fontayne:—

"'Every writer,' he was wont to say, 'except one or two of the ancients, and they were honest enough to confess that they knew nothing after all, reasons upon false premises, and thereby makes false deductions. All their reasoning goes towards the establishment of some well-supported popular theory. They do not draw out both sides of a subject fairly, but give us their own illuminated portion, contrasted by the dark shades they cast upon the other; wasting their own labour and the reader's patience by discussing unimportant, uncontested points, whilst they offer no solution to those problematical inquiries which may arise in the bosom of sincere, ardent persons, not content to take things upon a bare, dogmatical assertion. I should like,' Evelyn would say, 'to see more modesty of argument, more simplicity of feeling. Why should these zealous dogmatists charitably take it for granted that their adversaries are governed by the worst motives? Why should one poor, short-sighted mortal set himself up above another, and pretend to hold the key which unlocks the mysteries of time and eternity? Let not the elevation of the subject be a vaunting source of confidence! Mean, proud, arrogant man decides unblushingly where angels tremble and adore! The higher the ground, too, the more likely a weak head should suffer from giddiness. A generous opponent may be wounded, but never will be vanquished by the use of unfair weapons; and to confound the conscientious sceptic with the blasphemous infidel is a gross affront, not only to the dignity of virtue, but to the majesty of Heaven.'

"To a certain extent Lord Fontayne was right in his conclusions. So long as the human race exists there will, and must, be an infinite variety in modes of thinking; and the accurate observer will find these different modes admirably adapted to the diversity of constitutional capacity.

"To balance the undue proportion of his outward gifts, Heaven not unfrequently denies to the highly-endowed amongst men that peace and serenity which often falls to the lot of the simple one, who bows in deference to a principle which his natural incapacity teaches him it were useless to explore.

"On this account it is that the wisest men have the most doubts, fears and perplexities. It is only their humility which triumphs in the end. They leave the briars and brambles of controversy for the broad road of practical usefulness. They trust to an explanation when the curtain of sense is withdrawn, and remain content to pick up as much good as they can in the world, and diffuse as much happiness as lies in their power amongst their fellow-creatures. They neither pretend to reconcile us to things against our reason, nor blame us for our involuntary opinions. They merely counsel us to suspend our frail erring judgment till the final consummation of all things shall enable us to decide dispassionately; and, in the mean time, to cherish honourable and exalted notions of the unseen, unknown Intelligence; to reverence him in his works of order and beneficence; and finally, to adore him in those celestial traits scattered throughout the page of revelation.

"'Such a teacher of divine philosophy I once knew,' sighed Evelyn; 'too early, alas! for my ultimate benefit. Would to God he had still lived to direct my froward path! But the guides and protectors of my youth are gone; whilst she who might have been—what might she not have been to me in time?—the sun of my prosperity;—the light and warmth of my peaceful dwelling, whose smiles would have awakened every latent, generous sympathy of an isolated heart!—the inspirer of my best affections!—wife of my bosom!—mother of my children!—transmitting to future generations the proud honours of an unblemished name with her own gentle graces and winning virtues! Yet why do I recall the past? Was she not free to choose? Ah! and perhaps she *has* chosen by this time!' thought Evelyn. 'Lost—lost to me for ever!'

"Agonized and oppressed—disdaining the unsubstantial honours which awaited him—loathing a friendless, spiritless existence—and worn out by the intensity of his feelings, Lord Fontayne threw himself into his couch, and fell into a long, stupifying slumber."

We are of opinion that all who read this novel will rise from its perusal with high satisfaction; and, if they see defects, they will believe them redeemed abundantly by the interest of the characters. The authoress is evidently a lover of what is morally good, and imbued with those kindly feelings and gentle sensibilities which are the attributes of her sex in character as well as authorship.

There is an ardent desire to do justice to those qualities that are the better part of nature, all through this work, which, as a whole, will afford much pleasant reading, and recall incidents in which characters of high fame in the world are introduced, not with the mere object of filling up the pages of a story, but with the loftier desire of accommodating the reality which once existed to the desires of our minds —to invest with higher attributes the hero of the tale, and colour with hues of harmony the discordant and harsh parts of the picture. This novel therefore interests the imagination in a very high degree, and its connexions with what we ourselves have known to be, rather than what we must take upon the faith of history, enhances the attraction. We might make more extracts; but as we are certain it will be read, and there is great difficulty in selecting passages of the length that would be required to do the author justice, and in giving them a place here, we the less regret being able to quote them. We have read these volumes with great satisfaction, and have no doubt our readers will do the same.

Catherine of Cleves, and Hernani: Tragedies translated from the French of M. Alex. Dumas and M. Victor Hugo, by Lord F. L. Gower. 18mo. Andrews.

Our readers are already aware of the present adaptation of these tragedies to the English stage. The name of M. Dumas' tragedy, Henry III., was changed by the translator to Catherine of Cleves, for several reasons, more particularly on account of the curtailment in the English version. There was so much in the original which was difficult to be understood by an English audience, that Lord Gower deemed it the wisest plan to omit altogether many incidents, scenes, and entire speeches, and to reduce the piece from five acts to three. The principal incidents and characters in M. Dumas' play are extant in Chapman's tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, which Lord Gower alludes to in his Preface; where he also states that his task has been rather that of omission than alteration, to make it suit the taste (if such a thing there be!) of an English audience.

We cannot see the present attempt by a most estimable nobleman, whose fondness for literary pursuits is so well known, and whose attainments are of so superior an order, without glancing, as we turn to consider his volume, on the present state of the drama and of the public taste. We can easily imagine that while readers increase, and a large proportion of the people reflect and reason, a distaste for tragedy as exhibited on the stage should gain ground. It is but seldom the language of truth. Nature is always upon stilts there. Kings and heroes in tragedy seem to speak not as we know kings and heroes did act and speak, but in a language of peculiar bombast. Moreover, when a picture of real life is exhibited to us on the stage, if there be one part in a tragedy or comedy well sustained, nearly all the other actors are below mediocrity,—and we quit the spectacle with dissatisfaction. Now, while we grant all this to be fact, we cannot so well account for the want of taste in those who do still attend the theatre, and for the preference given to exhibitions the lowest in intellectual merit, unless we suppose that the more ancient lovers of the drama among the spectators have wholly seceded from the spectacle, and those whose tastes are not yet formed, whose feelings and habits are low in the intellectual scale, alone visit the scene. We see novels of the most wretched description extolled to the skies and eagerly read, whether concocted out of old stories, or Newgate anecdotes; sometimes with plots and sometimes without; but we find far nobler efforts of human intellect in tragedy, and in other productions of human genius, which are not only neglected by the mass, but do not seem to attract that share of public attention from a limited number of persons

of a higher calibre than they did in times past. Perhaps we are getting to be mere matter-of-fact people, and the empire of imagination is over.

Catherine of Cleves is the wife of the Duke of Guise, designated as of Lorraine. He was chief of the League against Henry III. Catherine is beloved by Caussade, St. Megrin, the royal favourite; which her husband discovers, makes her by force write a letter of assignation to St. Megrin, though she is innocent of actual guilt, to assassinate him in her chamber, whither the letter brings him. The duchess swallows poison, and, declaring her innocence, dies. Such is the rough outline of the plot; but there are scenes of high interest in the piece. There is a conjuror named Ruggieri, who plays a very conspicuous part; two friends of St. Megrin, Epernon and Joyeuse, besides the King; and there is a good deal of those stirring events which fix the attention most forcibly.

The characters and plot of Hernani are well known to all readers of French; and we are greatly indebted to Lord Gower for making it familiar to those with whom that language is a stranger. The translation is not merely a good one, it is excellent,—and in rhyme too, which must have greatly cramped the translator, though the tameness of French verse was easily redeemed in English of no very extraordinary mark or livelihood.

Of the two, in an English garb, we are most pleased with Catherine of Cleves. There is a less fettered pace in the language, and something that seems much more like nature in the incidents, perhaps, without this being really the case. We can only extract the following soliloquy of the duchess in the chamber in which she is confined.

O, for another stroke upon that bell!
The fatal hour were pass'd, and he were safe.
Since midnight have I strain'd my sight to watch
The palace entrance. Dim and dusky figures
Have glided through the portal in succession;
But he was not among them. Thanks to Heaven!
Nor mask nor mantle could disguise that form,
To foil my scrutinizing gaze. He comes not.
Death to my hope! methought I heard a footstep!
'Twas nothing; and I breathe again, and live
To see the issue. Wretch! the time has been
When, in this vast and lonely room, at midnight,
Tempest without, and every wind of heaven
Demanding entrance at the clattering pane,
With those grim portraits of my tyrant's ancestors.
Where'er I moved or bent my sight, still following,
Or meeting every motion with a frown—
I should have bless'd that human footstep's sound,
And rush'd to meet it, and have almost died
Of disappointment when it died. But now
The hissing of the coil'd snake in my ear,
The raven's croak upon the murderer's gibbet,
The mandrake's shriek, were music to the sound
Of love's light step, and youth's elastic tread
Upon the wrought and inlaid marquetry
Of yonder corridor. Yet I despair not.
He will not come—he will not risk his life
On that anonymous scroll's encouragement.
He deem'd another's hand let fall the flowers
Into that dew. His words were courtier's compliments—
He loves me not. O God, that I could think so!
(*She opens the casement.*)
I yet might warn him, were the night less dark.
Some signs! (*She returns in ecstasy*) The portal closes! He is saved!
Saved for to-night! The scroll has fail'd to reach him.
His better angel's hand has misdirected
The blind and innocent messenger of death;
And means may yet be found to arm the victim
Against the future vengeance of my husband.
He shall not perish!—Hark! that sound returns—
That dreadful sound of footsteps on the stair!

Is it my husband? Is it some conspirator?
It mounts—it hesitates—arrest it Heaven!
No—it approaches! Fly! for mercy's sake,
Seek not this fatal threshold! Hence! avoid!—
I rave! Is not the portal closed behind him?
What means of flight, then? Hell is leagued against me—
Heaven yields, and hope is fled, and prayer is powerless!

St. Megrin enters, and falls into the trap prepared for him by the Guise through the duchess's letter. There is much impassioned truth in the foregoing soliloquy, in what is supposed to pass through the mind of the duchess while awaiting the entrance of St. Megrin, which she knows must be fatal to him and to herself. The idea that his words to her may be a courtier's, and that he may not love her in reality, and the hope from this that he may not come, and so be saved, is very fine—true affection could only imagine such a thing—"rather let his love not be, than the object of my love perish." Such is the feeling. Here we must conclude, by asserting that these translations do no discredit to Lord Gower's talents.

The Member: an Auto-biography. By the Author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," &c. Fraser.

Surely this must be the most intolerable Tory anti-reform book that we ever opened. We always conceived Galt to be a man of good sense, as well as an excellent judge of human nature, but he has now fairly put our estimate to the blush! We wonder how he had the face thus to hold up to ridicule and contempt the only measure that was calculated to save a sinking state; a state that has been gradually sinking under aristocratic misgovernment for the last thousand years. But this we will say, that when our glorious Bill passes we shall then snap our thumbs and laugh at Mr. Galt: but if it should not pass, we will then say with Mercutio,

"We are pepper'd for this world!
A plague on both your houses!"

And we promise—nay, we swear—to make Mr. Galt rue the irony which he has poured on a well-meant and needful measure in such abundance. We deprecate all mob interference; but we ourselves will take our Argyle cudgel in our hand, and we will go up to his cottage, singing

"The Campbells are coming, oho! oho!"

and if we find him at home we will give him a devil of a thrashing!—To be serious. —Mr. Galt has availed himself of the prevailing topic of Reform to pen a story full of sly allusions to the system which the Reform Bill is about to demolish; and he has inscribed it to William Holmes, Esq., M.P., in a dedication full of satire on the Anti-reformist faction, and couched in cutting irony. The name of the hero of the volume is Archibald Jobbry; and he is one of those who render services to the ministry, for which he obtains the right of quartering his relations in some way or another upon the resources of the country. Archibald Jobbry is, of course, a Scotsman, and buys a seat for the borough of Frailtown in England. His vote is the principal part of his personal service, tendered, as in duty bound, to the minister of the day upon all occasions. Like the late Sir William Curtis, of gastronomic memory, he supports his Majesty's ministers, whoever they are, "because his Majesty chooses them." Mr. Jobbry is a cleverish sort of fellow in the annals of election knavery and stratagem. The end, and not the means, are only to be considered in his law of practice; and he practises so well that he secures for his friends a goodly share of places and pensions; and, plumed with victory, runs his course conquering and to conquer, until just before the Reform Bill comes in, when he is ousted of his seat, and retiring, like Cincinnatus, to his Sabine farm (the Girland), she pens the present volume as a sort of history and Jeremiad united, of and over his falling for-

tance. He sees the ruin of England's glory in his own downfall, and the vengeance of offended Heaven louring upon the proposed destitution of the time-hallowed and time-consecrated borough system. With borough prices is to fall England's glory. The independence of the House of Commons of the influence of the Peerage, is to subvert the laws of property, and make the British people as immoral and wicked as the French or Americans. Mr. Jobbry describes his own conduct and feelings on his entrance upon his *duties* in the House of Commons most admirably. Mr. Galt is admirable in delineating such kind of situations. He puts himself into the exact place of the individual character he describes, and makes him say and do precisely what a man would say and do in his circumstances—an excellence in such kind of writing, which very few are able to reach in so eminent a degree. Mr. Jobbry's refusal to vote on either side in the House, until he gets "a convincing reason," is good, and procures for a cousin a stamp-collector's situation. He gets the post, with a thousand a-year, for his relative, and makes him do the duties for three hundred; settles another three hundred on a natural son; one hundred he allows an aunt; and makes a saving fund of the other three hundred to subscribe with to public benefactions and charities. Mr. Jobbry becomes an adept in the arts of bribery and corruption; jockies a patron at an election with great skill; and even a minister is forced into compliance by his bold importunities. His connexion with Lord Dilldam is well related. The volume abounds in excellent hits, and well-penned pieces of irony; and could only have been written by a hand well versed in human nature, and directed by no every-day talent. Lord Dilldam, the patron of Frailtown, imagined himself the dictator to Mr. Jobbry, who did not choose, as he had got in by his own adroitness, to subscribe to his doctrine. He therefore divided against the ministry and his patron, and went immediately to ask a place for a friend. The following is the way Mr. Galt relates the story: Mr. Jobbry began with the minister:—

"'There is no doubt that I am naturally well-disposed towards his Majesty's ministers, but I must have a freedom of conscience in giving my votes. If you will give the lad Tom Brag this bit postie, I will not forget the favour,—giff for gaff is fair play, and you will find I observe it.' The Minister looked at me with a queer, comical, piercing eye, and smiled; whereupon I inquired if my young man would have the post. 'It will be proper,' replied the Secretary, 'before I give you a definitive answer, that I should have time to investigate the matter.' 'No doubt,' said I; 'but if the place is not promised away, will my friend get it?' 'That's a very home question, Mr. Jobbry.' 'It's my plain way, Mr. Secretary; and as the place is but a small matter, surely you might give me the promise without much hesitation.' 'Yes, Mr. Jobbry, that is easily done; but do you know if it would please Lord Dilldam that we gave it to you?' 'I'll be very evendown with you: as an honest man, Mr. Secretary, I cannot take it on me to say that the appointment of Tom Brag would give heartfelt satisfaction to his lordship; but I have set my mind on getting the place for Tom; and really, Mr. Secretary, you must permit me to think that it's not just proper that an independent member should be refused a civil answer until my lord this or that has been consulted.' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Jobbry. I hope that you have no cause to think I have been uncivil: a system of conciliation and firmness belongs to ministers on all occasions.' 'True, true,' said I: 'so Lord Sidmouth said would be the conduct of his ministry towards France, and then he went to war with them. But even, Mr. Secretary, although you may go to war with me in your conciliation and firmness, as I consider a refusal in this matter would be, it will make no difference in the ordinary questions in Parliament; but you know that, from time to time, the Opposition make harassing motions, in which the good of the nation has no concern, though the felicity of ministers may. You understand.' 'Really,' replied the Secretary of State, laughing, 'you are a very extraordinary man, Mr. Jobbry.' 'I am an honest member of Parliament.' 'I see you are,' was the reply. 'Then if you do, Mr. Secretary, you will promise me the place.' In short, from less to more, I did not leave him till I got the promise; and from that time I heard no more of my Lord Dilldam.'"

The following is some of Mr. Jobbry's reasoning:

"'It appeared, when I came to think of it, that the great cause which stirred men to be in opposition to government was to provide for their friends and dependents; and that that was the secret reason why the Opposition found such fault with existing institutions and places, and why they put forth new plans of national improve-

ment, which they pledged themselves, if ever they got into office, to carry into effect. Time has verified this notion. Under the pretext of instituting better official and judicature arrangements, new ones have been introduced by the Opposition when they came into power, which enabled them to provide for their friends and dependants; but they were obliged to indemnify those who enjoyed the old offices. Whether the change was an improvement or not, I would not undertake to maintain; but the alteration was very conducive to the acquisition of a new stock of patronage. With very little individual suffering, the change was necessarily superseded, and set aside those who did the work under the old system; but as there would have been gross injustice in turning adrift the old servants, they were provided for by an indemnification, and the new servants had all the new places to themselves over and above: in time, as the old servants died off, the evil was remedied.'"

To conclude, this is a very clever work, and deserves to be read; not merely for its political bearing, but as a production abounding in satire and wit, in which it has few equals of the present day.

Eugene Aram. Colburn and Bentley.

It has latterly been the custom, and we think it by no means injudicious, to take a skeleton from history and clothe it into a novel. Most of the works of Sir Walter Scott are based upon the records of nations, yet at the same time not true to them, except in the leading features. This system has, however, been decried as perverting history: we are afraid that history itself is but too often a perversion of truth: be it as it may, there are advantages which we consider more than commensurate. Youth is attracted by these publications, and a love of reading is imbibed, while those who have neglected or have forgotten the events of past ages have by these novels been induced to refresh their memory by a reference to the chronicles of the times. Inferior as we must acknowledge to be the last production of the great author we have mentioned above, we feel convinced that Gibbon has been referred to oftener since the publication of Count Robert of Paris, than he has been for many, many years.

Mr. Bulwer has founded his new work upon the history of what may be designated a "private" individual; unless we are to consider a man who is executed as much a public man as a prime-minister; but as this is an ungracious parallel, we will proceed with it no further. If inclined to find fault with Mr. Bulwer, it would be on the score of the title of the work being "Eugene Aram." If this was done with a view of avoiding the charge of plagiarism, how much better it would have been to state in a short preface, that he had borrowed the foundation of his work from the peculiar history of that man. We acknowledge the original to have been a remarkable personage, but the character idealized by Mr. Bulwer is as superior to the Eugene Aram of history as "Hyperion to a mummy."

Amongst his other qualifications, Mr. Bulwer is one of the most industrious authors of the present day. In less than five years he has delighted the public with six different works, all possessing great merit; but, in our opinion, none of them equal to the one we are about to review. The peculiar merits of Mr. Bulwer's former works consist in an easy and beautiful style; a gentlemanly spirit breathing throughout; a knowledge of the world, not so much in his descriptions as in his results; and, what we admire more, a charming playful philosophy; never diving deep, but skimming lightly, so as to induce you to think a little and then go on with the interest of the narrative.

A cotemporary Review has expressed the following opinion. We quote it in corroboration of our own:—"We say then that we regard Mr. Bulwer as a scholar; a man of wit; an acute observer; a lively and pathetic novelist (no ordinary combination of qualities); and a man, we feel sure, very amiable and generous, and calculated to be the delight of all who read as well as know him." In these remarks we perfectly coincide with the Editor of the Tatler.

The story of Eugene Aram is well known; and it is no small proof of the merit of this work that, with the decided disadvantage of the general plot and catastrophe

being no secret, you are absolutely riveted to the pages from the power and beauty of description. The defence of Eugene Aram upon his trial has always been considered a masterpiece: in Mr. Bulwer's work it bears no mark of superiority over the other parts of the composition. We consider that the above two remarks are quite enough for the work: we might extend our praise, but we could not pay it a higher compliment. We must now quote a few passages from the work itself: we are sorry that our space will not permit us to extract as largely as we could wish.

The peculiar and dangerous creed of Eugene Aram is thus described in his soliloquy:

"It was now night. The heavens broadened round him in all the loving yet august tranquillity of the season and the hour; the stars bathed the living atmosphere with a solemn light; and above—about—around—

The holy time was quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration.

He looked forth upon the deep and ineffable stillness of the night, and indulged the reflections that it suggested.

"'Ye mystic lights,' said he, soliloquizing: 'worlds upon worlds—infinite—incalculable.—Bright defiers of rest and change, rolling for ever above our petty sea of mortality, as, wave after wave, we fret forth our little life, and sink into the black abyss; — can we look upon you, note your appointed order, and your unvarying course, and not feel that we are indeed the poorest puppets of an all-pervading and resistless destiny? Shall we see throughout creation each marvel fulfilling its pre-ordered fate—no wandering from its orbit—no variation in its seasons—and yet imagine that the Arch-ordainer will hold back the tides He has sent from their unseen source, at our miserable bidding? Shall we think that our prayers can avert a doom woven with the skein of events? To change a particle of our fate might change the destiny of millions! Shall the link forsake the chain, and yet the chain be unbroken? Away, then, with our vague repinings, and our blind demands. All must walk onward to their goal, be he the wisest who looks not one step behind. The colours of our existence were doomed before our birth—our sorrows and our crimes;—millions of ages back, when this hoary earth was peopled by other kinds, yea! ere its atoms had formed one layer of its present soil, the Eternal and the All-seeing Ruler of the universe, Destiny or God, had here fixed the moment of our birth and the limits of our career. What then is crime?—Fate! What life?—Submission!'

"Such were the strange and dark thoughts which, constituting a part indeed of his established creed, broke over Aram's mind. He sought for a fairer subject for meditation, and Madeline Lester rose before him."

Aram's remark to the Earl, when speaking of science:

"'Yet,' added he, in a graver tone, 'we do indeed cleave the vast heaven of Truth with a weak and crippled wing: and often we are appalled in our way by a dread sense of the immensity around us, and of the inadequacy of our own strength. But there is a rapture in the breath of the pure and difficult air, and in the progress by which we compass earth, the while we draw nearer to the stars,—that again exalts us beyond ourselves, and reconciles the true student unto all things,—even to the hardest of them all, the conviction how feebly our performance can ever imitate the grandeur of our ambition! As you see the spark fly upward,—sometimes not falling to earth till it be dark and quenched, — thus soars, whither it recks not, so that the direction be above, the luminous spirit of him who aspires to Truth; nor will it back to the vile and heavy clay from which it sprang, until the light which bore it upward be no more!'"

Corporal Bunting is an admirable character; although we must confess that we too often agree with Walter—"Bunting, you 're a beast:" so he is — a selfish beast, yet of a very rare description, and remarkably well shown up.

"'Must a man who follows a profession necessarily cheat, then?'

"'Baugh! can your honour ask that? Does not the lawyer cheat? and the doctor cheat? and the parson cheat more than any? And that 's the reason they all takes so much interest in their profession. Bother!'

"'But the soldier? You say nothing of him.'

"'Why, the soldier,' said the Corporal, with dignity, 'the private soldier, poor fellow, is only cheated; but when he comes for to get for to be as high as a corp'ral, or a sargent, he comes for to get to bully others, and to cheat. Augh! then 'tis not for the privates to cheat: that would be 'sumption indeed:—save us!'

" ' The general, then, cheats more than any, I suppose ?'

" ' 'Course, your honour. He talks to the world 'bout honour and glory, and love of his country, and sich like ! augh ! that 's proper cheating !'

" ' You 're a bitter fellow, Mr. Bunting: and pray what do you think of the ladies; are they as bad as the men ?'

" ' Ladies ! augh ! when they 're married ! Yes ! but of all them are creturs, I respects the kept ladies the most. On the faith of a man I do ! Gad ! how well they knows the world ! One quite invies the she rogues: they beats the wives hollow ! Augh ! and your honour should see how they fawns and flatters, and butters up a man, and makes him think they loves him like winkey, all the time they ruins him. They kisses money out of the miser, and sits in their satins, while the wife, 'drot her ! sulks in a gingham. Oh ! they be cliver creturs; and they 'll do what they likes with Old Nick, when they gets there, for 'tis the old gentlemen they cozens the best.' "

The hypochondriac, Mr. Courtland, is excellent:

" Mr. Courtland, himself a stout man, and still preserving the rosy hues and comely features, though certainly not the same hilarious expression which Lester had attributed to him, sat in a large chair close by the centre window, which was open. He rose and shook Walter by the hand with great cordiality.

" ' Sir, I am delighted to see you ! How is your worthy uncle ? I only wish he were with you :—you dine with me of course. Thomas, tell the cook to add a tongue and a chicken to the roast-beef:—no, young gentleman, I will have no excuse; sit down, sit down; pray come near the window; do you not find it dreadfully close ? not a breath of air. This house is so choked up; don't you find it so, eh ? Ah ! I see, you can scarcely gasp !'

" ' My dear Sir, you are mistaken ! I am rather cold, on the contrary: nor did I ever in my life see a more airy house than yours.'

" ' I try to make it so, Sir, but I can't succeed; if you had seen what it was when I first bought it ! a garden here, Sir; a copse there; a wilderness, God wot ! at the back; and a row of chestnut trees in the front ! You may conceive the consequence, Sir; I had not been long here, not two years, before my health was gone, Sir, gone—the d—d vegetable life sucked it out of me ! The trees kept away all the air—I was nearly suffocated, without, at first, guessing the cause. But at length, though not till I had been withering away for five years, I discovered the origin of my malady. I went to work, Sir; I plucked up the cursed garden, I cut down the infernal chestnuts, I made a bowling-green of the diabolical wilderness, but I fear it is too late. I am dying by inches,—have been dying ever since. The malaria has effectually tainted my constitution.'

" Here Mr. Courtland heaved a deep sigh, and shook his head with a most gloomy expression of countenance.

" ' Indeed, Sir,' said Walter, ' I should not, to look at you, imagine that you suffered under any complaint. You seem still the same picture of health that my uncle describes you to have been when you knew him so many years ago.'

" ' Yes, Sir, yes; the confounded malaria fixed the colour to my cheeks; the blood is stagnant, Sir. Would to God I could see myself a shade paler !—the blood does not flow; I am like a pool in a citizen's garden, with a willow at each corner:—but a truce to my complaints. You see, Sir, I am no hypochondriac, as my fool of a doctor wants to persuade me: a hypochondriac shudders at every breath of air, trembles when a door is open, and looks upon a window as the entrance of death. But I, Sir, never can have enough air; thorough draught or east wind, it is all the same to me, so that I do but breathe. Is that like hypochondria ? —pshaw ! But tell me, young gentleman, about your uncle; is he quite well,—stout,—hearty ?—does he breathe easily,—no oppression ?' "

There are some of the most effective passages in this book that we have ever met with: we consider it by far the most able production of Mr. Bulwer (Pelham not excepted); and we sincerely hope that it may not be, as the author hints in his Dedication, the " last of a series." Some authors write themselves out; but after six publications in so short a time, and a seventh superior to the whole, that never will be the lot of a person so highly gifted as the author of Eugene Aram.

Legends and Stories of Ireland. By Samuel Lover, R. H. A. With Six Etchings by the Author. Wakeman, Dublin; Groombridge, London.

A most amusing little volume of Irish stories; most of them are from popular tales of the peasantry, abounding in humour. It is impossible to read them with-

out a smile. The blunders and *naïveté* are admirable; and we know of no work that we have taken up, in the class of those devoted to light amusement, which has made us merrier. "King O'Toole" is excellent; and St. Kevin's statement that he is the best of all the saints, because he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah, is one of the most forcible of reasons we ever recollect to have heard given for nobility of saintship. "The White Trout" is good. But we must say no more; rather giving a sample, by which the reader may judge for himself:—

THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

"A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants, who was exceeding fond of what he termed his 'threvels,' and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off;' my friend Pat would say, 'Throth you won't, Sir;' and Pat was always right; for if any altercation arose upon the 'subject-matter in hand,' he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service, general good conduct, or the delinquent's 'wife and childer,' that always turned the scale.

"But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain 'approaches,' as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some extravaganza of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: 'By-the-bye, Sir John,' (addressing a distinguished guest,) 'Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat,' (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) 'you remember that queer adventure you had in France?' 'Throth I do, Sir,' grins forth Pat. 'What!' exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, 'was Pat ever in France?' 'Indeed he was,' cries mine host; and Pat adds, 'Ay, and farther, plaze your honour.' 'I assure you, Sir John,' continues my host, 'Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French.' 'Indeed!' rejoins the baronet, 'really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.' 'Throth then, they're not, Sir,' interrupts Pat. 'Oh, by no means,' adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically. 'I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?' says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the 'full and true account'—(for Pat had thought fit to visit 'North Amerikay,' for 'a rason he had,' in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.) 'Yes, Sir,' says Pat, 'the broad Atlantic;' a favourite phrase of his which he gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

"'It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home,' began Pat, decoyed into the recital; 'whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her. Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were choak'd, (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained on us, and troth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever: accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkets, and a crahk o' pork, and a keg o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her. Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it 's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sea. Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth that was gone first of all, God help us—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. "Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint," says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I. "More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish, and throth it 's myself wishes the

same." "Oh," says I, "that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a dissolute island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christhans as to refuse us a bit and a sup." "Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he; "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddint," says he. "Thrue for you, captain darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes us all equal—"thrue for you, captain jewel—God betune us and harm, I owe no man any spite;"—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was served out, and by gor the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysh-thal. But it was only the more crule upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and "thunder an turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I. "What for?" says he. "I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'em-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, Sir,)—and looks out, and sure enough it was. "Hurra!" says he, "we're all right now; pull away, my boys," says he. "Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "may-be it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint," says I. "Oh no," says he, "it's the land in airnest." "Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?" says I, "may-be it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Garmant Oceant," says I. "Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's France," says he. "Tare an ouns," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?" says I. "Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he. "Throth I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; forI often heerd av it in regard o' that same:" and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will. Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, "Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron." "Why then," says he, "thunder an turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?" "Bekase I 'm starvin' with the hunger," says I. "And sure, bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barring you wor a pelican o' the wildherness," says he. "Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throth I 'm not sich a *gommoch* all out as that, any how. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef-stake," says I. "Arrah! but where's the beef-stake?" says he. "Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork," says I. "Be gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin'. "Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke," says I. "Thrue for you, Paddy," says he. "Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant," (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) "and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I. "Oh, by gor, the butther's coming out o' the stirabout in airnest now," says he; "you gommoch," says he, "sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners [foreigners] there," says the captain. "Well," says I, "and how do you know but I 'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?" "What do you mane!" says he. "I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I 'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim." "Make me sinsible," says he. "By dad, may-be that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I 'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garmant Oceant. "Lave off your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all." "Parly voo frongsay," says I. "Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; "why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy." "Throth, you may say that," says I. "Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like. "You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no." "Oh, but I 'm in airnest," says the captain—"and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?" "Parly voo frongsay," says I. "By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil—I never met the likes o' you, Paddy," says he—"pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and may-be we won't get a good bellyful before long." So, with that, it was no sooner said nor done; they pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand—an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got; and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther being cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like. "By the powdhers o' war, I 'm all right," says I; "there 's a house there;"—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I 'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—

and I thought I 'd show them I knew what good manners was. So I took aff my hat, and, making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I. Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me—and, faith, they almost looked me out o' countenance: and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it 's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I 'd be entirely obleeged to ye." By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that, says I, (knowin' what was in their minds,) "Indeed, it 's thrue for you," says I—"I 'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it 's by raison of the storm," says I, "which dhruv us ashore here below, and we 're all starvin'," says I. So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wenst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity —with that, says I, "Oh, not at all," says I, "by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below; and we 'll dress it," says I, "if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow. Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever—and, faith, I began to think that may-be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, "I beg pardon, Sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—"may-be I 'm undher a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France, Sir: aren't you furriners?" says I—"Parly voo frongsay?" "We munseer," says he. "Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plase?" Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, "I know it 's a liberty I take, Sir," says I, "but it 's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, Sir," says I, "Parly voo frongsay?" "We munseer," says he, mighty sharp. "Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you 'll obleege me." Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he 'd gi' me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, "By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it 's not only the gridiron they 'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*." Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I 'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand, "Parly—voo—frongsay, munseer?" "We munseer," says he. "Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scram to you." Well, bad win to the bit of it he 'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.[1] "Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I, "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I—"Parly voo frongsay!" "We munseer." "Then lind me the loan or a gridiron," says I, "and howld your prate." Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my counthry it 's not that-away they 'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you ould sinner," says I, "the divil a longer I 'll darken your door." So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, "Well, I 'll give you one chance more, you ould thief—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner," says I, "that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language?—Parly voo frongsay?" says I. "We munseer," says he. "Then, thunder an turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" Well, Sir, the divil resave the bit of it he 'd gi' me—and so with that, "The curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villian," says I; "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yit," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, Sir, and kem away—and in throth it 's often sense that I thought that it was remarkable.' "

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry: with Six Etchings. Second Edition. 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

Another volume of Irish Stories, of more pretence than the other which we have already mentioned, though we doubt if it contain more humour. We are, indeed, highly pleased to see such neat volumes, with etchings of exceeding good character,

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[1] "Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French *n'entends*."

got up in Dublin. This is a pleasing change over the face of the past at all events. We have had very feeble attempts to get up Irish stories in London of late but they have not been very happy; Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Banim have only been successful. Here we have a different order of stories, full of extravagance and humour, but Irish to the backbone. It is not until a country learns to use its own resources in narrative that it creates a deep interest in its literary character. Ireland is beginning well: there is a vast untrodden field open in her hills, wilds, and fastnesses, among the people of the North, half Scotch; and those of the South, half Spanish; in the West, Aboriginal; and the East, English; there is no end to subjects, for light and shade, which it will take a great while to exhaust. In the present volume there are eight stories illustratedby six etchings; they are highly characteristic, but none of them more so than the note of a fact witnessed by a gentleman, of two peasants meeting four others—their opponents. From their uneven numbers there could be no fair fight, but one of the four immediately joined the weaker party, and that party was victorious, so heartily did the new auxiliary combat against his friends. This man said he went over to the weaker party "Bekase, boys, it would be a burnin' shame, so it would, for four to kick two; and, except I join them, by the powers, there's no chance of there being a bit of sport, or a row at all, at all!" Our readers will be much entertained by this work, which, nevertheless, is not entirely free from party-spirit. The Irish Catholic priesthood are not very impartially handled.

Mr. Gurney's Observations on Steam-Carriages on Turnpike-Roads; with the Returns of the practical Results of Working, &c. Pp. 48. Baldwin and Cradock.

We are pleased to find from the present pamphlet, which we recommend to the perusal of the public at large, that so far from there being any obstacle to the success of Steam-Carriages on Turnpike-Roads, beyond the trickery of interested opponents, and the opposition of ignorant and bigoted trustees, these vehicles are likely to become general. Mr. Gurney gives, in this pamphlet, the reason of the delay in working steam-carriages, arising out of the enormous tolls covertly put upon them by some of the trusts, and operating, as they were designed to operate, as a total prohibition. Bills had really passed through Parliament levying tolls of enormous amount! Thus where a stage-coach would pay only four shillings, and damage the road at least twice as much, some of these local wiseacres and foes to improvement charged *two pounds eight shillings!* On the Liverpool and Prescot road—on the Bathgate road—on the Ashburton and Totness road—and on that of Teignmouth and Dawlish—enormous tolls were thus charged. This was a termination to further proceedings until Parliament was applied to. A committee was appointed to hear evidence; and the result has been to prove that steam-carriages can be propelled at ten miles an hour, with fourteen passengers, and be under three tons' weight; that they can ascend and descend hills, and are perfectly safe for passengers; that they are much cheaper than carriages drawn by horses, and are not any thing like so injurious to turnpike-roads. Mr. Gurney's steam-carriage ran from Cheltenham to Gloucester, nine miles, frequently in forty minutes; but on an average in fifty-five minutes. It made, day by day, 396 regular journeys, and conveyed 2,666 paying passengers, at, we believe, half the expense of horse coaches. After running from Feb. 21st to May 27th last year, it appears that loose stones to a foot in depth were laid on the road for some distance,—by whose orders is not known, as it was not in the regular process of road-meading; indeed the road on the place was in no want of repair. The mail-coach was stopped by them; other coaches were injured; and the steamer, after twice going over, on the third passing, injured the axle-tree. It was deemed best to proceed no further after this exhibition of spite from some quarter, as the experiment had been made and success was certain; but to apply to the Legislature to have justice done, and protection afforded to so useful and noble an invention. We congratulate Mr. Gurney on his triumph over the mean, dirty, contemptible, turnpike trusts, whose stupidity was so great that they seem to have determined to sacrifice the superior benefit of steam-wheels on their roads to horse-carriages, that they might discourage a new-fangled invention, or innovation, as they imagined. We hope soon to see our roads covered with these excellent vehicles of accommodation.

The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine. Edited by John Forbes, M.D. A. Tweedie, M.D., and J. Conolly, M.D. Parts I. and II. large 8vo. 5s. Sherwood and Co.

This is a new work. It is printed in double columns, and the heads are alphabetically arranged, as is usual in works of the same title. The articles in these two Numbers are penned by men of acknowledged celebrity in the medical world,

Drs. Forbes, Roget, Conolly, Thompson, Robertson, Clutterbuck, &c. &c., and we need not say that they are well written: indeed the work bids fair to take the lead among books of medical reference. We know of no profession where zeal, knowledge, and a desire to examine into truths with impartiality, is more conspicuous than among the medical men of the present day. A short time ago a physician was a man with a tie-wig and a gold-headed cane, who stuck as close to the practice and dogmas of his predecessors as a lawyer does now. Of the three leading professions he was confessedly the most *outre* in manners and in bearing, (not but that here and there we might find a splendid exception,) the very biped depicted by Anstey in his Bath Guide. The surgeon moved onwards with the march of mind, but the physician stood still with the head of his gold-headed cane to his nose, and looked unutterable nothings. In the present day he has stolen a march upon the lawyer, and left the parson as he was. Beyond all comparison, whether as a gentleman of mild manners and courteous language, or as a man of general knowledge, independently of his profession, the medical professor stands at the head of the three. In the search after truth, and in his desire to increase his professional knowledge, he flings aside every foolish prejudice, and goes to the bottom of the well after the great treasure: in works of real charity he is also first; his are deeds, not words, of kindness. We do not flatter the medical profession when we say this. We believe all the knowledge of the physician in curing diseases is as yet very circumscribed; perhaps it is not possible that he can ever attain much more from the hidden mystery which envelopes our bodily existence; but in ameliorating human suffering, and in watching nature, and aiding her efforts to restore the human frame from disorder to order, his services are invaluable. We never hear of the poor man's cause being pleaded without a fee in a law-court, or very rarely—just to keep up the saying "that there is no rule without an exception:" but there is hardly one medical man whose gratuitous offices to suffering misery and poverty are not manifold; and the exceptions lie on the contrary way. We are delighted to pay this homage to verity. One of the results of this high station in character among modern medical men is an exhibition of intellectual power among them, as a body proportionally elevated. In a work like the present to be established, there is no hunting in remote parts of the empire for contributors of sufficient knowledge and merit: they are at hand, and well able to sustain the character of the work they undertake. Medical reviews and periodicals, and isolated volumes on different diseases to which the human frame is liable, are constantly appearing, and display an activity in the profession highly honourable to it. Some of the articles in these Numbers of the Cyclopædia of Medicine rank very high, and we anticipate a work which will take the lead in medical reference, beyond any other we yet possess, in the future Numbers of the present most promising undertaking.

Britain's Historical Drama; a Series of National Tragedies, &c. By J. F. Pennie. 18mo. Maunder.

We very much fear that Mr. Pennie has mistaken the taste of the day in which he writes, and that his volume will not be as popular as it merits. Had he devoted the time and labour he has bestowed upon these pieces, on a work in unison with present feeling, he might have found it more advantageous. The readers of the works of the higher order of intellect are few compared to the mass. His design is laudable; his execution by no means wanting in ability; but Shakspeare himself would not have succeeded in fixing the public regard upon Tragedies of British History, had he undertaken them in 1832. We are forsaking the romance of life which attaches to similar subjects, for the mere every-day reality. We have not perhaps in our literature gained by the change, but we cannot retrograde. Mr. Pennie deserves success. There is much poetry in this volume and a great deal of good writing; and his Tragedies will not be found without considerable interest for the reader; they abound in well-conceived scenes and passages of no ordinary talent.

Probation and other Tales; by the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," "Tales of the Moors," &c. Black, Edinburgh; Longman, London.

This volume is by a very clever writer, and the contents will not disappoint the reader. There is nothing forced or unnatural in the story. Edmund Meredith is a character very like the life—an orphan, made so by a storm in which his parents are lost on their return from India. He is preserved by a sailor, stumbles on the fortune of his family, spends it, goes to America, marries an heiress, and thus settles his fate. It would be injustice to give an extract, which could explain nothing of a story that is rather intricate; but we should not do justice to the author, did we not state that it is one of the most agreeable we have read for a long time, and that the reader will find it so. The "Voiturier's Daughter," and the "De-

serter of Castle Gandolpho," of less pretension than "Probation," complete the volume, which we can honestly recommend to every class of our readers who seek to be rationally entertained.

Proceedings at the Meeting on the Subject of the Preservation and Restoration of the Lady Chapel, at the East End of St. Saviour's, Southwark, &c. Pp. 48. Nichols and Son.

We lament that this pamphlet came so late to our hands, that we have barely time to draw the public attention to the subject. Where the public accommodation demands that our older edifices should be removed, we look upon the utility of the thing as paramount even to treasured associations: but where the fine relics of the religious spirit of our forefathers are doomed to perish for the gratification of avarice, and edifices of religious worship, ancient, ornamental, or commemorative, are to be annihilated, that their site may be occupied by the shop of the grocer or tallow-chandler, because they may yield a sordid profit, we protest most loudly against such doings, and rejoice that there are those who not only protest, but have the power to stretch out the saving hand, and stay the work of destruction. This pamphlet proves that right feelings will prevail; the Lady Chapel is to be preserved. Considerable sums have been subscribed for its reparation. Lord Lansdowne, the Bishop of Chichester, and a number of respectable individuals have come forward; and we hope to see the hand of Mr. Gwilt soon as judiciously employed in the restoration of this building, as it was on the church itself, and on the steeple of Bow.

The Georgian Era: Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George I. to the demise of George IV. Vol. I. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

This is a happy idea; and what is more, the work is very well executed. The writer has displayed an impartiality highly honourable to his judgment in describing individuals whose names were closely connected with religion and politics; on which themes it is most difficult for truth and justice to be preserved. We could have wished that living characters had been omitted; for a very different sentence may remain to be pronounced upon many who are very faithfully described in this volume, when a few more years have passed over their heads. The woodcuts, though neat, and in most cases, where the features of the individuals given are singular and prominent, tolerable likenesses, do not repay the expense by the utility in a majority of the resemblances. We scarcely know, on the whole, a more useful work that has of late issued from the press; it is one of easy reference, and embraces a most remarkable era in our national history: it should be on every table, for it is a companion for the newspaper and the memoir, for conversation or study. The typography is beautiful, and as a whole it well merits public attention.

On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside; with some Accounts of his Friends. By CHARLES BUCKE. Cochrane and Co.

We hardly expected at this day to see a Life of Akenside; and we are indebted for the present, it seems, to Mr. Charles Bucke, who states that he formerly knew two individuals whom the poet numbered among his acquaintance; and what he heard them say of the poet induced him to put together the present volume. Though it does not contain much with which we were before unacquainted, it is a work which we welcome, as it concentrates all the information which exists respecting the author of the "Pleasures of Imagination." Akenside was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in November 1721, and was the son of a butcher. He died in London, in June 1770. His character as a poet has long since found its proper place in the estimation of the public. Mr. Bucke had very scanty materials to work upon, and his application to the only quarter where he had a chance of increasing his stock was met by a refusal: this was to the possessor of the papers of the late Mr. Dyson, whose name is rendered of lasting notoriety by Junius. Out of his scanty materials, however, Mr. Bucke has produced a volume, which will do him no discredit in the literary world.

Figaro in London. 4to.

Two or three numbers of this weekly paper have been sent us, full of wit and satire, which is confined within just limits. It is not a vehicle of scandal, or inventor of gross falsehoods upon individuals in private life—it does not attack defenceless females to gorge debased appetites, but shows up in good colours those works which do. It gives the "Court Journal" a dressing almost every week for its scandal, its affectations of fashionable knowledge, and its vapid contents. The Figaro is a satirical publication, very ably conducted, and an excellent exposer of presumption, knavery, and folly of all kinds.

A Father's New Year's Gift. 18mo. Pp. 16. Cochrane and Co.

This is a little pamphlet of Mr. Hogg's, and contains several prayers and hymns adapted for children, and breathing a pure spirit of devotion. They are simple and plain, easily retained in the youthful memory. The following is one of these pretty little effusions:—

When, O my Saviour! when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Bless'd in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

Assist me while I wander here
Amid this world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Thy spirit, O my Father, give,
My erring steps to tend;
And light my path to ceaseless joys—
To Sabbath without end.

A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Greek, Roman, and English Coins: with Plates from the originals. By JOHN AKERMAN. 12mo. Wilson.

A very useful little work, much wanted as a book of reference. Nothing of the kind in so cheap and simple a form, that we are aware of, already existed. There is here the complete outline of the science; of which any one making himself master may form a judgment on common coins, and take in hand with perfect ease of comprehension the more bulky works upon the same topic. No one, who has the least curiosity in the "metallic history" of nations, if we may so call it, but will feel pleased with the possession of such a book. Coins are among the few demonstrative proofs of the truth of particular facts in history, which neither the dreamy pen of antiquaries nor the mere fanciful visions or political biases of historians can twist from plain fact. The plates, however, are deficient.

A Key to both Houses of Parliament: consisting of Alphabetical Notices of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland; the Regulations and Standing Orders of both Houses, respecting Privileges, Private Bills, Fees, Fines, and Committees; Lists of the Lords of the Privy Council, Scottish and Irish Nobility, &c. &c. &c. Cochrane and Co.

Dedicated to the King, this work comes forth at an opportune moment with a facetious observation of the Compiler that his "Pocket-Book is as big as a Bible;" and in truth it is of a goodly thickness and bulk. It is one of the most complete and useful works which have lately appeared. The Peers and their ages, titles, precedence, &c. &c. The standing orders of the legislative bodies with Indexes, &c. Alphabetical Lists, &c.; every thing needful in the way of reference to the Commons and the places for which the members sit; the laws and resolutions relative to elections, &c. A digest of the standing orders; fees to officers and servants, &c. There is a list of boroughs and their owners or patrons, &c. A chronological list of speakers highly interesting and curious. In fact this book contains all the information that can be got into the compass of such a volume, and all that is required by a member of either of the Houses of Parliament, or by any who are curious or interested in its present condition and ancient forms together with their history. It is a most useful and valuable compilation.

The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the B—n—r—d Family, in a Series of Poetical Epistles: by CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Esq. A new edition; with a biographical and topographical preface, &c. by JOHN BRITTON, Esq. Embellished with Engravings by George Cruikshank. Washbourne.

We have little more to say on this work, the merits of which are acknowledged, and the fame of which has been so long established, than to recommend it as the standard edition for future time. The etchings of Cruikshank are exquisite morsels of the humorous; and the moderate price of the volume cannot fail to recommend it. The account of Anstey is good; and the only thing to be lamented is, that the change of people and manners at Bath has somewhat altered the present application of the satire in a poem written, notwithstanding, for all time.

The Family Library. No. XXVII.—British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Vol. V. Murray.

We have only just time to announce the publication of this volume from the pen of Allan Cunningham. It does no discredit to the preceding volumes of this interesting series, comprising the lives of Raeburn, Jameson, Ramsay, Romney, Runciman, Copley, Mortimer, Hoppner, Owen, and Harlow. The memoirs of these well-known professors of art are a valuable addition in this concentrated form to our stock of general biography. Mr. Cunningham has executed his task with his wonted care and attention, and has interspersed the lives with reflections of his own, which are remarkable for their truth and sound application. We might extract several passages in proof of our remark, which not only display the author's judgment, but the impartial examination of facts, which principally renders such a work as the present of value to all classes of readers.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CVIII. 6*s.*
The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XVII. 6*s.*
Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland. 18mo. 18*s.*
Narratives of Two Families exposed to the Great Plague of London, 1665; with Conversations on Religious Preparations for Pestilence. Republished by John Scott, M.A. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Researches in Greece and the Levant; together with a Journal of a Visit to the Apocalyptic Churches in 1826, and of a Tour in the Morea in 1828. By the Rev. J. Hartley, M.A. 8vo. 6*s.*
Pharmacopœia Universalis; or, Complete Encyclopedia of the Materia Medica, &c. From the French of A. J. L. Jourdain, M.D. Parts I. to IX. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hansard's Analytical Parliamentary Digest, &c., from 1803 to 1830. Vol. I. of Part II. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Observations on Tithes and Tithe-Laws. By the late Sir George Wood. 1*s.*
Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society. Vol. VI. 1 vol. 8vo. 18*s.*
A Description of the Public Records, &c. 8vo. 4*s.*
Meggison on Assets in Equity. 8vo. 18*s.*
Journal of a Tour through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, &c., whilst accompanying Sir Humphry Davy, &c. By J. J. Tobin, M.D. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
The Enclyclopedia Metropolitana. Part XXXIII.
The Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside. By C. Bucke. 8vo. 9*s.*
A Father's New Year's Gift, &c. By the Ettrick Shepherd. 18mo. 6*d.*
The Young Gentleman's Book, &c. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Philological Museum. Vol. II. 8vo. 5*s.*
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POETRY.

Songs. By the Ettrick Shepherd. Now first collected. 8vo. 7*s.*
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Anstey's New Bath Guide, with Biographical and Topographical Preface. By John Britton, F.S.A. 6*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. John Arrowsmith has nearly ready for publication, The London Atlas of Universal Geography, comprised in Fifty Maps, constructed from Original Mss. and other materials. It will contain all the recent discoveries, rectified by astronomical observations of Latitude and Longitude, as well as the geographical information scattered through more than 800 volumes of travels, history, &c. and will give a correct idea of the extent of our knowledge of the globe: size of each sheet 27½ inches by 22½.

Preparing for publication in Monthly Numbers, Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, consisting of highly finished engravings from the finest works of the most eminent Sculptors; with prose descriptions and poetical illustrations. By T. K. Hervey, Esq. The first Number will appear in April.

Lady Sandford, of Glasgow, has in the Press, Stories from the History of Rome.

Nearly ready for Publication, in Four Volumes, 8vo., History Philosophically Illustrated, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Revolution of France. By George Miller, D.D., M.R.I.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. The work now presented to the public is a condensed, yet much improved, Edition of that which was published at intervals in eight volumes, in the shape of Lectures, delivered in the University of Dublin.

Sir R. Phillips is just about to publish a small volume, entitled, A Million of Facts, intended to serve as a common-place book for reference on every subject.

A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island centrically situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope. By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to his Majesty's Discovery Ship "The Beagle." Illustrated with Engravings.

A Comic Magazine is about to appear, embellished with numerous Engravings. From the Prospectus it promises to be richly humorous.

John Burke, Esq., the Author of the Peerage, has, at the instigation of many persons of consequence, announced himself as a PROFESSIONAL GENEALOGIST.

Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England. A work with this title is in course of preparation by Mr. Roscoe and Mr. L. Ritchie; and is to be published by subscription, in Twelve Monthly Parts, with Engravings. It is proposed to comprise, not only a genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but, in a more particular manner, the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon legends and traditions.

It is proposed to publish, by subscription, Twenty-eight of Capt. G. F. Lyon's Mexican Drawings, descriptive of the Scenery and People at and near the Mines of Bolanos and Real del Monte, in four Numbers, at ten shillings each Number. The Drawings in each Number to be eight inches by six inches in size, and to comprise a Vignette, four Views or Costumes, and two illustrative of the processes for extracting the Silver from the Ore.

The University Press of Oxford is engaged on the following works:—Plotini Opera, ex recensione Frid. Creuzeri—Suidæ Lexicon, ex recensione T. Gaisford, L.G.P.R.—Index Græcitatis Platonicæ, operâ T. Mitchell, A.M.—The Works of Archbishop Cranmer—A new edition of Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time—The Works of Francis Bragge, B.D.—Origines Hebraæ; or, the Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic; by Thomas Lewis, M.A.—The Criterion; or, Miracles examined; by John Douglas, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury.

The Second Volume of Cruikshank's Comic Albums, with some Engravings illustrative of the "Unknown Tongues."

Conjectures concerning the Identity of the Patriarch Job, his Family, the Time in which he lived, and the Locality of the Land of Uz. By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, B.A.

Reflections on the Metaphysical Principles of the Infinitesimal Analysis. By M. Carnot. Translated by the Rev. W. R. Browell, M.A.

A New Novel, from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, called Romance of the Early Ages, is in the Press.

Bibliographia Inedita, or, a Catalogue of Books not printed for Sale, with some Account of them. By John Martin.

Principles of Astronomy. By William Brett, M.A.

Tales and Conversations for Children of all Ages. By Mrs. Markham, Author of "History of England."

Illustrations of the Christian Faith and Christian Virtues; drawn from the Bible. By M. S. Haynes, Author of "Scenes and Thoughts," &c.

Nearly ready, Gleanings in Natural History, with Local Recollections. By Edward Jesse, Esq., Deputy Surveyor of His Majesty's Parks. To which are added, Maxims and Hints for an Angler, 1 vol. Being a Companion to the "Journal of a Naturalist."

Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, from the first Settlement of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain. With an Appendix of Documents and Records, hitherto unpublished, illustrating the History of the Civil and Criminal Jurisprudence of England. By Francis Palgrave, Esq., is in the Press.

Journal of an Expedition to Explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of the incidents of a Voyage in an open Boat down that River from Yaoorie, to its termination in the Bight of Biafra, and arrival at Fernando Po, on the 1st of December, 1830; by Richard and John Lander; is ready.

A Copious Grammar of the Greek Language. By Augustus Matthiæ. Translated from the German by Edward V. Blomfield, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Fifth Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged from the last Edition of the original, by John Kenrick, M.A., is nearly ready.

In the Press, Pen and Pencil Sketches in India: being a Journal of a Tour in that Country. By Captain Munday, late Aid-de-camp to Lord Combermere. With numerous Engravings by Landseer, chiefly illustrative of the Field Sports of India. 2 vols. 8vo.

The British Magazine, and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, and Documents respecting the State of the Poor, Progress of Education, &c. is announced for the First of March.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. Martin's Fall of Babylon.—This print has been published by Mr. Martin in the midst of his laborious undertaking of the "Illustrations of the Bible," of which two Parts have already appeared containing, each two plates, and besides his re-engraving of Belshazzar's Feast. If this be not diligence in the pursuit of art we know not what can be so denominated. The "Fall of Babylon" is twenty-eight inches by eighteen and a half in size, and is a magnificent specimen of the author's talents. We confess ourselves among those who admire the genius of Mr. Martin, and in the daring which has marked out its own track in art see much to applaud and admire. We know there are those whose names in art are sufficient to gain them a profitable existence within the bills of mortality, who have never been heard of out of those limits, but who nevertheless set themselves up as judges, and decry what they are unable to approach with all their own self-imagined excellencies. Such persons will applaud the artist who copies the antique miserably enough, but still copies it in all he does, who follows the beaten track of academical mediocrity, and would not for the creation wound its orthodoxy. A sad hubbub has been evinced because His Majesty encouraged an artist out of the holy pale of the Academy—we applaud the King for acting thus. The Academy of Painting in this country has been of service no doubt to beginners in art, and the names of Turner, Wilkie, and one or two others, yet keep it from oblivion; but if the same exclusive spirit which has existed continues, the artists whose names will be the best monuments of British Art must soon be looked for out of its pale. Such an artist as Martin would confer honour on the Academy, were he admitted one of that body. He who strikes out his own path as Martin has done, whose name is known from the Volga to the Thames as an artist, is at least worthy of the same honour at home as the portrait-painter who represented the Academy at St. Petersburg, wretchedly enough, though profitably. We say again that we applaud His Majesty for his conduct respecting Stansfield: and we will never cease to exhort artists who do not look to painting faces alone for fame or profit, to follow the track of Martin and others, and achieve their own independence by the bold exertion of talent which the public will ultimately appreciate. Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his fifth volume of the Lives of the Painters, just published by Murray, says of Romney, "Though one of the most distinguished painters of his day," (deemed the next to Reynolds by the public of his own time, Mr. C. might have added,) "and a man of great natural courtesy, it so happened, whether through pride on his part, or ill nature, or bad taste on that of others, that he was never even elected an

associate of the Royal Academy." Mr. Cunningham goes on to observe that there were in the lists of Academicians of those days some "five-and-twenty, of whom no man has ever heard since; and some thirty-nine, at least, who could have no right to take precedence of Romney." The truth was, president and all were jealous of him.

The Fall of Babylon is another of those noble engravings by which Mr. Martin has so well fixed his own fame, and it is worthy of his preceding works. Had he merely *painted* his best pictures, every jealous rival in the limited circle where they could be seen by the public would have exhibited his bitter spirit against them. John Bull never reasons; fashion or assumptive opinion is his compass, and a well-managed sneer always tells against an artist, whose works can be seen by comparatively few, and judged rightly by fewer still. Mr. Martin appealed to the whole world in his engravings, and his success was no longer doubtful. We wish it were in the power of other artists "damn'd with faint praise" by their brethren "to appeal to the people" in the same manner.

Frame Tablets.—We have received from Messrs. Vizetelly and Branston a new invention of theirs, called "Frame Tablets," for mounting drawings. They are very beautiful and fully equal to the purpose. They are designed to give the appearance of projection without the surface being actually raised, and yet to appear as part of the drawing. They will lie flat in a port-folio or album, and are made at one half the price of those generally in use. We have never seen any thing better adapted to its end. A small coloured drawing, mounted this way, is perfectly effective.

Engravings lately Published. (From Bent's List.)—His Majesty King William the Fourth, (whole length,) in Mezzotinto by T. Hodgetts, after Sir Thos. Lawrence, size 18 inches by 28 high, Prints, 2*l.* 2*l.*—Proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.*—before Letters, 6*l.* 6*s.*——Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, (whole length,) in Mezzotinto, by S. W. Reynolds, after Sir W. Beechey, 18 by 28 high, Prints, 2*l.* 2*s.*—Proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.*—before Letters, 6*l.* 6*s.*——The Fall of Babylon, in Mezzotinto, by John Martin, after his own Picture, 30 by 22, corresponding in size with his *new Plate* of "Belshazzar's Feast," Prints, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Proofs, 5*l.* 5*s.*—before Letters, 10*l.* 10*s.*——Belshazzar's Feast, (*new Plate without the border,*) in Mezzotinto, by John Martin, 30 by 22, Prints, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Proofs, 5*l.* 5*s.*—before Letters, 10*l.* 10*s.*——Byron's (Lord) Mazeppa, (2 Plates,) in Mezzotinto, by J. G. S. Lucas, after Horace Vernet, 18 by 15, each Print 12*s.*—Proofs, 1*l.* 1*s.*——Edinburgh, from the top of Arthur's Seat, in Aquatint by R. G. Reeve, after W. Purser, 22 by 15½, colours, 10*s.* 6*d.*——The Conflagration at Bristol, October, 1831, in Lithograph, by L. Haghe, after a drawing by T. L. Rowbotham, 20 by 16½, Prints, 5*s.*—India, 8*s.*—colours, 8*s.*——My Child! (Shipwreck Scene,) in Mezzotinto, by H. Dawe, after his own Picture, 14 by 11½, Prints, 7*s.* 6*d.*——Francis Buckle, (the Jockey,) in Line, by W. C. Edwards, after R. Jones, 11 by 14½, Prints, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*——Interior View of Canterbury Cathedral, in Aquatint, by J. G. Reeve, after L. L. Razé, 13½ by 19½, Prints, India, 1*l.* 1*s.*

A Series of Views, illustrating the most Interesting and Beautiful Spots on the Loire and its environs. By Louis Perez. Ackerman.

This work, of which a specimen lies before us, is executed in lithography from original sketches made in 1831, and the plates are accompanied by letter-press descriptions. It is proposed to be published in six parts, one to appear every three months. The work will embrace a number of scenes mentioned in English history. The specimen number contains one of these,—namely, "The Castle of Angers," which was partly erected by King John: there is also a view of the Chateau de Blois. The view of Angers is well executed, and is a fine representation of a noble ruin, and a bold sweep of one of the finest European rivers. Our readers will find this work well worthy attention: like all Mr. Ackerman's undertakings, it is got up in a very superior style.

Sketches in Italy: drawn on Stone by W. Linton, as fac-similes of his Sketches made during his Tour in the years 1828 and 1829, &c. No. VI. Imp. folio. Published by the Author.

This Number of a very fine work, executed by one of our very first artists, contains eight views, viz. Narni; the Lake of Como; Veij; Ravine at Sorrento; Temple of Minerva Medica; Vico; Temple of Antonine and Faustina; and Santa Scholastica. We have before noticed these sketches for the bold masterly manner in which they are put forth. The hand of the artist is visible in every touch, and

the effect is capital. Como is a delicious exhibition of light and shade; and the romantic gullies, keeps, and rocks of the land of history and song here tell with spirit-stirring force. Vico, as delineated by Mr. Linton, is one of the most charming sites in the world; and Sorrento—but we must have done. Mr. Linton's is a noble work, and will, we have no doubt, meet that extensive patronage of which it is every way so worthy.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

We have often heard of "the Devil among the Tailors;" he seems now, however, to have deserted the knights of the shears, and to have got among players and play-houses. From the moment that "Robert le Diable" set all Paris mad with Meyerbeer's music and the Resuscitation of the Nuns of St. Rosalie, all the managers and playwrights have been determined to set the good people of London as mad as their Parisian neighbours. Mr. Mason from the Italian Opera, Bishop from Drury Lane, and Rophino Lacy and Grieve from Covent Garden, started for Paris to buy, glean, and steal, any and every thing that was likely to render the piece attractive here. Mr. Mason at once bought the copyright of the music of Schlesinger, so that, as far as the music went, he had the advantage; yet, somehow or other, Bishop contrived to get so much of it, that it is said his accompaniments scarcely differ a note from the original. This, after all, was the grand desideratum, for it was Meyerbeer's composition that had given the opera its high character, and which had ranked his name with those of Spohr, Weber, and Rossini. The result of all this activity on the part of the London managers was, that the piece has been brought out at both the Patent Theatres under the following titles:—"Robert the Devil;" "The Demon;" "The Fiend-Father;" "The Devil's Son;" &c. &c.

The "Freyschutz" was still the "Freyschutz," wherever it was brought out; not so our devil-ancestor, for he always appears under different names and in different guises. As he was the father of our William the Conqueror, we would willingly think the patronymic of the first title the least apposite; but still, as we find him, so must we judge of him. Our present business is more particularly with him as he has been presented to us here; not but that we must occasionally recur to his prototype; for, as our dramatists and adapters have varied from the original, so must they stand their trial at the bar of public opinion. The story is well known, and we will dwell but shortly upon it:—In Normandy it is a legend in the country, and to this day the castle and cavern of Robert le Diable are to be seen at no great distance from Rouen. Robert, Duke of Normandy, had been banished his country for his misdeeds: his mother, on her death-bed, had desired her son's foster-sister (Alice) to bear her last behest to her child; and that was, that he should avoid the snares of him who had been her ruin and his father—a demon. With this holy injunction Alice and her minstrel-lover arrive as pilgrims at Palermo; and here the action of the opera begins. Robert has received kindnesses from an unknown friend; that friend is his father, who is ever near him in his hour of need. For Isabelle, a Princess of Sicily, Robert had nourished an attachment. The Duke of Messina was about to give a tournament, for the disposal of the Princess's hand; the knights were assembled, and the most formidable was the Prince of Granada. A challenge is arranged between these two rivals; and Bertram, the fiend, contrives to conjure up a phantom of the Prince of Granada, which Robert pursues into an enchanted forest, and as he thrusts to strike him home, discovers that he has combatted with a spirit. In the mean time the tournament has proceeded, Robert has been summoned in vain, and the real Prince of Granada been declared the victor. It was not in those days, any more than it is in these, in the nature of man to be so easily baffled. There were two modes by which the Demon might become possessed of the affections of his son—the one by crime; the other, by voluntarily assigning himself over to the devil. His father points out the road to the former; tells him of the cloisters of the Nuns of St. Rosalie, who have broken their vows—of the branch that was in the hands of that saint, and which had the power of giving all that man could wish for; he evokes the spirits of those Nuns, who appear to life with all their former passions and propensities, and seduce him to the completion of his purpose, and then return again with all appropriate horrors to their own condemnation. Possessed of this talisman, Robert exercises its influence, and finds it efficacious; but a thought of repentance flits across his mind, and he disdains the services of such unholy aid; he breaks the branch even in the apartment of the Princess, where he had lulled all to slumber; he is seized by her guards, but escapes from them, and then flies to take refuge in the sanctuary. Thus foiled, the Demon has recourse to his last expedient; but Alice, who has overheard his secret at the cavern's mouth, where his fellow-fiends were in revelry, determines to thwart him, and, by giving Robert his mother's will, to apprise him of his danger. The hour of midnight is of course the limited time; the Demon, as that hour approaches, announces to Robert that he is his father—broaches

some few sophistries, to beguile him—tells him, that when he fell from his high estate of angel, he was spared the general doom of the others, by retaining (he alone, of all the rest) the power of love, and that his love and his affections were all centred in his son—that if he signs and seals, power, riches, perpetual youth, &c., were to be his for ever; if not, that he doomed his sire to the unquenchable flames of unsated passions, that would ever burn within him. Robert is on the point of yielding, Alice appears, delivers the will,—time steals on, midnight strikes, the Demon disappears, and the Cathedral of Palermo is discovered, with all the paraphernalia of priests in attendance, to bestow on Robert the hand of the Princess. Such is the outline of this story. The part the Minstrel plays is that of lover to Alice, and only meant to be as her safeguard in the midst of her perils.

As a drama it is quite clear that there is in the story a marked defect; it is the impossibility of giving the greatest interest to the *dénouement*. It is equally clear that it should be in three acts, and not in five, as at Paris; that the first act should finish with the result of the tournament, and the second with the scene of the Nuns. At Covent Garden the first act finishes with the procession to the tournament; improperly we think, for the story is not made out. At Drury Lane it finishes with the result of it; implying, that if by fair means the hand of the Princess could not be obtained, the Devil would not be on earth so long, without calling in aid his *diableries*. The chief beauty of the story is in the character of Alice. With every kindly affection stirred within her, she goes forth on her pious pilgrimage with her affianced husband; not yet married, for her duty to her mistress is not yet performed; with all the holy powers of love with her, in contrast with those that were working in the breast of the Demon; affection for her foster-brother—love, intense love for her betrothed—and duty, the last, and therefore the most sacred, to her mistress: such is this being, bearing with her almost the fiat of Eternity, becoming possessed of the secret of the Demon himself; and, in a word, such as Mrs. Wood was, and no one else ever will be, at least to our conception. Wherever this character is the best developed, there would we give the meed of praise; and the glaring inconsistency of introducing a comic character into the piece, we hold to be one of those outrages against the good taste of the nation, that we only wonder the hootings of the audience are not raised against it. For example, Keeley, reeling drunk, holding converse with Alice, when every moment was precious, when she had heard the dread import of the Demon's intentions, must stamp the dramatist as one but ill-versed in his craft, and that too in the scene preceding the awful evocation. It is a profanation of the subject, and an insult to the public; and we certainly applaud the good taste of Drury Lane in abstaining from this sacrilege. The dresses of Drury Lane are splendid even as those of Paris; they are the correct copies of them; and not a dress appears on the stage that is not new: whereas, at the rival theatre, there is scarcely one that has not figured in the "Haunted Tower," or some such piece. The scenery too, is, as far as Stanfield is concerned, preferable at Drury Lane; but in the last act, we should unhesitatingly give the preference to Covent Garden. Still there is so little wanting, that we doubt not the management of the former will soon make up this deficiency. The chorusses of Drury Lane are by far the most effective. The chief difficulty this theatre is under, is in the want of a better singer than Miss Ayton for the character of the Princess. If this defect could be remedied, some of the finest music might be restored, which is now lost, and the effect of the last act would be altogether different. We think high praise is due to the Adelphi for the conduct of the story; it was, however, easier for them in consequence of the absence of the music. At Covent Garden the opera is well got up; —ample time has been bestowed upon it; but there is that in the Drury Lane version that will last, in our opinion, when the other shall cease to be attractive. In the infancy of an opera, it is not to be expected that the voices can be in perfect unison, even in Italy. A new opera is rehearsed for weeks before it is acted, and even then it is only by a nightly repetition of half a carnival that the vocalists obtain a complete harmony. In the instance of Drury Lane a marked improvement was observed in the second representation, and a few more will give an *ensemble* to the duets and trios, especially to that beautiful duo between the minstrel and Bertram, so unhappily omitted at Covent Garden. Phillips, in the latter character, looked, played, and was dressed the Demon to the life. His deep and voluminous voice, his Mephistophiles' laugh of mockery, and his countenance, were something unearthly.

It is not surprising that "Robert le Diable" should for months have electrified the whole population of Paris and of the provinces, who have come to see it. Nor is it easy to imagine, with Mrs. Wood's chaste and heavenly tones and perfect delineation of that creature of beauty and gentleness, Alice, and Stanfield's scenery, that elicited an involuntary burst of applause from the whole house, that it can fall far short of the original.

But although "Robert the Devil" has been the grand dramatic feature of the month, there has been a piece, which has likewise created a great sensation, produced at Drury Lane, under the title of the "Rent-Day," in which Wilkie's

two famous pictures are so closely embodied and illustrated, that the artist has written a letter, expressive of his delight, to the theatre; and has presented the author, Mr. Jerrold, with two of the finest proofs.

The "Rent-Day" owes its interest from the inability of an honest and industrious farmer to meet the demands of his landlord, and from the cruelty of a hard-hearted steward; who distrains for the arrears, and turns the unfortunate tenant out of the farm, which had been occupied by himself and his ancestors for the last century. During this scene of distress the landlord himself arrives *incognito*, and through a letter which he has written to the steward takes up his abode in the mansion, and by these means discovers the mal-administration of his estate. In the mean time, two robbers arrive in the neighbourhood, and recognise in the steward an old associate returned from transportation. They exert the power this knowledge gives them over the old man, and add their insolence to his oppression. Finding that the landlord, who is housed in his own mansion as a guest, is possessed of money, they determine to rob and murder him. Their scheme is overheard by the farmer's wife, who saves him by giving him timely notice of their intention. The farmer is subsequently enabled to pay his rent, by discovering a sum of money concealed in his grandfather's chair: the rascality of the steward is of course discovered, and he, together with his two old associates, are delivered up to justice.

These are the incidents of every-day life, and are perhaps the more affecting for being so; they do not excite the higher and more poetical sympathies of our nature, but they touch the heart *home*. It is a piece written to the times; and we have seldom seen one which has produced more effect, and we have never seen a drama more admirably acted. Miss Phillips, as the farmer's wife, Harley, as the appraiser, and Bedford and H. Wallack, as the ruffians, are all equally excellent; Mr. Younge also, as the old steward, a part which Mr. Farren ought to have played but refused, was very respectable; but the gem of the piece is the acting of Mr. Wallack in the farmer. It is one of the truest and most effective representations which we have witnessed for a very long period, and has certainly contributed very largely to the popularity which the piece has enjoyed. The sturdy honesty of the English yeoman, the agony of the husband and father at the ruin of his wife and children, and his indignation at the rapacity of the steward, and the insolence of his myrmidons, are all equally well depicted. In short, such acting must have rendered even a *mediocre* piece popular; and the consequence has been, whenever Mr. Wallack has given the piece out for repetition, he has received two or three distinct rounds of applause for himself, in addition to that which has been given to the piece.

KING'S THEATRE.—The science of astronomy, which at all times ought to be the subject of deep consideration, is likely to be rendered interesting by the introduction of Mr. C. H. Adams at the Opera Concert-Room of this theatre, whose success at Hackney, the Adelphi Theatre, the Western Institution, &c. as well as in private circles, has been attended with a satisfaction highly creditable to his labours. The apparatus is of the most splendid description; being upon a very large scale, and some of it perfectly novel. Mr. Adams also intends to add to his Astronomical Lectures two others, on the subject of Pneumatics.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1831.

KEPT AT EDMONTON.

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
Jan.	50	16	31,90	34	30,50	29,14	29,4555	1,36	1,275	3 hf		3		9	7 hf	3 hf	4 hf
Feb.	62	10	41,22	52	30,30	29,00	29,7883	1,30	2,950			hf		1	4	12	10 hf
March	61	25	43,89	36	30,32	29,12	29,7963	1,20	1,650		1		1	5	5	6	13
April	65	27	52,10	38	30,30	29,20	29,6377	1,10	1,825	hf	2 hf	2		9 hf	4	8	3 hf
May	77	20	56,46	57	30,24	29,32	29,8815	,92	1,650	1	1	3	hf	14	4	3	4 hf
June	77	37	60,12	40	30,17	29,56	29,7850	,61	1,505	1 hf				2 hf		10	16
July	82	45	63,56	37	30,26	29,59	29,9352	,67	2,625		hf	2 hf	hf	8	3 hf	5	11
Aug.	79	43	64,48	36	30,21	29,64	29,9435	,57	1,5		1		2	7	hf	13 hf	7
Sept.	71	37	52,28	34	30,16	29,34	29,8057	,82	3,675	1 hf				1	6	11 hf	10
Oct.	69	33	54,35	36	30,33	29,29	29,8270	1,04	4,4					1	8 hf	1	20 hf
Nov.	58	22	42,22	36	30,44	29,26	29,8264	1,18	1,6					2 hf	1	9	17 hf
Dec.	55	21	41,67	34	30,39	28,90	29,7923	1,49	2,15					1	2 hf	10	17 hf
Year	82	10	50,36	72	30,50	28,90	29,7970	1,60	28,805	8	6	11	4	61 hf	46 hf	92 hf	135 hf

KEPT AT HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, BY A MEMBER OF THE LONDON METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	In Inches.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
Jan.	49	19	33,01209	30	30,34	28,81	29,57741	1,53	2,721	6	1	6	1	6	4	6	1
Feb.	60,5	9	38,66294	51,5	30,03	28,08	29,5813	1,35	3,8683		3	1	11	2	4	3	4
March	60,5	27	42,64112	33,5	30,23	28,88	29,61376	1,35	2,8875	2	1		10	6	3	2	7
April	64,5	28	46,36666	36,5	30,2	28,93	29,45252	1,27	1,27625	7	2	2	2	4	6	4	3
May	69,25	25	49,7258	44,25	30,06	29,17	29,65935	,89	2,59375	5	3	1	1	10	1	9	1
June	73,75	39	55,59375	34,75	29,95	29,32	29,70111	,63	1,75625	2		1	7			10	10
July	78,5	42,5	58,77822	36	30,09	29,36	29,72322	,73	3,4625	8		3	5	2		4	9
Aug.	75	43,25	60,50806	31,75	30,02	29,39	29,70548	,63	2,13125	5		1	5	3	1	8	8
Sept.	68	36	53,78333	32	30	29,07	29,66533	,93	4,15	3		3		1	5	7	11
Oct.	69	30	51,9133	39	30,15	29,02	29,6058	1,13	3,6375	1	4	1	1	1	9		14
Nov.	56	20,5	39,3625	35,5	30,26	29,02	29,63844	1,24	2,7075	2	3	2	9	1		8	5
Dec.	52,5	22,5	38,90322	30	30,19	28,66	29,46483	1,53	3,4625	1	3		4	3	9	4	7
Year	78,5	9	47,43758	69,5	30,34	28,66	29,61571	1,68	34,6543	42	20	21	56	39	42	65	80

KEPT AT CHELTENHAM BY MR. MOSS.

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
Jan.	50	25	36,47	25	30,26	28,91	29,642	1,35	5	1 hf	3 hf	1	5	14	hf	hf
Feb.	51	29	42,7	32	30,07	28,75	29,565	1,32	3	5		4	1	1 hf	2 hf	11
March	60,5	32,5	46,52	28	30,16	28,90	29,578	1,26		4 hf	2	7	3 hf	3 hf	1	9 hf
April	62,5	34,5	49,63	28	30,14	28,86	29,443	1,28	6 hf	5 hf	5 hf	1	6	3 hf		2
May	69,5	33	54,146	36.5	30,18	29,22	29,81	,96	1	2 hf	11	2	6	4	hf	4
June	72,5	48	61,3	24,5	29,97	29,44	29,785	,53	3	4	2 hf	5 hf			4	11
July	77,5	50	63,355	27,5	30,06	29,46	29,765	,60	3	2	1 hf	3	2	5	3	11 hf
Aug.	75,5	52,5	64,47	25	29,96	29,44	29,71	,52	5 hf	3 hf	2	9	2 hf	2	3 hf	3
Sept.	68	46	58,08	22	29,94	29,14	29,64	,80	9 hf	5 hf	1	1 hf		4 hf		8
Oct.	68	43	57,33	25	30,06	29,02	29,561	1,04		11 hf				3 hf		16
Nov.	58	32,5	46,375	25,5	30,24	29,16	29,655	1,08			hf	6	hf	4	4	15
Dec.	58,5	35	46,08	23,5	30,20	28,52	29,532	1,68		9	3	3 hf	hf	3	2	10
Year	77,5	25	52,2047	52,5	30,26	28,52	29,64	1,74	36 hf	54 hf	32 hf	43 hf	27	48 hf	21	101 hf

The mode of keeping the above Registers is as follows:—

At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

At Wycombe, the Thermometer and Barometer are registered at 8 A.M., at 3 and 10 P.M.; the extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering Thermometer. The wind is set down from the result of the most frequent observations.

At Cheltenham, the temperature is ascertained by a self-registering Thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a North-East aspect, and the observation made daily at 8 o'clock A.M. The winds and Barometer are registered at 8 o'clock A.M. and 8 o'clock P.M.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton, Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Date. 1832.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
22	32-42	30,14-30,24	S.W.		Except the evening, cloudy.
24	34-46	30,14-30,09	S.W.		Generally clear.
25	37-47	29,74-29,76	S.W.	.1	Morn. cloudy, with rain; aftern. & even. clear.
26	25-42	29,80-29,77	S.W.		Generally clear, except even.; raining at 9 p. m.
27	25-36	29,82-29,97	N.		Morning cloudy, with snow; evening clear.
28	23-35	30,06-30,15	N.W.	.35	Even. cloudy, with rain; morn. & aftern. clear.
29	32-46	30,11-30,26	N.W. and N.E.	.025	Cloudy.
30	22-45	30,23-30,13	S.W.		General cloud, a few stars visible in the evenng.
31	35-43	29,96-29,81	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
Feb.					
1	39-45	29,40-29,25	S.E.		General cloud, rain at times in the evening.
2	34-47	29,22-29,18	S.W.		Except the evening cloudy, with rain at times.
3	26-43	29,46-29,76	S.W.	.225	Clear.
4	37-53	29,74-29,86	S.W.		Generally clear; a little rain in the morning.
5	36-53	29,87-29,95	S.W.		General cloud.
6	35-52	29,79-29,60	S.E. and S.W.		Except the morng. cloudy, with rain at times.
7	32-45	29,73-30,00	N.W.	.075	Clear.
8	22-46	30,24-30,26	N.W. and S.W.		Generally clear, the morning rather foggy.
9	29-50	30,25-30,33	S.W. and N.W.		Except the aftern. and eveng. cloudy, with rain.
10	24-43	30,43-30,46	N.W.	.05	Generally clear.
11	29-43	30,46-30,28	N. and N.E.		Exc. morn., cloudy & small flakes of snow in evg.
12	28-43	30,26-30,10	N. and N.E.		Cloudy, with rain.
13	30-41	30,02-30,00	N.E.	.05	General cloud.
14	32-39	30,02-29,96	N.E.		Except the evening, cloudy.
15	20-39	30,00-22,94	N.E.		Generally clear.
16	19-38	29,86-29,60	E.		Cloudy and foggy.
17	30-45	29,62-29,79	S.E. and N.E.	.025	Cloudy, with rain, exc. for a few hours in aftern.
18	32-46	30,02-30,22	N.		General cloudy, rain at times.
19	30-42	30,22-30,20	N.E.		Except the morning, clear.
20	21-42	30,22-30,25	N.E. and S.E.		Clear.
21	29-46	30,19-30,23	N.		Generally clear; evening very foggy.
22	24-37	30,25-30,26	N.E.		Morning & even. cloudy & foggy; aftern. clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

MECHANICAL ARTS.

BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—The line of the proposed plan for this useful and excellent undertaking has been forwarded to us. We know not whether the projectors are aware that a straight line is no longer necessary, but that the sharpest turns may now be made on rail-roads by an American invention, lately carried into effect in the United States with singular success.—The line of railway will be 112½ miles. Birmingham being between 3 and 400 feet higher than London, and the intervening ground much broken, the railway could not be laid down without an inclination in its planes; the rise, however, will in no case exceed 1 in 330. The highest point of the line is on the summit of an inclined plane 15 miles long, rising 13½ feet in each mile, and is 315 feet above the level at Maiden Lane, London; from which it is distant 31 miles. The termination at Birmingham is 256 feet higher than the commencement at London. It is intended that there should be 10 tunnels—one at Primrose Hill half a mile long, one near Watford a mile long, and one near Kilsby, 78 miles from London, a mile and a quarter long. The others are each less than a quarter of a mile in length, with the exception of one, which is a third of a mile long. They will all be 25 feet in height, well lighted, and ought rather to be called galleries than tunnels. The strata through which the railway is carried, appear generally to follow in this order from London:

London clay and plastic clay	15½	miles.
Chalk and chalk flints	18½	—
Chalk, marl, weald clay, iron sand, and Oxford clay or clunch clay	20	—
Great and inferior oolite limestones, and sandy beds	18	—
Lias marls, lias limestone or water lime, and shale beds	16	—
Red marle and new red sandstone	24½	—
	112½	

The railway will be composed of two lines of rails with a space between them of six feet, but at particular points two additional lines will be required as turns-out

to facilitate the passage of the locomotive engines and carriages. If we assume the average rate of travelling on the railway to be 20 miles an hour, (which is about the mark,) that 1200 persons pass along it in a day, and 120 are conveyed in each train of carriages, then only ten trains of carriages would be required for all the passengers; each train would separately take a minute and half, and the ten trains not more than fifteen minutes in passing over half a mile of ground. Allow twice this time for the passage of cattle and merchandise, and it is manifest that the traffic on railways can never be a source of annoyance to persons residing near them. All who have travelled in carriages drawn by locomotive steam-engines on the Liverpool and Manchester railway can vouch for the safety and comfort, as well as the expedition, of this mode of conveyance; but the strongest evidence of public opinion on this subject is the fact, that twice as many persons go by the railway, as were formerly carried in coaches running on the roads between the two places—and yet, although the expense of travelling is reduced one-half, and the works of the railway cost more than £800,000, the proprietors are in the receipt of a dividend of £9. for a year on their £100 shares! Enough has been ascertained of the traffic in the districts through which the London and Birmingham Railway will pass, to remove all doubt as to an ample return for the necessary outlay.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

Two events of considerable importance have occurred since our last report, calculated to create extensive anxiety in the commercial world; we allude to the reported appearance of Cholera in the suburbs of the metropolis, and the Negro Insurrection in Jamaica. The former event has had a most distressing effect upon mercantile affairs generally, and upon that large portion of the population of London that work upon the River, and carry into effect the orders of large establishments. The immediate effect of this circumstance has been virtually to suspend the export trade of the kingdom, and to throw at least 4000 artisans engaged on the River out of employment, and consequently to drive them to destitution or to the eleemosynary support of charitable contributions or parochial funds. This panic with regard to Cholera has come at a most unfortunate season for commercial men, for this is the period when shipping-orders commence; and they are now completely in abeyance as regards East and West India produce and all other branches of trade; so that, in fact, there is nothing to report with regard to them. The injury to the Revenue by the Regulations on account of the rumours respecting Cholera must be incalculable; and the revenue of the Customs must be suffering to a most alarming extent. Such is the injury done to commerce by the recent directions, in consequence of the apprehension of Cholera, that a heavy responsibility, as regards the public Revenue and the commercial body, injured as they are by them, attaches to those who have issued them, or to those who caused them to be issued, by overstrained reports of the existing danger. The other event, the Jamaica Insurrection, has produced universal dismay among the West India interest, and in the commercial world generally. It is impossible yet to calculate upon the loss of property that has been occasioned by this outrage; but we apprehend, from all we have heard upon the subject, that it is to an extent larger even than was at first anticipated. It has had a direct effect upon the Mincing Lane market, and rendered the holders very firm under the expectation that the supplies from Jamaica must be very short for some time, if not altogether cut off.

The advices from the manufacturing districts of late have shown that a steady trade has been in progress there, but at prices scarcely remunerative to masters or manufacturers. This particularly applies to the woollen fabric, at which the operatives are employed at what a letter we have lately seen from thence describes as "starvation prices."

The iron and lead manufactures are severely depressed, without any immediate prospect of relief being afforded to them.

The Money Market.—Transactions in the Funds have been very limited since our last report; but Consols have shown a disposition to advance, and are now quoted as under. In the Foreign Market, Mexican Bonds have declined, and Greek and Spanish advanced.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 25th of February.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock 195, 196.—India Stock 193 half, 194 half.—Consols 82 five-eighths.—Reduced 83 one-eighth, quarter.—Three and a Half Reduced 90 five-eighths, seven-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents 90.—Four per Cents 100 one-quarter, half.—India Bonds 2, 1 Disc.—Exchequer Bills 8, 9

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazil Bonds 45 quarter, three-quarters.—Chilian 16, 17.—Colombian 11, 12.—Danish 66 quarter, half.—Dutch 40 five-eighths, seven-eighths.—Greek 25 quarter, three quarters.—Mexican 30 half.—Portuguese 48 half, 49 half.—Russian 99 quarter, three-quarters.—Spanish 14 half.

SHARES.

Alliance 8 half, three-quarters.—Guardian 22 half, 23 half.—Protector 28, 29.—Imperial Brazilian Mine 40, 42.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 20, TO FEBRUARY 14, 1832, INCLUSIVE.

January 20. — W. Farrar, Bread Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—G. Benson, Kensington, plumber.—D. Baines, St. Martin's Lane, victualler.—S. Farden, Gutter Lane, dealer.—T. Tranfield, Sawyers' Arms, Marylebone Lane, victualler.—T. Raper, Fleet Street, tailor.—W. Dawson, Waltham, Lincolnshire, tanner.—H. Smith, Fleet Lane, victualler.—S. Powell, Blackman Street, Southwark, draper.—T. Shallcross, Liverpool, provision-dealer.—W. Voakes, Pocklington, Yorkshire, draper.—G. Evans, Mold, Flintshire, cattle-dealer.—J. Sawyer and G. Lowley, Sheffield, knife-manufacturers.

January 24. — G. Castle, jun. Rotherhithe, ship-builder. — C. Pyne, Earl's Court, Old Brompton, Middlesex, dyer.—P. J. Coverdale, Barking, Essex, surgeon.—G. Bostock, Old Cavendish Street, tailor.—E. Tanner, Ramsgate, Kent, tavern-keeper. — T. Gerves, Hendon, Middlesex, hay-salesman. — T. Taylor, Rose Street, Newgate Street, meat-salesman. — J. Watson, Wood Street, Cheapside, ribbon-manufacturer. — E. G. Blackband, Macclesfield, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Swift, Liverpool, victualler.—Ellis, Edward, and Henry Hughes, Manchester, cotton-spinners.—T. Underwood, Bristol, skin-dresser.—W. Gadesby, Hopwas, Staffordshire, victualler.—W. Johnson, Manchester, innkeeper. — W. Croston, jun., Toxteth Park, Lancashire, painter.—J. Law, Lloyd, Staffordshire, farmer.

January 27.—W. Taylor, Coppull, Lancashire, timber-dealer. — T. Wilkinson, Finsbury Square, upholsterer.—S. Hodges, Bunhill Row, tailor.—E. Bauckham, Providence Row, Kent Road, builder. — W. Ivory, St. Mary-at-hill, victualler.—H. W. Smith, Greenwich, carpenter.—T. Lewis, Whitechapel Road, victualler. —J. R. Beecroft, St. Albans, innkeeper.—G. Draper, Whitechapel High Street, victualler.—J. Maberley, Bread Street, Cheapside, banker. —W. Athearn, Knight's Hill, Streatham, Surrey, brick-maker.—J. Catley, Green Street, Leicester Square, chemist.—T. Geeves, Hendon, Middlesex, hay-salesman. — J. Burke, Mitre Tavern, Greenwich, licensed victualler. —J. Hunter, Church Passage, Guildhall Yard, undertaker.— H. Stuart, Worcester, wine-merchant. — R. Gray, Cottingham, Yorkshire, wharfinger. — W. Hewitt and T. Hewitt, jun., Kingston upon Hull, merchants.

January 31. — H. Hudson, Harrow-Street, Paddington, stable-keeper.—A. Kaul, Camomile Street, Bishopsgate, watch-manufacturer. —R. Pullen, Newgate Market, carcase-butcher. —Wynand John de Buck, Broad Street Buildings, general merchant. — J. Hill, Strand, hatter.—J. Glaves, Upper East Smithfield, master-mariner.—G. Walker, Orange Street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper.—T. Bond, Bath, cabinet-maker.—J. Walker, St. John's, Worcestershire, tanner.—J. Wagstaff, Denton, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. — T. Webb and W. Pritchard, Pillgwenlly, Monmouthshire, coal-merchants.—R. Langdon, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, rope-maker.—G. Salvidge, Bedminster, Somersetshire, butcher. — J. Nichols, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, wine-merchant. — W. C. Thomas, Plymouth, hatter.—T. Wilkinson, Shrewsbury, ironmonger.—W. A. Stokes, Kidderminster, bookseller. — R. Hughes, Welchpool, Montgomeryshire, saddler.

February 3. — P. Young, Fenchurch Street, Wapping, and Greenwich, sail and rope-maker. —H. B. Wilson, Lawrence Pountney Hill, London, boarding-house-keeper.—J. C. Easling, Chandos Street, Covent Garden, licensed victualler. — E. Allford, Bishopsgate Street Without, upholsterer.—H. Wilson, Sun Street, London, woollen-draper.—J. Pestell, Stotfold, Bedfordshire, miller.—J. Chamberlain, Aldermanbury, warehouseman.—H. and J. Cazenove, Broad Street Buildings, merchants.—H. Beane, Norwich, cordwainer. — J. and S. Careless, Bristol, bakers. — S., G., and L. Hattersley, Bradford, Yorkshire, machine-makers. — T. Pearkes, Stamford Bridge, Worcestershire, grocer.—W. Stead, Shrewsbury, mercer and hosier.—W. Lawton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, lime-burner.—J. Hayton, Bridge Mill, Cumberland, corn-factor. — J. Lawton, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. — N. Thomas, Manchester, upholsterer.

February 7. — E. Savill, Esher, Surrey, miller.—R. Alderton, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, carpenter. — J. Marks, Foley Place, horse-dealer. — G. B. Poynton, Oxford Street, woollen-draper. — R. Smith, Salisbury, haberdasher. — E. Turner, Crown Row, Walworth, hosier. — J. Stephens, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, bookseller. — W. T. Coker, Lime Street, London, hide-broker.—B. King, Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, lithographic-printer. — F. W. Dewey, Huggin Lane, Wood Street, London, glover.—Z. B. Houghton, Liverpool, timber-merchant.—E. C. Parkinson, Eccleshill, Yorkshire, apothecary.—T. Webb, W. Pritchard, and Z. Williams, Pillgwenlly, Monmouthshire, coal-merchants.—W. Glen and C. A. Matthie, Liverpool, merchants.—W. Flower, Cann, Dorsetshire, coal-merchant. — W. Swyer, Shaftesbury, common brewer.—W. Knight, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, draper. — Phœbe Hammersley Fenton, Liverpool, milliner. — W. M. Jones, Mold, Flintshire, maltster.—F. Dunn, Drypool, Holderness, Yorkshire, miller.—G. Hibbard, Bath, maister. — W. Howells, Gellyhave, Monythslloyne, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.

February 10. — W. Yonatt, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital, druggist. — S. Hassum, Oxford, carpenter —J. Jackson, Rochester, Kent, brush-maker.—J. Montague, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, jeweller. — D. Grant, Kensington, builder.—J. C. Jewsbury, Canterbury, Kent, linen-draper.—T. Taylor, Clifford Street, Bond Street, man's mercer. — W. Morgan, G. R. Roach, and G. Morgan, Liverpool Street, merchants. — D. D. Davis, Fitzroy Square, boarding-house-keeper.—R. Longworth, Upper Rawcliffe with Tarnicar, Lancashire, rush-dealer.—J. Davis, Bourton on the Hill, Gloucestershire, auctioneer.—T. Jones, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, druggist and grocer. —J. Poole, Worcester, comb-manufacturer.—J. Warner, Manchester, warehouseman.—J. Gale, Manchester, carver.

February 14.—R. Gascoyne, Richmond, Surrey, tailor.—P. Knox, Maidstone, grocer.—R. Hamilton, Fountain Court, Bishopsgate Street, wine-merchant.—T. Cottle, Salisbury Street, Bermondsey, dealer in marine-stores.—R. O. Halliwell, Whitechapel Road, oilman.—J. Newman, South Street, Chelsea, victualler.—J. Gilbert, jun., Coventry, coach-proprietor.—W. T. Maugham, King Street, Covent Garden, hatter.—I. Wiseman, Norwich, silkman.—D. Aust, Walcot, Somersetshire, builder. — G. Parker, Dertend, Warwickshire, factor.—J. Brearly, Brimrod, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. — J. Foulkes, Mold, Flintshire, wine-dealer.—C. M. Burgess, Toxteth Park, Lancashire, builder.—R. B. Sidford, Wilton, Wilts, baker.—J. Armitage and J. Greenwood, Clayton, Yorkshire, stuff-manufacturers.—G. B. Kerr, sen., Framlingham, Suffolk, common brewer.— A. Taylor, Dogford Mills, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—S. Mottershead, Manchester, cotton-spinner.—T. Clayton, sen., Manchester, cheese-factor.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—March 1, 1832.

House of Lords, Jan. 20.—A Copy of the Convention concluded with France on the subject of the Slave Trade was laid on the table.

Jan. 23.—Lord Ellenborough moved for a series of papers relating to the differences between the East India Company and the Chinese Government.

Jan. 24.—The Lottery Tickets Bill was passed.—The Earl of Wicklow put a question to a Noble Viscount (Melbourne) on the present state of Ireland. At the same time he was anxious to direct the special attention of the Government to the deplorable state of that country, many parts of it being under the complete dominion of demagogues; and its calamities were increased by the fact that, owing to the heavy fees incurred by those Magistrates in Ireland who renewed their commissions, many counties might be said to be without any Magistracy. Earl Grey thought there was no ground to complain of fees, which had been reduced from £11. 19s. to £2. 13s. 6d.

Jan. 26.—Lord King having presented petitions from various places in Ireland against the Irish system of tithes, the Earl of Wicklow strongly and decidedly condemned that system, and said, that the Noble Baron (King) ought to be placed on their Lordships' Irish Tithes Committee.—The Earl of Aberdeen moved a long Address to the King, expressive of regret at the system of foreign policy adopted by his Majesty's Ministers. The motion was lost by 95 to 142.

Jan. 27.—In reply to Lord Ellenborough, who wished to know if Government had any measures in contemplation for the suppression of such outrages as had occurred in Bristol and Nottingham, Lord Melbourne said there were measures in preparation, which should be laid before the House as soon as they were matured.

Jan. 31.—The Marquis of Lansdowne presented accounts relating to certain outrages which had been committed in Ireland on the occasion of collecting tithes.

Feb. 2.—Earl Grey laid on the table the ratified Belgian Treaty.—Lord Wynford brought forward a motion of which he had previously given notice, that questions be put to the Judges respecting the legal construction to be put upon the 55th Geo. III. c. 115, relative to the Russo-Dutch Loan. The motion was afterwards withdrawn.

Feb. 3.—Lord Strangford moved for a series of returns relative to the shipping interest, and among others for a return of all sums issued by the Treasury from the 1st of January 1826, to the 1st of January 1832, to corporate bodies or private individuals entitled to demand harbour dues.—The Arbitration Bill was read a third time, and passed.

Feb. 6.—The Embezzlement Bill was read a third time, and passed.

Feb. 7.—Earl Grey presented a petition from Ireland for an alteration of the laws regarding the Church property; and in doing so his Lordship said that before the House could proceed to legislate on the subject it would be absolutely requisite to vindicate the existing laws. The conventions at present in existence for non-payment of tithes could not be allowed to exist. If he believed that the laws at present were not strong enough, he would not hesitate in coming to the Legislature and asking that Government might be strengthened. The Earl of Wicklow observed that had this statement been made in the earlier part of the Session the effect must have been more beneficial. Earl Grey thereupon remarked, that, in consequence of the resistance now manifested to the payment of tithes, the vindication of the law was a paramount duty. The Government in Ireland every where avowed the determination to support the just rights of the Church.—The Earl of Aberdeen, having condemned the disastrous character of the Netherlands Treaty, and expressed his conviction that it would ultimately lead to a war, complained that it had been laid on the table without one word of explanation.

Feb. 9.—Lord Ellenborough, having adverted to the circumstance of compensation having been voted to several persons and officers whose profits or places would be affected by the Bankruptcy Court Bill introduced last Session with the exception of the Lord Chancellor's emoluments, expressed an opinion that it would be proper to make compensation to his Lordship. Lord Brougham said he must leave it to the justice of Parliament and the country.—Lord Tenterden gave notice of his intention to bring in a Bill, having for its object one simple uniform process in commencement of all actions in Courts of Law.

Feb. 10.—Several petitions were presented from Ireland on the subject of Reform, and one from certain parishes in Meath for a reformation of the tithe-system.

Feb. 13.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to Buckingham Palace Bill, Court of Session (Scotland) Bill, the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues Bill, the Lottery Office Outstanding Claims Bill, and the Embezzlement Bill.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved that certain papers relating to the spasmodic cholera, and the reports from the Board of Health to the Privy Council on the subject, should be laid before the House, in the hope that some measure might be immediately founded upon them, in order to enable parishes to tax themselves for the pur-

pose of preventing the spread of that malady.—The Earl of Wicklow begged to call the attention of the Noble and Learned Lord (Plunkett) to the conduct of the Irish Magistracy in refusing to accept their commissions. The question, in his opinion was, whether Ireland, amidst other evils, was to bear that of being deprived of the benefit of her unpaid Magistracy. Lord Plunkett was not aware of any aspersions thrown on the Magistracy in any other place, and could not but regret that, whatever might be the fact about the fees, they should have occasioned any Magistrates to avoid renewing their Commissions.

Feb. 14.—The Sacramental Test Act was passed.

Feb. 15.—The Bills on the table were forwarded a stage.

Feb. 16.—The Marquis of Lansdowne proposed the first reading of the Cholera Bill; and, in order to facilitate its passing, moved to suspend the Standing Orders of the House that the Bill might go through its several stages.—The Marquis of Lansdowne presented the first Report of the Committee on the Tithes of Ireland, which was read by the Clerk at the table.

House of Commons. Jan. 20.—The House resolved itself into a Committee on the Reform Bill. Mr. Croker moved that the Committee should be postponed till Tuesday, when the House divided, and there appeared: For going into a Committee 152, against it 99, Majority 53. The House then resolved itself into a Committee, and the question being put from the Chair, that 56 boroughs be disfranchised, Mr. Croker moved that "fifty" be substituted for "fifty-six." Mr. Praed suggested, that as inserting any number of boroughs in the clause would only involve the Committee in an absurdity, he would move that the words "fifty-six" be left out altogether, The Committee divided: For the clause 198, against it 123. Majority 75.—The Land Revenue Bill was passed.

Jan. 23.—The House was occupied with desultory discussions on Irish affairs, arising out of two petitions. The House having resolved itself into a Committee, the Chairman read that part of the first clause, that the 30 boroughs in Schedule B do return one Member each. Mr. Goulburn moved that the word "thirty" be left out of the clause. Sir G. Warrender was against taking away Members from any but nomination boroughs. Lord Eastnor had before opposed the Bill from principle, and now he found himself bound doubly to oppose it; for no Ministry could conduct the affairs of the nation under the system of domination to which the Bill would give inlet: he would support no Bill that went so far as the present Bill. The House divided: For, 210, against, 112, Majority 96. That clause which regards schedule C, which provides that a Bill shall be brought in for the purpose of ascertaining the boundaries of the new boroughs to which it is proposed to give Representatives, was next put. Agreed to. Clause 4 was agreed to. It was next moved to fill up the blank with the word "one." Agreed to. Clause 5 was agreed to. That part of clause 6 which omits Weymouth and Melcombe Regis was then put and agreed to. Mr. Freshfield opposed the next part of the clause, which proposed the union of Penryn and Falmouth, and moved that it be omitted. The clause was agreed to.—Sir J. C. Hobhouse moved the second reading of the Select Vestries Amendment Bill. The House divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 40, against it, 44, Majority against the second reading, 4.

Jan. 24.—The House was occupied for a considerable time in discussions relating to Ireland. Mr. Hume, on presenting seven petitions from different parts of Ireland against tithes, contended that by the present system of Irish tithes injustice was countenanced—for the people felt no moral obligation to support a Church from which they were alienated. Mr. Grattan was certain that the time was come when the Poor Laws and a settlement of the tithe-question in Ireland must take place. Mr. Shiel said public opinion had destroyed tithes. He hoped the Legislature would take warning from passing events, and legislate in time.—The House then went into Committee on the Reform Bill. Lord Althorp, on moving that clause 7 stand part of the Bill, said, that he would take it upon himself to have the amendment—namely, that the present Bill shall not operate as law till the Bill for defining the boundaries of the boroughs and towns mentioned in it should have previously received the sanction of the Legislature—carried into effect. Clauses 8, 9, and 10 were then agreed to. Clause 11, after a few observations from Sir C. Wetherell and others, was agreed to. Clause 12, that two Knights should be elected for each of the three Ridings of Yorkshire, and appointing York, Wakefield, and Beverley for holding the elections, was agreed to. Lord Althorp moved the 13th clause, for dividing Lincoln into two divisions, each to return two members to Parliament, and that the places of election should be Lincoln and Sleaford. The Committee divided: For the clause, 195, for the amendment, 64, Majority for Ministers, 131.—Mr. Warburton moved that the House should resolve itself into a Committee upon the Anatomy Bill. After a few words from Colonel Sibthorp against the Bill, a division took place, when there appeared, for going into Committee, 87, against it, 4, Majority, 83.—Mr. Hunt divided the Committee upon the Resolution, when the number was, for the clause, 78, against it, 0.

Jan. 25.—There were but thirty-seven members present.

Jan. 26.—The Speaker called on Mr. Perceval; that Gentleman's notice respect-

ing a "General Fast" standing first on the paper. Instead of rising to proceed with his motion, Mr. Perceval intimated to the Speaker that "strangers were present," when the Right Hon. Gentleman immediately proclaimed that "strangers must withdraw." Mr. Hume wished the House to have the standing order suspended on the present occasion; but the Speaker said his duty was imperative. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the previous question, because he did not think discussions of that nature suited to the House, and intimating it was the intention of Ministers to advise the King to order a General Fast.—Mr. Herries, after a very long speech, censuring his Majesty's Ministers for a misapplication of the public money with respect to the Russian loan, by having made their payments to Russia since the separation of Belgium from Holland, and contending that the guarantee for the payment of the interest ceased on the separation of the two countries, concluded by moving three resolutions, which were negatived; the first two by 239 to 219. The third by 238 to 214.

Jan. 27.—Sir J. Brydges expressed a hope that the House would not be so far led away by the cry for Reform, as to sanction this Bill. The Chairman read the 14th clause, "And be it enacted that each of the counties in the Schedule marked F be divided." Mr. Croker, viewing this clause as part of the general machinery of the Bill, would object to it altogether. Mr. Gore Langton moved that each of the counties in schedule F should return four Members to Parliament. The House divided: For, 215, against, 89. Clause 15 was agreed to. The clause for increasing the Members to the Welsh counties produced some discussion, on the ground that none of the Scotch counties had additional Members; that, if adopted, great injustice would be done to Scotland, and that Scotland looked for justice. The clause was eventually carried.—The Corporate Funds Bill and the Embezzlement Bill were passed.—Mr. Perceval complained of a breach of privilege in the report of his speech on the fast, moving that the Printer of the Times be called to the Bar of the House. Mr. Hume avowed that the report was his; that he had taken the best notes he could of the speech; that he had endeavoured to give a fair report, but was not very expert at reporting; that, however, he should repeat the practice if the exclusion of strangers were again enforced; and that he hoped practice would make him more perfect. The motion was withdrawn.—Colonel Davies moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the existing distress in the glove-trade. The motion was lost by 223 to 168.

Feb. 1.—The House went into Committee on the English Reform Bill. Lord John Russell having intimated that he should hereafter propose some amendment of the 10*l.* householder clause, more effectively to secure the exercise of votes by residents, and regarding the votes of freeholders, &c. in boroughs to be created—the 16th clause (that for making Southampton a county) was the first clause agreed to in the Committee. The 17th was postponed, at the request of Mr. Praed, till the 24th was brought forward; and the 18th (verbally amended), touching towns that are counties, was adopted.—The 50*l.* tenants-at-will clause (the 20th) afterwards occasioned a good deal of conversation, and Sir R. Heron moved as an amendment, that the words conferring votes on county tenants-at-will be omitted. A division being called for, the clause was carried by an immense majority, there being: For the clause, 272, against it, 32, Majority for Ministers, 240. The 21st, 22nd, and 23rd clauses were agreed to. On the 24th clause being read Mr. Praed proposed, by way of amendment, "that no title to vote for a Knight of the shire be conferred by any property situate within the limits of a borough which shall, by this Bill or otherwise, return a Member or Members to serve in Parliament, &c. The motion was lost; 91 for, and 181 against.

Feb. 2.—Several petitions were again presented against the General Registry Bill.—Sir G. Clerk moved that the Lord Advocate, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Bruce, Sir G. Warrender, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Dixon be added to the Committee on the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. Lord Althorp opposed the motion. The House divided: For the motion, 56, against it, 100, Majority for Ministers, 44.—The House once more went into a Committee on the Reform Bill. Mr. Croker having withdrawn an amendment on the 17th clause, it was agreed to. Clauses 25 and 26 were agreed to. The 10*l.* householder enfranchisement clause, having been read (the 27th), Mr. Hunt moved an amendment to it, that all householders paying rates and taxes should be entitled to vote for those towns that returned Members. The House divided, when there appeared: For the amendment 11, against it 290, Majority for Ministers 279.

Feb. 3.—Petitions were presented against the General Registry Bill, and among them one by Mr. Hodges from upwards of 100 solicitors in Kent.—An Amendment was moved in the Reform Committee to leave out the words in clause 27, which follow the word "occupy" in line 28, down to the words "ten pounds" in line 33, for the purpose of inserting the following words: "Any premises answering to the description hereinafter mentioned." Lord J. Russell resisted the amendment. The Committee divided: For the amendment 184, against it 252, Majority 68. The Chairman then read the part of the clause, that the rent of the house, the occupation of which should confer the right of voting, should be 10*l.* Mr. Davies Gil-

bert moved an amendment, that the 10*l.* should be above the value of any parts underlet in any manner whatsoever. The Committee divided, when the numbers appeared: For the motion 5, against it 200, Majority 195. Mr. Mackinnon moved an amendment to the effect that the franchise should be limited to houses of 10*l.* where there were not more than 500 houses; but the franchise to be limited to 15*l.* in the larger towns. The amendment was withdrawn, and the clause was then agreed to.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply.

Feb. 6.—Mr. Goulburn said, before the House received the report of the Committee of Supply, he was anxious to call the attention of the House to the present financial state of the country. The Right Hon. Gentleman then took a general review of the state of the finances, as regarded the Chancellor of the Exchequer's promises of surplus, and the falling off in the realization of those promises. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that he was quite ready to admit that (without intending to mislead the House or the country) he had, relying on documents and information before him, been misled to the extent of 350,000*l.* in his calculations respecting the Beer Duties, and 100,000*l.* on the Spirit Duties. In addition to these circumstances, the latter part of the year, in particular, had been a period of unusual and extraordinary stagnation. He then entered into some details as to the prospects of the present year, declaring that he calculated on a surplus of upwards of 200,000*l.*; that the public were not likely to be deceived here, as he had reason to know that considerably reduced estimates would be proposed, and that they would give the country the best reason for calculating on the realization of what he now stated. Sir R. Peel said that this financial discussion could not fail to produce good, and that the confession of the inability to make further reductions he took the liberty of deeming some defence of the Duke of Wellington's Administration. Mr. James said, the Rt. Hon. Bart. took great credit for himself and his late colleagues for their economy, as being greater than that of the present Government. The present Government called for a vote for the Coronation of 50,000*l.*, and spent 43,000*l.* The late Government called for a vote for the Coronation, in their time, of 100,000*l.*, and spent 250,000*l.*—Mr. Baring asked whether it was intended to propose a Committee to report on the renewal of the Bank Charter?

Feb. 7.—Mr. Baillie, having obtained leave, introduced two Bills; one for the adoption of a more effectual police at Bristol, and the second on the subject of compensation for damages done during the late riots.—The House having resolved itself into Committee on the Reform Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the 28th clause, to the effect that different residences and payments should be taken together as making a qualification for a vote—all such persons voting to be rated to the taxes. After some objections to the wording of the clause, on the motion of Lord Althorp the following words were inserted:—"Such person having paid up all poor rates and assessed taxes which shall have become payable by such holding." A holding of 30*l.* annual value would be, under the clause, entitled to a vote. The clause amended and then agreed to. On the Chairman proceeding to read clause 29, Mr. Stuart Wortley expressed a hope, that in the Bill which he understood it was the intention of Government to introduce for the Prevention of Bribery and Corruption at Elections, a clause would be introduced to prevent the collusive payment of rates for the purposes of creating voters under the 10*l.* clause of the Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that such a provision would be introduced. The clause was then ordered to stand part of the Bill. Clause 30 with some verbal amendments was agreed to. Clause 31 having been read—which enacts "that all persons entitled to vote in the election of Members for any city or borough, not included in schedule A, either as burgesses, freemen or liverymen in the city of London, to retain the privilege if registered according to the provisions of this Act, provided they are resident within seven miles of the place for which they vote: no person made a burgess since 1st March 1831, unless from birth or servitude, or deriving his right from the same, are to be entitled to vote in future for Members of Parliament." Sir R. Peel said that he performed a duty which he very rarely had had occasion to perform in expressing his satisfaction with the clause. Mr. Lennard proposed as an amendment that the right of voting acquired by marriage with the daughter of a freeman should be preserved in those places where it now existed. The House divided: For the motion 25, against it 75, Majority against it 50.

Feb. 8.—The House having resolved into a Committee, Clauses 32, 33, and 34, were agreed to. On clause 35 being read, it was amended and agreed to. Clause 36, enacting that registers of votes be kept, having been read, Sir E. Sugden considered that the registers at present kept rendered any other registry unnecessary. Sir C. Wetherell opposed the clause. The House divided, the numbers appeared: For the clause 168, against it 65, Majority 103. Clause 37 eventually agreed to.—On the motion of Lord Althorp, the House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. The Noble Lord then moved for the several sums for the public service, which were voted.

Feb. 9.—Mr. Courtenay inquired whether any applications had been made to the Government respecting the enlistment of men in this country for Don Pedro's expe-

dition, and what steps the Ministers had adopted in consequence of the violation of the Foreign Enlistment Bill; and moved for documents connected therewith. Sir J. Mackintosh said he had never heard a motion or charge less substantiated than that of the Hon. Member. Other speakers followed. The House divided: For the motion 139, against it 274, Majority for Ministers 135.

Feb. 10.—Clauses 38 and 39 were agreed to. Clause 40, for the appointment of Barristers by the Judges, was objected to. Mr. Knight moved, that after the words "provided always," these words should be inserted, "that no Member of Parliament shall be appointed one of the Barristers having to view the Electoral Lists." The Amendment, after a short conversation, was agreed to. Clauses 41, 42, 43, and 44, were agreed to. The 45th clause, to which Mr. Goulburn objected, was agreed to. The 46th clause was agreed to. On the proposition of clause 47 empowering Judges of Assize to appoint Barristers to revise the lists of Borough-voters, Mr. Alderman Venables suggested that the Barristers to be appointed for the purposes of the Bill in the City of London should be selected from the Common Pleaders of the City. The clause, with the amendment, was agreed to. The 48th clause was agreed to. The 49th clause, empowering the inspection by overseers of the tax assessments and rate-books, was agreed to. Clause 50, which gives to the Barristers appointed under the Bill authority to administer oaths, &c., was agreed to. Clause 51 was postponed. Clauses 52, 53, and 54 were likewise agreed to. On the 55th clause, enacting that the expenses of overseers for making out the lists of voters should be paid out of the poor-rates, Sir R. Peel observed that this was an enactment of considerable importance, and it was postponed.

Feb. 11.—The House went immediately into Committee on the Reform Bill. Clause 57 was postponed. Clauses 58, 59, and 60, were agreed to. Clause 61 gave rise to an extended discussion, but was agreed to. The 62nd clause, appointing Justices of Sessions to examine the reports, lay over.

Feb. 13.—Mr. Croker wished to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman a question on the Cholera. He wished now to ask for information as to the steps adopted by Government. Mr. P. Thomson, in reply, said that cases of Cholera had certainly occurred; that medical inquiries had been instituted; and that, as the best means of preventing unnecessary alarm, the Government had adopted every possible means to spread correct information on the subject through the medium of the public journals, &c. Sir J. Graham moved the order of the day for the House going into a Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates. A long conversation arose on the plan which the Government is about to adopt, to make all the estimates precede expenditure, on the calculation that the supplies will be voted. It is proposed that the year's Estimates are henceforth to be from April to April. Sir R. Peel expressed his approbation of the proposition to try the experiment. The House went into Committee on the Navy Estimates. Sir J. Graham stated that the balance remaining unappropriated was 1,090,270*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.*, and moved several sums for defraying the wages of 32,000 men, including 10,000 marines, from the 1st January to 31st March 1832, which, at the rate of 2*l.* 12*s.* per man, would amount to 270,400*l.* Agreed to; as were the several items usually voted, with the exception of 52,000*l.* for works at Cremill and Weevill.—Mr. S. Rice moved that 200,000*l.* be granted to his Majesty for Civil Contingencies. The vote was then agreed to, and the Chairman reported progress.

Feb. 14.—Mr. Lambert presented a petition from several parishes in Wexford, praying for the abolition of tithes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the most distinct and emphatic terms disavowed on the part of the Noble Premier, and on his own, the obnoxious construction which had been put upon the language of the Noble Earl. His Lordship said, that Lord Grey and himself agreed in this—"that while we are prepared to enforce the laws when broken, yet we should be departing from the principles which we have acted on through our lives, if, when extraordinary powers are demanded to enforce the law, these extraordinary powers should be granted, unless accompanied by an efficient remedy for the grievance which occasions their necessity."—Lord Althorp rose to bring in a Bill for the better prevention of the spreading of the Cholera Morbus.

Feb. 15.—The House went into Committee on the Reform Bill, when clause 62 was agreed to. Clause 63, regulations for erecting booths, and that no person be allowed to vote out of the district in which his property is situated; and clause 64, for regulating the custody of poll-books, was agreed to. On clause 65 being read, Mr. Wason moved that one day only should be allowed where the electors did not exceed 1200. The numbers were—for Ministers, 91; for the Amendment, 1—majority, 90. Clause 65; some verbal amendments were made in this clause, which was ordered to stand part of the Bill. The 67th clause was agreed to. Clause 68 was postponed. The 69th clause Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hume, and Sir C. Wetherell opposed, on account of the expense to which it would subject candidates; the Committee divided—for it, 4; against it, 154—majority 150. The clause, on the suggestion of Sir E. Sugden, was postponed.—The Cholera Morbus Prevention Bill was passed.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Musters.

Died, at Wiverton Hall, Nottinghamshire, February 5, 1832, Mary Ann, wife of John Musters, Esq.; better known to the world as the "Mary" of Lord Byron's youthful fancy. The delicate state of her health had, for many years, secluded her from the public eye. Her relative connexion with the illustrious bard, the early attachment of the latter, and the strong influence it appears to have exerted over his imagination, from his first poem addressed "To my dear Mary Ann," to his apostrophe upon the "Virgin's Hymn" in his last; these facts, taken in connexion with the singular coincidences of their respective lives, must always invest her name and memory with a degree of romantic interest. To those who enjoyed the happiness of a more intimate knowledge of the deceased, the expressive character of her waning beauty, the touching grace of her manners, her high tone of morality and religion, her tenderness of spirit, and practical Christian benevolence, will always form a bright spot of remembrance. Some of those few individuals who knew her in happier days can also bear testimony to the dormant powers of a mind, which, beneath a veil of extreme feminine simplicity of thought, united, to the instinctive qualities of taste and delicacy, the superadded ones of ingenuity, acuteness of observation, and an accurate knowledge of human nature. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the "Mary Chaworth" of Lord Byron's juvenile reminiscences, besides being connected with some of the first families in the kingdom, was also lineally descended from the ancient Norman-French family of the Caducis; a female branch of which intermarried with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and subsequently became ancestress to several of our English sovereigns. Additional proof is given to the national records by the circumstance of the Chaworth crest (a castle and feathers) agreeing with the custom of many ancient French families, who bear in their arms a castle rook. These, however, are very trivial and unimportant honours compared to the being enshrined in the outpourings of immortal verse, to the endurance of which the idle symbols of the herald are a short-lived mockery. Who knows, had the noble bard married this lady, but her graces and virtues might have influenced his future life, and his destiny have been less shaded by the clouds that gathered around it? In the maturity of her days she has followed the poet to the unknown existence, and her decease carries a melancholy to the heart of all who reflect upon her tale, and its connexion with that of Byron.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. W. B. Rennell, to the New Church at Paddington.—The Rev. Dr. Wellesley vacated the Vicarage of Chelsea, now divided into two parishes; the Rev. H. Blunt has been appointed Vicar of Upper Chelsea.—The Rev. W. E. Chapman, M.A., to the Rectory of Somerby, near Grantham, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. M. Vincent, M.A., to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Thomas's Church, Brampton.—The Rev. B. Gilpin, M.A., to the Rectory of Burnham, Westgate, Norfolk.—The Rev. T. Edwards to the Rectory of Aldford, Cheshire, vacated by the Rev. R. Massie, presented to the Rectory of Eccleston, upon the resignation of the Rev. C. Thornicroft.—The Rev. W. L. Weddell, A.B., to the Rectory of Chillisford, Suffolk.—The Rev. J. Brigstocke, M.A., to the Rectory of Barton, Pembrokeshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. D. B. Allen.—The Rev. E. Cookson, to the Living of Cherry Willingham, near Lincoln, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. C. Cookson.—The Rev. J. White, B.A., to the Perpetual Curacy of Fairfield, Kent.—The Rev. E. L. Sutton, M.A., to the Prebendary of Westminster.—The Rev. J. B. Poulden, B.A., to the Rectory of Filton, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. G. Bland, to the Prebend of Thorney, in the Cathedral Church of Chichester.—The Rev. E. G. Walford, of Elsfield, to the living of Chipping Warden, vacant by the death of Dr. Lamb.

Married.—At St. Pancras, Kennett Dixon, Esq. of Tavistock Square, to Juliet, second daughter of Sir E. B. Sugden, Knt. M.P.

At Dublin, Lieut.-Col. S. Blane, of the Scots Fusilier-Guards, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Armit, Esq.

At Marylebone, the Rev. E. Walford, Rector of Dallingho, Suffolk, to Henrietta Half, third daughter of J. Colvin, Esq.

The Hon. C. Ashburnham, third son of the late Earl of Ashburnham, and attached to the British Embassy in Paris, to Sarah Joanna, second daughter of W. Murray, Esq.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Lord Viscount Marsham, to Lady Margaret Scott.

At St. James's, G. L. Russell, Esq., youngest son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, to the Lady C. A. D. Pery.

At Marylebone Church, Viscount Turnour, eldest son of the Earl of Winterton, to Maria, third daughter of Sir P. Pole, Bart.

Died.—At Glossop, Derbyshire, of a short illness, in his 22nd year, Thomas Petty, Esq., a gentleman of high professional acquirements, and great early promise.

In Guernsey, John Saumerez, Esq. eldest brother of Lord de Saumarez.

At Westhill Lodge, Hampshire, the Right Hon. Lord Paulet, K.C.B.

At Hoddesdon, W. P. W. Freeman, Esq. Senior Admiral of the Fleet, in the 91st year of his age.

The Rev. W. Terrott, M.A., late Chaplain and Head Master of Greenwich Hospital Schools.

At Worthing, the Hon. Mrs. Beauclerk, of St. Leonard's Lodge, Horsham.

At Yote's Court, Kent, the Hon. F. E. Byng, twin-sister to Viscount Torrington.

At Torquay, Mr. W. L. Fox, brother to G. L. Fox, Esq. M.P.

At Kinsale, the Right Hon. Thomas de Courcy, Lord Kinsale, Baron de Courcy and Ringrone. His lordship was the Premier Baron of Ireland.

THE METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1832.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Francis the First: an Historical Drama. By FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. 8vo. Murray.

The theatrical career of the different members of the Kemble family has attached to the name an enduring interest in the recollections of all living, who have been gratified by the display of talents devoted to public amusement of a kind and quality never before surpassed. Garrick, as a whole, might have been a superior actor to John Kemble; we have heard those who had seen both actors declare this to be their opinion: and perhaps when the versatility of Garrick's character is considered, and that in comedy as well as tragedy he attained so great an eminence, the opinion may be correct; but in particular characters, with a more correct attention to the costume and classic rules of his art, it is probable John Kemble was never outshone. Then we had Stephen, the jolly Falstaff of his time, without the necessity of dressing for that portly character. Above these two we had the immortal Siddons, whose fame as the first of female performers will never die in our memories, and perhaps as an actress of tragedy will never be excelled. Of the last living male branch, who yet treads the stage, we need say nothing; for we are alluding more immediately to the founders of the family fame, who are "gone the way of all the earth." The fame of the actor, however, is short-lived: it is the most evanescent species of human renown, repaid, it is true, by the circumstance of its being enjoyed during life—an advantage that does not attend some other pursuits. It has generally happened indeed, we may say invariably, that great skill in theatrical representation is incompatible with literary excellence. A family so stamped with public approbation cannot but rank high in intellectual power, at least of one particular kind. We have now to draw the attention of our readers to another individual, who, though young in life, and as an actress, it may be said, not yet long enough before the public to establish that reputation which will carry her in our "mind's eye" to the last of memory, has essayed a literary work; and we do not hesitate to assert with a success, which could hardly have been expected from one so inexperienced as her early years would naturally lead us to suppose she must be. It is a question, whether a knowledge of scenery and stage-effect, together with the little tricks of the actor, do not operate prejudicially to a literary effort on the part of one who treads the boards. Such an one is apt to lose the connexion of the plot, and to sacrifice poetry to effect.

We must not, however, proceed in this strain, but come at once to the matter before us. Miss F. A. Kemble has written a tragedy, which we fully agree with the "Quarterly Review" in thinking "an extraordinary effort," very far surpassing any poetical production of so young a female in our time. Faults it has, and it would be singular if it had not; but there is depth and solidity of thought, a sustained elevation of style, and a vast deal of merit in the piece. There are none of those conceits and prettinesses, none of that mawkish sentimentality which colours so much of modern poetry, from the pens of females—sentences of a dozen lines most musical in sound to delineate an idea that may be told in one. There is strength, and life, and energy in Miss Kemble's tragedy, which show that she possesses the germ of greater things in this way, which time may mature. But

we caution her not to attempt to excel both as an actress and dramatic writer;—high excellence in both is not possible. One or the other must have the whole soul; and the choice or selection of the two must be her own, for she can best judge of the degree of predilection and enthusiasm she feels for either. Her present performance we have characterized. It is full of hope and power. It is in plot, if the term may be applied to it, perfectly simple. The language is that of the best days of our drama, with something antique to a modern ear, but admirably adapted to the period of which it professes to give a picture. Miss Kemble, it is clear, has been a reader of the dramatic writers of the sixteenth century, and has closely studied them. In this respect she shows good taste. She has in every thing followed our best models; for, if what is called superior refinement have subsequently clipped and trimmed the exuberances of our earlier dramatists, and bound them more to studied rule in unity and so forth, we have lost in the sterling beauty of the poetry what we have gained in severity. Besides, we will not be certain we are right in circumscribing the drama, as we are accustomed to do in later times, to rules which are merely grounded on custom. The tragic rules of Greece are not binding upon us. The nature of their tragic representation was different from ours,—adapted to the taste of a people of different modes of thinking, and interwoven with a mythology for which we can only feel the sentiment of curiosity, not of devotion: the chorus and adjuncts in modern times would not be tolerated, because opposed to conventional usages—all these things render many of the laws applicable to the Greek drama, inapplicable to our own. We may introduce one or two characters, which stand so prominently out as to throw all the others into shadow; or, we may insert a numerous assemblage of characters with nearly equal interest, and rely upon the story which they all combine to work out, rather than upon a single personage for entertainment. We find our drama best when it is least shackled. Like our political sentiments, it must be every way free as the air we breathe.

Miss Kemble's Francis the First requires an audience which has some knowledge of the history of the time when the plot is laid. We have stated that the poetry is superior to any thing we know of, written by one so young; and we may safely say, that in dramatic excellence it is by no means second-rate, compared with any recent appearances on the scene. The story has been altered to suit the purpose of the writer. The dialogue does not flag. It must be confessed, however, that there is a want of that interest in the eyes of an audience which makes the secret of striking scenic success—a character that may throw all the rest into shade, and save the labour of attending closely to the sense in an audience, particularly an English one, the attention of which is never more than half-directed to the business of the stage, and which cannot therefore afford leisure or close observation, sufficient to obtain a clear knowledge of a more complicated developement.

The play commences with the recall of De Bourbon from his Italian post, owing to the passion of the Queen Mother for him. The first scene is a lively one; in which we find the truism, that the king's fool was generally a cleverer fellow than those around him, thus explained:—

> O wisdom! thou hast kiss'd the lips of idiots,
> And gemm'd the motley with thy precious pearls!

In Scene 3, we find the following remarkable likeness to our older dramatists, whom Miss Kemble has closely studied:—

> ——————— Oh that we thus should meet!
> But, then, there is love's eye to flash his thoughts
> Into a language, whose rich eloquence
> Beggars all voice; our eyes at least may meet,
> And change, like messengers, the loving freight
> That either heart sends forth.

The Queen communicates her love for De Bourbon to Gonzales, and then a tournament succeeds, in which Francis first appears. Here, admiring a sister of Count Lautrec, Françoise, he speaks thus finely, in the very spirit of sweet poetry:—

Had a limner's hand
Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a lip,
I would have sworn the knave had dreamt it all
In some fair vision of some fairer world.
See how she stands, all shrined in loveliness;
Her white hands clasped; her clust'ring locks thrown back
From her high forehead; and in those bright eyes
Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!
That fall from those surpassing orbs as though
The starry eyes of heav'n wept silver dew.

That Miss Kemble has read and treasured much that relates to the subjects touched upon in her tragedy, connected with manners, is clear. How well she describes the knights in the tournament!—

On they go—
Now quakes the earth beneath their chargers' hoofs,
That whirl around, taking their vantage space;
Now each fierce steed bends on his haunches down,
Ready to rush his headlong course; each knight
Springs from his seat, and rising in the stirrups,
Directs his rested lance; on, on, they go,
Flashing and thund'ring!

The wit of Triboulet, following this passage, is well brought in. The Second Act begins by the introduction of De Bourbon, who loves Margaret of Valois, but hates the Queen Mother. In this dialogue the rebuke of Margaret, "She is my mother!" is well brought in. Margaret, however, seems not exactly of the leaven of which Shakspeare made Juliet; Margaret thinks wealth, fame, or fortune, may be abandoned for love, but not her family ties: this is not a poet's, but a Lord Chancellor's, notion of the passion "stronger than death,"—a modern beauty's sentiment—one of the "cold unripened beauties of the North." The dialogue is, however, excellent; and Margaret's trial of her lover's temper is a charming incident well brought in. The Queen and De Bourbon now meet; his impatience and indignation are well described—there is much power in it. The Queen tries him, hints of a lady who may have recalled him to raise him higher, and asks him what he would do with such a prize. He answers,—

I'd kiss the lady's hand, an she were fair.
But if this world fill'd up the universe,—
If it could gather all the light that lives
In ev'ry other star or sun, or world;
If kings could be my subjects, and that I
Could call such pow'r and such a world my own,
I would not take it from a woman's hand.
Fame is my mistress, madam, and my sword
The only friend I ever wooed her with.
I hate all honours smelling of the distaff,
And, by this light, would as lief wear a spindle
Hung round my neck, as thank a lady's hand
For any favour greater than a kiss.

The next feeling, that of every woman so circumstanced, is revenge, and the convenient instrument a priest. Gonzales enters, and eagerly assists her plans. This is a very well conceived, and well executed, scene. Lautrec is sent, by the Queen's agency, to Italy, in the place of De Bourbon. The King in the meanwhile shows a passion for Françoise de Foix, Lautrec's sister, who is loved by Laval. The King sends a letter and ring to her, which makes her fly from the Court, but of which the Queen obtains a knowledge. The Queen then summons De Bourbon to yield up the sword of office to Lautrec. He breaks, and gives it up with his allegiance. The Queen, or rather Queen Mother, orders him to prison. The leave-taking of Laval and Françoise, when he goes to Italy with Lautrec, is very sweet poetry:—

But ere I go, perchance for ever, lady,
Unto the land, whose dismal tales of battles,
Where thousands strew'd the earth, have christen'd it
The Frenchman's grave; I'd speak of such a theme
As chimes with this sad hour, more fitly than

Its name gives promise. There's a love, which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines, but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest—like the trembling light
Of a pale sunbeam, breaking o'er the face
Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.
Thus much forgive ! and trust, in such an hour,
I had not said e'en this, but for the hope
That when the voice of victory is heard
From the far Tuscan valleys, in its swell
Should mournful dirges mingle for the dead,
And I be one of those who are at rest,
You may chance recollect this word, and say,
That day, upon the bloody field, there fell
One who had loved thee long, and loved thee well.

Gonzales, from motives well explained in the play, gets Bourbon's escape effected, that he may fly from France and aid her foes. Lautrec is defeated and driven out of Italy. He is arrested for his ill fortune. His sister Françoise goes to Court to intercede for him, and falls a victim to the King's passion for her. The Queen breaks in upon their interview, and employs Gonzales to destroy her. He, hating Laval her lover, undertakes the murder. Laval arrives: Gonzales informs him that his beloved is dishonoured, and Françoise destroys herself. Laval seeks to revenge himself on the King, is arrested, and condemned to die; but first acquaints the King with the crimes of the Queen Mother; and thus ends the piece. We are sorry our limits do not admit a more explicit recital of the various striking scenes and beauties, for they are numerous and well sustained. The dialogue between Bourbon, Gonzales, and Margaret, is powerful—even masculine writing; vigorous and poetical in no very limited degree: it is admirable. The scene of remorse between Françoise and Florise, where the former has fallen the King's victim, is good. Gonzales's address to Laval, where he unmasks his hatred to him over the body of his beloved, is as follows; and with it we must close our extracts:—

Look on thy bride ! look on that faded thing,
That e'en the tears thy manhood showers so fast,
And bravely, cannot wake to life again !
I call all nature to bear witness here;—
As fair a flower once grew within my home,
As young, as lovely, and as dearly loved.—
I had a sister once, a gentle maid—
The only daughter of my father's house,
Round whom our ruder loves did all entwine,
As round the dearest treasure that we own'd.
She was the centre of our souls' affections;—
She was the bud, that underneath our strong
And sheltering arms, spread over her, did blow.
So grew this fair, fair girl, till envious fate
Brought on the hour when she was withered.
Thy father, sir—now mark !—for 'tis the point
And moral of my tale—thy father, then,
Was, by my sire, in war ta'en prisoner;—
Wounded almost to death, he brought him home,—
Shelter'd him,—cherish'd him,—and, with a care,
Most like a brother's, watch'd his bed of sickness,
Till ruddy health, once more through all his veins,
Sent life's warm stream in strong returning tide.
How think ye he repaid my father's love ?
From her dear home he lured my sister forth,
And, having robb'd her of her treasur'd honour,
Cast her away, defiled,—despoiled,—forsaken !—
The daughter of a high and ancient line !—
The child of so much love !—she died !—she died !—
Upon the threshold of that home, from which
My father spurn'd her !—over whose pale corse
I swore to hunt, through life, her ravisher;
Nor ever from my bloodhound track desist,
Till due and deep atonement had been made—
Honour for honour given—blood for blood.

We are very sure that the public will be of the same opinion as ourselves respecting this tragedy. It is not a piece of the every-day writing, such as swells periodicals, and is trumpeted forth as the excellent of all excellence, until the nine days' wonder is eclipsed by another of the same stamp—full of prettinesses, and ill descriptions of feelings unfelt, but it is a performance remarkable in an intellectual point of view. It is a phenomenon, displaying in composition, tact, and energy,—a whole which will lead to the very highest excellence, if the future bear any analogy to the past.

The Druid: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By THOMAS CROMWELL, author of "Oliver Cromwell and his Times." Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

We live in a period when reason triumphs over imagination, and we cease to feel our wonted pleasure, as of yore, in works founded on very remote fiction. We are sobering down into matter-of-fact people in this age, and refuse any longer to annex unreal or unnatural qualities to the creatures of poetic creation, any more than to take for granted the superiority of feudal times or institutions, because they are extolled by the novelist, or commended by the sticklers for "things as they have been." This is unfortunate for those who venture on imaginative excursions in literature, and found the tale or the poem upon events, and place its characters among a race whose characteristics were perhaps the very reverse of the exhibition made of them. The earlier histories of Ireland are for the most part fabulous, and the people who inhabited it in the earliest ages of affected historical record are wholly uninteresting to those of our day. The passions of man, it is true, are the same, but then they are the same in all time, and we may be spared travelling into a remote age for their exhibition. When we take up a tragedy, therefore, which relates to a barbarous and obscure era, we rely almost wholly for the entertainment we expect to receive, upon the developement of deep laid passion, upon the rapid succession of events, and the unflagging interest of the narrative. In these respects we fear this tragedy will be found wanting, clever though it be; and in addition to the little we feel interested in the Druid character, under the very scanty outline it now presents of what it either was or was not, we fear the author, deserving of praise as he is, will not find the reward he merits. The opening scene of this piece is laid in a Druid place of worship, amid a grove of oaks. The Play opens by Malachie, a prince, entering the area of worship, to express his wish to seize the crown of the lawful prince; which design is frustrated by the Archdruid Cathal, who discovers his desire, and denounces the Christian faith and followers. A Christian, Lucius, is brought in fettered by a body of Druids and Druidesses. Lorna has a secret love for Lucius, and much of the scene hangs upon her struggles against it. An extract from this scene will exhibit the author's style.

> *Cathal.*—Now—as in presence of this altar's god
> Baal the mighty, who his chariot guides
> Eternally refulgent in the path
> He bounteous chooses round our thankful world;
> While we, devoutly distant from his rays,
> Lift through these groves our pæans;—now we sit
> For judgment on this slave of unknown deities.
> Prepare the sacrifice. (*A fire is kindled by a Druid on the altar.*)
> While, Lorna, you
> Confront this meddling priest of Rome; confess
> (Healing thy father's grief, the priesthood's shame)
> Thyself divested of each weak surmise,
> Each smallest doubt of our religion's truth,
> Or, as that foreign infidel, ev'n thou,
> Arch-priestess and my daughter as thou art,
> Shalt die the death he dies.
> *Lorna.*—Ev'n echo, certain of his fate, repeats
> "He dies." Then, Lorna, be no longer woman. (*aside*)
> Archdruid! sire! hear from me a brief tale.

When yonder babbler of a foreign creed
Stole on my musings by the fountain's side
Hallow'd to great Onvana, some spirit malign
(That by your office must be exorcised)
Gave to a spell the ascendant of the air,
Earth, skies, all, all around me; for I deemed—
So powerful the somewhat at my heart;
And in my brain's seductive phantasies,
And in my eyes, that needs must look on him,
And in my ears, that needs must hearken to him,
I deem'd, I say, some god did tread the earth,
In manly form how beautiful! in more,
Far more, than natural manly beauty!
But said I?—no, not so—I mean—I said—
Archdruid, frown not thus; nor seem to look
With that stern eye into my inmost soul:
—Straight with him to the death!—so aid me pride! *(aside)*
Then witness all, if I will shrink to hear
One cry that marks his most exalted torments:
No—by the gods, who own me for their priestess,
And whom to worship ever I am sealed!
Lucius.—Fiend as thou art, by woman's passions made!
Dost thou condemn me with the self-same tongue,
E'en now confessing, while it had conceal'd,
The irregular flame that bids me blush in death?
Had I indeed but wooed thee, nor assailed,
As was alone my purpose here, thy faith,
Thou tell'st too plainly now thou hadst been kinder,
Nor I the captive to your hellish ministers.
Cathal.—Peace! treacherous maligner; or swift tortures,
Sharper and fiercer than thy thought can dare
To picture to itself, shall rend each nerve
And fibre of thy frame. Peace! while I scorch
The sacrifice, for token of the fate
The gods decree thee. Druids, raise your hymn.
(Descends from the chair, and examines the sacrifice with his wand as they sing.)

DRUIDS' HYMN.

Baal! all-seeing power!
Deign, while thy ministers bend
And shadows slowly wing this solemn hour,
Some viewless form to send
Foreshowing from the sacrifice
The death thy doom has said he dies.

Cathal.—Enough, Onvana goddess of the Waters,
Conscious his heretic presence has defiled
The precincts of her sacred fountain, claims
The miscreant at our hands—Ye know the cave
In vast Binguthar, that receives the tide's
Ever-recovering strength: engulf him there,
Its floor is dread Onvana's chosen altar,
And even to its rocky arch the waves
Leap in wild joy to greet and whelm her victims
On to Binguthar, and with steps of reverence.
Lucius.—Men!—are ye men?—and thou, art woman, priestess?
That thus an innocent man ye doom—
Cathal.—Forbear!
Lucius.—Speak but thou, priestess: does thy heart bid this?
Lorna.—I'll speak no further word.
Lucius. Lead, lead on, then:
My mission was to show how Christians die.
In all but motion to my death a statue,
Resistless, dumb, I'll follow to my fate.

The tragedy is intended to exhibit the triumph of Christianity over Druidism in the sister Island. On this, and of his poem, the author best speaks for himself. His work will be perused in the closet with considerable pleasure, but it would fail in representation.

Attila, a Tragedy; and other Poems. Boone.

This is a volume of very sweet poetry, but we think the author erred in styling it Dramatic. It is full of varied scenes well described, but it is not legitimate tragedy. There is a want of force to aid lofty flights and passionate outbreakings visible throughout; and yet, in the gentle and descriptive, there is beauty and pure poetry. The taste of the day is unfortunately against every thing that does not astonish; and the reign of poetry, though in the heart of the pure it can never die, is, we fear, on the wane with the public. Attila is a succession of scenes, and some of them possess great interest. The following is one extracted at random:—

Enter Attila.

Who braves our presence here?
Bleda.—'Tis one who fears
No pow'r of thine.
Attila.—Loud boaster! thou must yield
This prize to us: 'tis Attila demands her.
Bleda.—Never, thou regal tyrant! Must I fawn
And kiss those robes usurp'd, and tamely yield
My wife to thy adulterous embrace,—
The mother of my children, and the joy
Of my bewilder'd days? May every fiend
That wallows in the murky fires of hell
Mock me and taunt me till the soul shall die
If I perform thy bidding.
Attila.—Brawler, hence!
Or by yon skies, where dwells the Scythian's God
We'll hang thee on an arm of the first tree,
A scare crow till thou'rt dead, and then their banquet.
Bleda.—I go, but not for ever. Yet again
I'll visit thee, to thy confusion,—Kings
Are at the best but men, and once grown tyrants
They tread on slipp'ry ground. Thou yet mayst feel
On thy own head the stern recoil of crime.
Cerca.—Heed not his violence; long injuries
Have blunted his respect; remember, too,
His source of life was yours: one mother bore
The mighty Attila—the wretched Bleda.
Attila.—Thou 'rt eloquent in tears. Those livid drops
Which roll o'er woman's cheeks to win our smiles
Are love's mute mother-tongue; the poetry
Of passion, and the sparks which kindle her
To fierce extremes. We madden with our bliss
Till we forget our earth and soar to heaven.
They are love's nectar, which exhilarate
Beyond the luscious grape, and fire the soul
Or lull it at their pleasure.
Cerca.—Be not mad
With present power. Dominion is a curse
Which has crush'd millions. Turn thee from thy guilt
And ere thy honour take the stain of crime,
Forego thy horrid purpose.
Attila.—Where's the priest
That school'd thee thus? Could I but once lay hold
Upon the canting dogmatist, I'd have
His crown shorn bare, to blister in the sun;
Strip his unmanly limbs for public sport,
And send him forth to mockery.
Cerca.—No priest
Was my instructor; I owe all to Nature.
She tutor'd me to shrink from lawless love
As from the aspic's poison; but when crime
Is grafted upon crime more heinous still,
Who can behold the scepter'd criminal
And not feel loathing.
Attila.—This is worse than waste
Of words and—dearer—time. Our will-proud dame,
Is absolute, and law is neutral, when
That will has ought to gratify. In brief,

Bleda must be forgot, and Attila
Shall henceforth be thy husband and thy king.
Cerca.—My king, but not my husband: I am firm
And resolute in my intents; and tho' thy rage,
Like the sirocco, in its fell career
Of death and desolation, o'er me sweep,
Portending peril, I will brave its burst,
But never yield me to unlawful love.
Attila.—Woman, we court not thy assent; we scorn
To win thee by the wiles of common courtship,
But take thee as our own, in whom none else
Hath equal right; a husband's privilege
Must yield to higher claims: thy king demands thee:
Thou art a simple chattel of our empire,
And as we list we 'll use thee.

Poems; by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American. Edited by WASHINGTON IRVING. Andrews.

We hail the appearance of this publication with satisfaction of no ordinary kind. Mr. Irving has much gratified the lovers of poetry by editing his countryman's volume of true poetry. Mr. Bryant's poems have the charm of novelty. Mr. Irving observes truly that they are "essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest—to the shores of the lonely lake—the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes."

We think, with Mr. Irving, that these poems are "gems," that their own merits are their best passport. The poetry of Bryant, though "essentially American," is pure as respects style: the language is that of the best writers of the English tongue, and is an excellent model for the author's countrymen. We cannot say all we wish of these poems without going at a very great length into criticism and remark, for which we have not room. We can better afford to give our readers a specimen or two, which will do more with the reader in the way of justice to the author than any observations of ours. The beauties are various and original, the defects trivial. Bryant is a name of which America may justly be proud. His volume proves to us that if the sterling spirit of poetry be evaporating here,—if that which has charmed our fathers, and been the delight of the most generous part of our existence, no longer finds admirers, or degenerates into that boarding-school sentimentality which is so prevalent at present, we may turn to a nation sprung from our own loins, for the refreshing spring to invigorate us, and find in American literature, as refinement increases there, a fount of imaginative delight unconnected with that corruption of works of fancy, the modern fashionable novel. From the wilds of America, we may extract the honey so delicious to the taste and so vivifying to the soul, which the "old country" will have ceased to furnish. The "Ages" does not please us so well as some of the other pieces, but it is a beautiful descriptive poem. The following is an extract from it:—

Late, from this western shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles in his soft embrace the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,

And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mount and vale, where never summer-ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet—there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unavenged. The foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed; and, when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood.
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam played;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvest and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

"Thanatopsis" has a beautiful moral melancholy throughout. We give it entire:—

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings; while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take notice of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The lines "To the Evening Wind" are very fine; the "Forest Hymn" noble; the "Damsel of Peru" truly American and sweet. "Monument Mountain" is romantically descriptive and sublime. There is a sober spirit of piety and reverence for the First Cause throughout this volume, most pleasing yet natural. It is the dweller in cities, who is the cold, calculating, heartless, sceptic—who acknowledges no God. He who dwells in the bosom of Nature sees the Deity every

where. Bryant's love of the wild and natural made his writings exhibit a feeling of the presence of a superior power in the scenes he describes. We can give but two pieces more.—First, "The Hurricane:"—

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
They darken fast—and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale—
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space!
Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods and mountains and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space—
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all:
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

We must conclude with lines to the month just past, entitled "March:"—

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies,—
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wearst the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bringst the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seem of a brighter world than ours.

America may glory in the name of Bryant.

Cheskian Anthology: being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia, with Translated Specimens. By JOHN BOWRING. Hunter.

We are here presented with another of those translations from the less known literature of Europe with which Mr. Bowring has before favoured us. Of these, the Bohemian is not the least curious: its language is derived from the Sclavonians. The dialects of the Bohemian are the Moravian, Silesian, and Slavakian. The eldest specimen of this language bears date in the tenth century. Several specimens of different dates are laid before us in this volume; among them, mention is made of a poem on the Restoration of Man to his original Perfection. The poetry of Bohemia is of very ancient date. With the name of reform and John Huss, an extraordinary impulse was imparted to the literature and language of Bohemia. "The Bible, the Bible for the people," was the watchword of the Bohemian reformers. Huss was the translator of the works of Wickliffe: his Hymns were more potent than the sword against the clergy, who were opposed in the writings of his followers, when he was no more—butchered and betrayed for his resistance to the orthodoxy of the time. Mr. Bowring has given a concise history of the poetry of Bohemia, and the names of the principal writers. The Bohemian Alphabet consists of twenty-six letters: a, b, c, č, d, e, f, g, h, ch, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, š (ss), t, u, w, y, z, ž. The system of orthography is much more simple than the Polish. The Pole writes wierzy, czysty; the Bohemian, wěřj, čisty. The following is a specimen of one of these Bohemian songs:

I sought the dark field where the oat-grass was growing,
The maidens were there—and that oat-grass were mowing;
And I call'd to those maidens—"Now say if there be
The maiden I love 'midst the maidens I see."

And they sighed as they answered, "Ah! no! alas! no,
She was laid in the bed of the tomb long ago."

"Then show me the way where my footsteps must tread,
To reach that dark chamber where slumbers the dead."

"The path is before thee—her grave will be known,
By the rosemary wreaths her companions have strown."

"And where is the church—and the churchyard—whose heaps
Will point out the bed where the blessed one sleeps?"

So straight to the churchyard in sadness I drew,
But I saw no fresh heap, and no grave that was new.
I turned—a new grave slowly rose at my feet,
And my heart froze all o'er with a damp icy sweat.
And I heard a low voice—but it audibly said,
"Disturb not—disturb not the sleep of the dead.

Who treads on my bosom—what footsteps have swept
The dew from the bed where the weary one slept?"

"My maiden! my maiden! so speak not to *me*,
My presents were once not unwelcome to thee."
"Thy presents were welcome—yet none could I save,
Not one could I bring to the stores of the grave!

"The Maiden's Song for the Dead" is curious for the sentiment which closes the last stanza:—

The very towers that time destroys,
Time may rebuild as built before;
But ruins of departed joys—
These can be rear'd to joy no more.

The forests which the axe hath laid
In dust, may spring to life anew;
But—have the dying or the dead
A germ which spring can waken too?

My love is wrapp'd in mortal clay—
But were a granite bed his own,
With mine own nails I'd dig my way,
Through even the hardest granite-stone.[1]

The following is of a lighter character:—

I am a Bohemian maid,
Blue-eyed, fair and airy;
Would you know my name? my name
Is no name but Mary.

What's to you if I have fled,
Fled to love's embraces,
Eaten hips of eglantine,[2]
Slept in thorny places.

What's to you, if I allow
Youths of love to chatter;
Let them rattle at my door,
Surely 'tis no matter!

I will marry—wherefore talk—
Wherefore talk, my mother;
Am I yet a year too young?
Must I wait another?

No! I'm young—and I am fair—
Gay—blue-eyed and airy—
Would you know the maiden's name,
Sir! her name is Mary!

This volume is a valuable addition to those which have preceded it; introducing us to a new literature and people, for which we feel under great obligations to our author.

A Letter to the Presidents of the Westminster Medical Society, on Cholera. By JOHN WEBSTER, M.D.

This Letter is the substance of a speech delivered at the Westminster Medical Society. We shall let the writer speak for himself by an extract respecting the nature of the complaint, which we think is worthy of very attentive consideration:—

"The question has been repeatedly asked, and apparently with some degree of triumph, of those maintaining the doctrine that the disease now prevalent is only an aggravated, and more fatal form of the complaint well known under the name of the English Cholera; if in any other epidemic, with which medical men are familiar in this country, it ever happens that a patient will in some years fall a sacrifice at the first onset of the disease, whilst in other seasons the type of the same complaint assumes a more mild form, and seldom or ever proves fatal? In answer to this question, usually considered, by-the-bye, as a leading one, and upon which much of the argument is thought to hinge; it can be replied, although ague is very seldom fatal at its commencement in this country, being more frequent in hot climates, instances do occasionally happen where the cold stage is so overwhelming that the patient even dies in the very first attack. Of this, examples are mentioned in the older authors; and a friend of mine knew two patients, while practising in Lincolnshire, who died in the first, or cold stage of an ague—one of these, indeed, in his own presence. But surely no one would contend, because these individuals expired on the first attack, that the disease was therefore a new species of ague. And if this occurs in intermittent fever, the same variety may also happen in the cholera of this country; as it will not be denied that epidemics, of essentially the same character, may be occasionally accompanied in different years, even in the same country, by a variety in its form and symptoms.

"The same modification of symptoms is often likewise remarked in other epidemics, such as in the typhus fevers of Great Britain: one year it is mild, and easily treated; in another, it is most rapid in its course, very fatal in the result, and attended with unusual symptoms, as by petechial spots, hæmorrhages, or the like; but still it is typhus. And if we compare the accurate description of fever, given

[1] Literally, "I would [make my way] to him with my nails through the hard rock."

[2] Sʻjpek—the red hips of the wild rose.

by Sydenham, with those which have recently, or previously, occurred, there will be observed a variety in the type, although the disease be considered by nosologists as belonging to the same class. Similar reasoning equally applies to cholera: one year, or for a series, it is mild; at another period it is frequent and most fatal; depending, like other epidemics, upon causes sometimes, it must be acknowledged, difficult to explain.

"Much has been said on the subject of blueness of the skin, as constituting a pathognomic, and perhaps one of the most characteristic symptoms of the disease. Too great importance has all along been attached to the presence of this formidable feature; the very mention of which has caused the greatest dismay. If, however, it be taken as a proof of similarity to the disease of India, great misapprehension on that head seems to exist; and, in confirmation of this opinion, I would refer with confidence to the excellent paper on Cholera, published by Mr. Mouat, in the fourth volume of the 'Transactions of the Medical Society of Calcutta.' In this treatise, although the author minutely details the particulars occurring in one hundred and thirty-two cases of spasmodic cholera, not in natives it should be observed, but in the soldiers of an European corps, viz. His Majesty's 14th Regiment of Foot; yet, in all these patients, not one during the epidemic is stated to have shown this much talked-of blueness; it therefore cannot be considered as constituting a constant symptom in Asia. But besides this, as great a variety is also observed in some of the premonitory symptoms, and in the subsequent fever. Thus, in India, diarrhœa is said seldom to precede the Cholera; in this country it generally appears some days before. In India again, they have seldom any fever; on the contrary, in this country, most commonly a severe secondary fever follows before convalescence. Showing, as in the symptom of blueness, that a marked difference may occur in diseases of the two countries; whilst it demonstrates the small reliance we ought to place on conclusions, drawn from proofs like these, of its invariable identity.

"In conversation, I have always admitted that the Cholera of the East and of this country is, nosologically considered, the same disease; as much so as the ague of Lincolnshire, of the Pontine Marshes, and of the banks of the Nile, is essentially a similar complaint, varied undoubtedly by peculiarity of climate, by local circumstances, and the constitutions and habits of the people affected: still none can deny but it is the same kind of intermittent fever. To suppose, however, that the Cholera of India will be transplanted to this country unchanged in every feature, appears to me doubtful: with our present knowledge, and before such can be fully admitted, more facts and proofs must yet be produced in support of the doctrine: as well, as once observed a physician, might we expect pine-apples to grow in this country more plentifully than cabbages."

It is cheering to observe that the cholera, whatever be its nature, does not affect the total of the deaths in London. Dr. Webster says:—

"Thus, by the bills of mortality, for the week ending the 14th of February, when the Cholera was not in London, the number of burials in the metropolis amounted to four hundred and seventy-nine. In the following one, that ending the 21st, when, it will be remembered, the whole population had been alarmed by the portentous announcement that the Eastern pestilence was actually arrived, the total burials, including the reported cases of cholera, are only three hundred and eighty-five; thus proving there had been a diminution in the number of deaths to the amount of one-fifth, or ninety-four; and demonstrating, beyond the shadow of refutation, that hitherto, instead of London being depopulated by the Cholera, the fact is really the reverse. Again, in the populous parishes of St. Giles's and St. Marylebone, the same satisfactory conclusions are obtained. In the latter, the number of burials in all its extensive districts, from the 1st of January, 1831, to the 22nd of February in the same year, being four hundred and thirty-six; whilst, from the 1st of January to the 22nd of February of 1832, the burials were diminished to three hundred and eighty-three; making therefore fifty-three deaths less than during the same period of 1831. Farther, in the Infirmary of that parish, there is at the present moment fewer patients, by almost one-fourth, than in the month of February last year."

We recommend Dr. Webster's observations to all who are interested in discovering the nature and character of this disease:—and who is not?

Topographical and Statistical Details of the Metropolis, &c. By James Marshall. Pp. 28. Cochrane and Co.

A useful little pamphlet of reference in Statistics, published at a low price. It will be found useful on the table of every Coffee-House and Counting-House, as well as Library, as its contents are almost of every-day utility.

Speech of W. A. MACKINNON, Esq. in the House of Commons on the 20th of March, 1832, on the Third Reading of the Reform Bill. Pp. 24. Roake and Varty.

This is the speech of an opposition member of Parliament, but of one who opposes the Reform Bill from no factious motives. Mr. Mackinnon's objection is to the diminution of the members of Parliament for England and Wales. We shall let Mr. Mackinnon speak for himself by an extract:—

"On taking a retrospective view of the representative history of this country, and looking at the period which preceded the union of England with Scotland, it appears that the number of members for England and Wales was five hundred and thirteen. From the period of the union with Scotland to the present hour, the wealth and the population of this portion of the empire (England and Wales) has increased in a most unprecedented and extraordinary proportion. To enter into any details or statistical accounts would be useless here; the fact cannot be denied, and we may take it as follows:

"The population has increased to nearly three times; and the amount of wealth and of capital, (which terms may be used indiscriminately on the present occasion,) to ten times the amount that it was one hundred and twenty-five years ago. Now, with a population three times as great, and an amount of capital ten times greater —to the argument it signifies nothing whether it be a little more or a little less— to diminish the number of members for England and Wales, at the time that you take wealth and population, or rather the compound ratio of both, as your leading principle of representation, seems rather an absurdity!—particularly, as not a single argument or reason has been assigned, why the number of representatives for England and Wales should in any manner be decreased.

"The noble Lord opposite has been fond of quoting Mr. Pitt's authority, as an advocate for Reform at an early period of his life; but what says Mr. Pitt? Why, he distinctly states in both his speeches on Reform, that it is highly inexpedient to lessen the number of representatives; and this he does not state on any particular occasion, but gives it as his deliberate opinion on two occasions, in a speech made in 1785, two years after the first statement made on the subject in 1783.

"Although this scheme of selecting towns or districts to return members to Parliament according to the compound ratio of wealth and population, appears at the first glance plausible; yet, on further reflection, it is liable to many objections: the leading objection is, that sufficient importance in the representation is not given to property or wealth. A poor man in a rich district has greater influence in the nomination of the representatives for that place than a rich man in a poor district. Is this according to the fair spirit of representation, or due regard for property? Besides, if you lay this down as a principle for places to elect representatives, will it be satisfactory to Liverpool, with a population of one hundred and forty thousand, and great wealth, to send only two members to Parliament, whilst Eversham, or any other borough out of Schedule B, with not one-fiftieth part of the population, or one-hundredth part of the wealth, sends the same number? What will Ireland say to such a system? will she remain satisfied with one hundred and five members out of six hundred and fifty-eight, whilst she possesses one-third of the population of England? If, therefore, this principle thus laid down be equitable, it ought to be made general. If not made general, how can it give universal satisfaction? If it does not please, we must leave the population of the empire in a discontented state, or of constant change; this Bill, therefore, instead of quieting the minds of the people—of fostering a kind of feeling between the several classes of society, and of restoring confidence, will have a totally different effect."

The History of Amelia. Vols. I. and II. By HENRY FIELDING, Esq. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vols. VIII. and IX. Cochrane and Co.

In these volumes Cruikshank is as much himself as ever in his scene in the prison. Blear-eyed Moll, Captain Booth, and the Jailer, in "Amelia's unexpected visit," are figures that we dare swear were identical with those which passed through the writer's mind when he put their names upon paper. The hamper scene, which is the frontispiece, is inimitable in its drollery. Though Amelia is less fertile in scenes of whimsicality than some of the author's preceding stories, there is enough for the genius of Cruikshank to display itself upon in its happiest manner. Cruikshank has been equally happy in his inimitable etchings in the second with the former volume. "The doctor seizing lawyer Murphy," "Mrs. Ellison's rage upon finding herself detected," the "Scene at Vauxhall," and the "Masquerade scene," are all capital in their display of that humour which is the chief characteristic both of author and illustrator. So much has this edition been sought after, that we are informed the price is already considerably enhanced to purchasers; and we are gratified not to have been wanting in the justice of our appreciation of this edition when it first began.

The Reformer's Catechism: intended for Reformers of all Classes, and adapted to the plainest capacities. Pp. 34. Renshaw and Rush.

This is a publication intended to explain the sentiments of the Reformers. It is a sensible, judicious tract, designed, we presume, to answer the attacks of enemies on Reform, and to be the creed of their political faith. The interests of the few having been preferred to that of the many, by the managers of the House of Commons, and, consequently, by the Government, is the great reason for Reform, independent of the argument—that what is right ought to supersede that which is wrong or corrupt. We see nothing in this Catechism but what is agreeable to justice and sound sense.

The Accidence of the French Grammar. By P. F. MERLET, Author of "Le Traducteur," &c. Wilson.

We have before had occasion to notice with high commendation other works of instruction by this able teacher; and the present useful little volume merits the same praise of clearness and perspicuous arrangement.

The Writer's and Student's Assistant; or, a Compendious Dictionary of English Synonymes, &c. Second Edition. 24mo. Whittaker and Co.

The utility of this little work is so obvious, that we need not expatiate upon it. It is limited in extent to the words more commonly demanded and most generally in use. It is, in fact, a work for the mass—for "the many," rather than for the scholar; and, for such a purpose, may be honestly recommended to lie on every writing-desk.

The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy; for the use of Schools. By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. 24mo. Whittaker and Co.

This is an abridgment of Mr. Keightley's larger work, which we have already noticed; and the compilation of which, from the best sources, makes it the most useful book of the kind extant. The present is an excellent little work for youth: the abstract is well made; and the plates, engraved purposely for this edition, are uncommonly well executed. We have not met with a volume which has more pleased us for a long time.

HERBERT'S Country Parson, Church Porch, &c. Washbourne.

A republication of a most excellent work for clergymen, too well-known to render eulogy here of any moment in its behalf. The sincere and pious Christians among our clergy will be happy to possess this work in its present portable form and neat print, in short in a pleasant pocket edition. Herbert is no every-day pastor,—his piety and simplicity it is pleasant to contemplate.

The Phenomena of Nature familiarly explained: a book for Parents and Instructors. From the German of WILHELM VON TURK. Wilson.

This is a very useful book, which has been highly spoken of in the "Quarterly Journal of Education," published under the auspices of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." We can recommend it as containing a vast deal of scientific information in a form at once simple and clear, so that the plainest understanding may comprehend every thing laid down in it. The English instructor may also benefit from it, by taking what is good from the German method of teaching youth.

Letters from a Mother to her Daughter, at or going to School, &c. By MRS. J. A. SARGANT. Fourth Edition. Whittaker and Co.

These Letters are well penned; the style is pure; and the sentiments such as might be expected from the pen of one who knew and felt the importance of the advice given, and was able to couch it in appropriate terms. It is a book which every young lady should purchase and read with attention.

The Cabinet Annual Register for 1831. Washbourne.

A very useful little work, much wanted, and calculated to supersede that ill-conducted and heavy compilation "The Annual Register." It contains:—Domestic History for the year; a Parliamentary Register, sufficiently copious; Foreign History, American as well as European; Annual Obituary; Chronicle of Events; Annual Biography; Public Documents, Tables, &c.: all in a thick volume 12mo., and bound very neatly. The execution is good, and the usefulness so obvious that we need not dilate upon it. No observer of the political times and history of the day should be without it;—and who is not one?

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POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Francis the First; an Historical Drama. By Frances Ann Kemble. 8vo. 5s.
The Rent Day; a Domestic Drama. By D. Jerrold. 8vo. 3s.
The Mind, and other Poems. By Charles Swain. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Living Poets and Poetesses. By N. Mitchel. 4s. 6d.
Poems by W. C. Bryant, an American; edited by Washington Irving. 8vo. 9s.
Attila, a Tragedy; and other Poems. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Preparing for Publication, A Life of Lord Byron, which will contain a particular account of his Residence at Geneva, Venice, Ravenna, and Pisa; with some Poems unpublished, and critical notices of his works, by T. Medwin, Esq. Also, by the Same, a translation of the Plays of Æschylus.

The proprietors of Miss Edgeworth's Works are preparing for Publication an Edition of her Works, with splendid Illustrations, from Harvey, in 18 Monthly Volumes, of the size and price of the Waverley Novels.

In the Press, in two volumes, The Greek Testament, accompanied with English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical, by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D., F.S.A., Vicar of Bisbrooke, Rutland; Author of the "Recensio Synoptica Annotationis Sacræ," and also of the New Translation, and the New Edition of Thucydides with Notes.

Ready for publication, The Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh. By Sir Roger Greisley, Bart., F.A.S.

Instructions for preparing Abstracts of Titles, after the most improved System of Eminent Conveyancers: showing, 1. The Points to be observed in deducing Titles to Freehold, &c.; 2. The Title of the Abstract, and the Method of abstracting Ordinary Deeds; and, 3. The Form of an Abstract containing every Species of Assurance; is in the Press.

A General Analytical Index to the Edinburgh Review, from Vol. XXI. to L.; comprehending, in one Alphabetical Series, distinct References to all the Names of Authors reviewed, Titles of Books reviewed, Authorities cited or quoted, Public Questions discussed, and all incidental matter; with a separate Index of Books reviewed, and another of Authors reviewed; is publishing.

Treatise on the Preparation of Printing Ink, both Black and Coloured. By William Savage, Author of Practical Hints on Decorative Printing; will shortly appear.

Preparing for publication, A Dictionary of Foreign Bibliography, or Guide to the Knowledge of Rare, Curious, and Important Books, in Ancient and Modern Languages, in every Department of Science and Literature. By Wm. Thomas Lowndes. This manual will be published in a similar manner to the author's work on English Literature, and will consist of twelve Parts.

In the Press, The Classical Student's Manual. By William Thomas Lowndes.

The Rev. Charles Eyre has nearly ready for publication, An Illustration of St. Paul's Epistles, inclusive of an entirely new and independent Translation.

There is forthcoming, No. I. of a New Musical Periodical, interesting to the pianoforte and flute-player, entitled The Apolloniad.

An Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture, with numerous Designs, and Analytical and Critical Remarks; by Mr. Loudon; is in the Press, and will appear in Parts, quarterly.

In the Press, Elements of Mechanics, comprehending the Theory of Equilibrium and of Motion, and the First Principles of Physical Astronomy, together with a variety of Statical and Dynamical Problems. By J. R. Young.

The Juvenile Philosopher, by T. Keyworth; exhibiting, in a familiar manner, the Principles of the Steam Engine, Orrery, and Tellurian, with illustrative Woodcuts; adapted for Schools and Young Persons; is nearly ready.

First Lines of Natural Philosophy. In Question and Answer. By Robert Mudie, Author of First Lines of Zoology, &c. is in the Press.

Mr. Babbage is preparing for the Press, a work on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures. It is intended to comprise, in a small volume, the results of his observations in the various mechanical processes used in the arts; and also to explain the domestic economy of the interior of our great manufactories, by which the cheapness of their products is insured.

Ready for publication, Flowers of Fable, culled from the works of Epictetus, Croxall, Dodsley, Gay, Cowper, Pope, Moore, Merrick, Denis, and Tapner; with original Translations from La Fontaine, Krasicki, Herder, Gellert, Pignotti, Les-

sing, and others: the whole selected for the Instruction of Youth, and pruned of all objectionable matter; embellished with 150 Engravings on Wood.

Early in April will be published, in two vols., Six Months in America. By G.T. Vigne, Esq.

Nearly ready for publication, in small 8vo., Mélange, in French and English, in Prose and Verse. By Maria de La Voye.

An Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children, and to others under Affliction, from Manuscripts not before published; with an Appendix of Selections from the Writings of Wardlaw, Dr. Balfour, Dr. Barnes, &c. is reprinting from the American Edition.

Reflections on the Metaphysical Principles of the Infinitesimal Analysis. By M. Carnot. Translated by the Rev. W. R. Browell, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, is nearly ready.

With a Portrait of the Rev. W. Marsh, M.A., late of Colchester, the Second and concluding Series of Remember Me, consisting of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, by various Popular Authors. Also, a New Edition of the First Series, uniform with the above, is nearly ready.

Topographical and Statistical Details of every Parish, Precinct, Liberty, and Place, in the Metropolitan Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and also of every Parish in the Counties of Kent and Essex, within the range of the Metropolitan Police; preceded by an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Metropolis, from the earliest period to its present state.

Dr. Copland will shortly publish a Dictionary of Practical Medicine; comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders especially incidental to Climates, to the Sex, and to the different Epochs of Life; with numerous approved Formulæ of the Medicines recommended.

A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island centrically situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope. By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to his Majesty's Discovery Ship the Beagle. Illustrated with Engravings.

Mr. Glover, of the British Museum, is preparing for Press, A Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works, composed, translated, or published in the English Language, from the Introduction of Printing in England to the present time; with Historical and Bibliographical Notes, illustrative of the several Works and their respective Writers.

Charles Lucien Bonaparte has recently published a volume of Observations on the "Règne Animal" of Cuvier. On the subject of Ornithology, the Prince of Musignano has dwelt at great length, as, from his long devotion to this branch of Zoology, he has been able to communicate many additional particulars collected in Europe and in North America.

Constable's Miscellany.—The remaining stock and copyright of this well-conducted Miscellany are sold, in consequence of the state of the copartnery by which it was carried on. The purchase was made eventually at £3428 13*s.* 4*d.* for a private individual unconnected with the bookselling trade; for whom the work is to be published in future,—in London by Whittaker and Co., and in Edinburgh by Constable and Co.

Memoirs of William Sampson, an Irish Exile, written by himself. Containing an Account of his Banishment, his Imprisonment in the Inquisition at Lisbon, and his subsequent Adventures in various Parts of Europe. With an Introduction, detailing the Causes that led to the Irish Insurrection of 1798; and Notes, by the Author of The History of the Civil Wars of Ireland; is in the Press.

A Work under the title of Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England, is in course of preparation, by Mr. Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie, Authors of the Landscape and Picturesque Annuals; to be published by subscription, in monthly Parts, with Engravings. It is proposed to comprise, not only a genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but, in a more particular manner, the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon legends and traditions.

The University Press of Oxford is engaged on the following Works:—Plotini Opera, ex recensione Frid. Creuzeri—Suidæ Lexicon, ex recensione T. Gaisford, L.G.P.R.—Index Græcitatis Platonicæ, opera T. Mitchell, A.M.—The Works of Archbishop Cranmer—A New Edition of Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time—The Works of Francis Bragge, B.D.—Origines Hebrææ; or, the Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic; by Thomas Lewis, M.A.—The Criterion; or, Miracles Examined; by John Douglas, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.—PUBLICATIONS.

Songs of the Seasons: the Music composed by the Author of the "Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels." J. A. Novello.

These are very charming compositions, and do credit to their author. They consist of four pieces,—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; and we have no doubt will be general favourites with the lovers of pleasing music. Our fair musical readers will find them meriting their attention.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

The dramatic reviewer in the present unfortunate state of theatricals has but a melancholy task. A series of almost empty houses too truly proclaim that it is no longer a competition for success, but a struggle for existence. Nothing seems to succeed that the great theatres produce, while the minor ones are also beginning to feel the effect of some panic that seems operating in society to keep people from frequenting the theatres. The ruin of the larger theatres is mainly attributable to the enormous expenses at which their curtains are drawn up, occasioned by the salaries of performers, who, with great names and large pay, are no longer attractive; for we much question whether the average receipts of both houses would not have been quite as great with a company of unknown actors and actresses, who would have played for one-tenth part of the present expense, as it has been with the extravagantly paid companies that have been engaged by Captain Polhill and Mr. Charles Kemble. Yet the actors will not feel, or at least not acknowledge it: while all the world are becoming content with less profit: while every kind of exertion, whether intellectual or physical, has for years felt and submitted to a diminution of remuneration, the salaries of actors have been kept up, and they have been wilfully blind to the fact, that manager after manager has been ruined by payments beyond the attraction of performers. This fact is the main if not the only cause of the want of that pecuniary success, without which the theatres must close. It is neither the rent, nor the taxes, nor the authors, but the company that is ruinous, and it must be so while talent is paid beyond its attraction. There is no want of exertion on the part of the management. Piece succeeds piece with amazing rapidity, and we happen to know that, mediocre as they are, they are the best pieces that are presented amidst the quantity of trash that is weekly submitted for perusal; and whatever quantum of merit, or rather however little merit they may possess, they still bring more money to the treasury than Shakspeare, or any of the best comedies in the language. It is indeed a melancholy fact that a manager has only to put up one of Shakspeare's plays to increase his nightly loss one hundred pounds at least. Macbeth and Hamlet keep money out of the house, and yet a few theatrical twaddlers go about exclaiming, "Why do they not give us Shakspeare? why not act the old comedies?" There is one part of the management highly blameable, and that is the want of a complete and good understanding between the two theatres. Such an understanding acted upon with good faith, would often save them both from much pecuniary loss. But no. If Drury Lane or Covent Garden put up any piece, the opposite theatre is sure to advertise it also; and thus, however attractive it may prove, that attraction being divided, it does neither of them any good. This was the case with "Robert le Diable." Had it been confined to either of the theatres, instead of being acted at both, it might and would have done that theatre good; while by its constant repetition at one theatre, it would have left the whole field of the acting drama open to the other. As it was, it was got up at an enormous expense both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and it did neither of them any good; while, for a certain number of nights, it left the play-going public no choice in their entertainment, and drove them to the minors for variety. This "dog in the manger" system—this determination to cut each other's throats, for it is nothing else—this pleasure one theatre seems to experience at the want of success at the other, and the comfort they derive amidst their own ruin, from this source, is not only unamiable in point of feeling, but is frequently ruinous in point of effect. Yet we fear that it is a fact that a great portion of the tactics of each of the managements is quite as much to prevent the success of its rival as it is to promote its own. Thus Covent Garden neutralised the success of the "Demon" at Drury Lane by producing the "Fiend Father," in return we presume for the impolicy of the other theatre's having put up "Artaxerxes," that Mrs. Wood might prevent the complete success of Miss Shirreff.

Drury Lane.—At this Theatre Mayerbeer has been succeeded by Spohr, and great sums have been expended upon the production of an Opera, under the title of

"Der Alchymist," with the music selected from the works of this composer. The management has exerted that spirit which has characterised its proceedings, from the commencement of its career, in the production of this Opera. As was to be anticipated from the taste and science of Bishop, the compilation is one of rare excellence—each subject exceeding the other in value and brilliancy. We however think those from the Jessonda the most effective. The difficulty of the task can only be appreciated by a thorough musician. We are aware objections may be raised upon the score of grafting *morceaux* from various and opposite subjects—that it destroys the unity of design—that the spirit of particular pieces receive their principal beauty from the situation, &c.; but we contend that the objections are overruled, where the dramatist, poet, and adapter are thoroughly imbued with a strong feeling of the composer's peculiar excellence, and erect an edifice in which the original design is strictly adhered to. "Der Alchymist" is founded on one of Washington Irving's sketches. The dialogue is but as "a hap'orth of bread to a gallon of sack,"—any remark on its efficiency or deficiency would be supererogatory. The poetry, independently of some exceedingly neat versification, is admirably accentuated; and taking into view that the words have been written to the music, is highly creditable. The action of the Opera is somewhat confused, and would bear the sickle; it lasted three hours and a half. A comic part was given to Harley, as a sop, we suppose, to the many-headed monster. Comic parts in legitimate Operas, when not performed by really *bona-fide* singers, are dangerous *materiel*; the same part in a farce, maugre the disapprobation, might be found highly amusing. The music bearing the name of Louis Spohr, is a *passe par tout* with those who give the tone to musical science in this country: yet are we inclined to doubt whether it will ever become popular with the million, who, after all, are the persons who support the National Theatres. The educated amateur, and musical enthusiast, can study him in score, or hear him at the Philharmonic. Spohr's great power is in the instrumentation. There is abundance of erudition, but we seek in vain for the heart-stirring melody which overflows in Mozart, or the carnival-like spirit which sparkles in Rossini.

The attempt, however, reflects the highest credit on the efforts of all concerned. Mrs. Wood, as a Morisco girl, fully supported her well-earned superiority. Her first song, in which she bewails the faithlessness of her betrayer, was given with a pathos sufficient to have "created a soul under the ribs of death." The grand Scena in the Second Act, one of the most difficult ever constructed, was executed with tremendous effect; but the most successful effort of any Prima Donna was the Recitative and dying Scena, which ends the Opera; there was all the pureness of tone which characterises Sontag, and the tragic energy of Pasta. Miss Pearson, as Inez, sang the music appropriated to the Alchymist's daughter with considerable taste and feeling. Mr. Wood laboured under his accustomed hoarseness. Templeton was in excellent voice. This gentleman is a most valuable auxiliary. Phillips, as Don Ramiro, an amalgamation of Giovanni and Devil Robert, in hat and feathers, sang with his accustomed *gusto*. There is such a joyance in his style, such a correctness of intonation, and clearness of enunciation, that his presence is ever the harbinger of a highly-finished treat. Seguin, as the Alchymist, is improving in his acting; study will render him the best bass-singer on the English Stage. The choruses are by far the most striking parts of the Opera, and were admirably got up. The scenery, like all that comes from the magic pencil of Stanfield, is really beyond praise. The Alchymist's Chamber possesses all the richness of tone and colour of one of the old Flemish masters. The dances too, which form a part of the action of this Opera, were admirably managed, and reflect much credit on Miss Barnett, the very active Ballet-mistress of this establishment; and who upon all occasions is equal to, and, what is more, does her duty.

Covent Garden,—The feature of the month at this Theatre has been the long-looked-for tragedy of Miss Kemble. This play has been much talked of and eagerly anticipated; and the excitement of its production put us a little in mind of the good old times of dramatic attraction, when a new play was sure to produce a squeeze, plenty of torn skirts, and picked pockets; all of which were forgotten in the anticipation of a new play: but times are changed. An author is now told that a first night generally keeps money out of the house; and this has been almost invariably the case, excepting in the instances of Miss Kemble's tragedy at Covent Garden, and of the "Demon" at Drury Lane.

That a young lady of Miss Kemble's years should be capable of writing a tragedy at all, is a remarkable instance of precocious talent; but that she should write an actable play, and play the principal character herself, are circumstances that will make her Biographical Annals shine with a brilliancy which characterises but very few of the modern dramatists. The tragedy of "Francis the First" gives evidence of deep feeling, of first-rate talent, and of a knowledge of the secret springs of human action, which we should have thought impossible to be possessed by one so young. Yet we are informed, and we have some reason to know the truth of this information, that it is entirely her own unassisted production. There are many

passages in it quite equal to those in the best of our olden plays; and such an energy pervades the language, that we forget that it is a female hand that has guided the pen, or a female mind that has moulded the images. That it is not a good acting play, does not deteriorate from Miss Kemble's merit as a poetess. The subject itself is heavy, and the two plots do not amalgamate well. It was however played with very great success; and we congratulate Miss Kemble on the feelings she must experience at thus assisting her father's property in its difficulties; and Mr. Kemble, on the possession of a child so able and willing to help him to stand the brunt of his misfortunes.

THE MINORS.—While the Majors are retrograding, the Minors seem "progressing," as Johnathan would say. Meetings are continually held, to petition Parliament against monopoly; but without much other effect than to give opportunities to various orators who seem fond of hearing themselves speak. In the mean time, Madame at the Olympic, and Matthews and Yates at the Adelphi, steer on their little snug vessels safe from the rocks, shoals, and quicksands, which hurt their greater rivals. The Olympic has produced a series of successful pieces, which are drawing her nightly houses; and the excellence and cleanliness of her little establishment really gives her a just claim to all the success she obtains. The Adelphi pieces are of rather a graver cast than those of Madame. Domestic misfortune is mixed up with the broad comic, and produces effects of light and shade, that attract nightly audiences, who are sure to go away well pleased. A mania for the representation of popular engravings and paintings has succeeded to that for devils, and we rejoice at the change. Wilkie seems the favourite artist with the dramatists; and in a piece just produced at the Adelphi, the second act ends with a representation of his admirable picture of "Reading the Will," which is completely and most successfully embodied by Mr. Yates and his company. This piece, though not so good as "Victorine," has been very successful, and is attributable to the pen of Buckstone. Mr. Yates assumes a female character. This, in spite of his excellent acting, we can scarcely approve; and indeed, himself and Matthews are the only persons we could bear to see attempt it. To see a man in petticoats is very different to seeing a pretty woman in the other garb. Mr. Yates seems to have felt this, by opening his piece with the following Prologue, by way of an

"APOLOGY FOR PETTICOATS."

Lest my fair auditors their minds perplex,
To know why I, tho' of the rougher sex,
Unused to the softer mood, presume in
Petticoats, for once to play the woman;—
Know that our poet, by the jaundice seiz'd,
In one old maiden's mind to-night has squeez'd
So much of gall and vinegar combined,
That every member of my troop declined
To act the part.—And thus, the only way
To do his *Will*—and act the Author's play,
Was that poor I—the breeches should resign,
And try how female habits could accord with mine;
And from the Playwright's *Will* contented be,
In petticoats to take the LEG—I—SEE.
Not that the case is new—for if we fix
Our eyes on private life, or politics,
In modern days, 'tis still the same, ye ken,
Old women's parts are mostly play'd by men.
Time was, e'er woman in the drama's art
Would wear the Sock or brave the Buskin part.
Then, men the female character would scan,
And gentle Juliet—was a gentle-man.
Whiskers the cheeks of Desdemona graced,
And on the lips of sweet Anne Page was placed
The curl'd moustache, at which her lover ran,
And *Slender stoutly* swore it was a man.
Brogues then were doff'd to play the proved Cordelia,
And barbers nightly shaved the fair Ophelia;
Beards of all hues then bristled on the chin
Of every tender-hearted heroine.
Think if I fail—and in th' attempt am foil'd,
I'm not the first a petticoat has spoil'd;—
And, should success attend me with your aid,
Not the first man a petticoat has made:—
But still, whate'er my lot, I'm sure no feeling heart
Would have a man refuse to take a woman's part.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S LAST LECTURE AND BEQUEST.—On the 22nd ult., the sixth lecture on architecture, by Sir John Soane, was read at the Royal Academy, by the secretary, H. Howard, Esq., which concluded the course of lectures for the season. A very numerous and distinguished audience testified their applause on hearing the statement, which was made at the close of the lecture, in nearly the following words :—" I have now to add that my house, with the museum and library, will be open two days in the week, during several months in the year, for the inspection of amateurs and students in painting, sculpture, and architecture, so long as it shall please the Great Disposer of Events to continue my life. At my death the property will descend to my grandson, the son of the late John Soane, with sufficient funds to enable him to maintain and use the house, the museum, and the library, in the same manner as during my life time. In the event of the decease of my said grandson without male issue, the house, museum, and library, with sufficient funds for the support thereof, including a salary for a professor of architecture, will be vested in trustees, to be chosen and appointed by the executors to my last will, until there shall be a national establishment for the improvement of the students in the theory and practice of architecture. When that great object shall be attained, the trust then to cease, and the house, museum, and library, with the funds appropriated for the support thereof, to revert to whomsoever may then be the heir-at law to the same; in the pleasing hope that, directed by a natural inclination, he will devote himself to the study and practice of architecture, taking Vitruvius for his preceptor and guide, and conscientiously and zealously discharging the arduous and important duties of that profession with equal justice and fidelity to his employer, and to the mechanics and others acting under his direction and controul—always remembering that the integrity of the architect, like the chastity of Cæsar's wife, must be not only pure, but unsuspected."

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Date. 1832.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	25-37	30,30-30,18	S.		Cloudy and foggy.
24	20-37	30,14-30,04	S.E.		Morng. & eveng. foggy, sunshine all the aftern.
25	21-37	30,07-30,00	N.W.		Cloudy and very foggy.
26	30-43	30,13-30,06	N.E.		Except the afternoon and evening, cloudy.
27	28-41	30,05-30,09	N. and N.E.		General cloud.
28	29-37	30,12-30,13	N.W.		General cloud.
29	30-43	30,13-30,05	N.E.		General cloud.
March					
1	30-42	30,10-30,20	S.E. and S.W.		General cloud, with light rain in the morning.
2	34-45	30,22-30,24	S.E.		General cloud.
3	32-44	30,25-30,13	S.E. and S.W.		General cloud, rain in the evening.
4	35-48	29,95-29,69	S.W.	1.	General cloud, with frequent rain.
5	33-46	29,66-29,58	S.W.	.275	Generally clear.
6	32-46	29,49-29,34	S.W. and N.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain, except the evening.
7	29-43	29,34-29,35	S.W.	.15	Clear.
8	25-38	29,39-29,88	N.W.		Clear, morning rather foggy.
9	23-48	29,93-30,10	N.W.		Clear.
10	20-47	30,28-30,36	N.W. and S.E.		Clear.
11	30-45	30,34-30,16	S.E.		Except the morng. clear, evening rather foggy.
12	30-47	29,99-29,90	S.E.		Generally clear.
13	30-45	29,86-29,60	S.W.		Cloudy, a few stars visible in the evening.
14	32-50	29,52-29,32	S. and S. b. E.		Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.
15	31-43	29,29-29,06	N.E.	.275	Except the evening cloudy, with rain.
16	25-44	29,76-29,73	S.W.	.65	Generally cloudy, sunshine in morng. wet eveng.
17	30-51	29,65-29,42	S.W.	.1	Except the evening, cloudy.
18	33-51	At 29,49	S.W.		Clear till 3 P.M. after which time rain fell.
19	32-50	29,66-29,76	S.W.	.05	Except the evening cloudy; frequent showers.
20	36-51	29,48-29,76	S.W.	.125	Cloudy, with rain till half-past 7 A.M.—then clear.
21	33-57	30,00-30,08	N.W.		Generally clear; many dark clouds at times.
22	35-54	30,10-29,99	S.W.		Generally cloudy : sunshine at times in morng.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The Quarantine Regulations still materially interfere with commercial transactions. Hamburg and Antwerp are the only leading ports that are open: those of Spain, Portugal, Holland, and the Mediterranean, are as closely sealed against British vessels as ever they were, and the time not at all shortened for their admission. There is one regulation now adopted, that will in some degree relieve trade under these regulations; viz. all vessels going from London, the crews being healthy, can get clean bills at Portsmouth.

The West India interest is continuing to excite the deep attention that was first manifested upon the accounts arriving of the insurrection in Jamaica, and the agitation in the Leeward Islands, because no plan has yet been submitted to Parliament for the amelioration of the system pursued towards those colonies. It is full of difficulties; and nothing having yet been offered by Ministers, is a circumstance that creates great anxiety in the commercial public. In the mean time, the West India produce market is much firmer than it was, under the expectation that supplies from these Colonies will be very short. Sugar has advanced full 3s. per cwt. within the last fortnight; Rum is now worth 1s. 9d. per gallon; and Coffee, which was previously inanimate after its recent rise, has also again become dearer. The apprehension, however, of a scarcity of supply of these articles, when it is considered how many places they are grown in, is ridiculous.

Since Hamburg and Antwerp are again open to British vessels, some shipments have been made in Pimento, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, &c., but not to any great extent. The transactions in Indigo have been rather extensive since our last, for home consumption; but very few shipments have taken place in that article, or Tobacco.

The Tea Sale, which has recently closed at the India House, has averaged the last Sale's prices: the biddings upon some descriptions were very brisk. Although the recent Cotton Sales have shown an advance in value of the article of ½, and considerable transactions are occurring at Manchester and its neighbourhood, still it cannot be said that the manufacture there is in a sound state; for the profits to masters are not remunerative, and artisans are working at wages that will not support them and their families. In the Woollen Trade the principal purchasers of goods are the Canadians, under the expectation that extensive emigrations this Spring will render British manufactures in demand in the North American provinces. The "Morning Herald" has been putting forth a great deal of nonsense about the Glass Trade, and that the Americans are underselling the English in their own market in this manufacture. There was one description of glass that, till within the last eighteen months, the Americans exclusively made, viz. the pressed or stamped glass; and consequently they had no competitors. Now, the English are making this article at a fair profit, and with no successful competition on the part of the Americans. We believe the Glass manufacture is doing better than almost any other at this period.

The Money-Market.—There has not been much disposition to do business in English Securities since our last, although the price has been advancing until the last few days, when it has been rather heavy—Consols having been quoted from ¼ to ⅜ lower; 83¼ for money, and ⅜ ½ for time. Greek Bonds have been as high as 29, 30: they are now 27, 28. An attempt has been made to influence the price of Brazil and Mexican Bonds, by doing private bargains in them at a lower quotation than that in the Stock Exchange, and then getting that quotation inserted in Wetenhall's authorized List; the broker having, at the same time, taken a commission from the buyer and seller in the transaction. The Committee of the Stock Exchange have decided, that no person shall be allowed to give any other price of stock to the authorized List than the regular market-price, and that double commissions shall not be allowed.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of March.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock shut.—India Stock shut.—Consols 83 quarter.—Do. for Account 83 three-eighths, half.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 90 seven-eighths, 91.—Reduced Annuities shut.—Exchequer Bills 9, 10.—India Bonds 3, 2. Disc.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Scrip one-quarter, three-quarters.—Brazilian 45 half.—Chilian 16, 17.—Colombian 11 half, 12 half.—Greek 27, 28.—Mexican 31 half.—Portuguese 48 half, 49 half.—Russian 97 half.—Spanish 13 three-eighths, five-eighths.

SHARES.

Alliance 9 half.—Guardian 20 half, 21.—Imperial Brazilian Mine 36, 38.—Canada 42, 43.—Irish Provincial Bank 25 half, 26.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 17, TO MARCH 20, 1832, INCLUSIVE.

February 17.—R. Benns, Bread Street, victualler. — W. R. Gladwin, Watling Street, smith.—W. Moss, New Market Place, Greenwich, cheesemonger. —J. Girton, Edgeware Road, Paddington, dealer in earthenware.—J. E. Johnston, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, wine-merchant. — R. Beasant, Wolverton, Bucks, miller. — R. Cox, Stilton, Dorsetshire, miller.—J. Colquhoun, Sheffield, Yorkshire, coppersmith.—G. Eames, Ilminster, Somersetshire, ironmonger. — T. Whittard, Dursley, Gloucestershire, shopkeeper.—T. S. Fox, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, builder.—T. Salter, North Walsham, Norfolk, corn-merchant. —T. Wood, Headingley, Yorkshire, corn-miller.

February 21. — C. Mosley, Tower Street, victualler.— W. Jackson, Maidstone, jeweller. —H. Addenbrook, Eve Hill, Worcestershire, druggist. — E. Ashton, High Street, Whitechapel, cheesemonger.—G. Duplex, Pleasant Place, Pentonville, chemist. — J. Robinson, Park Place, Paddington, builder.—J. Osborne, jun. Colchester, common-carrier.—P. Sylvester, Fulbrook, Oxfordshire, grocer. — J. Steele, Newcastle under Line, Staffordshire, ironmonger.—J. White, Marlborough, Wilts, innkeeper.—G. Turner and R. Hyslop, Liverpool, merchants.—W. N. Clay, St. Helen's, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist. — W. Pollard, Manchester, commission agent. — W. Thomas, Union Street, Bath, woollen-draper.—J. Ward, W. Statters, and J. Statters, Mellor, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. — D. Logan, Quebec, merchant.

February 24. — R. B. Strugnell, Basinghall Street, boot and shoe maker. — E. Hunt, Sale Street, Paddington, slater. — W. Finch, Rochester, coal-merchant. — J. Mackay, Austin Friars, insurance-broker.—W. Marsh, Warrington, Lancashire, flour-dealer. — J. and J. Waring, Lepton, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturers. — W. Roome, Liverpool, ironmonger.— J. C. Schwieso, Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, harp-maker.—J. Townsend, Castle Street, Holborn, dressing-case-manufacturer.— W. Ellis, Fuller's Hole, Norwich, maltster.—H. W. Ratcliffe, Wrexham, Denbighshire, grocer.

February 28. — M. Thompson, Redcross Wharf, Upper Thames Street, coal-merchant.— W. Jenner, East Street, Paddington, butcher. — C. Gell and T. Carman, Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, lead-merchants—J. Wigan, Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.—A. Hughes, Lombard Street, merchant. — E. Hunt, Sale Street, Paddington, slater.—J. Harriss, Leicester Square, carpet-warehouseman. — R. Eveleigh, Marlborough, Wilts, victualler. — H. Johnson, Oaklands, Sussex, timber-merchant. —J. Beckton, Deansgate, Manchester, bootmaker. — S. Jackson, Hanley, Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Dewey, Bath, plumber.—E. Jarvis, Stoke Damerel, Devonshire, sail-maker. —J. Macdonald, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Steel and J. Steel, Newcastle under Line, Staffordshire, ironmongers. — H. Flavell, jun. Birmingham, patten-tie-maker.— W. Beresford and I. Beresford, Sheffield, Yorkshire, stove-grate-manufacturer.—J. Simpson, Lower Peover, Cheshire, cattle-salesman. —E. Frankland, York, draper.—J. Lyall, St. John, Bedwardine, Worcestershire, road-contractor.—J. Francis, Carmarthen, linen-draper. —W. Higgitt, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, hatter.

March 2. — J. Hartup, Regent Street, lace-dealer.—S. Harrison and F. H. Graham, Alfred Place, Newington Causeway, upholsterers. — R. Smart, Upper Southampton Street, Pentonville, builder. — B. Davenport, Dunster Court, Mincing Lane, merchant. — E. W. George, Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, builder. — M. H. L. G. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street, printseller. — J. Barry, Mincing Lane, wine-merchant. — W. H. Humpleby, Borough Market, plumber. — W. and J. Steel, Newcastle under Line, Staffordshire, ironmongers. — T. Cook, Warminster, Wilts, gunsmith.—H. Newport, Bognor, Sussex, wine-merchant.—J. Burton, jun. Wakefield, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—S. Smith, Witney, Oxfordshire, bacon-curer. — F. Stodart, J. B. Stodart, and F. Stodart, jun. Carlisle, manufacturers.—S. F. Lott, Exeter, hatter. — J. Barker and W. Barker, Stansfield, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners.—J. Wilson, Leeds, linen-draper.

March 6.—E. N. Fowler, New Road, St. George's in the East, victualler.—G. Wall, Hillingdon End, nurseryman. — J. Dresser, Kensington, linen-draper.—S. J. Manning, Old Kent Road, stomachic-bitters manufacturer.— C. Barham, Devereux Court, hotel-keeper.—S. Cooke, Manchester, timber-dealer.—J. S. Bishop, Birmingham, factor. — S. Gordon, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Bower, Levenshulme, near Manchester, cotton-spinner.—W. Jeffreys, Shrewsbury, scrivener. —J. Jackson and S. Jones, Chester, linen-drapers. — J. B. Brockbank, Manchester, slate-dealer. — S. and T. Longshaw, Grappenhall, Cheshire, tanners.—G. Deane, Manchester, innkeeper. — J. Garfit, Gainsburgh, Lincolnshire, wine-merchant.—S. Casement, Toxteth Park, Lancashire, painter. —G. Clarke, Blackburn, Lancashire, miller.— R. Fawcett, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. — W. Stephenson, Newcastle upon Tyne, ship-owner. — J. May, Great Yarmouth, victualler.

March 9. — J. Reynolds, Royston, Hertfordshire, carrier.—T. Thomas, Southampton Row, wine-merchant. — A. L. D. Metz, Holloway, bill-broker.—J. Start, Plymouth, builder. —T. Bowdler, Shrewsbury, horse-dealer.—E. Jarvis, Richmond Walk, Davenport, sail-maker. — J. Fry, Bristol, tailor. — T. Crosbee, Birmingham. caster.

March 13.—J. Bartholomew, Derby, upholsterer.—H. Flander, Sloane Square, Chelsea, plumber. — E. Emery, Great Bell Alley, painter. — W. T. Binckes, Great Newport Street, Long Acre, leather-cutter. —J. Tomsey, Little Marylebone Street, victualler.—A. Thompson, St. Helen's place, merchant.—W. F. Campbell, Hatton Garden, jeweller. — E. Marks, and W. Carrington, Mark Lane, malt-factors.—J. Osborne, Bishopsgate Street Within, cheesemonger. —J. Carrington, Seething Lane, Great Tower Street, bricklayer. — W. Pearce, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, timber-merchant. — J. Francis, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, mercer.—J. F. Dean, Drakelow Mill Farm, Derbyshire, miller. — J. Allen, Tiverton, Devonshire, druggist.—T. and T. Todd, Birmingham, factors. — J. Ringsley, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, corn-factor.—J. and C. Smith, Bath, grocers. — G. Bayley, Bristol, silk-mercer. — W. Robinson, Hartley Castle Westmoreland, butcher.—W. Verity, jun. Birkenshaw, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer.— R. Broster, Stockport, grocer. — J. Millican, Maryport, Cumberland, ironmonger.

March 16.—J. Lound, Hooper Street, Westminster Road, licensed-victualler. — J. Goater, High Holborn, victualler.—J. Edmans, Strand, cheesemonger. — G. J. Depree, Savoy Wharf, Strand, pavior. — S. Barnett, Conduit Street, Bond Street, mercer.—T. Woodfield, White Street, Moorfields, horse-dealer. — J. Fisher, Regent Street, hatter.—J. Reynolds, Union Street, New Hoxton, coal-dealer. — P. Cope,

West Bromwich, Staffordshire, chemist. — J. Taylor, Nottingham, boot-maker. — W. Botman and J. Carwardine, Bristol, soap-manufacturers.—W. Crisp, Bath, innkeeper. — T. Salt, Birmingham, livery-stable-keeper.

March 20.—S. Keyte, Minories, oilman.—W. Evans, Carmarthen, draper.—J. Bishop, Whittlebury Street, Euston Square, carpenter.—J. Abbott, Cannon Street Road, bookseller.—J. Johnson, Norwich, glass-merchant.—H. Harrison, Liverpool, commission-agent.—O. Parnell, Gloucester, carrier.—E. Tuckey, Birmingham, victualler.—G. Bradley, Stockport, innkeeper.—T. Curnin, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Drackley, jun., Thornton, Leicestershire, farmer.—S. W. Jones, Usk, Monmouthshire, draper. — F. Fisher, jun. and W. J. Fisher, Bristol, sail-makers.—S. Wilson, Chick St. Osyth, Essex, grocer.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—April 1, 1832.

House of Lords. Feb. 17.—The Cholera Prevention Bill was read a third time, and passed.

Feb. 18.—The Cholera Prevention (Scotland) Bill was read a third time, and passed.

Feb. 20.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Cholera Morbus Prevention Bill, the Cholera Morbus Prevention (Scotland) Bill, the Exchequer (£12,000,000) Bill, and some private Bills.—The Marquis of Lansdowne presented a petition for the Abolition of Tithes: as did Lords Teynham and Fingal.

Feb. 21.—The Archbishop of Canterbury renewed his Bill on the Plurality of Livings, which was read a first time.

Feb. 22.—Their Lordships were occupied in hearing appeals.

Feb. 23.—Lord King, on presenting various petitions for an alteration of the tithe system in Ireland, expressed a hope that Ministers would not adopt coercive measures for the recovery of tithes in that country; if they were adopted, he felt assured, after the determinations come to by the Irish people on this subject, that they would be defeated.—The Bishop of Worcester presented a petition from Worcester, signed by 40,000 glove manufacturers, against the importation of foreign gloves.—The Earl of Aberdeen wished to ask the Noble Earl (Grey) if the equipment of an expedition in the South of France, the avowed destination of which was the coast of Italy, was made with the concurrence of the British Government, and what was its object. Earl Grey said it was very unusual for Government to be called upon to enter into explanations in Parliament on occasions like the present.—The Duke of Buckingham asked when the promised motion on the subject of tithes in Ireland would be brought forward, for the peace of Ireland depended upon the speedy settlement of that question. Earl Grey replied that the Ministers were not inattentive to this important subject. The agitation had been of long standing, and to allay it nothing satisfactory had yet been done. He thought it hard that an imputation should be cast upon the present Government, because upon a question which had engaged successive Governments for many years, and with respect to which nothing satisfactory had been done by any, they had not within the first year in which they had been in office arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. The Duke of Wellington said that he could not allow the charge to pass in silence that the Administrations with which he had been connected had done nothing. The cause of the evils now existing in Ireland was the encouragement that had been given to agitation. Earl Eldon said, that if the speeches of the person to whom the Noble Duke had alluded, and of another Learned Person, now also a Member of Parliament, as they appeared in the Dublin papers, were really spoken by them, the Government of Ireland ought to be brought before the bar of this House for not bringing them to trial. The Noble Earl concluded by alluding to a letter recently written by a Noble Prelate (the Bishop of Chichester), on the subject of Reform, which he (Lord Eldon) could not conceive to have been written by that Right Reverend Person. The Bishop of Chichester considered that some explanation was necessary, as he had been so pointedly alluded to. He had written the letter spoken of by the Noble and Learned Lord. He had written it with a view to tranquillize the public mind: and he did not call the Opposition either factious or ignorant; he only assumed the use of the words—adding, certainly, that if the Bill was factiously rejected again, there was a remedy in the hands of his Majesty. Viscount Melbourne defended the conduct of Ministers in respect to the agitation in Ireland, and the non-interference of Government with the disturbers of the peace of that country.

Feb. 28.—Lord King presented further petitions regarding the tithes in Ireland, and contended that tithe was the property of the State, as might be established by abundant proof.—The Earl of Roden presented a mass of petitions from places in eight counties of Ireland, signed by persons of various opinions on political and religious matters, complaining of the system of public education introduced into Ireland.

March 1.—A Bill for regulating the Linen Trade in Ireland was brought in and read the first time.—Petitions were presented praying for a revision of the Poor Laws.

March 2.—The Marquis of Londonderry rose, as was understood, to present a petition. He proceeded to notice representations from the Irish newspapers respecting the emoluments and conduct of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; he observed that the Noble and Learned Lord and his family had amongst them twenty-two places, and received £ 36,000 in salaries, &c. He would quote the words of Mr. O'Connell, used at a meeting in Ireland, as they pretty nearly agreed with his own opinions. There never was a worse legislator, nor a more venal politician than Lord Plunkett. He regretted that such a character was one of the Council of His Majesty; he considered that a Noble Lord was incompetent for such a post, who could give advice to His Majesty to return such an answer as had lately been given to the Corporation of Dublin. Lord Radnor here rose to order; after which the Marquis of Londonderry said he should present his petition another day. Lord Plunkett complained of this conduct, and declared that it was contrary to the forms of the House. The Marquis of Londonderry persisted in his refusal to present the petition. Amidst great confusion Lord Plunkett said he took the liberty of proposing a resolution to their Lordships upon the subject. He would move that the Noble Lord be called upon to present his petition, or be declared out of order. Lord Ellenborough said, the Noble Marquis had said at the time when he was called to order, that he intended to present a petition before he sat down; therefore he should have done so. If it was, therefore, intended by the resolution to pass a vote of censure upon the Noble Marquis, he would decidedly object to it. A number of their Lordships here rose. Earls Grey and Radnor were called for, the former of whom gave way to the latter Nobleman, who said he again rose to order, but had not said above three or four words, when Lord Ellenborough also rose to order, which called up several Lords on the Ministerial side. A scene of great confusion ensued, which was put an end to by the Lord Chancellor, who said he was perfectly aware that, as Speaker of that House, he had no power hardly even to make a suggestion. The Resolution was handed up to his Lordship, and was to the following effect:—"That the Earl Vane having risen in his place without any question before the House, and having said, when called to order, that he had a petition to present, and having refused to make any motion or present that petition, was guilty of a breach of order." Lord Ellenborough again rose to order. Lord Plunkett complained of the falsehoods and misrepresentations that had been circulated respecting himself and his connexions, and recriminating that he had never solicited place or pension, or caused the declaration that his conduct was "too bad." Earl Grey eventually put an end to the altercation by proposing that the Marquis of Londonderry should apologise to the House for his disregard of its rules—a proposition that was acquiesced in.

March 5.—The Marquis of Londonderry inquired as to the authenticity of representations that Lord Ponsonby, our Ambassador at the Belgian Court, had, in the first instance, stirred up the people in favour of the Prince of Orange, and had afterwards, after His Majesty's Government had thought fit to change their policy, pursued a directly opposite course; and that his Lordship had kept back a petition, numerously signed in favour of the Prince of Orange, which ought to have been presented to the Congress. Lord Ponsonby immediately rose and denied that to which the Noble Marquis had alluded.

March 6.—The House again went into Committee on the Agricultural Labourers Employment Bill.—The Lord Chancellor next rose to move an Address to His Majesty for a Copy of the Report of the Common Law Commissioners. The Noble and Learned Lord in making this motion was anxious to state that a more important document could not be received by their Lordships. The motion was agreed to.

March 8.—The Earl of Eldon gave notice that on Monday next he should bring forward a motion regarding his own conduct while Lord Chancellor—an office that he had held for twenty-five years.—The Marquis of Lansdowne (after having had the first report of the Tithe Committee read) brought forward his promised motion on this subject; and in doing so, his Lordship declared that he thought the time had arrived for the recognition of the principles contained in the report. The resolutions were agreed to after a short debate.

March 9.—Lord Strangford moved the order of the day on the subject of the glove trade. The glove trade had, from a condition of prosperity, fallen into a state of decay even beyond all other trades; and this change was attributed by the glovers, and a great many others, to the free-trade system, and to the competition of the French, which that system had created. The Noble Lord concluded by moving, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the Causes of the Distressed State of the Glove Trade." Lord Auckland said, the glove trade was regulated on as favourable terms as it could be. The whole annual manufacture of this country amounted to 15,000,000 of pairs; and the whole importation, during the last year, was only a little above 1,000,000. The House divided: Non-Contents, 41; Contents, 33; Majority against the Committee, 8.

March 12.—The Earl of Eldon hoped that their Lordships would consent to the

production of a Return respecting the Places he held, and which, he was convinced, would afford a triumphant answer to the calumnies that had been circulated to his prejudice. The motion was put and carried.[1]

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

Dr. Bell.

Lately, at Lindsay Cottage, Cheltenham, after a long illness, in the 80th year of his age, Dr. Bell, the author of a system of education to which his name is attached. He had the high gratification of seeing his system adopted by the National Society instituted for the education of the lower orders of the community. He had resided some time in India with due advantage, was Prebendary of Westminster, and Master of the Sherborne Institution, Durham; and in the course of his long and virtuous life had accumulated great wealth, which he munificently disposed of to various institutions to the amount of £120,000.

Mr. Munden.

This admirable comedian breathed his last lately, after a protracted illness, at his residence in Bernard Street, Russell Square, in the 74th year of his age. It were superfluous to enter here into the merits of Munden as an actor, for they live in the memory of thousands who witnessed his inimitable personations. Mr. M. made his *debut* at Covent Garden Theatre, December 2, 1790, as Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps. In the latter he succeeded the celebrated Edwin (the best comic singer on the English stage), and was eminently successful. In 1813 he accepted an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where he continued until his final retirement from the boards on Monday, May 31, 1824. He selected for his last appearance Sir Robert Bramble in "The Poor Gentleman," and his masterly character of Old Dozey in "Past Ten o'Clock." He attempted to deliver a farewell address, surrounded by most of the performers belonging to the theatre, and retired into private life, universally admired and respected. He was an excellent comic actor, and in some of his parts unrivalled; indeed, that of Old Dornton may be said to have died with him. In private life he was generally esteemed by a very numerous circle of acquaintance, not more on account of his convivial qualities than for others more substantial. A tendency to parsimony has, it is true, been objected to him as a failing; and several ludicrous anecdotes are in circulation of the skill and tact with which he not only contrived to evade a demand upon his pocket, but even to become a gainer by the attempt. The well-known story of the exchange of his old cotton umbrella for the new silk one of a friend, who requested a keepsake from him, is a case in point. In the sterling qualities which constitute the character of an honest and upright man, he was, however, by no means deficient. Mr. Munden was one of those who reflect credit upon the profession, by always conducting himself with great propriety: punctual and correct in all his transactions, he brought up a numerous family, giving his children an excellent education. He has left a widow, a daughter, and a son: the latter is a gentleman of considerable literary acquirements.

Rev. G. Crabbe.

Lately, at Trowbridge, aged seventy-eight, the Reverend George Crabbe. Few men of his fame were so little known personally in the literary world. Of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and the education of his family. Mr. Crabbe was born in 1754, at Aldborough in Suffolk, where his father held some appointment in the Customs. It is said that he was originally intended for the medical profession, and that he served an apprenticeship to a provincial apothecary. He, however, was early won over to the Muses. He came to London at the age of twenty-four, and gained the friendship of Burke, at whose recommendation he published, in 1781, his poem of "The Library." This was quickly followed by "The Village," which gained for his genius the high and enviable approbation of Dr. Johnson. In the mean time, Crabbe had entered himself at Cambridge, had taken orders, and now accompanied the Duke of Rutland, as chaplain, upon his appointment to the vice-regal government of Ireland. Through the same patronage he afterwards obtained some small church preferment. Notwithstanding the success which had attended his earlier works, it was more than twenty years before he again ventured on publication; and we remember the no small surprise with which, in 1807, we read a collection of Poems, then wet from the press, by one who, in his associations with Burke and Johnson, seemed to belong to a past age. This work also was eminently successful; and "The Borough" followed in 1810, "Tales" in 1815, and "Tales of the Hall" in 1819.

[1] The Historical Register will be completed in our next.

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